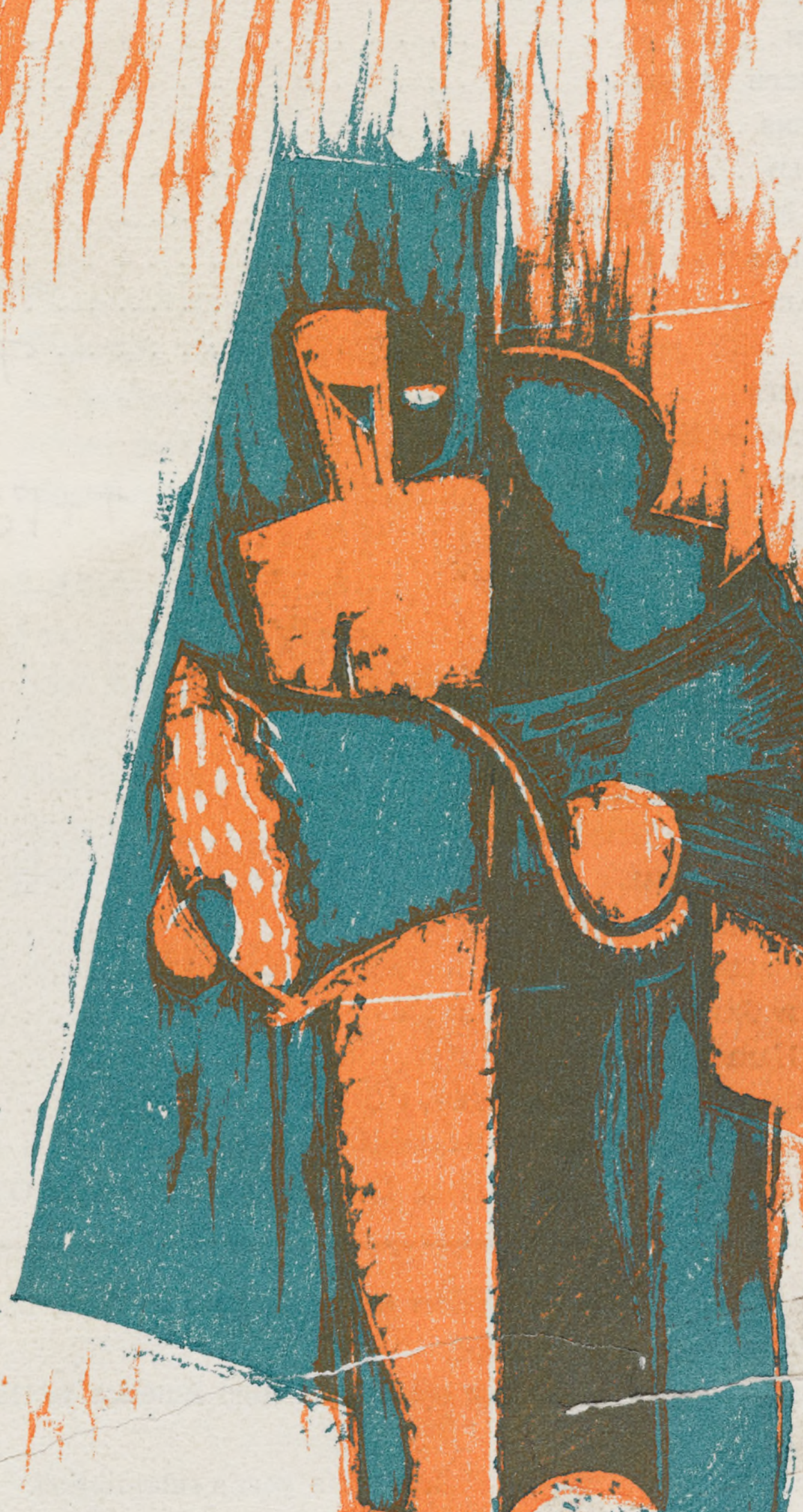
BROOM



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BROOM

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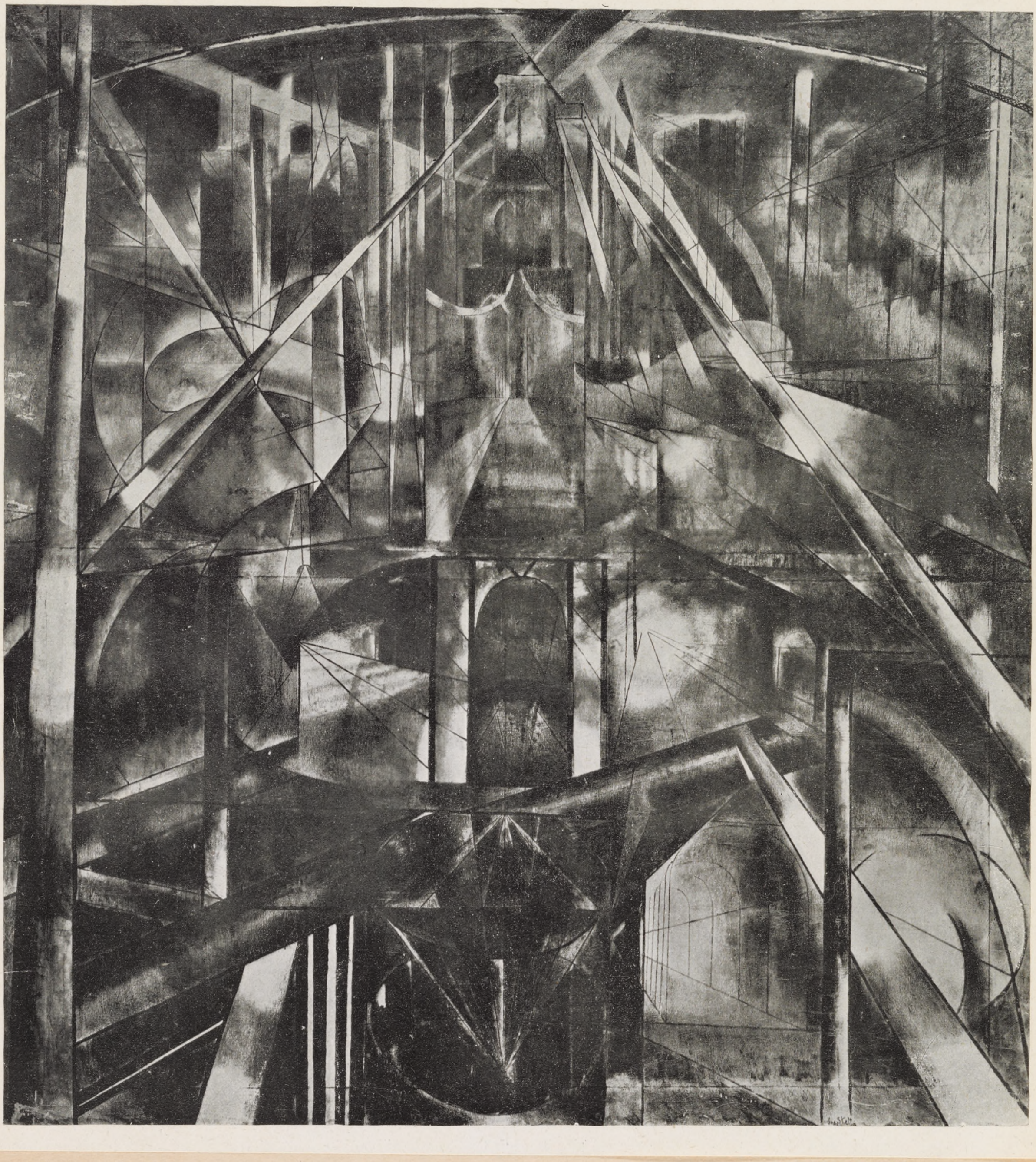
LAKE.

There's too much selfhood in this lake:
Though, varying, four streams partake
In amber rushes till they break
When softening confusions shake
Identities into the lake.

I know the four streams, all their ways;
I've paddled in their amber sprays
And flung them into bubbled praise
Of sunlight; but I see too well
The lake complacently will tell
Only selfhood, nor admit
How four streams engendered it.

BAYARD BOYESEN.



JOSEPH STELLA. Brooklyn Bridge.

HUNGER.

A DUBLIN STORY.

On some people misery comes unrelentingly, with such a continuous rage that one might say destruction had been sworn against them, and that they were doomed beyond appeal, or hope. That seemed to her to be the case as she sat, when her visitor had departed, looking on life as it had moved about her, and she saw that life had closed on her and crushed her, and that there was nothing to be said about it, and no one to be blamed.

She was four years married, and she had three children. One of them had fallen when he was quite young, and had hurt his back so badly that the dispensary doctor instructed her not to let him walk for a few years.

She loved all her children, but this child she loved greatly, for, of the three she had to do the most for him. Indeed she had to do everything for him, and she loved to do it. He was the eldest and he was always with her: so were the others, of course, for a woman in needy circumstances can never get away from her children; but the other youngsters were with her as screamings and demands, to be attended to and forgotten, while he was with her as a companion eye, a consciousness to whom she could talk and who would reply to her, and who would not by any means get into mischief. He could not get into anything else either.

Her husband was a housepainter, and when work was brisk he got good wages: he could earn thirty-five shillings a week when he was working. But his work was constant only in the summer months: through the bad weather there was no call for him, for no one wanted housepainting done in the winter, and so the money which he earned in the five months had to be stretched and made to cover the remaining seven months of the year.

Nor were these five months to be entirely depended upon: here and there in a week days would be missed, and with that his Society dues had to be paid, for he would pay those though he starved for it

Wages which have to be stretched so lengthily give but the slenderest sum towards a weekly budget : it was she who had to stretch them, and the doing of that occupied all the time she could spare for thinking. She made ends meet where nothing was but ends, and they met just over the death line of starvation. She had not known for three years what it was like not to be hungry for one day, but life is largely custom, and neither she nor her husband nor the children made much complaint about a condition which was normal for them all, and into which the children had been born. They could scarcely die of hunger for they were native to it : they were hunger, and there was no other hunger but them : and they only made a noise about food when they saw food.

If she could have got work how gladly she would have taken it, how gladly she would have done it : sweated work, any work, so that it brought in if it was no more than two or three coppers in the day. But the children were there, three of them, and all were young and one was a cripple. Her own people, and those of her husband, lived, existed, far away in the country : they could not take the children off her hands : she could not give a neighbour anything to look after them while she went out working : she was held to them as fast as if she were chained to them, and, for to think in such cases is only to be worried, there was no use in thinking about it. She had already all the worry she could deal with, and she wanted no more.

She remembered the tale she had laughed at, when she was young, about a woman who had been circumstanced as she was now : this woman used to put her two children into a box, for she had to go out every day to work in order that she might feed them, and she kept them in the box so that they might not injure themselves during her absence. It was a good idea, but the children came out of the box hunchbacks, and so stunted in their growth that it might be said they never grew thereafter. It would have been better for the children, and easier for them, if they had died ; anyhow, their mother died, and the poor little oddities went to the workhouse, and must all their lives have got all the jeers which their appearance sanctioned.

There was nothing to be done ; even her husband had long ago given up thinking of how this could be arranged, and although she still and continually thought about it, she knew that nothing could be done.

Her husband was a jolly man ; he used to make up lists of the gigantic feeds they would have when the ship came home (what ship he did not say, nor did he ever say that he expected one), and he or she or the children would remind each other of foods which had been left out of his catalogue, for no food of which they knew the name could justly be omitted from their future.

He was a robust man, and could have eaten a lot if he got it ; indeed he had often tempted his wife to commit an act of madness and have one wild blow-

out, for which, as she pointed out to him, they would have to pay by whole days of whole starvation, instead of the whole days of semi-hunger to which they were accustomed.

This was the only subject on which they came near to quarrelling, and he brought it forward with fortnightly regularity.

Sometimes she went cold at the thought that he might on some pay-day go in for a wild orgy of eating, and perhaps spend half-a-crown ; less than that sum could not nearly fill him, and the double of it would hardly fill him the way be wanted to be filled ; for he wanted to be filled as tightly as a drum, and with such a weight and abundance of victual that he could hardly be lifted by a crane.

But he was an honourable man, and she knew he would not do this unless she and the children were with him and could share and go mad with him. He was very fond of them, and if she could have fed him on her own flesh she would have sacrificed a slice or two, for she was very fond of him.

The mild weather had come, and he got a cut in his hand, which festered and seemed stubbornly incurable : the reason was that the poor, gaunt man was not fed well enough to send clean blood down to doctor his cut hand ; but in the end he did get over it. But for three weeks be had been unable to work, for who will give employment to a man whose hand looks like a poultice or a small football ?

The loss of these three weeks almost finished her. The distinguishing mark of her family had been thinness, it was now bonyness. To what a food-getting fervour she was compelled ! She put the world of rubbish that was about her through a sieve, and found nourishment for her family where a rat would have found disappointment. She could not beg, but she did send her two children into the street, and sometimes one of these got a copper from a passing stranger ; then that youngster gave out a loyal squeal for his companion, like the call of a famished crow who warns his brothers that he has discovered booty ; and they trotted home with their penny. The sun shone on the day they got a penny : on the days when they got nothing the sun might split the bricks, but it did not shine.

Her man returned to his work, and if she could hold on they would be able to regain the poverty of a few months previously, but which now beamed to her as distant, unattainable affluence. She could hold on, and she did ; so that they tided feebly across those evil days, and came at last to the longed-for scarcity which yet was not absolute starvation, and whereby they could live in the condition of health to which they were accustomed, and which they recognised and spoke of as good-health.

They could not absolutely come to this for at least a year ; provision had

still to be made for the lean months to come, the winter months, and more than three weeks' wages which should have been skimmed in this precaution had been unprofitable, had not existed. The difference had to be made up by a double skimming of the present wage, which must also pay the present necessities and recoup the baker and grocer for the few weeks' credit these shop people had given her.

In all, their lot for a long time was not to be envied, except by a beast in captivity, and by him only because he lusts for freedom and the chance of it as we lust for security and the destruction of chance.

The winter came—the winter will come tho' the lark protest and the worm cries out its woe ; and she entered on that period with misgiving, with resolution, and a facing of everything that might come. What bravery she had ! What a noble, unwearying courage, when in such a little time and as such small labour she might have died ! But such an idea never came to her head. She looked on the world, and she found that the world was composed of a man and three children ; while they lasted she could last, and when they were done it would be time enough to think of personal matters and her relation to things.

Before the summer had quite ended, before autumn had tinted a leaf, the war broke out, and with its coming there came insecurity : not to her, not to them : they had no standard to measure security by ; it came to the people who desire things done, who pay to have doors varnished and window-frames painted. These people drew silently but resolutely from expense ; while he and she and the children sunk deeper into their spending as one wallows into a bog. The prices of things began to increase with a cumulative rapidity, and the quality of things began to deteriorate with equal speed. Bread and the eater of it came to a grey complexion. Meat got the cut direct instead of the direct cut. The vegetables emigrated with the birds. The potato got a rise in the world and recognised no more its oldest friends. There seemed to be nothing left but the rain, and the rain came loyally.

They, those others, could retrench and draw in a little their horns, but from what could she go back ? What could she avoid ? What could she eliminate, who had come to the bare bone and shank of life ? The necessity for the loaf comes daily, recurs pitilessly from digestion to digestion, and with the inexorable promptitude of the moon the rent collector wanes and waxes.

They managed : she and he managed : work still was, although it was spaced and intervalled like a neglected storm-blown hedge. Here was a week and there another one, and from it they gleaned their spare constricted existence.

They did not complain : those who are down do not complain. Nor did they know they were down ; or, knowing it, they did not admit their downness ;

for to face a fact is to face with naked hands a lion, and to admit is to give in, to be washed away and to be lost and drowned ; anonymous, unhelpable, alive no more, but debris, or a straw which the wind takes and sails or tears or drifts or rots to powder and forgetfulness. A bone in a world of bones ! And they gnawed these bones until it seemed that nothing moved in the world or was alive except their teeth.

The winter came, and his work stopped as it always did in that season ; he got jobs cleaning windows, he got jobs at the docks hoisting things which not Hercules nor the devil himself could lift, but which he could lift, or which his teeth and the teeth of his children detached from the ground as from foundations and rivettings ; he got a job as a coalman, and as a night-watchman sitting in the angle of a black street before a bucket of stinking coal which had been a fire until the rain put it out ; to-day he had a job, but tomorrow and for a week he had none.

With what had been saved, skimmed, strained from the summer wages, and with what came from the jobs, and with the pennies the children unearthed from strangers as though they dug in those loath souls for coin, they lived through the winter, and did not feel they had passed through any experience worth recording, or that their endurance might have been rewarded with medals and a pension. They were living, as we all manage amazing to live, and, if others had an easier time that was their chance ; but this was their life, and there were those who were even worse off than they were ; for they paid the rent, and when that was done what a deed had been accomplished, how notable an enemy circumvented !

The Spring came, but it brought no leaves to their tree ; the Summer came but it did not come to them, nor warn them of harvest and a sickle in the yield There was no building done that summer ; the price of material had gone up and the price of wages. The contractors did not care for that prospect, and the client thought of his income-tax and decided to wait. And her husband had no work ! He had almost given up even looking for work. He would go out of the house and come into the house, and he and she would look at each other in a dumb questioning. Sometimes she would say — not that she had anything to say, but to ease his heart with a comradely word — " Any chance to-day, do you think ? " and he would reply : " Chance ! " and sit down and brood upon that lapsing word. They were not angry, they had not the blood to be angry with ; for wrath you must be well fed or you must be drunk.

The youngest child died of a disease which, whatever it was at the top, was hunger at the bottom, and she grew terrified. She heard that there was work to be had in plenty in the Munition Factories in Scotland, and by some means she gathered together the fare and sent her husband across the sea.

"Write, if you can," said she, "the minute you get a place."

"Yes," he replied.

"And send us what you can spare," she said. "Send something this week if you can."

"Yes," he said; and he went away.

Then she went into the streets to beg. She left the boy behind in his chair, and brought the other little one with her. She was frightened, for one can be arrested for begging, and she was afraid not to beg, for one can die of hunger. She got a penny here and a penny there, and bought bread; sometimes even she got a twist of tea: she could manage until the end of the week, until her man sent the money: she had thoughts of singing at the corners of streets, as she had so often seen done by toneless, ashenfaced women, who creak rusty music at the passer, and fix him with their eyes; but she was ashamed, and no song that she could remember seemed suitable, and she only could remember bits of songs; and she knew her voice would not work for her, but would creak and mourn like a rusty hinge.

Her earnings were small, for she could not get in touch with people; they recognised her at a distance as a beggar, and she could only whisper to the back of a head or a cold shoulder. Sometimes when she went towards a person that person instantly crossed the road and walked for a while hastily. Sometimes people fixed upon her a cold, prohibitive eye, and she drew back from them humbled, her heart panting and her eyes hot at the idea that they took her for a beggar. At times someone, without glancing at her, stuck a hand in a pocket and gave her a penny without halting in their stride. One day she got twopence, one day she got sixpence, one day she got nothing. But she could hold out to the end of the week.

The end of the week came, but it brought no letter. "It will come tomorrow," she said; "he is in a strange country; he must have missed the post, God help him!" But on the following day there was no letter, and on the day after, and the day that succeeded to it there was no letter.

"He...!" she said. But she could not speculate on him. She knew him too well, and this was not him; he could no more leave them in the lurch than he could jump across Ireland in one jump.

"He has not got work", she said; and she saw him strayed and stranded, without a hand, without a voice, bewildered and lost among strangers; going up streets and down streets, and twisting himself into a maze, a dizziness of loneliness and poverty and despair, or, she said, "The submarines had blown up the ship that was coming with the money."

The week went by, another came, and still she did not hear from him. She was not able to pay the rent. She looked at the children, and then she looked

away from them distantly to her strayed husband, and then she looked inwardly on herself and there was nothing to see. She was down. No littlest hope could find a chink to peer through, and while she sat staring at nothing, in an immobile maze of attention her mind — she had no longer a heart, it had died of starvation — her mind would give a leap and be still, and would leap again as though an unknown, wordless action were seeking to be free, seeking to do some work, seeking to disprove stagnation and powerlessness and death, and a little burning centre of violence hung in her head like a star.

She followed people with her eyes, sometimes a little way her feet, saying to herself:

"The pockets of that man are full of money; he would rattle if he fell."

Or, "That man had his breakfast this morning, he is full of food to the chin; he is round and tight and solid, and he weighs a ton."

She said: "If I had all the money of all the people in this street I would have a lot of money."

She said: "If I owned all the houses in this street I would have a lot of money."

The rent collector told her imperatively that she must leave at the end of the week. The children called to her for bread clamourously, unceasingly, like little dogs that yap and whine and cannot be made to stop.

Relief kitchens had been started in various parts of the City, but she only heard of them by chance, and she went to one. She told a lady in attendance her miserable tale, and was given the address of a gentleman who might assist her. He could give her a ticket which would enable her to get food, and he might be able to set her in the way of earning what would pay the rent. The lady thought her husband had deserted her, and said so without condemnation, as one who states a thing which had been known to happen, and the poor woman agreed without agreeing, for she did not believe it. But she did not argue about the matter, for now that she accepted food, she accepted anything that came with it, whether it was opinions or advice; she was an acceptor, and she did not claim to possess even an opinion.

She set out for the house of the gentleman who could give her the ticket which would get her food to bring home to the children. He lived at some distance, and when she got to his house the servant told her he had gone to his office; at his office she was informed that he had gone out. She called three times at the office, and on the third time she was told that he had come in, but had gone home. She trudged to his house again, and would have been weary, but that her mind was far away from her trudging feet, and when the mind is away the body matters nothing. Her mind was back in the rooms looking at the children, listening to them, consoling them, telling them that

in a little while she would be back and she would bring them something. They had not eaten anything for—how long was it? Was it a year! An eternity! Had they ever eaten! And one of them was sick! She must get back: she had been away too long: but she must go forward before she could go back: she must get the ticket which was food and hope and a new beginning, or at least respite; then she would be able to look about her; the children would go to sleep, and she could plan and contrive and pull together those separated and dwindling ends.

She came to the gentleman's house. He was in, and she told him her story and how her case was desperate. He also believed that her husband had deserted her, and he promised to write by that night's post to find out the truth about the man, and to see that he was punished for his desertion. He had no tickets with him; he had used them all, for the hungry people in Dublin were numerous, work was slack everywhere, and those who had never before applied for assistance were now forced to do so by dire and dreadful necessity. He gave her some money, and promised to call at her rooms on the following day to investigate her case.

She went homewards urgently, and near home she bought bread and tea. When she got in the crippled boy turned his dull, dumb eyes on her, and she laughed at him excitedly, exultantly, for she had food, lots of it, two loaves of it; but the other child did not turn to her, and would never turn to her again, for he was dead, and he was dead of hunger.

She could not afford to go mad, for she still had a boy, and he depended on her with an utter helpless dependence. She fed him and fed herself, running from his chair to the other in its cot with the dumb agony of an animal who must do two things at once and cannot think which thing to do. She could not think; she could hardly feel; she was dulled and distressed and wild, and she was weakened by misery and tormented by duties, and life and the world seemed a place of businesses and futilities and unending unregulated demands on her. A neighbour, hearing that curious persistent trotting over her head, came up to the room to remonstrate, and remained to shed for her the tears which she could not weep herself. She, too, was in straits, and had nothing more to give them than those tears and the banal reiterations which are comfort because they are kindness.

Into this place the gentleman called on the following day to investigate, and was introduced to a room swept almost as clean of furniture as a dog kennel is; to the staring, wise-eyed child who lived in a chair, and to the quiet morsel of death that lay in a cot by the wall. He was horrified, but he was used to sights of misery, and knew that when things have ceased to move they must be set moving again, and that all he could do was to remove some of the

impediments which he found in the path of life so that it might flow on before it had time to become stagnant and rotten. He took from the dry-eyed, tongue-tied woman's shoulders all the immediate worry of death and arranged about the death certificate and registration and burial. He paid the rent, and left something to go on with as well, and he promised to get her work either in his house or at his office, but he would get her work to do somehow.

He came daily, and each day, in reply to her timid question as to news about her husband, he had nothing to say except that enquiries were being made. On the fifth day he had news, and he would have preferred any duty, however painful, to the duty of telling her his news. But he told it sitting on the one chair, with his hand over his eyes and nothing of his face visible except the mouth which shaped the sentences and spoke them. The munition people in Scotland had reported that a man of the name he was enquiring for had applied for work, and had been taken on a fortnight after his application. The morning after he began work he was found dead in a laneway. He had no lodgings in the city, and at the postmortem examination it was found that he had died of hunger and exposure. She listened to that tale, looking from the gentleman who told it to her little son who listened to it. She moistened her lips with her tongue, but she could not speak, she could only stammer and smile. The gentleman also was looking at the boy.

"We must set this young man up," said he, heavily. "I will send a doctor to look him over to-day."

And he went away all hot and cold, beating his hands together as he walked, and feeling upon his shoulders all the weariness and misery of the world.

JAMES STEPHENS.

MARNIA.

I remember well the house in which Marnia lived.....

a large, dark house, with a cupola, and with lightning rods, and looming above the other houses of our neighborhood;

and I remember as well the dark back garden.....

a garden gloomy with the shade of many plum trees, and overgrown with lilies of the valley, and with rank grass.

I remember both.

I remember Marnia.

I remember her mother.

I remember her lover.

To the children of the neighborhood, the garden, inclosed by a high, dark-painted picket fence with a gate that was almost always locked, was forbidden; and to me it was forbidding,

as were the mother, Marnia, and the lover, all three,..... the mother, statuesque, inscrutable, uncommunicative, forbidding because she seemed to glower through the pickets;

Marnia, fragile, pallid, impassable, forbidding because she never looked at me;

and the lover, handsome, well dressed, bland, forbidding because he seemed to assume an air of owning the garden.

But I remember all.

From the house there never came the sounds

of rattling pans, of slamming doors, or of voices calling loudly from room to room.

From the house there never issued the odors

of onions, of boiled dinners, or of frying fish or meat that scorched in the skillet.

From the back verandah there often came the sound of restrained laughter, whenever Marnia, and other girls, sat there together ;

and often, at twilight, there came from the parlor, which was lighted dimly, if lighted at all, the sound of the piano, played softly, always softly, and on the lower keys, by Marnia, who at times sang, always lowly, and often subtly, as if to another.

But the place was almost always odorless and noiseless.

The windows of panneled glass were impressively clear and clean and the inner blinds, panneled, were often closed at the bottom.

I remember well the things that were said about Marnia's lover, the Irish youth, whose mother had made a fortune by selling booze in a dive, downtown.

It was remarked that he was a sport, a drunkard, an irresponsible lout, a Catholic,

and that he was known to have an affair with a woman other than Marnia, a certain married woman, the wife of a lawyer.

I remember much that was said about Marnia and her lover.....

Marnia, whose blood was old and accepted, Marnia the Yankee, and Terrence the Irishman, the upstart, offspring of a biddy who sold booze.

It was said that Terrence, drunk, escorted Marnia to a ball, one given in honor of the Governor,

and that he tottered through the dance.....

but that Marnia danced proudly,

and that she, departing with her fuddled lover, proudly helped him to descend the stairs,

on the last of which he reeled, senseless, to fall to the floor of the lobby, and to sprawl there.

It was said that Marnia quietly called for a carriage,

and that she rode away proudly, imperviously, with Terrence slouching beside her.

There was a time that Marnia was ill for months, mysteriously ill, during which time the lover came not once to the house.....

and then it was said that Terrence had abandoned her.

Certain things were said in whispers,

accompanied with leers, nods, shrugs.

I remember that during that time,

the mother often sat alone in the garden.

It was said, by the neighbors, that she was sullen.

It was said that no doubt she approved of the way that Marnia carried on with Terrence.

One afternoon, however, with Marnia convalescent, Terrence appeared again at the house.

Next morning, Marnia was seen for a moment at a window.

After that she was often seen with Terrence.

At times she lay in the hammock, on the dark verandah, with Terrence sitting beside her.

At other times she sat in a large upholstered chair, in the dark garden, with Terrence sitting at her feet.

At first they talked not much, and never save in murmurs, but later they talked more, much more, and louder.

At length they strolled together about the garden, Terrence supporting her tenderly, and each speaking in dulcet undertones to the other.

Marnia recovered.

It was July.

There were no roses.....

none grew in the dark garden.....

no roses save a few outside the picket fence, a few blush roses, in another garden, a garden exposed to the sunlight.

One afternoon, while the lovers lingered in the garden, the dark garden....

the lovers standing face to face under the branches of a plum treee....

the breezes, bouyant, enraptured, teasing the branches, the pregnant branches, one and all.....

Marnia reached impulsively through the picket fence,

and plucked a warm rose from a bush in the sunny garden.

She laughed.

She pinned the rose on Terrence.

Across her face, upturned to his, there passed an aureate flash,

one which stole through the foliage of the plum tree

under which they, the lovers, stood together.

I cannot but remember her countenance.

I cannot but remember the countenance of Terrence.

There has never been upturned to me a countenance such as that of Marnia,

as it was at that moment,

and I have never since beheld a countenence such as that of Terrence,

as it was at the time.

It was latter August.

The winds had begun to shudder, to whine.

The lovers, who had said their say, perhaps, but who spent their afternoons in the garden, as usual, read to each other, or played at chess.

One afternoon, Terrence did not appear.

Marnia sat alone in the garden.

She waited.

She read.

The winds, shuddering, whining, moved restlessly through the pickets.

They jostled the branches of the plum trees.

They jostled the branches of the rose bushes, too, on which the scrawny pericarps, crimson, like the rouged faces of old and desperate courtesans, nodded, as if in resignation.

Marnia waited.

She glanced up, frequently, toward the street, and once, as if startled, she glanced behind her.

She waited, reading, while the afternoon waned.

Suddenly there appeared a hack, an empty hack, which stopped at the front door.

The driver hurriedly rang the doorbell, and hurriedly spoke with the mother.

Marnia dropped her book.

She rushed across the lawn.

She listened.

She disappeared in the house.

In a moment she reappeared, dressed for the street.

She entered the hack.

She was driven rapidly away.

That was the day that Terrence died.

It was said that he was killed.

It was said that Terrence was killed in a fist fight,

in which he defended the name of Marnia.

Some one hit him over the heart, and within an hour he died.

It was said that Marnia reached him

in time to hear him whisper her name, and to receive his kisses.

It was said that she sat alone, and long, beside the dead man,

and that she kissed his distracted mother.

It was said that Marnia, with her mother, went to the church, at the funeral of Terrence, and to the grave, at his burial.

I cannot remember Marnia after the day that Terrence was killed.

I saw her no more in the garden.

I often heard moans that came from a certain chamber window, and once, in the night, I heard loud sobs, and a shriek or two.

During the autumn I saw her mother, silent, and apparently indifferent, or even oblivious, in the garden.

But I remember no more about either,

for in latter autumn the doors of the house were closed, the double windows were fastened to the casements,

and the neighbors talked of the approach of winter.

WALLACE GOULD.

A UNION OF BEGGARS.

"The meeting is called to order," shouted the president, rapping on the table with an old fork.

"Silence please," called someone, as the audience lowered the tone of conversation.

"You will please give your undivided attention," continued the president, "as this meeting is extremely important. Things have come to such a state that our very existence is threatened. The situation is unparalleled in the history of the union. As the hour is late I would suggest that we dispense with the reading of the minutes and get straight to work. The floor is open for discussion."

The meeting took place in the back room of a squalid flat. Yellow gas lights reflected the green painted walls upon the faces of two dozen beggars crowded into the narrow space. The air was filled with the smell of smoke and rags. The meeting was called to order.

"I would like to impress upon the minds of the members the importance of this meeting," said the man with the tattoed forehead. "In former years, as you all know, we had the run of the city practically to ourselves; but now we are threatened with a different state of things. Since the high cost of living many people have come into the streets to follow our profession and altho we, at one time, thought of taking them into the union, we see now that it is good we did not.

"However, these men could not earn a living at their former professions and we should tolerate them, to a certain extent. We should even instruct them a little so that in time they will learn that co-operation is more profitable than competition. No matter how untrained and inartistic, we bore with them as a necessary evil. But now things are different, it seems as tho everyone has taken to begging. It's impossible to walk through a street without meeting three or four. They are so many that it becomes impossible for skilled workers to earn a living. If we are not to be deprived

of our professional rights, something must be done to check this state of affairs. "

Then the blind man stood up, removed his blue glasses, and said :

" Our friend is right, something must be done. I have been turning the problem over in my mind and to me there appear but three solutions. Either we must unionize the entire crowd, that is, take them into our union and form new branches ; or we must protest to the city authorities against the scabbing on our union and require a severe examination for license to practice the profession, or, we must declare ' open shop ' and go out and compete with them ; relying, of course, on our experience and past training to out-do them. To my mind, these are the only three ways open to us, and all have their objections.

" First, if we take the whole crowd into the union we run great risk of degrading the profession. Professors are begging ! In fact it has come to such a state that everyone thinks he can be a beggar as though it were an unskilled trade and not an old, well founded profession. And as though the profession were without an art. Will we take such men as these into our ranks — men without experience or training — just from the streets ?

" No ! We must think of some other plan. If we protest to the city authorities against scabbing we injure ourselves, at the start, by appealing to public sympathy ; and secondly, it is doubtful whether the authorities would do anything in this matter, for they surely realize that in these changing times they themselves may soon be required to seek a new profession. Then my third plan, namely to declare ' open shop ' is also not very good, for it would indeed be difficult. It's hard to compete against a teacher or a former policeman, for no matter how unskilled they are there is something about them that attracts. What is to be done ? "

" Does anyone else want the floor ? " called the chairman, and as nobody responded he continued :

" Perhaps our colleague Jim will tell us what he thinks of the problems before us. I call upon him as we know him to be a tactful and artistic worker. Perhaps he will explain to us his new method of coping with the situation. "

Jim was a man in shreds, the greater part of his clothing consisting of cords and colored rags. He stood up very slowly, looked about and began :

" Friends ! Nothing can be solved in our line of work without a good deal of thought. That is why it is silly to think of taking untrained persons into our union. We all agree that it is becoming harder and harder to work in the streets each day. So I said to myself, ' I must think of some plan. ' And I did ! First, I asked myself, ' Who has money now ? ' And the answer

came 'Those who have made it now.' 'And who have made it now?' The rich people with the estates? No! The Middle Class, of course, the little brokers, and stock gamblers; the exchange merchants and other profiteers. Therefore I decided to work the offices; the little rooms in the big buildings.

"I took my time the first few days and made observations. Never hurry! I would enter an office slowly and quietly and go straight to the clerk and say softly in a tone of 'have pity': 'The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the son of man hath not where to lay his head?'

"The proprietors of these offices were not to be found. And the clerks were so ignorant that they did not understand that I compared them to foxes and birds. Besides this they held a powerful weapon and that was: 'I am sorry, but the boss is not in.' I had to meet this reply, so I dug up a story and since then have had little difficulty.

"It works something like this; I walk into an office, take off my hat; — always slowly, and stand near the door. If I get a fee, well and good; if not, I wait. A little two-by-four clerk sits at a large desk, and as soon as I enter, pretends to be extremely busy. After a while he glances up and says, 'I am sorry, but the boss is out.' I do not move and remain as though I did not understand. Again he will look up and say, 'The boss is not in.' And once more, 'What do you want, the boss is not in.'

"Then I say, 'Yes, I see the boss is not in, and as you can give me nothing, please allow me to give you something. Let me tell you a little joke?'

"'I have no time, don't bother me, the boss is not in,' he replies.

"'But just a little one, I am sure you will not be sorry' I insist and start the story:

"Once upon a time, there lived a Hebrew whose name was Moe. Like most men he had two brains in his head, a big and a little brain. His big brain was very, very fine for he used it often. It was the brain he made his money with. But the little brain was very weak for with this brain he gave charity. I do not say that Moe was a miser, but I do know that his little brain had so little exercise that it became limp and began to rot. This became so serious that it had to be taken from his head by a surgical operation. And as, according to the Hebrew religion, no part of the human body may be thrown away, the little brain was placed in a cigar box and buried in the cemetery. A small tomb-stone no bigger than a cash book marked the spot with the inscription:

'Moe's Little Brain'.

"On the day of atonement, according to the Hebrew faith, the Lord walks among the dead with his large ledger checking the names. He knocks on a

stone or grave, and those that are buried answer, present or here. But when the Lord knocked on the little stone there came no answer. And again he knocked and there came no answer. He compared the inscription with his book and called, Moe's Little Brain, are you there? And with these words he struck the earth such a blow with his staff that it almost split in two, as he placed his ear close to the grave.

"And then came a little thin voice from below: 'Please mister, the boss is not in.'

"This story averages exactly fifty cents. It is a high class entertainment that I propose to give and naturall.y the fees must be according to the work and skill of the practitioner. When the offices are exhausted I will find some other plan; but I will not go back to the streets with the common scum of the earth. If a man wants to be a bricklayer he must first know that bricks are made of clay. If he wants to be a lawyer he must know that documents are made of words. And if he wants to succeed as a beggar he must realize that the foundation of the profession is psychology."

The audience listened attentively to the advice of Jim and after a brief silence there were many calls for the floor.

"I would just like to ask a question," said the man with one arm. "In former years a great deal of our income was derived from the church steps and a good deal more in the name of religion, but now that the free thought movement is attracting such wide interest, and that anti-religious literature is sold on almost every corner, is not another source of our incomes threatened? My question is this: Is there any way of deriving profit from the masses who have forsaken the church? Would it be proper to ask for fees in the name of Voltaire?"

"Our comrade Jim" said the man who could dislocate his left hip and thereby make that leg three inches shorter, "has just touched upon the very subject. I should consider the story he is using now as a mild and inoffensive satire. In work of this kind, style is important. In the cloak of art much can be done. However, his first quotation regarding the foxes and the birds is a method of which I would not approve as it appears to me to offend our religious clients. It is irony; and when that is used against religion the message becomes agnostic and therefore offensive to certain people. However, when a little satire is used it tends to create an impression of non-religion which is not antagonistic nor offensive. In working the non-religious masses we should be extremely careful not to offend the others for they are our oldest and still our best clients."

"The hour is growing late," said the president, "and I feel that we are more or less digressing from the main issue. Also, because of the complexity

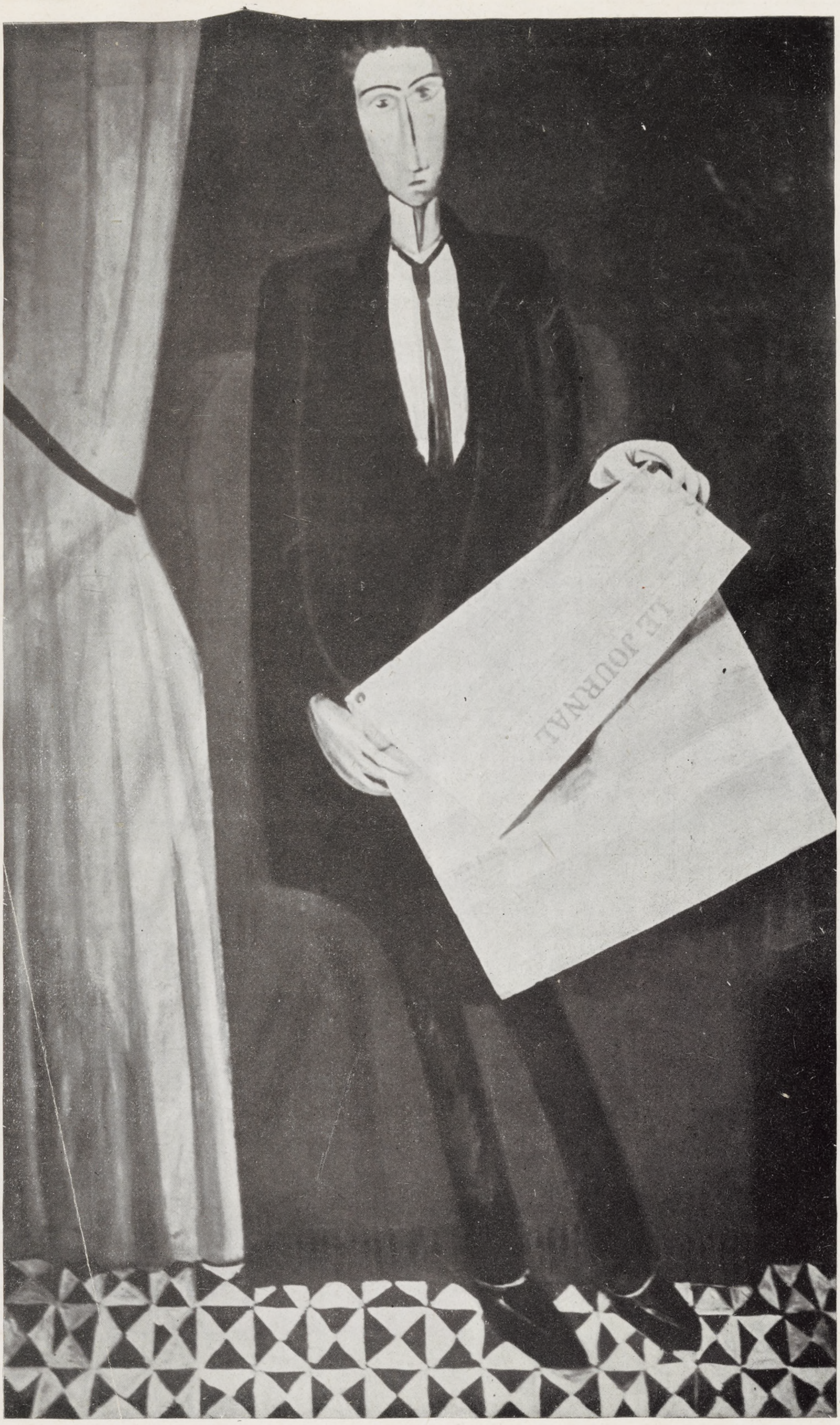
of the questions before us which cannot be decided tonight, I would suggest that this meeting be adjourned till next Sunday night, when we will hear the report of the ways and means committee. A full attendance is requested and please be early so we may start on time. As I hear no objection I call this meeting ajourned."

MANUEL KOMROFF.

PABLO PICASSO.

Courtesy of Galerie Rosenberg - Paris.

Drawing of Igor Strawinsky.



ANDRÉ DERAIN.

Portrait.

Courtesy of Galerie Simon - Paris.

JUAN GRIS.

Courtesy of Galerie Simon - Paris.

Still Life.

ALBERT GLEIZES. Painting.

1.

I did not ask another miracle for my day
Than you undressing beside me,
White under the sunlight;
But, look, also, the scarlet moss
Has turned the water to wine
In our pool.

Yellow moon goes up
With the smell of night water among rushes.
Evenings that withered like flowers,
We have brought to Barbara
Hours of winter-grey, but also
The green of the evergreen, varnished in warm rain.

2.

The heavy blue waters of the night
Have flooded through the sun's scarlet rocks,
Filling the valley.

The flowers are grey as in water,
The scarves of mist quiver like sea-weeds;
I expect bubbles in the wake of a bird
Which swims across the window.

Barbara walks with a tawny candle
On the pavement of the sea.

3.

The square small garden of my paper
Has turned blue in the night-fall,
But my pen works late among the flowers.

I have written that Li Po, being drunk,
Sought to gather the stars and moon
To scent the bed-chamber of his mistress;
And so was drowned.

And I caught cold yesterday,
Cutting wisteria,
Standing in the dew by the North wall,
For Barbara.

4.

The flower-crowned captain of my boat
Looks down into green and black water.

See, faint gold carp and purple fan-fish
Which float above two eyes,
Black crescents holding child-stars of silver.

Over all swims
That lithe white uncaught fish,
The March moon.

5.

In the unmoving water
That brims this old quarry of grey stones,

I have watched an olive-brown perch
Parading his black bars,
Flirting and floating an open orange fan.

Each stick of it was thorned and cruel
Like the bright-coloured fans of emperors
And young girls.

6.

The breakers far to the left at night,

Foreign cannons splintering long ago
Bamboo junks of the two-sword men.

Lines of black slaves
Running up the beach,
To fall exhausted forward.

They carry bar-silver against their breasts;
It drags them down in this Spanish sea all night.

7.

Your childishness is a gold hill,
There is a sheer fall from it
Into the cloudy monotonous sea.

You dance high in a small blue vesture,
With white arms catching at the sky
And feet hardly touching the gold earth.

You dance swift and sweet and warm
To the edge and back again.

8.

Three years ago
I could spin various tops
Better even than the masters of song;
And for this I think you loved me.

Even if I spin Tu Fu to-day,
The gold green banded,
And catch him on his cord
And dance him on the wine-cup's edge,
That crystal bridge,

You are away learning from silly lips
The Love-me-at-evening Song.

The wine-cup and the cord remain.

9.

I have painted abominable devils
For your great delight,
Yellow apes with alligators' heads
And scarlet spots; blue mouths.

But now that you demand
A picture of ourselves playing together,
What shall I put down?

A band of cherry-coloured fire
Across black paper?

10.

A purple flag-flower, I looked down
Into the water of your soul,
A silver trickle in the hills.

You wooed down to you and caught
One of my leaves.

I am a splintered mash
Of green and water and mauve
Eaten by the black teeth of the rocks.

II.

My mind was an ivory box
Before you came;
Carved with sayings,
Holding a scentless pellet
Of green burning-gum.

But now
Half the earth is filled
With the sweet eternal smell of pain,
And the box is empty.

12.

When you sat in your dark silk chair,
Ripe with fat fruits of yellow and red silk,
Active with blue lithe animals,

Pressing your scented rose-ended
Peach-coloured feet against my face,
I was humiliated, as you desired.

But when your male friend
Talked to me about Eastern learning
I was more humiliated.

13.

A thousand nasturtiums
Blowing the fire-coloured music of their trumpets,
Putting forward green shields,
Walk up the path beside me.

Under their brass hangers
They move long legs of green
With my slow feet.

In the yellow rooms of hot hearts
They shook their golden hands
When I came back to them.

14.

My mauve dancer, columbine,
Hoisted her pale green flare
And spread her trefoil carpets
Of crushed emerald.

She leapt in the wind
On the powdered purple of her feet.

Below an airy tyrian skirt
Silken yellow
Leads to white nakedness.

15.

You swagger from your dry tree,
Setting apricot vans against the wind,
Hibiscus.

Your heart is blood,
Your white quill comes up out of blood,
As if you fed on the murder
Of crimson roses.

The tips of your glad flames
Rise from a fibre of powdered starlight
And you are merry.

Translated by
E. POWYS MATHERS.

THE FUNCTION OF CRITICISM?

The influence of Benedetto Croce on contemporary literary criticism both in Europe and in America has been enormous. His "disciples" are numerous and intelligent, for the most part, and the ideas in his Aesthetic, insofar as they are applicable in simple fashion to the writing of criticism, whether literary or journalistic, have been rapidly disseminated and rapidly absorbed. That such ideas form a relatively slight part of his book is true, and this may be considered fortunate or unfortunate, according to the point of view, — the Freudian will perhaps consider it a piece of luck. But that doctrine of Croce's (to which our attention has lately been called again and again) that a work of art should be compared not with something else but with its own ideal self, is familiar enough in a hundred gradations. I have paraphrased it, of course — the reader may reshape it to suit himself. But however expressed it is regarded as a blow at the so-called "canons" of taste (which admittedly do not absolutely exist) and at that sort of criticism which pronounces, in accordance with any such canons, pseudo-impartial judgments: or measures the excellence of a work of art only in the terms of tradition. The new criticism, — so we are told — should be solely interpretative. Its business will be to understand, to appreciate.

There is naturally a great deal to recommend this doctrine. How charming and how valuable a criticism may be which follows it anyone knows who has read "The Symbolist Movement" of Arthur Symons. And reasonable enough the doctrine seems when we consider, as we must, the non-existence, or at any rate, the extreme vagueness, the almost mythological character, of aesthetic law. Attempts to define beauty have invariably failed. Plato, Aristotle, Shelley, Goethe, Lessing, Keats, Arnold, Croce, Santayana, may have given us some notion of what they *felt* it to be, but the thing itself remains unrealized. The best definition of it is as inadequate as a definition of a bird which describes it as a thing made with feathers. For beauty is not a thing, but an emotion, and an emotion cannot be photographed. In the

presence of this or that phenomenon we experience the emotion we call beauty ; and while it is of interest to keep records of the phenomena which precipitate this emotion, the clue to the effect of these phenomena will be found only in ourselves, for it is a commonplace that what is to one man an object of beauty is to another an object of ugliness. It is precisely out of this apparently hopeless relativity that certain modern critics have generated their thesis of aesthetic solipsism. " Since there can be no standards " (they say) " let us make a virtue of multiplicity. Let us avoid saying that we like or dislike, since that is merely to make record of idiosyncrasy, let us avoid the terms ' good ' and ' bad ', and all categories. Let our criticism be nothing but exegesis, since values cannot be said to exist, and since one man's opinion is as good as another's. " But how many critics who see the charm of this attitude foresee also all its implications ? What precisely will result from it in the world of art ? When we have ceased to blame or praise in accordance with any standards save those which the particular work of art carries implicit within itself, may we look for the prompt arrival of a Golden Age, in which all kinds of art will flourish side by side for the world to choose from ?

Without, for the moment, taking refuge — and possibly a dangerous refuge — in behaviorist or Freudian psychology, one may none the less be permitted to be somewhat doubtful. This doubt may take two shapes. In the first place our critics of the new order assure us that what they most desire to eliminate from aesthetics is dogmatism, which, whether of praise or censure, is vicious. But just how does our new critic escape this ? Is he so naive as to suppose that he escapes it merely by removing from his vocabulary the words ' like ' and ' dislike ', ' good ' and ' bad ', ' beautiful ' and ' ugly ', ' great ' and ' minor ' ? He does, of course, no such thing. Suppose he limits himself to " criticism " of only those works of art with which he finds himself most in sympathy, limiting himself, again, in such cases, to saying that the artist " has endeavoured to do such-and-such, and has been successful, or brilliantly successful, or only partially successful " ; and avoiding any attempt at classification, any comparison with other sorts or excellences of art. Will he any the less be categorizing ? What on earth is he doing if not saying in so many words " This is the sort of thing I consider important ? " And in ignoring other sorts and excellences of art he is treating them to just the kind of dogmatism he pretends to despise, with the sole difference that is is not outspoken, and is therefore not honest. For the Quarterly to have ignored Keats would have been essentially to have reviewed him just as dogmatically as he *was* reviewed : it would have been tantamount to saying " We do not consider this poet to be of any importance. " Likes and dislikes are inevitable, and

it is no use trying to pretend that they are not, or deceiving one another by leaving them merely implicit.

So much for our first doubt. Our "interpretative" critic is, therefore, seen to be just as dogmatic as any other, but prefers to veil his dogmatism, to leave it for his reader as a none too imponderable overtone. Our second doubt takes us further afield. It concerns the *function* of criticism, and this doubt is more important; for if we know what the function of criticism is, or can guess at it, we may then be able to decide better what its nature should be, and whether it should be candidly or uncandidly dogmatic. What, then, is the function of criticism? By far the commonest answer at present would be, no doubt, that criticism should act as mediator between artist and audience: that it should explain. And that this purpose in criticism always has been, is, and perhaps always will be among the most important of its characteristics can hardly be doubted. We might even go further and say that it is the most ideal of its characteristics. It would be an ideal world, certainly, in which the poet's new book should be greeted by a thousand reviews in none of which would be a single slip of blame or praise, but only a studious effort to make transparent the poet's meaning. It would in fact *have* to be an ideal world — a world in which every poet wrote poetry worth reading; for with the literary journals filled with analyses and interpretations, week after week, and no indications anywhere of choice, one would perhaps otherwise waste a great deal of time in search of what one liked, and one would be certain to miss many a treasure. Yes, it would have to be an ideal world, or a world in which literature was a thing of the past. If literature were no longer a living thing, if all the evidence, so to speak, were "in", then criticism might become an exact science. Animosities and jealousies would no longer be engaged, it would cease to be important from the point of view of poet X. that such-and-such a dogma should be true or not true, and the geologists of the soul or mind could without fear of passionate interruption proceed to delve through the stratified deposits of the literary generations. But our world is not an ideal world, and the "evidence" is only beginning; no one knows what the weight of it or the direction of it will be. Literature changes constantly, it may develop in a manner totally unforeseen, and who knows if the new book by Z. or Y. is the turning point or not? Z. or Y. do not know, certainly, though, of course, they hope so; and it is exactly in this situation that we should begin to see that criticism, under the conditions we now live in, has a function which we have overlooked, a function not perhaps noble, though perhaps, equally, not ignoble, but a function quite natural and necessary. This function is not easy to describe, for it is complex. Perhaps, in its light, we might justly say that criticism is the artist's *weapon*, both of

offense and defence, the weapon whereby he destroys or lames artistic tendencies inimical to his own ; whereby on occasion he is himself destroyed. In a world in which there were no absolute aesthetic values, such a weapon would be of paramount importance. Where there is no law, strength will prevail. Under such conditions every artistic cult would have its cohort of Balearic slingers, and to the victors would belong the spoils, in the shape of public acclaim. The natural order of things, as we are accustomed to see it, or think we see it, would be reversed : the sole standard of excellence would be success, that poetry would be best which was most brilliantly and persuasively brought to our attention, those theories of art would seem to us best which were most ingeniously argued, and for which our sensibilities, our mental tone, had been, by the artist's advanced guard, most cunningly and richly prepared. A moral chaos, truly, in which we see ourselves doomed to be the slaves of those slingers whose pebbles hit us hardest and most accurately, whose ideas, in other words, are most skilfully chosen. Are we glad we do not live in such a world ? If so, we are glad prematurely, for it is not demonstrable that our world is much different. The new aesthetic teaches us that standards must be abolished in art — classes, grades, categories, also — and that the only question we have a right to ask before a poem or statue is ' What is the artist saying, and with what skill does he say it ? ' But why stop even there — why not push this aesthetic solipsism to its extreme, and admit that we have no right to question even the artist's ' skill ' ? How do we know what his conception of ' skill ' may be ? ' Skill in expression ' — for some that will mean complete expression, for some incomplete, for some it will mean the explicit, for some the implicit. No, we like the poem or statue, or we do not like it, and that is all we have any " right " to say. There is no body of aesthetic " law " on which we can call for substantiation.

If we live, therefore, in a world in which all aesthetic values are vague and debatable, we observe sharply how important is criticism in a way we had not foreseen. For if these values are debatable, then criticism is the debate, — it is the extraordinary, the indispensable process by which, whether we are querulous, abusive, analytical, mystic, candidly or uncandidly dogmatic, we strive to discover aesthetic law, not consciously always, but more often unconsciously, for it is a search which the individual carries forward not with the disinterestedness of the scientist so much as with the passion of the zealot, intent on demonstrating that his own tastes and hence his principles, are and should be the norm. We see here what we see so often on other planes, the essentially competitive order of things, the cruel struggle for survival. Criticism is the battle-ground of the arts. One theory goes out against another,

and the better theory, the better method wins. 'Better'? By 'better' we mean the one which meets with most approval for the moment, whether the moment be a decade, a century, or the whole expense of what Henry Adams would call a historical "phase". Eventually it may itself go down, in part or wholly, before another theory, another method, for in the meantime the minds and customs of men will have changed. Criticism seen in such a way presents itself not as something separate from art, but as an integral part of it, almost indeed as the summing up of its members, its *consciousness*, throwing over it a sharp and searching light which (in accordance with the particular phase of thought) will dissolve some portions only to cast other portions into relief. To remove or alter criticism, under these circumstances, will be in all probability to alter art itself and perhaps profoundly . . .

And at this point we reach naturally a fresh view of the contemporary quarrel between the "interpretative" and "judicial" critics. The interpretative critic, as we have seen, decries dogmatism, or positiveness, but hides his head in the sand of it none the less. He is as rigidly selective (and what is that but dogmatic ?) as his more candid brother, but believes in being more indirect, more deprecatory. Well, which method in criticism is more stimulating to art, which will tend to provoke and release the greater number of artistic energies ? A question to which the answer is by no means a foregone conclusion, but it seems to me that the answer whould rather be in favor of the dogmatist, whose opinions are vividly outspoken, than of the interpreter, whose opinions are patiently concealed. For since we are talking of energies, why should we not take towards art, for the moment the *kinetic* view ? And if we take the kinetic view, it should be clear enough, I think, that the sharper the clash between one theory and another, and the greater the inequalities in level, the greater will be the forces generated, the more varied and powerful will be the successive changes in art. The rivalries of factions, the shock of opposed opinions, the relentless warfare between idea and idea — these things generate heat and excitement, which are forms of energy, and stimulate the individual artist to greater and greater efforts. Savage analysis, blind panegyric, even personal abuse, may be justified from this standpoint, for while they are often preposterous in the concrete, and sometimes lethal to the individual artist, they contribute vitally to the sum-total of productive interest in the art in general. Vigorous action and reaction, powerful artistic movements, are only generated out of powerful forces. Criticism helps to give these forces consciousness and direction. But, on the other hand, if we reduce criticism to a uniformity of bland and dispassionate interpretation, we have reduced in effect this sum total of productive interest well towards a dead level incapable of supplying further energy, or

at the very least we *tend* so to reduce it. We shall be doing all we can to conceal from the individual artist the essentially competitive nature of the arts, and thus cause him to relax his efforts. And how inconsistent would be such a course with our belief in the relativity of all aesthetic values! For if we reduce all aesthetic activity to solipsism — in other words to individualism — surely we ought not to be afraid of pursuing that course as critics which seems best calculated to compel the individual artist to *exert* himself, to develop himself by competition, to grow by struggle. The more feral the warfare between one art-method and another, the finer will be the competitive works produced, the intenser will be the energies flung into them. And every method will have its turn, in accordance with the prevailing sympathies of the moment.

Is this view extremely speculative? . . . Perhaps. But it appears to be sound enough, as long as our attitude toward art is wholly aesthteic. If, on the other hand, in the absence of anything like uniform aestehtic values, we take refuge, as I suggested earlier, in a purely psychological view of art, taking thought primarily always of its *social function*, we find ourselves at once contemplating a change in criticism profound and perhaps deadly. For with the advent of a clear psychological understanding of what is socially useful in art, and of what is socially undesirable in it, we shall have replaced the now vanishing tyranny of religious ethics with a new and utilitarian ethics; a replacement only too likely to occur in a world always becoming more 'democratic' . . . But that is a question which does not for the moment concern us. As long as criticism is based chiefly on 'taste', let us hope that it will be opinionated and individual, — armed *cap-a-pie* with theory, logic, power of analysis, tactile delicacy, knowledge of psychological causes, — but none the less intrepidly individual, springing out of the individual's confidence in the sacred rightness of his own view. Every artist, every critic, for himself, and oblivion take the hindmost! This, it seems to me, is the way to great art.

CONRAD AIKEN.

BEPI FABIANO. Drawing.

FREDIANO FREDIANI. Drawing.

LILACS.

Lilacs,
False blue,
White,
Purple,
Colour of lilac,
Your great puffs of flowers
Are everywhere in this my New England.
Among your heart-shaped leaves
Orange orioles hop like music-box birds and sing
Their little weak soft songs;
In the crooks of your branches
The bright eyes of song sparrows sitting on spotted eggs
Peer restlessly through the light and shadow
Of all Springs.
Lilacs in dooryards
Holding quiet conversations with an early moon;
Lilacs watching a deserted house
Settling sideways into the grass of an old road;
Lilacs, wind-beaten, staggering under a lopsided shock of bloom
Above a cellar dug into a hill.
You are everywhere.
You were everywhere.
You tapped the window when the preacher preached his sermon,
And ran along the road beside the boy going to school.
You stood by pasture-bars to give the cows good milking,

You persuaded the housewife that her dishpan was of silver
And her husband an image of pure gold.
You flaunted the fragrance of your blossoms
Through the wide doors of Custom Houses—
You, and sandal-wood, and tea,
Charging the noses of quill-driving clerks
When a ship was in from China.
You called to them: "Goose-quill men, goose-quill men,
May is a month for flitting,"
Until they writhed on their high stools
And wrote poetry on their letter-sheets behind the propped-up ledgers.
Paradoxical New England clerks,
Writing inventories in ledgers, reading the "Song of Solomon" at night,
So many verses before bed-time,
Because it was the Bible.
The dead fed you
Amid the slant stones of graveyards.
Pale ghosts who planted you
Came in the night time
And let their thin hair blow through your clustered stems.
You are of the green sea,
And of the stone hills which reach a long distance.
You are of elm-shaded streets with little shops where they sell
kites and marbles,
You are of great parks where everyone walks and nobody is at home.
You cover the blind sides of greenhouses
And lean over the top to say a hurry-word through the glass
To your friends, the grapes, inside.

Lilacs,
False blue,
White,
Purple,
Colour of lilac,

You have forgotten your Eastern origin,
The veiled women with eyes like panthers,
The swollen, aggressive turbans of jewelled Pashas.
Now you are a very decent flower,
A reticent flower,
A curiously clear-cut, candid flower,
Standing beside clean doorways,
Friendly to a house-cat and a pair of spectacles,
Making poetry out of a bit of moonlight
And a hundred or two sharp blossoms.

Maine knows you,
Has for years and years;
New Hampshire knows you,
And Massachusetts
And Vermont.
Cape Cod starts you along the beaches to Rhode Island;
Connecticut takes you from a river to the sea.
You are brighter than apples,
Sweeter than tulips,
You are the great flood of our souls
Bursting above the leaf-shapes of our hearts,
You are the smell of all Summers,
The love of wives and children,
The recollection of the gardens of little children,
You are State Houses and Charters
And the familiar treading of the foot to and fro on a road it knows.
May is lilac here in New England,
May is a thrush singing "Sun up!" on a tip-top ash-tree,
May is white clouds behind pine-trees
Puffed out and marching upon a blue sky.
May is a green as no other,
May is much sun through small leaves,
May is soft earth,

And apple-blossoms,
And windows open to a South Wind.
May is a full light wind of lilac
From Canada to Naragansett Bay.

Lilacs,
False blue,
White,
Purple,
Colour of lilac.
Heart-leaves of lilac all over New England,
Roots of lilac under all the soil of New England,
Lilac in me because I am New England,
Because my roots are in it,
Because my leaves are of it,
Because my flowers are for it,
Because it is my country
And I speak to it of itself
And sing of it with my own voice
Since certainly it is mine.

AMY LOWELL.

JACQUES LIPCHITZ. Sculpture.

HE LAUGHED AT THE GODS.

During the course of some psychological investigations I was making, I found it necessary to visit an insane asylum near New York. The building was no more than an ill-smelling barracks, very desolate: but the young interne, who guided me through the place, finally took me to a series of private rooms, which were homelike and pleasant and had windows facing the fields and the hills. He told me by the way that I must above all things see Dr. Farraday. Dr. Farraday, he explained, knew a great deal about the human soul: so much so that the young doctors often consulted him about puzzling and unusual cases.

"He is the most interesting man here," he told me.

"And what is he suffering from?" I asked.

He smiled. "You'll have to get his own diagnosis," he said. "Betweeen you and me, I think he has a high regard for our free board and lodging. He has the sort of insanity of the hobo, of the I-Won't-Works. But he came to it too late in life to make freight cars and hay-lofts at all attractive. He was too settled down to wander the world, and too — well, insane to work."

"Well!" I laughed, "I daresay there are many like him — only they are quartered on relatives, or wives, or friends... In ancient days that form of insanity was highly honorable. It is, isn't it, the insanity of the artist?"

His answer was to knock at a door, and a deep and rather pleasing voice cried, "Come in." So we went in.

The light flooded brightly through the tall wide window, so that at first I only saw a dark bulk coming toward us. But I noticed the walls hung with many strange and brilliant drawings, all of a symbolical nature, mythic animals and gods, stars and moons, and landscapes that never were. When I was through blinking, and had my man on the darker side of me, I saw him quite plainly. He was rather bulky and large, swarthy, and something about his face resembling the face of a turtle.

His manner was very courteous, but a little absent. The young interne

excused himself, with a private wink at me, as much as to say : " I won't interfere " ; and so we were left alone.

I offered him a cigar, which pleased him, and we sat in comfortable armchairs by the window, and were soon plunged in scientific discussion . . . But I saw he was restless. I noticed, too, now, that his clothes were ill-fitting, worn-out, patched and rather dirty ; that his nails and fingers were sooted up with crayon and stained with ink ; that his cheeks and chin needed a shave and his hair was rather longer than we wear it.

His restlessness increased. He rubbed his chin, gazed about abstractedly, swung his leg back and forth in a too obvious rhythm. And at last he spoke in a voice which did not seem his at all — a voice which appeared to me to belong to some other person. The voice he had used was quiet and cool, although sympathetic. This new voice was personal, hot, and almost bitter.

" What is the use of all this talk ? " he cried out. " It gets us nowhere. Intellect ! science ! theory ! brain-spinning ! Young man, that is our modern devil. Kill him . . . strangle him out of your soul. He is the Devil of the ice, of the cold polar regions. Better a hundred times the old Devil of the burning hell, for in fire there is also God ! "

For a moment I thought I was coming to psychic fisticuffs with him ; but I reflected, and at once swallowed my pride.

" I see, " I said, looking him in the eyes, " you knew this modern Devil very well ; perhaps intimately. "

He glanced at me.

" You sit there, " he cried, " a bit of ice yourself. I feel no warmth from you ; I am not a human being to you, but just another case. Everywhere I look for Christ and find a Devil. But you scientists will never save the world without love — yea, and hate, too. Fire cleanses and resurrects, but the ice freezes and slays. You would embalm me too in your waste places ; and there is no healing in it. Feel this asylum — chilly and cold and full of living death — and the blasted crowd waiting for a great lover to cast out their demons. He is late in coming ; he is late in coming. "

The something that was strange in his voice, his manner and in his words troubled me deeply.

" You are quite right, " I said simply. " Forgive me for my attitude. "

He looked at me attentively and spoke more softly.

" There is some hope for you, then, " he murmured. " Look, " and he reached and brought a sheet of drawing paper from the little table beside him.

He had drawn a picture in crayon, and done it very well. There was a powerful man, with arms crossed on his chest, standing like a Napoleon on an ice-

sheathed rock, and out of the sky a lightning in the form of a great serpent had leaped down and was about to fasten his fangs into the man's eyes.

" Wonderful ! " I cried. " And it means ? "

" You tell me what it means, " he commanded.

It flashed intuitively across my mind that it meant : ' He who sees too much must be struck blind. ' I told him and he was highly pleased : he regarded me affectionately.

" This is the first human contact I have had in a long time, " he said. " Except, of course, some of the lunatics . . . "

" But how, " I asked, " can a man see too much, and why is such a man like Napoleon ? "

" Ah, " he said, " when Christ was shown the kingdoms of the world from a high mountain, he chose then between Caesar and the Galilean. Seeing, man — to see, to know — knowledge, they say, is power . . . But when one is blind then one sees truly . . . sees inwardly. ' They have eyes, but they see not ' . . . "

I felt his meaning, though, to use the word in his sense, I did not see it.

" And what is the serpent ? " I asked.

" The gods. "

" Then you believe in the gods ? "

" I have always believed in them, " he said in his strange voice again, " but I laughed at them. The great Dr. Farraday laughed at the gods. Believed ? Of course. The fool says in his heart, There is no God. And the intellectual says in his heart, There are gods, and I laugh at them. "

We sat in silence, smoking, and now and then I felt him trying to pierce me with a look. At last he said :

" You are troubled, my friend. "

" Yes, I am troubled, " I admitted. " We are all troubled in these days. "

" The days of the great ice, " he murmured. " The second Glacial Period. " He paused, then spoke abruptly. " I have a strange feeling for you, very unusual. I am going to tell you something. You may forget it as soon as you have heard it. You may say to yourself : ' It is the phantasy of an insane man. ' Or you may find it material for analysis and so enrich your science. Or perhaps if I am not wholly demented, you may take it into your being and find it a gift of the gods . . . It is a story — one of the few that have meaning for me. And it is about a man I knew — oh, knew very well. Most intimately . . . Perhaps it is the story of our age. Who knows ? "

I looked at him. Our eyes met.

" Tell me, " I said.

And he told me . . .

" His name was Trudo. That name after all is as good as another . . .

I must tell you a little about his childhood . . . not much . . . it is not very important. Trudo was a sensitive child ; he couldn't compete with the boys : he was a coward and a stay-at-home. He felt everything so intensely that he suffered incessantly. He could not fight, he could not play ball. And his father, whom he worshipped, died. And his mother was practical and embittered by her struggles and her poverty. Trudo felt he was a worm. Yes, he was vermin. Until he made a discovery . . . If you couldn't beat others with your fists or your skill or your leadership, you could beat them with your mind. And that was the beginning of the end for Trudo . . .

" He resolutely killed all his feelings. It can be done, you know. You become like the snail. His body is soft and fragile : but he draws it into his shell when there is danger of attack. This is what Trudo did. And for the rest, he studied. He became a physician and a man of research. He developed his intellect in a truly marvellous way. And he rose, and was well on the path toward greatness.

" I won't bore you with the details. They are the same for everyone who succeeds. Think of your own successes. Merely imagine Trudo at the top of his profession, living in a very fine house near Central Park on a chaste side street. Respectability, luxury, the waiting room with old masters on the wall, the tiled and shining laboratory, the cushioned library, and so on, and so on . . . It is not important, is it ?

" I pause a moment to speak of his wife. She was a very fine woman, doubtless. Of one of the old New York families. If I mentioned the name, you'd know all about it, I'm sure. And she was religious, in a way, though her god was rather a crude one, a sort of hybrid, not of the sphinx variety exactly, but a good respectable American god. I am not cynical about it either. That god has given us much of America . . . Let me describe him in a word, a line : He was a puritan who believed in hard work, righteousness and business. And he believed in kindness and purity. You see my wife, don't you ? She wanted me to be honest and upright, respectable and wealthy, and at the same time lowly and obedient, — down on my knees to her deity . . . She found me then an anomaly : I was honest, I was wealthy, I was upright ; but I was proud and vain and consumed in myself. I had no love in my heart. You know there was John Brown to prove that a puritan can love like a blast of fire. But also, as you know, a puritan can be a peak of ice.

" Now I must tell you a great joke. My patients thought me a second Jesus. Actually. And why ? Because I was remarkably intuitive. I could pierce direct into their souls, and so I knew just what to say and to do to make them feel I was in full sympathy with them. Is there anything more devilish than that ? I ask you. Think. To use the art of love to serve merely one's ambi-

tion and one's egotism. To wear the mask of Christ in order to be a great doctor. Good old American bluff, isn't it ? "

He paused, and took a puff on his cigar. It was as if he had forgotten my presence. Indeed he did not seem to realize that he had dropped speaking of ' Trudo ' and was speaking directly of himself, in the first person.

Then he went on, his voice growing warm and poignant.

" My wife warned me, often. She said I had slain my soul, and was headed for a great crash. She pointed out how many of our great business-men make forced marches on success and are killed or driven insane or into a sanitarium before they are fifty. I agreed with her. But what could I do ? The greatest tragedy of my life was the fact that it was a comedy. I knew all the facts, but I didn't care a snap of my fingers. I could not feel the tragedy. I was perfectly happy on the ice — that is, if you can call it happy. Perhaps, to put it more honestly, I was neither glad nor sad, but busy, alert and keen.

" Then the symptoms came. I will not enter into the details. Palpitation of the heart, for instance — a very bad symptom, as you know. You see, I had no heart : so it was just there that the gods began to make mischief. Ah, yes, I knew then that the gods I had laughed at were preparing a little doomsday for me. Man does not live by intellect alone. If thou hast two loaves of bread, sell one, and buy hyacinths for thy soul. Lord ! I said those very words to myself at the time. But of what avail ?

" Obviously there was nothing I could do — except one thing. I could put away Mammon — I could give up my practice, my fine house, my scientific researches. But what modern successful man can do it ? It was exactly like the rich young man who went to Jesus. And Jesus asked him if he could give up his wealth : leave all, and follow. And the young man could not. That was I.

" No. My pride and revolt increase, if anything. And I even became cold toward my wife. And this killed her. I looked on her dead face, and not even then could I break through the ice, and drop one poor tear of pity or self-pity.

" You see, I was utterly lost. And now with my wife dead, and no children, and no true friends, you might have thought that it would be easy to let go of the power of the world. But not so. Not so. The decks were cleared for action, that was all. I was going to do a great bit of scientific writing . . .

" Then the lightning struck me. Oh, it was so simple, so simple. I was walking one night on a side-street on the lower west side. And a prostitute accosted me. I had a sudden burning curiosity. I was curious about the psychology of prostitution. I would go with this woman, and study her. I had no desire. I was a puritan. I did not want to touch her. Ugh ! as a physician I knew too much about the diseases of vice . . .

" She took me then to her dingy hall bedroom in a cheap lodging house. I sat on the cot ; she sat on a soap-box. And in the gaslight I saw her : a very thin woman, a little tall, and perhaps tubercular. Shining eyes and glowing cheeks. And she was very poor. "

He groaned, and stopped. Then he whispered :

" Now the story begins . . . I began questioning her, when suddenly she burst out on me :

" ' But you are not a human being. You are terrible. I feel as if the Devil himself were in this room. '

" I was startled. I asked her :

" ' Who are you ? Where do you come from ? '

" ' I am a Russian, ' she said, ' and a Jewess. My name is Losha. '

" ' But are not you in league with the Devil also ? '

" ' No, ' she cried defiantly, rising before me and clenching her fists. ' I am driven by need and loneliness : but you are only vain and learned. You are a lost soul. '

" ' Yes, ' I admitted in my honest way, ' I *am* lost. What's to be done about it ? '

" ' You know you are lost, ' she cried, ' and yet ask me that ? Oh, this is terrible. This is the eternal damnation they talk about . . . '

" ' That doesn't help me, ' I said. ' Talk has never helped me. I can talk myself. '

She stared at me, and leaned toward me.

" ' You are right. Only an infinite love could help you. '

" That was the way we talked. And suddenly I forgot that I was the questioner and had a great desire to tell her about myself. I told everything, just as I have told you. It was amazing enough : an ignorant sick woman of the gutter, one whose body was common merchandise, and who had no life of her own, and I, the learned scientist, the respectable and wealthy doctor.

" Three times I went to see her. And at the third the lightning passed through me. She was weeping when I entered and would not rise from the bed. Her face was buried in her hands.

" ' Why are you crying, Losha ? ' I asked.

" ' I weep, ' she said, ' because you are to be pitied more than I am. We are both prostitutes. But the Devil in me is a god, and you have no god. '

" I stood, silent, but quite calm. Then she rose slowly and flung her arms about my neck. I had not expected it. She whispered passionately :

" ' I love you. I love you. I love you. '

" ' Why do you love ? ' I asked.

" ' Because I am your lost soul. '

" And I saw the truth. I saw that what lay buried in me was not only divine love, but also the great beast, and that this woman was both. And first I felt a burning steal through my body, a hot and primal fire, the smoky breath of hell itself, and for the first time I could remember I had the horrible cannibal lust to tear a human body limb from limb. But while I was convulsed with this, something strangely other came up and mingled with the lust. It was as if I saw the Christ. It was holy and ecstatic and divine . . . Yes, yes, yes, it was love . . .

" You can imagine an earthquake that raises some monstrous buried formation to the surface and buries what if finds there. That happened to me . . . It was like a conversion. But in my conversion both Christ and the beast came up and tore asunder the great Dr. Farraday — the fine intellect, the high-minded ego . . .

" In short, I went suddenly mad, and gave a great shriek, tearing off my clothes and foaming at the mouth. I called Losha ' the goddess ' and prostrated myself before her. Then I shrieked aloud for the torture and agony and had something very like a fit of epilepsy.

" She was terrified. She finally put me to bed, and soothed me. She nursed me tenderly. I would lie quescient for hours , in a fever. Then the spell was on me. I saw great beasts, kings and gods. I was ground by terrible passion and ecstasy. It was a death. . . . "

He paused ; then smiled sadly . . .

" You can imagine the sequel. I could not return to my house. It was all ended. All my interest in my work, my position, my power and place in the world, had vanished. Everything, but the emotions that swept me, was quite unreal. And so I ruined myself.

" I married Losha. It seemed a simple matter. And we opened a little stationery shop and kept it together. . . Anf then I began to draw : I became an artist. I was alive from head to foot, and yet quite tormented — tormented by these terrible passions and ecstasies, these perverted and glorious impulses which for years had festered in my darkness, and which, when they came upon me, came more like monsters than divinities . . .

" What can I say of Losha ? She was the one woman whom I never knew. My intuition failed me. I never understood. Was she ugly or beautiful ? stupid or wise ? base or noble ? I cannot tell. I only could know her simple and undivided love, which never forsook me. It was those fires in which I became as ashes.

" As ashes, ashes . . . One cold morning she coughed a great big racking spasm . . . Then she whispered to me :

" ' Trudo, I love you. '

" And she died . . . I closed the shop . . . I did not need the shop. I needed only my own soul, which began to dawn in me like the sun in spring . . . And being quite insane, I came here . . . "

We were silent. He fussed about among his papers, and murmured:

" I suppose it isn't much of a story. "

I smiled at him, but said nothing. Then he showed me a portrait he had made of Losha.

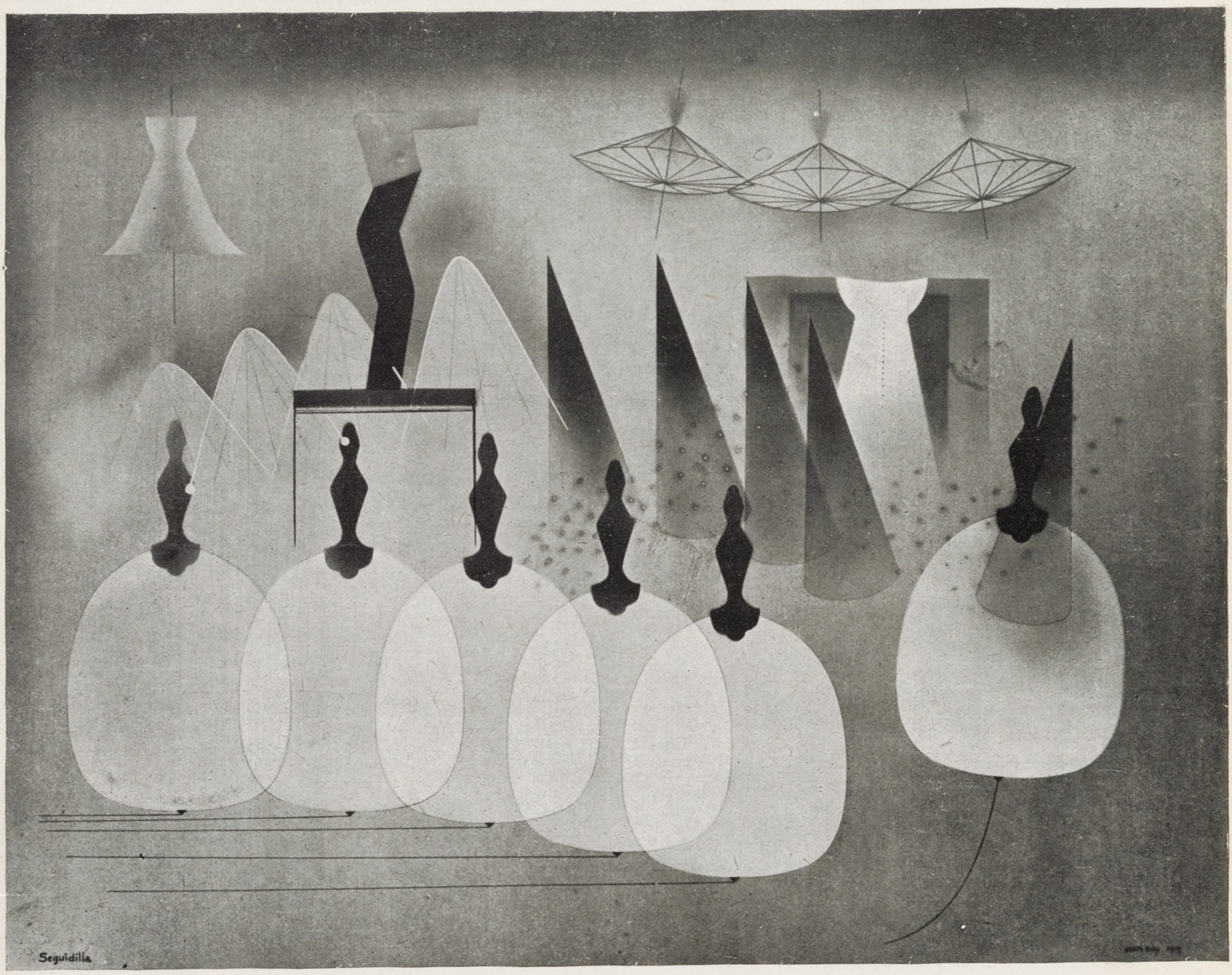
She was dark and thin, even gaunt, and a look almost of madness in the eyes . . . The tears rolled down the Doctor's cheeks . . .

A little later I said goodby to him. We stood, facing each other and he held my hand.

" I am insane, " he said, " do not forget that. And out there — " he waved his other hand in the direction of New York, " live the sane ones. Losha is dead, and Dr. Farraday is dead. You know the ancients, " he smiled quaintly, " thought the insane were close to the gods. But that's a fable, isn't it ? "

I closed the door on him very softly, troubled in spirit.

JAMES OPPENHEIM.



MAN RAY.
Courtesy of Daniel Gallery - New York.

Seguidilla.

IN THE DOCK.

Pallid, mis-shapen he stands. The world's grimed thumb,
Now hooked securely in his matted hair,
Has haled him struggling from his poisonous slum
And flung him mute as fish close netted there.
His bloodless hands entalon that iron rail
He gloats in beastlike trance. His settling eyes
From staring face to face rove on—and quail.
Justice for carrion pants; and these the flies.

Voice after voice in smooth impartial drone
Erects horrific in his darkening brain
A timber framework, where agape, alone
Bright life will kiss goodbye the cheek of Cain.

Sudden like wolf he cries; and sweats to see
When howls man's soul, it howls inaudibly.

W. DE LA MARE.

THE SOUL OF AN ARTIST.

I.

Ellis Bertram felt definitely that afternoon that he had, in a sense, Arrived. This "arrival" of his had come slowly, almost imperceptibly. He had not, as he had once hoped he might, "burst upon the world" as a new figure in letters. He could look back upon many hours both of impatience and despair. He had had at first to work under difficulties; to write novels and stories in the intervals of the necessary employment that had provided him with the means of life. Later, also, he had not dared to do quite his best work. He had had to keep his eye on the requirements of editors and publishers. But now...

He found retrospect pleasant on this particular afternoon. There had been no special climax to exhilarate him, but the more important reviews of his last book had, as it were, suddenly lifted; treating him for the first time as a novelist of recognised standing; his publishers had sent him a friendly and very encouraging report of his sales, and mentioned that they were, also, selling now many of his earlier books; he had had well-paid commissions for short stories; and he had received a very good offer for the serialisation of his next novel, already completed in manuscript, in an American magazine. Also, he had at last got settled into his new and altogether delightful house, a house that had an effect of dignity and leisure; a house to which he would be proud to invite his many friends and acquaintances in the world of letters. And all these successes taken together and added to the fact that it was a glorious afternoon, had roused him during his solitary walk, to a warm and comforting sense of achievement, to the feeling that he had after all his struggles definitely and happily arrived.

And he was only thirty-nine. He had still many years of robust and active enjoyment before him, years in which he would certainly do better work than he had ever done before.

He turned into Herondale Park with the slight suggestion of a swagger in his walk. The free use of that Park was still another cause to be added in accounting for his sense of complacency. Lord Herondale was his new landlord

and had been very gracious and charming on the one occasion on which Ellis Bertram had met him. " And, of course, you will have the free run of the Park, " Lord Herondale had said. " I beg you to use it whenever you feel inclined to. " The dignity of letters, Bertram reflected, carried one anywhere. He and his wife would probably be invited to dine at the Manor when Lord Herondale returned in the autumn.

By way of asserting his splendid prerogative, he turned into the path through the spinney that led into the private gardens of the Manor. He liked to feel that he was singled out, distinguished from the common crowd, a man of fame and culture, on an equal, by virtue of his calling, with the old English aristocracy . . .

He was startled out of his gorgeous reverie by the sound of passionate and unrestrained sobbing, and looking up saw a few yards ahead of him, the body of a youth stretched out on the ground with an effect of complete abandonment. He was lying on his face under a great elm, his head buried in his arms, and he was crying with a disregard of any possible audience that seemed to Bertram almost indecent.

For a moment he was inclined to turn quietly back and leave this disturber of dreams alone with his grief. But Bertram was a kind, and conscientious man, and he knew that if he went without making the least effort to console this unhappy fellow-creature of his, he would presently suffer the stings of self reproach. Moreover, he would have to tell Nina when he got home, — he told her everything, — and she would be certain to ask him how he could have remained indifferent to the evidence of such misery. Dear Nina was always so anxious to help everyone.

Nevertheless it was with a distinct feeling of intruding upon another's private affairs that he took a halting step or two in the direction of the prone figure.

He had deliberately turned his head away, and he was startled by the abrupt cessation of the sobs, and the sudden hail of a voice.

" Hallo ! what are you doing here ? This path is private, you know, " the voice said.

Bertram turned and looked at the speaker. He was sitting up, now, though still with an effect of clumsy abandonment, — a slender youth of seventeen or eighteen, with dark hair and a striking though rather ugly face. His features were certainly not good. His eyes looked small under the bulk of a heavy forehead, over which straggled untidy wisps of dark hair. His nose had no particular shape, his mouth was pinched and at this moment rather peevish. Indeed his best feature was his firm, cleft chin. Yet there was something dominating and powerful about his expression, an air of intrepidity and moral courage.

"I — I have had permission to come here from Lord Herondale," Bertram explained politely. "I'm sorry if — if I disturbed you."

"Oh! I suppose you're Ellis Bertram, aren't you?" the boy replied carelessly. "The chap who has taken 'The Dower'? I read one of your books, the other day. I hope you won't expect me to say that I liked it?"

Bertram stiffened. "I don't excect you to say anything at all about it," he said formally. "I'm naturally sorry that it doesn't please you; but, of course . . ." He shrugged his shoulders.

The boy pursed his little mouth and regarded Bertram with a singularly direct stare. "Silly thing for me to say, I admit," he remarked; "but I've got a rotten habit of saying the first thing that comes into my mind." He grinned as he added without the least sign of shame, 'Hinc illae lachrymae', you know."

Bertram found his temporarily alienated interest returning with greater force. "I can't pretend that I didn't see you crying," he admitted. "I thought, perhaps, I might . . . that is, if I could help you in any way . . .?"

The boy's expression magically and beautifully changed. He sat up, pushed back the hair from his forehead, and his whole face was suddenly alight with interest.

"I wonder if you could," he said. "You're a writer, well-known and all that, and you must have a lot of influence."

"Do you mean that you want to be a writer, too?" asked Bertram. "If you do, I . . ."

"Oh! come and sit down, here" the boy interrupted impatiently. "I'll tell you all about it." He pointed to the grass beside him as he spoke with a gesture that was almost a command.

Bertram obeyed without hesitation. His first feeling of repulsion had now given way to one of attraction and interest. Moreover, an alluring fantasy had sprung into his mind. He had seen himself as the patron of youthful talent; as the discoverer of genius. It would, he thought, be in some sort the crown of his career to figure as the literary guardian of some new poet. He definitely hoped, though he did not pause to enquire why, that his protégé would prove to be a poet. He had never, himself, attempted to write verse.

"It's all that beast Herondale's fault," the boy began at once. "I know people would say that I owe him a lot, and so I do. I'm ready to admit all that. But just the same he is a beast to me, in some ways. By the way, though, I don't suppose you know who I am?"

Bertram had to admit his perfect ignorance on that matter. "But I've only been here a week or two," he added, by way of apology.

"I'm a by-blow," the boy said without any appearance of shame in the

confession. " A sort of nephew of Herondale's. My mother was Lady Constance Fletcher, you know, Herondale's sister. She married old Fletcher and then eloped with my father who was a blackguard by all accounts, though I expect they say that just because he was unconventional. And then, poor chap, " the boy's tone was one of precocious cynicism, as he continued, " he had the ghastly misfortune of being a foreigner, and mixed at that. Eastern Europe, Magyar, Slovak, Ruthene, Slav — that sort of thing. Enough to damn anyone in the eyes of our precious English aristocracy. And a musician! Pretty hopeless from Herondale's point of view wasn't it, — descended from Irish kings with just the right dash of good Engish stock to make him all that's solid and respectable? Oh! Lord! well that's that. And I was born and my mother was dead, before old Fletcher had time to get his divorce through.

" Then old Fletcher adopted me. Did the right thing. Frightfully generous, and overlooking, and willing to forgive *me* for having got myself born in such dastardly bastardly circumstances. Ronald Fletcher, they call me. Trying to make out, I suppose, that old Fletcher was my father. Complimentary to him, rather, because he wasn't ever likely to have had children of his own. However, he withered away when I was eleven, and then Herondale took on the job of educating me. Marlborough, first; but I got expelled a year ago, as 'incorrigible.' " He shrugged his shoulders over the word, as if offering it to Bertram to translate as best he could. " And, now, I'm working here with a tutor, cramming for my entrance exam for Balliol. And whatever do you suppose Herondale proposes to do with me? No, of course, you'd never guess. He wants me to go into the Civil Service; Indian or Home, according as to how I turn out. He thinks it will have a soothing influence on me; teach me how to conduct myself lowly and reverently to all my betters. He's so afraid of the blackguard strain in me, the Eastern European taint. Puts my getting pushed from Marlborough down to that; and imagines that he'll get rid of it by a course of pap and platitude. Holy Sinners! what a fool he can be in some ways! "

" And you want to be a writer? " Bertram put in at the first pause. He was impressed both by the boy's egotism and his conversational " style ". He certainly had a power of vivid expression. Even in that brief account of his life, Bertram had found, with a strange sense of discomfort, an aptitude for direct and forcible statement that he, himself, had always lacked.

" Want to be? I *am*, " Ronald Fletcher replied. " I don't say that what I've done up to now is any real good, but I know that it's much better than most of the stuff that's being published — bar verse, of course. "

" Then it isn't verse you've written? " Bertram enquired, conscious of his disappointment.

Ronadl Fletcher leaned back against the trunk of the elm, and clasped his hands behind his head. "No," he said reflectively after a brief interval. "I shall probably write verse, later; but so far I haven't had the patience. The stuff comes so quickly, you see, and I have to get it down at once. The exigencies of the poetical form involve so much discipline. I shall come to that, in time; at present I prefer the freedoms of prose."

"But good prose, surely . . ." Bertram began.

Ronald waved that aside. "Oh! I know; I know," he said. "But it happens that my thoughts fall more naturally into prose."

"Would you let me see your — your essay is it? — or whatever you've written?" Bertram asked.

"I would have, like a shot if I'd got it," Ronald said. "I don't know how to describe it exactly. It was a kind of fantasy, half allegory and half romance. Rather good in parts, but it's just as well I destroyed it."

"You destroyed it?" gasped Bertram, who had treasured his every line.

"That was what the row was about and why I was blubbing just now," Ronald explained. "Herondale came down last night and after lunch to-day, we had a first-class row. Holy Sinners! What a row it was! He wouldn't give way an inch when I said I wanted to chuck everything and write. He had read my thing over night and said it 'showed promise' or some rot of that kind. It was then I tore it up and cursed him and came out here. I was only blubbing because I'd lost my temper. I work it off that way. I'm like that."

"You can re-write it, I suppose," Bertram put in.

"I could but I shan't," Ronald said. "I've got a better idea, I want to get down. The other was only the sort of thing one begins with. Just as well that it's out of the way."

"I wish I'd seen it all the same," Bertram murmured.

"Yes, it's a pity, especially if you're going to help me," Ronald agreed. "But I'll get this other thing going pretty soon and then I'll read it to you. I expect you'll be a fairly decent judge even though you are on a different line yourself."

Bertram blushed faintly, remembering his companion's first greeting. "Ah! yes, by the way," he said, "you don't — er — care for my books, I infer."

"They're all right in a way," Ronald said. "Frightfully carefully written and constructed — good craftsmanship and so on; but there's no idea, no invention, no real guts in the one I read, — it was your last 'The Hill of Promise.' Just a comment, hardly that, on a certain side of life; all about tame, conventional people with no red blood in them."

Bertram shivered. All his dream had fallen from him. He saw himself

stripped ; left without a rag of complacency to cover him. What the boy had said was true. He had always known it was true, and had never dared to face the fact. He had no passion, no creative force, no real temperament. He was a patient and able craftsman, that was all.

" You're very frank, " was all he said, but he said it humbly.

Ronald looked at him with a sudden touch of contrition. " It was rotten of me to say that, " he admitted. " Just after you'd promised to help me, too. I shall have to cure myself of this beastly habit of saying whatever I think. "

" No, no, " Bertram said. " Not with me, anyway. That's one of your gifts. It will get you into all sorts of trouble, but it's — it's a part of your genius. "

Ronald instantly forgot his apology. " How can you tell I've got genius, " he said ; " when you've never seen a word that I've written ? "

" Won't you, at least, give me credit for some intuition ? " Bertram asked. " Even if you can't find the evidence of it in my novels ? "

Ronald did not seem to hear that pathetic speech. He was staring out in front of him, and apparently regardless of Bertram's presence. " I suppose after all, " he said " that pretty nearly anyone except Herondale and his sort would know at once that I *am* a genius. That was what they really meant at Marlborough, when they said I was incorrigible. "

He jumped to his feet with an air of relief as he continued, " I'm glad I met you. It has helped me to clear my ideas a bit ; and if I do quarrel finally with Herondale I could come to you until I got launched. "

" Certainly you might if you would care to, " Bertram agreed meekly. " But wouldn't it be better for you in every way if I were able to persuade Lord Herondale that it is his duty to let you express yourself in your own way ? "

Ronald pursed his mouth and regarded Bertram thoughtfully. " My dear man, you'd have no earthly, " he said.

Just for a moment, however, some faint reflection of his dream had returned to Bertram. " Ah ! there, you're wrong, " he said, speaking for the first time with an effect of superior authority. " You see, whatever your own opinion of my books may be, I have achieved a certain standing in letters ; and you will find that Lord Herondale will at least give attention and consideration to anything I have to say on my own subject. But first of all, you must let me see some of your work ; until then I shall have no locus standi . . . "

He would have gone on, but Ronald cut him short. " Oh ! all right, " he said, and turned away as he spoke and began to walk back towards the Manor. In a moment, he had changed from the brilliant young genius to a sulky

schoolboy. Bertram had offended him by demonstrating that in this particular thing he was wiser than Ronald, himself.

Bertram sighed as he watched the gauche and rather ungainly figure mooning up the path. Yet even before he reached the gate into the Manor grounds, another change was manifested in him. He unexpectedly lifted his head and began to run. He had forgotten the merited reproof, no doubt, and was contemplating his own brilliant future. The sound of a faint shout of triumph came back to Bertram along the avenue.

It was another Ellis Bertram that made his way home across the Park, a humbled and chastened author who had seen the truth about his work all too clearly and painfully revealed. Yet before he reached home, he was in the air again. For illumination came to him suddenly, blindingly. He saw where he had failed. Those characters of his that had no " red blood in them " were echoes of himself. They had been too gentle, too considerate in their dealings with their fellowmen. Now, he had recognised for the first time in his life the ruthless egotism of genius. He could never imitate that in his life, but, by Heaven, he could portray it in a novel. The book, indeed, was already beginning to unfold itself in his mind vivid and enthralling. It would be his masterpiece. It would be a book that not even Ronald Fletcher himself, could despise.

2.

Ellis Bertram had undoubtedly many of the gifts and abilities of the literateur, and chief among them was the power to live in the world of his own imagination. The effects of the moment's illumination that had come to him in the course of his first meeting with Ronald Fletcher, were only transient. Indeed, he could not have lived long with that stark image of his own capacities.

His interview with Lord Herondale, some ten days after his agreement with Ronald, served to reinstate Bertram in his own esteem. Lord Herondale was not only courteous and flattering, he was, also, willing to pay his visitor the final compliment of allowing himself to be convinced. Ronald came in, gauche and sulky, at the end of the interview and his uncle broke the good news to him.

" Mr. Bertram whose authority I find myself unable to oppose, " Lord Herondale said, " has persuaded me, Ronald, that you have a most unusual gift for writing. "

" Pretty obvious, " Ronald muttered with a shrug of his shoulders.

" My dear boy, " his uncle reproved him. " You may, perhaps, remember

that many of our most famous poets were slow in winning recognition ; and whatever your gifts, you may count yourself uncommonly lucky in winning the approval of so eminent and influential an author as Mr. Ellis Bertram at the outset of your career. "

Bertram took that thought home with him and cherished it. Other people besides Lord Herondale, he reflected, also regarded him as 'eminent and influential.' He must have very unusual talent to have earned that description. Nina confirmed him in that opinion. Also, she outdid him in the judgment that Ronald was a self-centred and arrogant youth whose criticisms were warped and undependable . . .

And it was in this mood of self-confidence that Bertram presently introduced Ronald Fletcher to publishers, editors and the public ; a mood that was upheld and encouraged by the result. Indeed, his Introduction to Ronald's first book received more attention in the reviews than the book itself. Bertram was the sponsor, he was the known figure, and he undoubtedly won fresh prestige by this evidence of his acumen and insight. He was more written about and more courted as a consequence. And when his next novel came out in book form after its serialisation in the English and American magazines, it beat all his previous records for circulation. Truly, it seemed that his dream on that momentous afternoon in Herondale Park, had been only a shadow of the glorious reality.

Of Ronald, himself, Bertram saw very little in those days. Lord Herondale had apparently thrown up the sponge, made his nephew an allowance and given him carte blanche to hang himself in his own way. Ronald had accepted the gift of liberty as his natural right and for a time had gone to live in Paris, though he had expressed his intention of " doing " Eastern Europe, later.

Bertram, thus freed from any responsibility other than the occasional advertisement of Ronald's — and incidentally his own — name by articles in the more literary weeklies, settled down after the applause had somewhat subsided, to write his masterpiece. He had ample leisure for that, now. He was free from the financial worries that had clouded his earlier career and was no longer harassed by the necessity for haste. That this book would be a masterpiece, neither Bertram nor his devoted, admiring wife had the least doubt. Never before had he been so brilliant and convincing in his characterisation, nor so happy in his descriptive passages. Almost for the first time in his life, he felt genuinely inspired, full of creative force, brimming with ideas.

Only one aspect of the book a little alarmed him. His chief character was an all too vivid and startling portrait of Ronald Fletcher. And he could not change it, because it was the salient achievement of the story. He had pictured Ronald's career at school, his early struggles to get a hearing, and

then with what had certainly seemed to him a flash of genius had given him a bragging and unmoral love-affair with a beautiful woman ten years older than himself. That had appealed both to Bertram and his wife, as being conclusively and indubitably " right ". It had the authentic ring of truth. And that affair and all the incident of the book arose naturally and inevitably from the character of the chief figure. If that character were altered, the whole book would ring false and unreal.

It was not, however, until four years after Bertram's first sight of Ronald Fletcher that the book was finished. In the interim, he had written and published another successful novel in his familiar manner, a novel that had not, for some reason, quite maintained his reputation. One reviewer had hinted that the author was " written out ". Bertram and Nina had smiled at that review, knowing what a surprise they had in store for critics and public.

But in that interval, Ronald Fletcher, young as he was, had already made his mark. His originality, his unorthodoxy, his fertility which had begun by shocking English readers, had now begun to impress them. He was abused and read. The writers of Bertram's school were intensely jealous of the intrusions of this iconoclast, but they could not quench him by adverse criticism, however academic. He had impressed his personality on the public. There were endless stories about him. At twenty-two, Ronald Fletcher was more than a man of extraordinary promise ; he was a figure in literature ; and the unprejudiced spoke of him as the rival of Chatterton and Keats. Everyone had long ago forgotten the fact that he had been discovered by Bertram. Fletcher, it was understood, must have been " discovered " by the first discriminating reader who saw his work.

3.

Ronald was reconciled, now, to his uncle, Lord Herondale, and was actually staying at the Manor when Bertram received the copy of his magnum opus back from the typist. And as Bertram read through the book in its new aspect, the thought came to him that he would like Ronald himself to read it, before it went out to the world. Even now, that old criticism of his rankled a little, occasionally ; and he felt that he could not wait until publication before he finally justified himself in the sight of the man whose opinion had so horribly condemned him four years earlier. Nina heartily agreed in this plan ; but she was a little spiteful. She wanted Ronald to see how he looked in the eyes of all decent people. She thought that Bertram's book " ought to do Master Fletcher, a lot of good. "

Ronald sighed when the request was made to him, but granted it rather

as though it were a duty which he could not shirk. Bertram was a little piqued, but consoled himself with the thought of the effect he was going to make.

He gave the manuscript to Ronald before lunch, and mentally allowed him a couple of days in which to read it. He was surprised when just as he and Nina were sitting down to dinner they saw Ronald coming up the drive to the Dower with the manuscript in his hands.

"He can't possibly have read it in the time," Nina ejaculated. "I suppose we shall have to ask him to dinner."

As the maid went to open the door, Nina told her to show Mr. Fletcher into the dining-room.

He came in a moment later, dropped the manuscript on the dinner table, and sat down, without any greeting to either Bertram or Nina, in an arm chair away from the table.

"You'll join us at dinner?" Nina said, on a note of reproof, but Ronald shook his head.

Bertram found himself trembling with nervousness.

"You've never read the book so soon?" he said.

Ronald glowered at him. "Of course, I've read it," he replied.

"And — and — what's your . . ." Bertram began, but Nina interrupted him by saying: "Isn't it a masterpiece, Mr. Fletcher? Even you must admit that."

Ronald took no notice of her, but kept his eyes steadily fixed on Bertram. "What are you going to do with it?" he asked.

"Oh! well, — publish it," Bertram said with a nervous laugh. "You didn't think I was — er — going to — to bury it, did you?"

Ronald got up and began to pace the room. "I'll grant you it's good," he said. "The best thing you've ever done or ever will do."

Bertram flushed slightly. He intensely appreciated the compliment, while resenting the rider.

"But you can't publish it," Ronald said.

Nina sniffed her contempt.

Bertram smiled with a touch of condescension. "My dear old chap," he protested.

Ronald turned on him. All the anger had gone out of his face, and had given way to a look of dominance and settled resolution.

"Where did you get that story from?" he asked. "The story of me and 'Lady Adelaide'?"

"I got it out of my imagination," Bertram said with a faint complacency. "It seemed to me so exactly the sort of thing you would do."

"You think that I'd sacrifice her — the woman you imagined — to my

egotism ? " Ronald replied. " You believe that if I did have a love-affair like the one you've drawn, that I should always think first of myself and my own credit, comfort, reputation and the rest of it ? "

Bertram pursed his mouth. " Honestly, I do, " he said.

Ronald came forward and leaned his hands on the table. He was staring straight into Bertram's eyes, as he said, " Oh ! how lamentably you fail, Ellis Bertram ! How small your inagination is. You can't avoid, even in your best book, the mechanical, the conventional, the expected. You've drawn me well, just as far as you've been able to observe me, you've even, — with the one touch of genius you've ever shown, — imagined the kind of woman I might fall in love with. But then, " he lifted his hands with a gesture of despair, " how you fail ! All the rest of the story is merely a muddled réchauffé of the stuff you've read, about men of my sort, all the commonplace, dramatic stuff that . . . "

But Nina could stand it no longer. " Nonsense, my dear boy, " she interrupted him sharply. " You're just talking boastful, arrogant nonsense. What does your opinion amount to after all ? "

Ronald did not condescend to look at her as he replied, " It amounts to this, " he said still with his eyes on Bertram, " that as it happens, I have the facts to confute you. You've drawn, or tried to draw, me in your book, now you shall know the truth. I have . . . I mean there is . . . " For the first time in the Bertrams' experience, Ronald was faltering in his speech.

" You mean that there has been, is, some woman in your life ? " Bertram prompted him.

He nodded. " Is, " he said gently. " Oh ! yes, there is, there always must be. And I haven't sacrificed her. I couldn't, though she's willing to be sacrificed for me.

" No, no, I'd sooner give up writing than that, " he continued, offering what was so evidently to him the ultimate renunciation. He paused for a moment before he added with a sudden renewal of his earlier fury. " And good God, your dirty little book, Ellis Bertram, would expose everything. It is near enough, in a way, to confirm the little scandals that I haven't been able altogether to avoid. Publish that book, and everything will come out. It won't hurt *me*. She'll come to me then, and the notoriety will only advertise *me*. I shall have everything that I can desire. But, oh I know so infernally well, that it would kill her. Her husband's a devout Roman Catholic. There can never be any question of divorce. And she'd wither. She's not the right kind of woman to make that sacrifice, Bertram ; and she doesn't know it, herself. She's always been up in the big world, and she can't realise what life with me would be like, in these circumstances. But I can ! Oh ! God, why do I

know these things, so truly ? If only I could believe that I might be wrong for once ! "

He seemed to have forgotten the Bertrams. He had thrown himself back into the arm chair, he was leaning forward with his face in his hands, absorbed in his own misery.

Nina opened her mouth, glanced at her husband, and then decided for silence. She wanted desperately to disbelieve Ronald, and she could not. She had never known him to speak anything but the truth. Did not his whole reputation rest on the fact that his love for the truth, as he saw it, outweighed every other consideration ?

Bertram had pushed back his chair and was staring up at the ceiling.

" Ronald, " he said after what seemed a very long interval.

" Well, " Ronald muttered still with his head in his hands.

" If I altered that book ? " Bertram began.

" You'd have to do it out of all recognition, " Ronald said, looking up.

" But supposing, I write the truth, " Bertram suggested, " showed how you sacrificed yourself and your career, everything, to — to your love ? "

" Everyone would recognise the facts and disbelieve your deduction, " Ronald said.

Bertram plunged his hands into his pockets and sighed deeply. " I'll admit that I can't publish it, as it is, " he confessed, glancing at Nina.

" No, dear, perhaps you can't, " she consoled him ; " but I'm quite certain that you could make just as wonderful a book of it, if you got away from the real facts altogether. I'm sure you could invent something just as interesting and lifelike. "

Bertram and Ronald were looking at each other, now. *They* knew. And in that moment they recognised each other as fellow-craftsmen, for Ronald saw then what hitherto his prejudice had led him to overlook, namely that at heart Bertram was an artist with the passionate love for truth in his soul, only his circumstances and the weakness of his power of imagination so often blinded him.

" I suppose it's the only way, " Bertram said softly.

Ronald got up, then, and leaned over him putting his arm across his shoulders. " By Heaven, old man, I'm sorry, " he whispered. " I know what an awful thing I'm asking you to do. But we understand one another don't we ? You're one of my sort. "

That was Bertram Ellis's apotheosis, his final achievement in the world of letters, though none knew it but himself. For he never published another book. He tried, if only to please Nina, to alter his great novel. (In spite of Ronald's censure, Bertram still found the seeds of greatness in that novel). But he did it mechanically, and so badly that even the adoring Nina was

dissatisfied and told him that he wanted a long rest. And somehow that rest continued. His financial circumstances demanded no further output, and he told Nina that the desire to write had temporarily gone from him. If any consolation were needed, she found it in his stress on the word " temporarily ", and her conviction that his reputation was already permanently established. It was really wonderful how his old books kept on selling in the cheap editions . . .

It was nearly five years after the interview in the Ellis's dining-room that Lord X— died of pneumonia, and when, after an interval that some critics judged to be too short by a whole fifteen months, his widow married the famous Ronald Fletcher, Bertram sent him the original manuscript of his " great novel " for a wedding-present. " I could have published it once, " he wrote in the accompanying letter, " but I value your opinion more than any public applause. You hailed me once as one of your own sort, and I am content with that. "

Ronald showed the letter and the manuscript to his wife. " Ellis is a good chap, " was his comment ; " and he had some of the qualities of the artist, but no imagination. "

But Bertram never heard that comment ; and he was content with his apotheosis. Though there are still occasions when he is inclined to believe Nina's confident assertion that one day he will write a really great book.

J. D. Beresford.

WILLIAM GRAPPER.

"The Second from the end is a peach".

WILLIAM GRAPPER.

The Chess Game.

HOSPITAL NIGHTS.

I.

Lie still, you girl, with arms like thin white moonbeams,
Or twist your pillow from that patch of sky—
Mauve-rose awning over herded lights,
Where spangled women
Go forth to love and eat.
Why do you listen— you with the life in you lying
Heavily-cold as a dead child—
To life throbbing hot and lusty enough to shake the peace of stars
With their white roots in God?

II.

Sometime . . . when the nurse has padded off softly,
turning the light out . . .
If your soul should smile . . . as it crowds you into a corner . . .
Do not let it beguile
You to a duel of looks . . .
Draw over your body more than a sheet,
Leaving no slit at the head or the feet.
It must be from a covered place
That you look your soul in the face.

III.

Nurse, with hair like clotted honey,
What is it that is always creeping and moving

Back of the lights in your eyes?
Eyes that are glossily brown
As the back of a queen bee
That soars with her mate into the blue . . .
To clinch and grapple and sway . . .
Light lancing light under a flashing sky . . .
Till she circles alone
Over a plunge . . . and a gray trailing . . .
Nurse, with heavily swaying thighs,
Do the men you tend flinch and quiver
As you hover close in the darkness?

IV.

The Salvation Army lass
Lay very still all day.
Her body seemed to depend from her eyes—
Eyes eager-blue as marbles
That have rolled in many gutters,
Yet stayed miraculously clean.
Now her hands monotonously
Scoop up the shallow moonlight,
Pale as weak lemonade,
That spills through her fingers
Over the white sheet.
The moon is of little account here,
With that strong light in the corridor.
Now over the Battery—
All the bay to herself
And Sunday boats coming in—
The moon'll be bright as Jesus,
Walking upon the water.

LOLA RIDGE.

FAIRY TALE.

..... when everyone was young, and no sorrow had come into the world, and the fairies did not hide in flowers and under stones, there lived in a castle built of shining copper that was always like a lantern in the firwood at night, a king, who had a daughter, and she could not speak, except in whispers. The princess, whose name was Malourisan, after the West wind of that country, and who had black hair like a crow's wing, was never understood, because she could only whisper. And so she went about the castle, smiling to herself, sometimes sad, sometimes merry..... she whispered to the long silver mirrors..... she whispered to the roses that clung about the window of the tower in which she lived..... for she had much to say, many beautiful things to tell..... but noone ever understood except the roses who nodded in the wind when Malourisan whispered to them..... the roses undestood, a little, and so they smelled their sweetest to please the Princess Malourisan..... and when she plucked them to tie in her black hair that was like a crow's wing.... they clung to her and laid their cheeks, which were always the colour of love, against hers, and they lived as long as they could..... to be near the Princess Malourisan..... and when they had faded..... she put them away in a blue jar to remind her of yesterday's secrets..... and some she laid tenderly among the silken garments that she wore when she was sad..... in a chest of sweet sandalwood..... the mirrors, when she whispered to them, smiled at her, a little sadly, as if to say.... "We know so much.... we have seen so many beautiful things... and yet we must always just listen and never speak..... but we understand, just the same.....". And the mirrors loved her, too..... The white peacock, when she went to him, to whisper the things that she must tell..... the things she knew of love and dreamed of life..... these two are one and the same..... the peacock sang to her, for peacocks really sang then..... before fairies hid themselves in flowers and under stones..... peacocks only stopped singing when — but that is another story! But the peacock sang only of his beautiful eyes..... his thousand beautiful eyes..... and *he* never understood.....

The king her father had summoned all the magi and all the great metaphysicians in seven realms..... but none of them could make the Princess Malourisan speak above a whisper..... and of course the king, whose name was Iran, could not hear what she said..... for he was old, and deaf..... and had forgotten all that he knew of love..... and had never dreamed of life.... And King Iran had sent abroad in all the world, messengers, to say that whoever could give the Princess speech, above a whisper, should marry her, and be given the castle of copper that was like a lantern in the dark firwood, and the white peacock..... and all the thousand mirrors of silver that were in the castle..... but if he should fail, who tried, his eyes were extinguished, like candles..... for the king made this the penalty, that whoso tried to give the Princess speech, and failed, was not worthy longer to look upon the world. And so, as time went on, the dark firwood was filled with blind princes and beggars, and artists and luteplayers..... who lived in hollow trees.....

..... one day the Princeess Malourisan went down to the stream in the firwood to bathe..... for she loved the cool green water where the feather-clouds floated, and sweet voices greeted her.... and beautiful golden dragonflies came to rest upon her black hair when she spread it out upon the flat stones warmed by the sun..... for the Princess knew that the sun brings perfume to everything that it touches.....

..... she went always to bathe at noon..... for was not everyone blind in the firwood ?..... some had tried to understand by chattering themselves..... but this is not the way to understand anyone who has many beautiful things to say of love and dreams..... and they were justly made blind.....

As the Princess stood by the stream, upon a warm, round stone, that was flat like a lily-pad, and that made her little feet feel as if they were kissed..... and her soft garments fell about her like leaves..... and as she leaned over to look into the stream at herself..... she was sad..... " Will noone ever listen to me ? " And the dragonflies flew about her head and made an airy golden crown for her..... And as she whispered to the stream..... she heard a still little crooning voice, whispering back to her..... " Now it cannot be the stream " ..... she said to herself..... " the stream is like my silver mirrors..... it loves me, but it cannot answer me. " ..... But the stream had little feet to run with, and a voice to ask the way..... and be flippant to the toads..... and did not have to stay tiresomely in one place, like the silver mirrors..... and the stream had been in many places, and knew many secrets..... So the stream smiled up at the Princess Malourisan and whispered gently..... " Tell me..... tell me..... tell *me*..... ".

And then she knew that the stream could speak, and she leaned over until

the ends of her black hair fell upon the face of the stream, and she whispered... " no one loves me..... I am sad..... no one listens to me !..... send someone to love with me..... to dream with me..... I have so much to tell..... but only to someone who loves me "..... And the stream stopped only long enough to hear these things, and to kiss the ends of the Princess Malourisan's hair..... and then went running and tumbling down through the forest..... singing..... " I'm going..... I'm going..... I know..... I know..... I know where to go..... "

And then the princess was happy, and went back to the castle of copper that was like a lantern in the firwood, whispering to herself little happy things ..... and dancing through the firwood as lightly as rain upon the leaves..... and all the blind beggars and princes and luteplayers and artists in their hollow trees awoke, and wished that they could see..... for they knew that something very beautiful had happened.....

..... and the Princess climbed up into her tower and blew a kiss from her fingers to the stately silver mirrors..... and they blew kisses back to her ..... and she went to the window and took three roses and scattered their petals upon the floor.... and opened the chest of sandalwood in which she kept her silken garments that she wore when she was sad..... and shook out the faded roses from them and dressed herself in them..... and danced among the scattered rose-.leaves upon the floor..... for she knew that the stream would hurry with her secret..... and take it far away, and tell it to the right one..... but one roseleaf she kept.....

Through the forest and the fields..... along the roads and past the willows and under the bridges..... gathering the letters that the plum trees threw down, and the pollen for the market..... the stream ran, singing and whispering and smiling..... until it came to the city.....

..... and there, every afternoon..... the stream played in a marble basin of a fountain..... and tossed sunbeams up and caught them..... and called out to any who passed that way.... but none stopped to listen, for they sought nothing..... but *one* came, and he was lonely, and he knew why..... and thought there was no remedy.....

..... and as ever, when he passed that way, he stopped to listen to the story of the water..... Today it sang..... " Follow me.... follow me ..... follow me far away..... there is a firwood..... and a round stone..... and a castle..... beyond the light of day..... some one is waiting and willing and wishing and dreaming and dancing..... come quickly..... come quickly..... come softly..... come away..... "

And that one set off to the margin of the town..... where the stream came in..... and there he heard again..... " Follow me..... follow me....

follow me"..... And..... on he ran .... past the willows and the sleeping fields and the thoughtful roads and the listening plumtrees and the bridges that no one knew..... until he came to the firwood..... and through the firwood he ran until he came to a flat round stone that was still warm from the sun..... though dusk walked the wood..... and there he saw two eyes..... like candle-panes..... and he heard a whispering voice like a little silver bell upon a censer in a still church..... a voice that was sad..... and merry..... and merry..... and sad..... and tender and merry..... and sad again..... And the stream whispered softly out of slumber..... "Here he is..... here she is..... here he is..... I found him..... I told him..... I brought him..... I love you..... I"..... but the stream had run far and was asleep.....

..... for the princess had grown tired of waiting in the tower..... and had come down to the stream to whisper and to wait..... for she knew that the stream was wise..... and truthful..... and trustworthy..... and understood..... And as she whispered..... he whom the stream had brought listened..... and he knew..... but you know, yourself.... if you can dream of life.....

DONALD CORLEY.

MAPLE-SUGAR SONG.

When the first warm days and frosty nights of the spring-thaws usher in the season of maple-sugaring, the Otter-tail Indians pitch camp in their favorite sugar-bush. Before the real work of sugar-making is begun, however, the Indians go through a ceremony. They gather a few buckets of the first run of the sap and boil the first kettle of sap, down to sugar. At night a feast is spread in honor of Wáy-nah-bo-zhóo, a mythological guardian spirit of the Chippewas. At the feast one place is left vacant for Wáy-nah-bo-zhóo who is expected to attend the ceremony in spirit, to eat the first sugar which has been prepared solely for him, and to bless the Indians in the sugar-season.

" Maple-Sugar Song " is an interpretation — in no sense a translation or transcription, for no specific words are uttered — of the spirit and the emotional content of the chants sung in this ceremony.

I.

Hó-yo-hó-ho ! Hó-yo-hó-ho ! . . . yo-ho ! . . .
Wáy-nah-bo-zhóo, big spirit of our brother,
Come thou and bless us, for the maple flows,
And the Moon-of Sugar-Making is upon us.
The nights are white with frost ; the days are yellow
With sunshine, and now the sap of the maple-tree,
Humming the sugar-song, goes up the stem
With dancing feet. The gabbling geese come tumbling
Out of the wind and into the wet mush-káig
In clattering families ; among the reeds
The fat old women-geese go chattering
Of winter-lands ; and gathered on the shore,
Shouting with hearts glad to be home again,
The old men strut in council, and flutter and snort.
Ah-chée-dah-mó, the spluttering tail-up squirrel,
Pokes his blue whiskers from his hole in the oak,
And scurries up and down the swaying branches,—

He runs in six directions, all over the earth,
Hurrying, looking everywhere for somebody,
Something he cannot find, — nor does he know
Why the green wet days should be so bitterly sweet.
Ho ! The yellow birch throbs, for she knows the pain of life,
Of swelling limbs and bursting buds ; she stands
With naked arms stretched out to the warm gray rains,
With hungry arms that tremble for her lover,
For Sée-gwun, the Maker-of-Little-Children, who comes
With soft blue feet that rustle the fallen leaves ! —
Hear thou the maple-water dripping, dripping,
The cool sweet-water dripping upon the birchbark ! —
Ho ! the Moon-of-Sugar-Making is upon us !

Hó-yo-hó-ho ! Hó-yo-hó-ho ! . . . yo-ho ! . . .
Hear thou our prayers, o Brother, Wáy-nah-bo-zhóo ! —
Hear, thou who made the flat green earth for us
To dance upon, who folds us in his hands
Tenderly as a woman holds a broken bird
In winter, thou our Brother who hung the sun
Upon the sky to give us warmth and life,
And the wet moon to make us cool and clean ;
Hear, thou who made the hills and the timber-beasts
That roam among them, who made the sliding rivers
And silver fish that shiver in the pools, —
That there might be wild meat for empty bellies ;
Hear, thou who made cold rapids in the canyons,
Wild waterfalls, and springs in the cool green hollows, —
That there might be sweet-water for parching tongues ;
Hear, thou who gave us thy mother, All-Mother Earth,
That she might feed her children from her bosom—
Ah-yee ! Wáy-nah-bo-zhóo, come thou on this night
With blessings as the maple-water flows ;
Make thou a song to our heavy-breasted mother,

And pray thou that her children may not hunger,—
For now is the night for maple-sugar feasting.

Hó-yo-hó-ho ! Hó-yo-hó-ho ! . . . yo-ho ! . . .
From the long cold of winter-moons, our eyes
Are deep, our hands like the bundled veins and talons
Of buzzard birds. Before the winter-winds
The moose have run to other lands for feeding ;
The rabbits have vanished as the snow, — a plague
Left a strange red sickness in their withered mouths.
Even old Gahg, the clumsy porcupine,
No longer finds his way to our roasting-pots, —
We boil his yellow bone-ribs many times —
Ugh ! Our teeth grow soft without strong meat to eat.

Ho ! Wáy-nah-bo-zhóo, hear thou our many tears
Dropping among the dead leaves of winter ;
Pray thou, and ask our grandmother, Waking-Earth,
To take us in her arms, to make us warm
With food, to hold us safe upon her bosom.
Our mouths go searching for her mighty breasts,
Where the maple-milk comes flowing from the trees, —
Ah-yee ! Brother, pray thou now the Mother-One
To give us freely of her sugar-sap,
The good sweet-water of her bursting breasts—
For the Moon-of-Sugar-Making is upon us !
Hó-yo-hó-ho ! Hó-yo-hó-ho ! . . . yo-ho !
Ho !

II.

And if the sap flows thin with water, our hearts
Will hold no bitterness ; for we shall know
That long ago in thy wisdom thou decreed
That out mother's milk might never be too thick,—
Fearing that we should gather plenty sugar

With little labor and soon grow sick with food
And slow to move our legs, like glutted bear—
Ho! We are a faithful children of the soil;
We toil with eager hearts and patient hands.
And if our birchen baskets crack and leak
The gathered sap, our tongues will speak no evil, —
We know that thou, our Brother, in thy love
For those of the Otter-tail totem, whipped the growing
Birch tree until the bark was cracked and cut
With round black stripes, — that our birchen pails might leak
The silver sap, that thus all Indian children,
Laboring long with many steps, might never
Grow soft and fat with idling in the bush.
Ho! We are a faithful children of the soil;
We toil with eager hearts and patient backs.

Hi! Wáy-nah-bo-zhóo! Hear thou, o mighty one,
Who folds us in his tender hands as a woman
Holding a broken bird in the winter-wind,
Come thou and bless us on this night of feasting;
Pray thou our mother to take us in her arms,
To hold us warm upon her great brown bosom,
To give us freely of her maple-water,
The good sweet-water of her swelling breasts.
And if we labor long, our lips will speak
No bitterness, for our arms are strong for hauling,
Eager for many buckets of sweet sap,
For syrup dancing its bubbles up and down
In the kettles, to the bubble-dancing song.
Ho! For we are a faithful children of the soil;
We toil with trusting hearts and patient fingers, —
And now is the Moon-of-Maple-Sugar-Making!
Hó-yo-hó-ho! Hó-yo-hó-ho! . . . yo-ho! . . .
Ho!

LEW SARETT.

BAMBINO'S BEGINNING.

I.

Fabrizia was the love of Agostino. For some months he had felt that life to him was contact with the unique chemical of her personality.

"Continue to be a chemical for me!" he exclaimed to her one day. "Every word you say does inexplicable things; I have consulted the biologists, the physico-chemists, the biometrists, the psychologists, even the hydrographers — who study tides — and the physicists, but they have no light to offer, and agree in one thing only, envy!"

Fabrizia disliked being called a chemical, but she replied, "Your words warm my blood to a degree beyond that permitted by science as sane, or by religion as holy."

2.

Said Agostino, who was a student of eugenics, "I am sure that a Bambino sprung from our mingling in the open beauty of earth and sky would grow up more stalwart, more beguiling, more ornate, than one conceived in a city chamber, a chamber in a honeycomb of similar chambers along the narrow dusty streets of cities."

"So long as God makes me mother of a child, when and where the seed be sown matters little," returned Fabrizia. "It is within me, between bone and bone, that he will grow stalwart, beguiling, ornate, if so you desire him to be, and come to the hour of his birth."

"We have no statistics on this vital subject," said Agostino, "but I am sure that the fairest and noblest of the race had fair and noble places for their beginning. The heavens were plumed with thunder at the moment Hercules was conceived; and she whose beauty was woven from the crimson fleece of clouds, the snowy foam of waves, what lone peninsula was that upon which her sire seized her mother? It is improbable that shoulders which supported

a world, or eyes which ruled it, could owe anything to the oppressive chambers of a metropolis."

"God is everywhere," persisted Fabrizia, wondering why He had sent her heart a youth so foolish as Agostino. "Shall lovers with only a straw mattress in a bye-street be defrauded of their right to bring forth inventors and martyrs? Nay, I dare say many a man and maid have gone naked up into high mountains, and gazed down upon the world, and their offspring was a profiteer or a publican. Not what is without, but what is within, sets spark to the new life, whose burning shall be seen across centuries."

"You are not versed in the new romances," said Agostino, with a sadness.

3.

No one suspected, as Agostino and his love alighted from the diligence at a lonely turn in the coast road, that they were bent upon a mighty errand. Fabrizia still could not understand why Agostino had brought her so far upon so simple a mission. Nature was all very well; but the urban haunts of man were not destitute of poetry. Yet she was always ready for Agostino's embraces, and she stifled her vexation. If he preferred the open, what harm was there in that?

The sun was blistering, and Fabrizia rejoiced that she had worn her picture hat, a Viennese confection too unusual even for city afternoons. Her shepherd staff with the orange ribbon was of great service too, so uneven a surface did the floor of earth present to her exquisite high-heeled slippers. The lovers reached the summit of a bluff, and by a precarious path descended to a beach where white sand went in and out of walls of boulders.

"The ruins of forgotten rites," observed Fabrizia, pausing with interest and yet with apprenhension. "Shall we be happy among them in this crushing presence of sea and sky?"

"These walls are votive tablets," explained Agostino, "where, in loyalty to a fabled goddess of the sea, men and maids have wreathed together their initials." And he pointed to a transfixed heart cut in the granite, with a date two centuries old.

"Their flowers have faded," sighed the lady, "and still th e tides go in and out of the sunny caves they lay in. Soon we too must be gone, and other lovers will come and plait their garlands here. O, I am filled with a homesickness."

Who, lackning human affection, give themselves over unto despair; who, deprived of solicitude, see themselves eaten of time and change, to these by preference was the ministry of Fabrizia. Moving therefore among the votive walls, she gave some kisses; and some, garlands of kelp; and some she caressed, letting

her fingers follow the course of the chisel, mindful of the sanctity of the occasions they commemorated, and of the great respect due to such tokens of our desire: that those hieroglyphs henceforth need not consider themselves neglected, and left unwept to the inhuman cunning of waves.

"We shall be gone from here," agreed Agostino, "but centuries of being together await us. Fabrizia, mark the blue horizon."

"It is not blue," said Fabrizia, "it is a thin luminous green."

"No, it is blue," insisted Agostino. "Fabrizia, mark the horizon; forget the populous towns behind us, where the minds of lovers are haunted by their fellow-men, and not by the vastness of the Mother. Give me endless things that melt one into another; give me elements unstable, so lacking in line and mass that they remove reality. Even to the vertigo of them, I love them."

"The sea is lovely," admitted Fabrizia, "but cities are more lovely." She lifted her arms in the broad sunshine, and her resentment at Agostino faded. Here in the open his idiocy did not matter so much. "The sea calls to me," she cried, "the white arms of the surf beckon me."

Agostino was aware of two gray gulls by the shore, which at a single instant wheeled off over the deep. It was an omen.

They went down together to the blue; and the waves approached them, crested and lustrous. But the waves seemed to Fabrizia like promising young business men and other naturalists, who one after another filed petitions in spiritual bankruptcy. She kept the morbid impression to herself.

4.

The bronzed Agostino lay on the sands, his elbows dug into the warmth of them, his chin in his palms, and gazed up and down the surf for Fabrizia.

At last she emerged, coming ashore upright in the spray of a gray-green roller. Her eyes were half-closed against the sun, and a sea-vine, was tangled in her hair. He thought of Correggio, the bright eyes of whose angelic ladies testify to a virginity of spirit rather than of body.

"And you, the beautiful, do not appreciate Nature and her works," said Agostino, reproachfully.

"How can my devotion to her fail, when she has borne you, when she has borne me?" inquired Fabrizia, still ivory where going and coming waters glistened about her ankles, and filled the partings of her toes with sand.

Weary, and needing repose, they found a seaward gazing cave. But alas, as they were spreading velvets and silks on its crystal floor, they were interrupted by the apparition of an elderly naturalist. Unaware of the sacred proximity of two who had come hither at high noon as priests move toward the mass,

he knelt on the sand not five yards away from them, and examined crustacea through a microscope.

"It is the eminent Professor Settimio," whispered Agostino. "He has devoted his life to insects, centipedes, spiders and crustaceans."

"You amaze me," said Fabrizia. "God forbid that he turn his eye upon us."

But the aged savant struggled to his feet, and without a glance in their direction, ambled on along the beach. Passing as mysteriously as he had appeared, the lovers were never to know whether the remains of shrimp, lobster or crab had occupied his gaze, or whether it was not a question of malacostraca at all, but rather of infinitesimal fish-lice, and of barnacles.

"It was this Settimio," continued Agostino, "who first made me feel how very zoological, nay how botanical we are; being veritable gardens from one point of view, and of the substance of leaves, of fruits and flowers, of plumed wings and restless tentacles."

"Fabrizia dear, I gaze at you; and then, as in dreams, I sink past tier and tier of strange foliage down to my most ecstatic depths, to an inebriate region, life's sub-cellar, as it were, and lie among the vats!"

"Modernism," reflected Fabrizia, wiping a tear from her eye at this extraordinary account of love's ecstasy, "Modernism, that elaborate retreat from all that is staple and true, is conducted by minds such as this Settimio's."

At the thought she marvelled. Her Roman depths stirred by the insufferable lunacy of the romantic Agostino, which had subjected her to so painful an encounter, no less than by terror of the stranger's curious life, wherein centipedes had been glorified and prawns embraced, she deliberately folded her ring-finger against the soft stone of the cave-wall, and scratched upon it a sacrificial cross.

HANIEL LONG.

EINSTEIN AND THE POETS.

Anthologies, like the poor, we have always with us. And with practically no exceptions, these heterogeneous collections of orthodox and hetero-geniuses, run true to their lifeless form. It has remained for the youngest of American anthologists to achieve a radical departure from the collector's norm. "If one leaves it to a lot of scattered poets one will have nothing more than a lot of scattered verse," writes Mr. Untermeyer. "Mere editorship, no matter how selective, is not enough." How then does the author of "The New Adam" expect to accomplish his ends? Succinctly, by writing the entire anthology himself. And the binding subject, the *leitmotif?* Nothing more or less than the Einstein Theory of Relativity! The following excerpts are what Mr. Untermeyer believes might result if certain outstanding American minnesingers were forced to record their reactions concerning the Weight of Light, Deflection of Solar Rays, Non-Euclidean Warps in Space, Anti-Newtonian Substitutes for Gravitation and Time as a Fourth Dimension. The compiler, it may be well to add, has engaged counsel to defend him in all libel suits that may result.

RELATIVITIES.

by EDW-N ARLIN-TON ROBINS-N.

What wisdom have we that by wisdom all
Sources of knowledge which the years suggest,
Hidden in rubric, stone or palimpsest,
Will turn and answer us because we call.
About us planets rise and systems fall
Where, lost to all but matter, Newtons rest;
And who are we to label worst and best
While all of force is gravitational?

Held by a four-dimensional concern,
He gropes among the atoms to beseech
A swifter sublimation that may reach
A little further than the funeral urn.
And we, who always said that we could teach,
Have nothing much to say and more to learn.

CANZONE

by EZR- PO-ND.

All'acquisto di gloria e di fama...
EARLY ITATIAN.

Come, my songs, distorted, spoken-against,
Come, let us pity those who have one-dimensional minds,
Let us pity those who move smugly
in two or even three dimensions,
Bound to a relative mortmain.
Ma si morisse!
Take thought of the dull, the hopelessly-enmeshed;
The young enslaved by the old,
The old embittered by the young.

Go, with a clashing of many echoes and accents,
Go to Helicon — on the Hudson.
Perform your naked rites, your cephalic dances;
Shout your intolerant cat-calls from the bus-tops,
(We have kindred in common, Walt Whitman)
Parade your tag-ends and insolences,
Cry them on State Street:
Ch'è be'a . . . *

Take no thought of being presentable.
Lest they say you grow shabby,
I shall find fresh raiment for you
out of time and spaciousness;
A shirt out of Provence, green slippers from Cathay,
Assorted mantles, slightly worse for wear, from Montparnasse,
And fillets, somewhat dusty, out of Ithaca.
Who shall say you have become
A slave to your technique
like Chloris, who would flirt
Even with her own shadow?
Who proclaims this?
Ba-a-a-a-a-amen.

* *bella.*

ADVICE TO THE FOURTH DIMENSION

by MAXW-LL BOD-NHEIM

Region of shiftless equilibrium,
The curtly undulating worlds
Weave insolently in your heart,
Like icily forgotten tunes of atoms.
Time, with a slanting hunger, gropes
And, in a virginal precision, takes your hand.
Circles, no longer arrogantly round,
But like a battered primrose dripping flame,
Are warps in nature.
No line is straight
But lifts long, passionless rhythms till it meets
Its parallel in drab exuberance.

Region of shiftless equilibrium,
Be not confused by tricks of time and space.
Only you can twist an acrid meaning out of words
Or into them.

ROUND

by ALFR-D KR-YMBORG.

Worlds, you must tell me —
What?
What is the answer to it all?
Matter.

Matter, answer me —
What?
What are the secrets of your strength?
Molecules.

Molecules, be honest —
What?
What may be groping at your roots?
Atoms.

Atoms, I ask you —
What?
What have you hidden in your hearts?
Electrons.

Electrons, I charge you —
What?
What are you building in your wombs?
Worlds.

Worlds, you must tell me....

THE SPELL OF THE ELECTRON

by ROB-RT SERV-CE

Now this is the spell the philosophers tell
    When you're puzzled at all their revisions:
The laws that we knew are not alway true,
    We must change them to suit the conditions.
Though you roar as you eat only red-blooded meat
    And thrill with each virile sensation,
No atom or ape, no figure or shape
    By God! can escape gravitation.

For this is the lesson of Einstein:
    Answer Death's grin with a scoff.
Glaring and tearing at all you resent,
Fight though the light is battered and bent —
    Fight till the flesh drops off!

You may clench your fists at the scientists,
    At calculus, cubes or quadratics;
You may curse and thrash since the old laws clash
    With relativist kinematics;
You may goad your sides till the blood-red tides
    Run off and the dry bones clatter —
At the end of the grind with a reeling mind
    By God! you will find only matter!

For this is the lesson of Einstein :
    Drink at no coward's trough.
Sneering and jeering will bring no delight ;
You're here to make everything cheerful and bright.
And for carfare and comfort and sweetness and light,
    Fight till the flesh drops off !

THE SAGGING BOUGH

by ROB-RT FR-ST

There, where it was, we never noticed how,
    Flirting its tail among the smoothed-off rocks
The brook would spray the old, worm-eaten bough,
    That squeaked and scratched like puppies in a box.

Whether the black, half-rotted branch leaned down,
    Or seemed to lean, for love, or weariness
Of life too long lived out, or hoped to drown
    Its litter of last year's leaves, we could not guess.

Perhaps the bough relaxed as though it meant
    To give itself this one depravity.
Or, being near the grave itself, it bent
Because of nothing more than gravity.

AMERICA INVADES EUROPE.

It is by no means here intended to deride or disparage the splendid work that, *in only one decade,* has been done and is now being done by Americans of the younger and youngest generation. Nor to deny the profit — for both continents — that will result from a closer, more regular and organized cultural contact between the two. And, as far as America is concerned; it is time that intelligent and cultivated Europeans should become aware of the fact — which the great majority of them are not — that " darkest America ", the materialistic monster from which they are wont to turn with horror or, at best, utter scepticism, is actually being attacked — and attacked from within — persistently, valiantly, successfully. It is time that they should know about the genuine fundamental changes wrought since the years when Knut Hamsun wrote his bitter sarcasms and commentaries regarding the land " over which the sky is black — indeed ".

But there are two facts at which the European observer of things American may feel inclined to look with some misgiving. The first is, a tendency on the part of the extreme left wing of literary America — as represented e. g. by the Little Review and Contact — to understand by " Europe " simply " France " — and by France mostly or merely a group of young Parisians many of whose innovations of literary capering are possibly less signs of new life than the death spasms of a movement in which the last word was practically said by Mallarmé — right at the start. And in addition to this tendency the belief that America's artistic and cultural salvation is mainly to be sought in following this France and fragment of France as closely as possible. The second fact is the manifestation of the American Machine — transforming itself, with all its attributes and characteristics, into American Mind; or the mistaking of analytical acumen for *creative* mind.

This intellectual leaning of young America toward France or whatever resembles France elsewhere, is, in a way, natural enough. The arid lucidity, the precision, the knife-like flashing, the dainty skill and eternal badinage of

the French mind must needs prove a strong attraction for the trans-Atlantic type whose own strength (and weakness) lies along city-bred, machine-made, sophisticated, electric lines. The lordly sensual acidity of a Gourmont (that combination of savant, satyr, aesthete — not fused by soul into a higher unity) ; the daring and brilliance of the precocious gamin — from Rimbaud to Tzara ; the purely cerebral temperament ; these things are naturally and unconditionally accepted as sole counsels of perfection by the ambitious representatives of a race in whom the emotion-abhorring depth-fearing Puritan is followed by the equally emotion-abhorring depth-fearing machine man. But one doubts if this combination — of French art theories and American mechanics — will be able to produce something that is alive, not only on its intellectual surfaces, but in the totality of cultural human value.

After brilliant analytic Poe, after a knife-brandishing Whistler ; after mathematical James with his dainty psychological chess problems ; after Pound (Pound the Blaster, not Pound the Artist) — now, armed with magazines, come others among whom it is pointed out that such work as that of Marianne Moore in basical for American development !

As concerns France :

Europe can *afford* France. Can afford to encourage, spoil, indulge — at times even worship — that eternally young wizard among the rest of her brood. Among the rest — if you please ! Europe can afford it — because Europe is and always has been infinitely more than France ; because Europe is the magnificent sum total of a variety of cultures, of art forms, of life forms, of which France is only one.

Europe can also afford to admit a goodly dose of city sophistication and engineering acumen into her cultural life — because this cultural life existed, is rooted in, twenty-five hundred years of development *before* the Machine and *before* Metropolitanism were born. And the contribution of a Rimbaud and all his descendants is only one wave in an ocean that — to dive haphazardly — contains the waves of Greece and Rome, of a seventeenth century Spain, France, Holland, of Chaucer's age or the Renaissance ; of nineteenth century Russia or the Scandinavian North, the Germany of Goethe and Heine, the Elizabethan age or that of Keats. Wave upon wave — with luminous crest upon crest. And under these the depth of a folk life, as yet not torn away from the spontaneously emotional, the naturally mystic, the *intuitively* aesthetic.

Such an ocean can quietly admit the sailing of many little boats in search of new treasure. It can not be hidden by or lose itself under them.

But America — made of the Puritan, by the Puritan, for the Puritan, remade of the Machine, by the Machine, for the Machine — is only passing

through what is practically her first decade of a generation that deliberately, consciously, by means of concerted action and creation strikes out upon paths of cultural life. And America can, therefore, *not* afford to attempt the turning of this new life into one narrow channel. The assumption on the part of some one or another small group of literary workers, for whom Paris is the center of the globe, to possess the one and only and nothing but the truth in aesthetic and intellectual values and appreciations — wrong under all skies — is disastrously wrong in a continent that is only just beginning to take some culturally recognizable shape !

New intellectual perceptions are more quickly acquired and intellectual changes more quickly made than emotional ones ; the emotional part of the human organism being the infinitely more conservative part. Acceptance and proclamation of " finds " in the form of theories or organized movements are, therefore, not necessarily indicative of a genuine change in asethetic and life reaction — the change that touches the essence, the bottom and the totality of things. Emotion and intellect are, of course, not separate and opposed entities ; each being dependent on and determined and energised by the other — and both being, perhaps, only different forms of the same activity, i. e., if the " intellect " in question is of the creative, imaginative type, *mind* rather than intellect in the narrower sense of the word (the thing by means of which you add up sums, attend to the practical business of life and make neat dissections of bodies, souls and theorems).

But much of the intellect of which one is granted flashes among young America's latest self-appointed elite affects one sometimes as intellect of the latter type ; the panting, tonguelolling, movie-movie, electrically lighted braininess ; true offspring of its parent, the Machine. As such interesting, ingenious, valuable in its way — but limited. Versatile, not universal. And lacking soul stuff, fire ; some of the things that make mature, rich, finished individualities — not only brilliant writers and complex poets — in the dreary waste of bread and butter cleverness and information intellect.

Says Miss Moore :

" Complexity is not a crime, but carry it to the point of murkiness and nothing is plain. A complexity moreover, that has been committed to darkness, instead of granting itself the pestilence that it is, moves all about as if to bewilder with the dismal fallacy that insistence is the measure of achievement and that all truth must be dark. Principally throat, sophistication is as it always has been — at the antipodes from the initial great truths. "

Exactly !

That is why, granting that Miss Moore's work is honest and interesting, one does by no means consider American brains of which hers are a spe-

cimen (and they are very good brains !) as the kind that are highly and solely promising of America's creative approach to those " great initial truths ".

If an ingeniously constructed, intricate little piece of machinery, a dainty little thing with cogs and wheels and flashes of iron and steel, should suddenly be given a human voice to pour its " soul " into song — to trasmute itself into a " poem " — it would stand revealed as a bit of writing by Miss Moore. An interesting phenomenon — having gaped at which one would turn to one or another of the great elemental things in that deep turbulent ocean of Europe's twenty-five centuries — where there is dimness — where there are half tones — those half tones so desperately lacking in the American mental as well as physical atmosphere—where there are storms and even fogs. Relentless glistening scalpels are good for all diseased and dead and dying things, no doubt. But there is fog — fog of a certain kind — that makes things " come alive " . . .

It is to be hoped that Europe's contact with modern America of the last decade will not be limited to contact with extremist tendencies only ; with the most sophisticated and outrè modes of self expression. Especially since Europe can get all it needs and wants in this direction from France, directly, and much better. Besides, in Europe these things represent the extreme tip of growths, the roots and trunks and heavier branches of which are in its own soil. In America such tips produce the effect of hanging in the air. There is no such hanging in the air with American minds of the type, say, of Randolph Bourne, Sherwood Anderson, Carl Sandburg, or the writer of a book like " Our America ". From these the modern European world will get a better understanding of the new America's contact with herself, of her self analyses, self criticism, self transformation, than from all the ultra modern followers of France combined. Yet none of the four mentioned are of the " clever " type. They have " minds " that, without blague or badinage, without flashy brilliance, quietly touch the bottom of things ; not ingeniously bizarre, but truly self revealing.

Types of mind like these are not apt to cherish, in good Yankee fashion, an ambition to corner the market in modern truths, aesthetic and otherwise. Nor is art to them, as it seems to be to certain others, a department store in New York City where nothing may be kept in stock except the latest, the absolutely up-to-the-minute " styles " (discontinued lines sold at considerable reductions or relegated to the provinces).

What Europe looks forward to on the part of America is a broadening, not a narrowing ; an inclusiveness, not an exclusiveness ; a fertilizing, not a sterilizing of the aesthetic field, of art emotion and cultural perception.

Perhaps *Broom,* faithful to the motto that " there are always others ", will sweep into the circle of its vision aspects of Europe wider than those of Parisian boulevards ; and into the vision of Europe aspects of modern America wider than those of one or two small coteries. Even if — in doing so — it should run the terrible risk of being branded with that non-plus-ultra of modern stigmas : the adjective " Georgian ".

EMMY VERONICA SANDERS.

BROOMIDES.

Instead of the customary editorial pronouncements, seemingly indispensable appendages to each and every periodical, world without end, Broom offers, in this issue at least, a column devoted to those of its contributors who have some announcement of their own to present. Perhaps when Broom is a little older, and begins to take itself with the solemnity approved by age, achievement and the like, it will find a voice of its own and give gentle vent to that. But for the present, Broom prefers to act as the disc, if you will, for the varied impressions to be expressed by the personalities who pass across it. Broom is even tempted to inform the reader, if he does not already know, who each personality is, and what his record, but in view of the axiom that you can never say quite the right thing about another human (be he Italian, American, Irish, English, Chinese, Indian, Australian, Hebraic, Spanish, French, Dutch, German or Russian — the nationalities in the present issue), Broom will have to sidestep this temptation, as well. In any event, Broom is less interested in what a man has done than in what he is attempting.

. . . . . .

INTERNATIONAL COMPOSERS GUILD, *Inc.*

The composer is the only one of the creators of today who is denied direct contact with the public. When his work is done he is thrust aside, and the interpreter enters, not to try to understand the composition but impertinently to judge it. Not finding in it any trace of the conventions to which he is accustomed, he banishes it from his programs, denouncing it as incoherent and unintelligible.

In every other field, the creator comes into some form of direct contact with his public. The poet and novelist enjoy the medium of the printed page; the painter and sculptor the open doors of a gallery; the dramatist the free scope of a stage. The composer must depend upon an intermediary, the interpreter.

It is true that in response to public demand, our official organizations occasionally place on their programs a new work surrounded by established names.

But such a work is carefully chosen from the most timid and anaemic of contemporary production, leaving absolutely unheard the composers who represent the true spirit of our time.

Dying is the privilege of the weary. The present day composers refuse to die. They have realized the necessity of banding together and fighting for the right of each individual to secure a fair and free presentation of his work. It is out of such a collective will that the International Composers' Guild was born.

The aim of the International Composers' Guild is to centralize the works of the day, to group them in programs intelligently and organically constructed, and, with the disinterested help of singers and instrumentalists, to present these works in such a way as to reveal their fundamental spirit.

The International Composers' Guild refuses to admit any limitation, either of volition or of action.

The International Composers' Guild disapproves of all "isms"; denies the existence of schools; recognizes only the individual.

EDGAR VARÈSE.

. . . . . .

NOTES: TO THE TRANSLATOR.

In translating my poems, there are a few points to be observed. To ignore them, or any one of them, is entirely to deny me a respectful presentation. My dogma, for such it is, applies, in my own mind, to no one besides me, but to me it is sacred, and to one who intends to introduce me, it should be inviolable.

1. — No verse shall consist of only one word of one syllable only. I do not respect theoretical rythm.

2. — Each verse must terminate decisively, and without unnecessary deflection. None may terminate with an article. None with a conjunction, an adverb, or a preposition, unless that part of speech is for a legitimate reason punctuated. Thus with a pronoun, unless it concludes a phrase. Each verse must stand alone.

3. — Be careful of the use of interjections. I am not enthusiastic, and do not wish to appear thus.

4. — My verse-forms are three only; the English heroic, or iambic pentameter, the sonnet, English or Italian, and free verse after my own conception. I have settled on these as permanent with me, because they are, so far as I am able to find out, easily translatable into the major languages. I detest the thought of an universal language, but I have, for reasons other than

that given, circumscribed myself. I trust that you will endeavor to use my forms in their respective places. Should you think it difficult to do so, try to comprehend the extent of my discipline. The measure of your success will be commensurate to mine. You will fail only where I fail.

5. — As to the free verse, please use my longflowing, commonplace lines, unless I, myself, use staccato passages. Every verse is used for certain effect, which I intend always to make obvious. True subtlety is not found in forms, but behind them. As to number of lines, or their positions, please imitate. I have purposely made imitation easy. I have designs on posterity, but do not breathe it.

I shall welcome correspondence, personal as well as literary.

WALLACE GOULD

. . . . . .

THE NEW BROOM.

When you are sweeping us
With your cosmic broom
Sweeping us out of mouldy ruts
Sweeping us clean and sweet—

Remember
When we're quivering—
Sensitive— bare—
We shall be grateful
For just a few shadows . . .

DAVID O'NEIL.

ERNESTO FRATONI, *Gerente responsabile.*

Roma — « L'Universelle » Imprimerie Polyglotte.

MANIFESTO I.

BROOM IS SELECTING FROM THE CONTINENTAL LITERATURE OF THE PRESENT TIME THE WRITINGS OF EXCEPTIONAL QUALITY MOST ADAPTABLE FOR TRANSLATION INTO ENGLISH.

THESE WILL APPEAR SIDE BY SIDE WITH THE CONTEMPORANEOUS EFFORT IN GREAT BRITAIN AND AMERICA.

THE PAINTERS AND SCULPTORS WILL BE REPRESENTED BY THE BEST AVAILABLE REPRODUCTIONS OF THEIR WORK.

THROUGHOUT, THE UNKNOWN, PATH-BREAKING ARTIST WILL HAVE, WHEN HIS MATERIAL MERITS IT, AT LEAST AN EQUAL CHANCE WITH THE ARTIST OF ACKNOWLEDGED REPUTATION.

IN BRIEF, BROOM IS A SORT OF CLEARING HOUSE WHERE THE ARTISTS OF THE PRESENT TIME WILL BE BROUGHT INTO CLOSER CONTACT.

THE PERMANENCE OF THIS PROJECT IS ASSURED ABSOLUTELY IF SUPPORTED BY THE SUBSCRIPTIONS OF THOSE SYMPATHETIC TO IT.

BECAUSE OF THE DISTANCE FROM THE SOURCE OF SUPPLY, IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO FILL THE RENEWAL ORDERS OF BOOKSHOPS AND TO CALCULATE THE QUANTITY REQUIRED FROM AMERICA.

YOUR SUBSCRIPTION (FIVE DOLLARS A YEAR) MAILED AT THE EARLIEST POSSIBLE MOMENT, SOLVES THIS PROBLEM FOR EVERYBODY CONCERNED.

AMERICAN SUBSCRIPTIONS SHOULD BE MAILED TO THE NEW YORK OFFICE, THREE EAST NINTH STREET; EUROPEAN SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE MAIN OFFICE, 18, TRINITÀ DEI MONTI, ROME (6), ITALY.

AND DO NOT FORGET TO SEND US THE NAMES AND ADDRESSES OF YOUR FRIENDS.

« WHAT OF IT, IF SOME OLD HUNKS OF A SEA-CAPTAIN ORDERS ME TO GET A BROOM AND SWEEP DOWN THE DECKS? WHAT DOES THAT INDIGNITY AMOUNT TO, WEIGHED, I MEAN, IN THE SCALES OF THE NEW TESTAMENT? DO YOU THINK THE ARCHANGEL GABRIEL THINKS ANYTHING THE LESS OF ME, BECAUSE I PROMPTLY AND RESPECTFULLY OBEY THAT OLD HUNKS IN THAT PARTICULAR INSTANCE? WHO AINT A SLAVE? »

MOBY DICK.