BROOM

DECEMBER·1921

BROOM

AN INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE OF THE ARTS PUBLISHED BY AMERICANS IN ITALY

EDITORS, HAROLD A. LOEB, ALFRED KREYMBORG — ASSOCIATE EDITOR, GIUSEPPE PREZZOLINI.

DECEMBER, 1921 VOL. II, No. 2.

The Editors of BROOM will be pleased to consider mss. submitted to them, but all mss. must be accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

Mss. from Europe should be sent to the Rome office; mss. from America to the New York office.

The price of BROOM is:

For America, fifty cents the copy, and five dollars for a year's subscription. For Italy, 10 lire the copy, and 100 lire for a year's subscription. For France, 6 francs the copy, and 60 francs for a year's subscription. For Great Britain, 3/6 the copy, and one pound and fifteen shillings for a year's subscription.

HEADQUARTERS, 18, TRINITÀ DEI MONTI, ROME (6), ITALY.
NEW YORK OFFICE, THREE EAST NINTH STREET.
LONDON OFFICE, CECIL PALMER, OAKLEY HOUSE, 14-18 BLOOMSBURY ST. W. C. I

PORTRAIT OF A GIRL.

This is the shape of the leaf, and this of the flower,
And this the pale bole of the tree
Which watches its bough in a pool of unwavering water
In a land we never shall see.

The thrush on the bough is silent, the dew falls softly,
In the evening is hardly a sound. . .
And the three beautiful pilgrims who come here together
Touch lightly the dust of the ground,

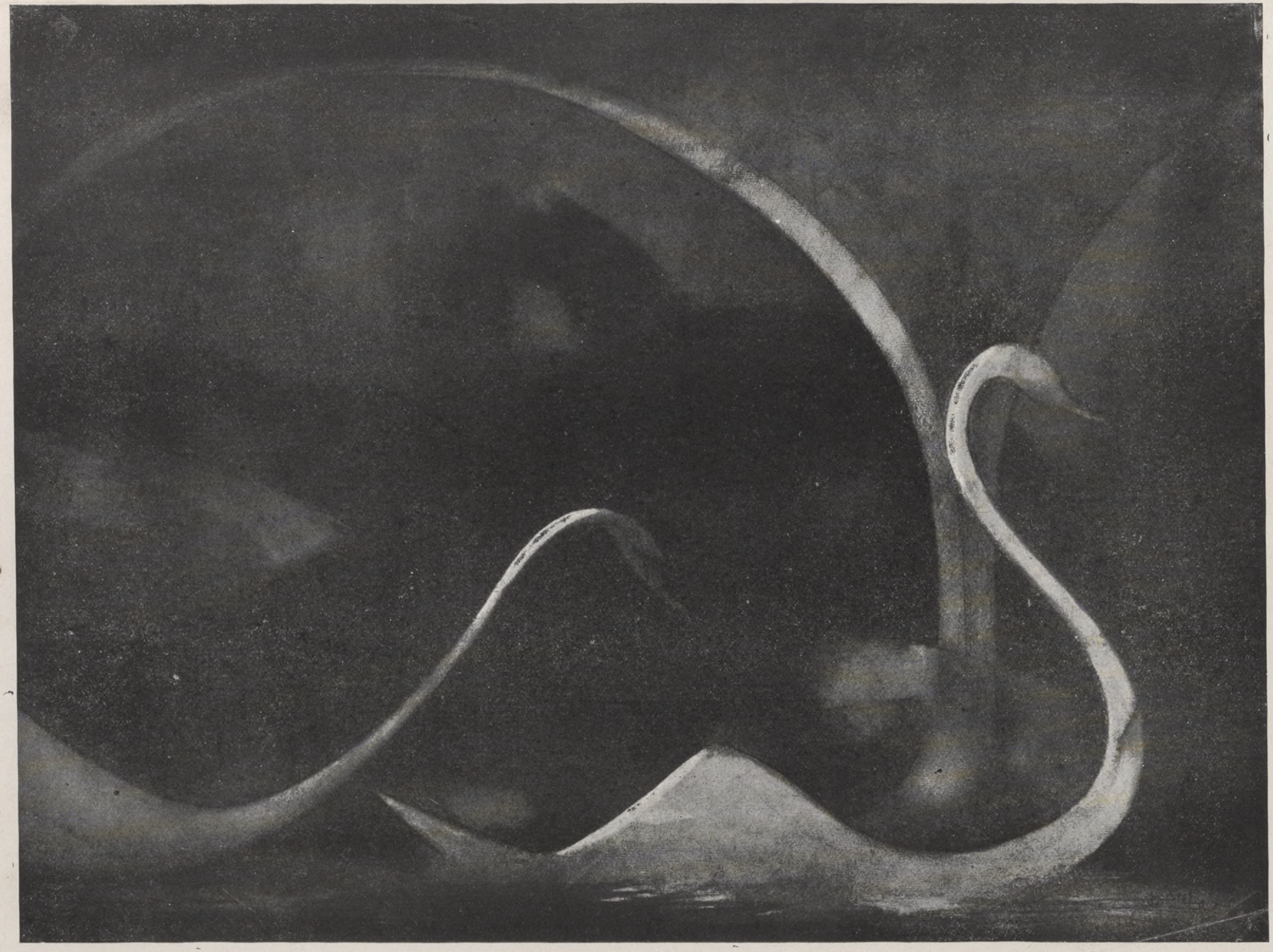
Touch it with feet that trouble the dust but as wings do,
Come shyly together, are still,
Like dancers, who wait, in a pause of the music, for music
The exquisite silence to fill . . .

This is the thought of the first, and this of the second,
And this the grave thought of the third:
'Linger we thus for a moment, palely expectant,
And silence will end, and the bird

'Sing the pure phrase, sweet phrase, clear phrase in the twilight
To fill the blue bell of the world;
And we, who on music so leaflike have drifted together,
Leaflike apart shall be whirled

'Into what but the beauty of silence, silence forever? . . .
. . . This is the shape of the tree,
And the flower and the leaf, and the three pale beautiful pilgrims;
This is what you are to me.

CONRAD AIKEN.



JOSEPH STELLA. The Swans.

THE HELPLESS ONES.

Eddie Gordon sprawled face upward on the living room couch, asleep. His head was at the foot of the couch, hanging partly over the edge, and his shod feet lay nearly buried where the pillows and his overcoat were jumbled together. One arm hung over the side of the couch, and his hand, crumpled against the floor, lying limp in the shadow, resembled a castoff gray glove. He lay so still with his clothes all tumbled and his head turned and hanging back against one shoulder, one might have thought him dead. But he only slept.

At six o'clock a lively step sounded in the hall. A key snapped in the lock. The door opened and Sally Gordon came in.

She turned her head deliberately toward the couch as she closed the door. A sigh, rather tremulous but brief, whispered in the gloom. She went quickly to the table in the middle of the room, felt about for a match, and lighted the gas chandelier. Without looking again toward the couch she removed her overcoat and hat, went into the bathroom, turned high the gas and washed her face and hands, vigorously brushing the inkstains from her finger-tips. She turned from the bathroom into the bedroom, turned up the light there, and brushed her hair with soft, slow strokes. She touched her face rather indifferently with a powder puff, and stood then stroking her eyebrows with the tips of her fingers, looking long into the mirror. She gazed at her reflection and her face wore a look of pleasure. Once with her palm she smoothed back the hair from her forehead with a slow caressing stroke, as one would stroke back the hair from the forehead of a child. She regarded herself, steadily, with the unaffected and unconcealed tenderness with which she would have regarded a child.

At last, reluctantly, she turned down the light and walked back into the living room.

She stood by the couch and stared down at her husband. Her eyes had the peculiar intent look of a mother who watches her sleeping baby. Her eyes roamed the whole length of his body, looking at his untidy clothing, his uncombed hair, at his muddy boots that had muddied his overcoat and the pillows.

At last she slipped one arm under his shoulders and with a great effort pulled him up on the couch so that his head had a better resting place. She reached for a pillow and tucked it under his head. She picked up his limp hanging arm and laid it across his body, pulled his gaping coat together and buttoned the bottom button. She made quick sure movements, the movements of one who performs an accustomed human task.

Having made him easier, less ungraceful in his inertness, she sat down on the edge of the couch and gazed intently into his face. Her eyes dwelt in turn on every one of his features and to every one she gave some sort of touch, his tousled hair a pat, his forehead a slow stroke, his closed eyes a touch of her finger-tips, and still in her face was that peculiar intent and anxious look, the look of a mother who dotes on her fragile treasure.

Eddie Gordon slept, hardly breathing, not moving. His sleep was profound, sodden, the sleep of a hard and habitual drinker who gets drunk every night and sleeps until morning, drunk every morning and sleeps until night. His face had a greenish yellow colour about the forehead and eyes, was flushed at the cheeks and swollen at the mouth.

Sally knew what ailed him. It was a daily event in her life, and she found herself reacting to it this time exactly as she had many times before, as she did every time she saw her husband lying so still and helpless, his heart barely beating, his breath barely stirring. Always when she saw him thus, so profoundly helpless, so utterly and mystically babelike, the feelings of a mother for awhile possessed her completely. It possessed her as one is possessed by a mood. It possessed her against her will, this common emotion that had not yet found expression in her life. She dreaded this slow welling up of morbid desire to fondle and nurse that helpless still baby, her husband. But it was not to be resisted, while it ran its course. In that desire, during its beginning and even during the moments of her surrender to it, was something that filled her with self-horror. She felt herself tricked and made worse than silly. She felt herself infected with moral decay. Always she had fought against it, as she had this time, with little devices, delays, as one in sleep fights the approach of a bad dream which comes on regardless. And always she surrendered, for awhile. Always, for awhile, something in her was glad to have this man even thus dependent, thus her own.

So she sat, prinking her husband's hair, straightening his disordered clothing, lost in this strange little orgy of motherliness.

But after awhile a look of distaste ruffled a little her face. Little dimples puckered the middle of her forehead. The wide pupils of her eyes narrowed a little. She turned her face a little away, still looking, cocked her head a little sideways, bit her lip and drew her hands back, hesitating. The man's mouth was sagging open, and impulsively, with a studious earnest air, like a child mo-

delling clay, she took his face in both her hands and firmly pressed his mouth shut, and for a moment held it so. But when she took her hands away his mouth again sagged open. He slept.

She frowned and again put out her hands, but drew them back. She recoiled a little and turning her head swept his body from head to foot with one swift glance. She took his limp hand in hers, held it up to the light and looked at it narrowly. His hand was unclean all over and the nails were black. She flung it down hurriedly, and without getting up she turned her back to him, and bending over, her elbow on her knee, her mouth resting against her fist, stared at the floor a long while. The silence was absolute.

Minutes passed. She arose and walked aimlessly about for awhile, tucking at her hair, rearranging the furniture. Once she glanced at her watch. She came and leaned back against the table, looking at her husband. Her hands arranged and rearranged a bunch of violets pinned between the buttoned lapels of her jacket.

After awhile she called sharply, " Eddie ! Eddie ! " Silence.

She bit her lip and shook her head slowly a long time, gripping the edge of the table and holding her body rigid. She lifted up her head and gazed at the ceiling.

" Oh, God ! " she whispered, as though she believed God might be in the room above. Her body sagged while she gazed at the ceiling. She sobbed without making a sound. Tears glinted in her eyes but did not roll down her cheeks.

The man lay regardless.

At last the woman smiled, a wry smile ; looked at her watch ; and turned toward her coat and hat.

A step sounded in the hall, heavy and rather slow, coming toward her door. It stopped at her door, there was a wait, a firm rap. She opened the door at once.

" You, Allen ? " she exclaimed in an undertone.

A tall man was looking in at her. He was rather angular and awkward. His eyes were deepset and gray, and his large, rather bony face had a sober look.

" May I come in ? " he said.

She led the way into the room. He followed slowly, closing the door behind him. She looked at him with a question in her face.

" I could not stay away any longer, " he said.

" I never told you not to come, " she replied.

He had not appeared to notice the man on the couch. Now, as if he had known all the time, he turned slowly and looked down at Eddie. After some moments he again faced her.

"The same as ever," he said.

She shrugged her shoulders and a poor smile flickered on her lips. He looked at her steadily but not offensively, and she could not take her eyes from his face. The steady full breathing of this man could be heard in the room. He put out his great hand and stroked back the hair from her forehead, as she herself had done when she stood before the mirror in the bedroom. Her head was thrust a little back by the weight of his hand, but she continued to look up into his eyes. Her hands trembled on the edge of the table.

"You've had enough," he said at last. "You're going away with me this evening. You are going now."

The pupils of her eyes widened. Her face grew pale and her lips seemed brilliant by contrast. She put both of her hands against his shoulders. The quick gesture seemed to warn him not to come any nearer, yet the touch of her hands against his coat was almost like a caress.

A sort of eagerness animated the face of the man, tempered by hesitancy and grave concern. The look of his face plainly said, "I want you, but I wouldn't hurt you."

He held his head in an awkward fashion and moved his lips, searching for words. They gazed at each other without speaking.

The man on the couch flung his head fretfully about, opened his eyes and blinked up at the light, turned his body a little more and raised himself on his elbow. His swollen lips made a grotesque attempt to draw themselves down, and failed; but the stare of his eyes was fixed, unwinking and terrible. He saw how her bare arm, the sleeve slipped back, gleamed like a bar of silver against the tall man's shoulder. He stared and then his face became dull. Quietly he laid himself down again.

The tall man said at last, "Pack your suitcase and come away. I'm not asking you to . . . You know. You understand me, don't you, Sally? I love you. But that's not it, not entirely. I wouldn't try to break up your home, not if you had a home. I see you wearing yourself out here. This is breaking you, this business. You've said so yourself. Now it's time to cut it out, anyway for awhile. I saw that look in your eyes when I came in. Leave him a note. I'll take you anywhere you say. You can go to my mother's. Or you can go to a hotel. But you've got to have a rest, for awhile anyway. I saw that look in your eyes when I came in. Now you've got to give this business a let-up. Don't worry about him. Leave him a note and some money. Anyway I have always managed to look him up every day or so, I'll see to it that he gets along. You know that Eddie and I understand each other, Sally, I mean when he's sober. And I don't have to tell you, do I Sally, that I am honest about it with both of you, no matter how much I want you? You and Eddie and I,

we've always been friends and we always will be, no matter what happens. I'l see him and I'll talk to him straight out. It will be for the best all the way round, for him too. He'll see the thing straight. He's not so unreasonable, not when he's sober. I know he will consent. I know it can be settled in the right way. Pack a suitcase and come away with me to-night."

His heavy manner, his blunt speech, his awkwardness, revealed the heaviness of his desire and his anxious earnestness.

The woman had slowly drawn away from him. Now she leaned back against the table, one hand braced against the edge, the other hand smoothing down the lapel of her jacket. She held her head sideways and cast at the floor a troubled and pensive look, its pathos heightened by the whiteness of her face and supple neck.

She thinned her lips and a frown puckered her forehead.

"No," she said slowly, in a small voice. "No, I couldn't do that. You know I couldn't, Allen. No. No."

The tall man looked at her with an expression of benign indecision and puzzlement. He turned his head toward the sprawled shape on the couch. He bit his lip. A deep flush mounted to his forehead and made the arteries in his temples swell. He stroked his chin, meditating.

"Sally," he said at last. The constraint in his voice made the woman look quickly up. "I'll tell you, Sally, I haven't talked to you about this thing the way I feel like talking. Now I'm going to talk the way I feel like talking. Maybe it's brutal of me to do it, but I can't help that. I have to say what I think. I'm that way and you know me well enough not to mind too much."

But he paused and studied her face, hesitating, half afraid. Then he said,

"You loved me before you met Eddie, didn't you Sally?"

"Yes."

"I knew it." His voice trembled a little, and he stopped for a moment because he did not want to show how pleased he was at her confession while he was still under the disadvantage of her resistance.

His slow voice went on, "Yes, I used to feel almost sure of it. Even though it was presumptuous of me, I did think so. You were always straightforward. You were never ashamed of your feelings. But I couldn't ask you to marry me, not then. You remember how things were with me — my kid sisters and all to be looked after. I had to wait."

"I understood," said Sally in a low voice. "I knew you cared, and why you — didn't say anything."

"But you married Eddie just the same! And it wasn't because you didn't care for me. I know why you married him. I'm going to tell you why you married him."

" Don't. You needn't tell me. I know. I didn't know then. I just felt something that was too strong for me. I didn't know why I had to give in to it. I just had to. Now I know what it was. I know why I had to give in to it. "

She paused, pressed the back of one hand against her mouth. She bent her head. Her hand trembled against her mouth and her shoulders trembled a little too. She took her hand away from her mouth and began to tug at one of the buttons of her coat. Her lips were white. She pressed her upper lip against her teeth to keep it from quivering.

" I could have waited for you. I knew you would ask me some day. But there was one thing I couldn't wait for. I was twenty-four, and natural. My whole feeling for life and people was full of a woman's desires. I didn't know it then but I know it now. I was strong, I could have waited if I had known it then. I know now that my whole feeling for Eddie was that I wanted to mother him. I had to mother somebody. But I didn't know it was that, not then. I didn't understand it at all. I used to be afraid and ashamed because I still loved you and here all the time Eddie and I were coming closer and closer together. I didn't understand myself at all. Yes, I still loved you, but . . . I couldn't have children then, it takes money to have children. Those days you were having your own struggles and I could barely make my living. I couldn't even allow myself to think of having children. "

She stopped, turned her head and looked at the sleeper on the couch. She knitted her brows and compressed her lips. The tall man moved his lips as if to speak; but she went on,

" One night he came to see me. That was when he was on the *The Sun*, and he had made such a hit, you remember? He was drunk that night. He came to the house drunk. I used to wonder how he could get drunk — how he could — such a sweet boy. Now I know why. He got himself drunk so he could run away from responsibilities — so he would be helpless — so he could be a child, just as he is now. He was beautiful that night — drunk. He was beautiful partly because he was drunk. Can you understand that? Some men are that way. He was that way, then. His cheeks were flushed, his eyes sparkled, and his yellow hair stood up all over his head, glittering in the lamplight. He sat on the couch and drew up his knees so that his feet were on the couch too. He sat there and talked to me. He lisped when he talked. His head was unsteady on his shoulders, like a baby's. He talked to me about his mother. You know she died when he was five. He had to grow up unfinished. He had become a man but he was still a child. He told me how beautiful his mother was and how he would have been different if she had lived. I was like her, he said. He sat there and talked to me just about as he would have talked to his mother, I suppose, if she had been there in my place. The

room was warm and after awhile he couldn't talk at all. But he was beautiful, as a child is beautiful. His yellow head fell over against me. I put my arms around him and pulled his head down and held him close to me. I didn't know what I was doing. Maybe I didn't want to know.

" After that I couldn't resist him. I didn't try. I wouldn't let myself think about you. Eddie needed me. The whole thing with me was pity A woman must pity something ! I told myself that Eddie needed me. I loved him for his weaknesses."

The tall man slowly nodded his head. " I knew that was why you married him," he said. " I can see how a woman would do that."

The woman went on, " After we were married I used to go out and hunt for him when he didn't come home. I still do sometimes. I hunt for him in the back rooms of saloons, at the bar, down at the Press Club. I go along the streets where I know he is likely to be. I lead him home by the hand. Yes, and he leans on me, and he babbles to me like a baby as we go along the streets, he says the same things over and over again the way a baby does. He comes with me through the streets like a child that was lost and is glad to be found again. And when I get him home I wash his face and feed him. I put my arm around him and make him eat. I undress him and put him to bed. And he is glad of it. He is glad to be like a baby ; then he can live that part of his life that was never finished. And I used to be glad too."

" You used to be glad ? " the tall man said. " That is hard to believe."

" Yes, I think I must have been glad of his helplessness. Do you understand ? His helplessness gave me an excuse to mother him. I had to mother somebody ! The worst thing is, no good at all has come of our being married — no good to either of us. No, it has hurt us both."

She turned her head, holding it a little sideways as she had when she sat on the couch by her husband, and looked at him again. There was something childlike in the expression of her face and in her pose. Her whole body expressed ingenuous bewilderment and trouble. She put her finger to her lips.

The tall man, his hands at his side, studied her face. He said nothing. He waited for her to go on.

She made a little gesture with her hand as if she were brushing something away.

" See, now he has got to where he no longer wants even to be helped. Now he doesn't even want to be cared for."

Her voice was tired and plaintive, the voice of a tired child.

" To be a coddled baby doesn't satisfy him any more. He wants to be a sleeping baby. Sleep ! Sleep ! Only let him sleep ! He gets drunk at night and sleeps till morning. He gets drunk in the morning and sleeps till

night. That is what drinking is with him. That is what drinking is for. That is the way he escapes — he has always drunk to escape — he is backing out of life entirely. Do you see? Now he doesn't want me to take care of him any more, for that reminds him that he is alive and in the world. I know. He is trying to find again the deep sleep that a baby has before it is born."

The tall man would have spoken but she went on,

"Can't you see how it is with me now? There is no longer any satisfaction, not even the kind of satisfaction I got from it at first. Maybe I should have known better at first. But we always say that afterward, when it is too late."

"It isn't too late," the tall man said. "You know it was a mistake. It's a simple thing to correct that mistake, and you know it's perfectly straight. As far as Eddie is concerned we will take care of him."

"But I couldn't do it. I just couldn't, somehow. You don't know how it is. But I know. The whole thing is like a habit, only it's worse than a habit. I know. I have tried to break it. But I didn't use much will power. Maybe I didn't want to break it.

"You think I am strong. Maybe I am strong. But I am like most women. My strength does just about as it pleases with me."

She bowed her head and looked hopelessly at the floor.

The tall man had already taken her by the shoulders. She lifted her head quickly. Her face wore a look of surprise and fear because of his sudden and strong grip on her shoulders.

"You may call it a habit or whatever you like, you've had enough of it," he said. His face had turned pale and his mouth was stern. But his eyes regarded her kindly. She made no attempt to pull away from him. The frightened look left her face.

"You'll put an end to this business. I'll make you. Then you'll be glad."

They looked at each other in silence. The sleeper on the couch seemed to be holding his breath.

"I don't know," said the woman at last. "Maybe I would be glad. Yes, maybe I would be glad. But I don't know — I just don't know how I could make myself do it."

"How about me?" said the tall man in a voice that had changed since last he spoke. "Why do you always leave me out of it? Maybe if you let yourself think about me once in a while..."

He had turned pale and his lips were trembling. He stopped speaking but not because he was ashamed of his emotion. He stopped speaking because he was ashamed of what his emotion had impelled him to say.

She was looking at him in surprise and wonder. She put out one hand and

touched his coat with her finger-tips, unconsciously, lightly. Her chin quivered.

" Allen," she said softly, " Allen, I didn't mean... please... "

" Never mind," he said slowly, in a constrained voice. " You know I didn't mean to talk to you that way. I don't want to appeal to your sympathy. And I don't want to make you do anything. You know that. I meant all along to appeal to your understanding. You know that. I still mean to. And as far as understanding goes, you understand everything as well as I do. It's all a matter of making up your mind. I don't want to force you to do anything. I know how hard it is for you. You take your time about it. Don't think about me. Try to think about what is the best thing to do. And just take your time about it."

She still kept her head lowered and still her fingers touched his coat. He knew that if he had taken her in his arms then and there the decision would have been entirely of his own making, and to his own liking. But his pride rebelled at the thought of reaching a decision, above all a decision in his own favor, by such a primitive method, by a method so contrary to his idea of how an issue between a man and a woman should be met. He would have her make her decision through her own understanding and by her own will! His hands left her shoulders and he stepped a little away from her. They no longer touched each other.

She nodded her head a little, looking at the floor.

He studied her, a little puzzled. " Then may I come back next week, say next Monday evening? "

Again she nodded her head, without looking up.

" Will you try to make up your mind between now and then? Will you be ready to tell me what you have decided to do? " He spoke almost as he would have spoken to a child.

For a moment she still looked at the floor. Then she lifted her head. She met his kind gaze timidly.

" Yes, Allen, I will," she replied in a low voice.

He drew a deep breath. " Good-night," he said, awkwardly holding out his hand.

" Good-night, Allen."

He was gone and she closed the door quickly behind him.

She stood by the door while the sound of his footsteps rang in the hall. She looked wistfully about the room, sunk again in silence. She puckered her brows, thinking.

She understood Allen. She knew why he had not followed up his advantage. She respected him for it. But she almost hated him for it as well.

She walked slowly back into the middle of the room. Again she leaned

back against the table. The uneasy breathing of the man on the couch could be heard.

" Eddie," she called.

Slowly he turned his face away from the wall. He opened his eyes and for a moment stared without winking down the length of his body. Then he crooked one arm, raised himself to a sitting posture, turned and pulled his feet off the couch. He sat with his body toward her. But he looked down at her feet. He put his hands down on either side of him against the couch as if to brace himself. He moved his dry lips two or three times.

" So you let Allen go away without you," he said.

" You were awake ? "

" Most of the time." He looked up at her. He had slept a long time and he was quite sober. The pupils of his blue eyes were like black pin-heads. He tried to control the uneasy movements of his swollen upper lip.

" I heard what you told him," he declared in a high, assertive voice. " You're right about me. I know it. But it's worse than you think. I'm done. I'll be glad when I'm dead. Not on your account either. On my own account. I'll be glad when I'm dead, I tell you. You ought to have gone away with him. What makes you so silly ? "

" Please, Eddie."

" I mean it. I wish you'd go away and leave me. I wish to God you would."

He stared defiantly at her, blinking his eyes.

She tried to speak. She moved her lips, searching for words. Exasperation struggled with the pity in her face. She looked at him without trying to hide her pity. Her forehead was puckered with little dimples. She tilted her head a little to one side and half extended one hand.

" Eddie !" she cried, " Eddie, my poor boy ! If only you'd let me... "

" Ah-k !" He waved his hand in front of his face, brushing away her words.

" Don't I know what you're about to say ! " he sneered, twisting his face and making his light-colored eyes glare at her.

" Save me — eh ? Want to try that again, eh ? What do you want to do that for ? You've tried that before. Now you want to try it again, eh ? I know. I know. What makes you so silly ? I'm done. You know I'm done. Allen's right. Better chuck the whole thing and forget it. You'll be glad afterward."

He wagged his head, smirked at her and added, " And maybe you don't know it but I'll be damned glad of it too."

" You musn't talk that way, Eddie. You mustn't."

" Yes I will," he declared, pulling down his puffed upper lip. He looked

around at the floor, at the furniture, at her, with an unchanging hard stare. A silence followed. Nothing could be heard but his quick uneasy breathing and the uneasy motions of his body on the couch. His hands moved all of the time. His yellowish face moved. His eyes rested nowhere.

She came and sat by him. She put her hand on his shoulder. She regarded him with a look of pity, watching his face. Her feeling for him trembled on her lips. Her eyes watched every movement he made, dwelt on every one of his features. Her fingers trembled.

But he would not look at her. He looked sideways at the floor.

"When he comes Monday you'll go with him. You'd better." His voice was high and harsh.

"No I won't go!" She put her arms around him and began to cry. "I just couldn't, somehow. What would become of you? How could I when I know you would be alone and nobody to take care of you! Eddie, I feel so sorry for you. I feel so sorry for you. As long as you need me I shall stay. I shall stay. I don't know what will become of us but I shall stay. I can't help myself."

He stiffly put up his hands and pulled her arms away from his shoulders. She turned away from him. He, bending over, propping his elbows on his knees and his chin against his fists, stared at the floor. He blinked his eyes and puckered his forehead as if he were trying to think.

She stood half turned from him, with her head bent, staring at the floor. She was half ashamed, half pensive. The silence lasted a long time. In the silence the man made a despairing gesture and ejaculated,

"Oh, Jesus, what's the use!"

Minutes passed. The woman stood without moving. The man's lips writhed, his forehead scowled, his eyes stared.

"There's no use in talking about it, is there Eddie?" The woman turned and looked at him with patient weariness. He let his hands fall and dangle between his knees. He shook his head.

"Christ no! What's the use in talking!"

She slowly crossed the room and began putting on her hat.

"I'm going to dinner; will you come with me?" She looked at him with a flash of wistfulness in her eyes.

He shook his head without saying anything. She put on her overcoat and came over to him, stood by his side and stroked his hair. He stared at the floor.

"I'll be back in about an hour," she said at last. "Good-by, Eddie."

"Good-by."

He listened to her footsteps in the hall until they died away. He sat thrust-

ing his head forward. The fixed stare of his light colored eyes defied the lines of his mouth which changed all of the time.

At last he stood erect in a crumpled sort of way and walked into the middle of the room. His wrinkled trousers clung to his calves and bagged at the knees. His coat had come unbottoned and he held it together with one hand like a woman wearing a shawl. He frowned, sticking out his upper lip ; and his forehead was broken by many little wrinkles. His forehead was greenish-yellow in the gaslight. He shivered and a whisper rang through the room :

" Jesus it's cold !"

He let go of his coat, felt in his pockets and brought out a sack of tobacco and some papers, rolled a cigarette, lighted it and began to smoke greedily, inhaling the smoke. He looked at the table, at the chairs, at the floor. And all the time he made grimaces, scowled and shivered. His movements were uncertain and halting, but he stared intently this way and that. He was trying to reflect. But he was dizzy and cold. His blood felt yellow.

Once he looked at the door where they had gone out. He listened a long time while the cigarette smoked in his fingers.

At last he turned away from the door, back toward the middle of the room. He happened to see her handkerchief, lying at the foot of the table. He threw away the cigarette and picked up the handkerchief ; and stared at it. He shivered more than ever and pulled his coat together at the bottom, but forgot to button it.

With a gesture of finality he threw the handkerchief from him, on the table. With the manner of an idle or a sick man he walked to the window, drew aside the curtain and looked down at the glittering street. His mind became clearer and his thoughts began to arrange themselves in more orderly fashion.

After a long time he turned away from the window.

" Yes," he drawled in a fretful voice, " Yes, it would serve me right. Christ yes, she'd be doing the right thing."

His forehead became smooth. His face ceased to pout and wrinkle. It became calm. The pupils of his staring eyes became a little larger. He lifted his head a little. His face had almost an eager look. One would have said that he had reached some sort of a decision.

He found some paper and envelopes in the table drawer and took a pencil from his pocket. Craning over the table, his intent face pallid in the gaslight, his hair gleaming like disordered gilt plush, he began to write in a shaky large scrawl.

He wrote one sheet almost full; signed it ; folded it crookedly; put it in an envelope and scrawled a single line across the face of the envelope. On another sheet he wrote six or seven short lines, underlining each one ;

signed it boldly at the bottom and put it in another envelope, which he addressed.

He stood the two envelopes against some books and looked at them as he put the pencil back in his pocket. On the first envelope was written: *For My Wife.* On the other: *For the Police.*

He rolled and smoked another cigarette, slowly, looking at one spot on the carpet.

At last he tossed the remnant of the cigarette on the floor, as if something in him craved disorder. He walked slowly into the bedroom, thrusting his head forward and his elbows out.

In the bedroom he turned up the light and without hesitation opened a little drawer in the old-fashioned bureau, taking out a revolver. He held it in both hands and cocked it. He stared into the mirror, and with something of the manner of a man who prepares to take a new kind of medicine he lifted the revolver and pointed it at his temple.

Then something in his whole mechanism seemed to stop and something else seemed to start. His body sagged and quivered at the same time. His eyes bulged. His mouth opened in such a way that his teeth glittered. A loud groan rang through the room. Quickly he laid the revolver down and walked back into the living room. He took unsteady steps and held his hands against his forehead.

"Oh, Jesus!" he cried.

He stood still a long time, pondering. It seemed to him that the silence of the room was lost in another silence.

His eye fell on a quart whiskey bottle standing on a corner of the table. The unusual character of his awakening had made him, thus far, forget all about it.

It was nearly a third full of liquor. A little gleam came into his eye, the faintest color into his cheeks. He looked at the bottle with a sort of eagerness and went hopefully toward it.

He was thinking of the revolver on the bureau and it seemed to him that some of the whiskey would make that business easier.

He picked up the glass and the bottle and poured out a large drink, shuddered and swallowed it, making a face. He had eaten nothing all day and at once the whiskey was racing in his blood. Color flashed into his cheeks. He felt his blood becoming red again.

He took another drink and waited for the effect. After a little while he took still another. There was only a little left in the bottle.

Now his eyes were brighter and they had a misty look. The pupils were larger. He blinked his eyes and looked about. His face looked almost cheerful.

He appeared to be reflecting. Indeed his thoughts raced rapidly but they began to tumble over each other. He hardly understood his thoughts. Vague emotions stirred him.

A sort of courage was mounting in his body, warming him like a new-kindled fire. But he felt mournful too.

He waited. He was about to have great thoughts. He was about to discover some magnificent solution of everything.

He stood still a long time, pondering. A little smile began to tremble on his mouth.

He poured out the last of the whiskey and shook the bottle to get the last drop. But now his head was rolling a little and his eyes were vague.

He lifted the glass. Just then his uncertain glance fell on his wife's handkerchief. He looked long at the handkerchief, blinking. His head wabbled a little. He was trying to seize some idea that eluded him. Thoughts rose up in his mind but they fell over one another. His face wore a crippled look.

A long while he stood in thought, staring feebly at the handkerchief. But at last a faint, self-satisfied smile appeared on his trembling mouth.

Visibly swaying he turned around, his gaze wandering a little; steadied himself a little bit; and began to look uncertainly in the direction of the door. The smile flickered over his face like a blue flame. His mouth moved. His lips picked at words.

But he remembered the whiskey. He lifted the tumbler and emptied it, spilling some on his chin; half-turned and with a single motion flung the glass ringing on the table.

He turned toward the door again, peering uncertainly, as a man peers in the dusk. His head wagged. His voice blurred the silence:

"Di' think I was 'sleep?"

Pleased, he laughed, rolling his head. But he stopped laughing to look toward the door, listening. His mouth got ready to talk.

"Di' — di' y' think I was 'sleep? Di' y' think I was 'sleep?" he called. No reply. Silence beyond the door. He smiled a satisfied smile. He laughed at the silence beyond the door; wagged his head; turned away; made two or three sidelong steps and brought up against the table. He flattened one hand out on the tabletop and leaned against that hand. He stood there. His body swayed back and forth to a certain rythm, like a weed in a creek. A smile flickered back and forth across his face like shadow on a shaking leaf. Sunk in drunken revery he blinked his drunken eyes, smirked and blinked. Now and again, when he leaned harder than usual, the legs of the table creaked under his weight. The hiss of the hot gas lamp mingled with the noise of his breathing.

The little handkerchief lay on the table, just under his nose. He had

to see it if he looked. And when at last, tired of leaning against the table, he roused himself a little from his revery, he did see it at once. Pulling himself up as straight as he could he confronted the handkerchief with all his unsteady dignity, and with a righteous smirk, as one confronts an offender. He took the handkerchief in both his hands and turned it over and over. He stared at it as a baby stares at a new plaything. He moved his mouth all the time. breathing noisily. He blinked hard and often, looking and pondering. He seemed to be trying to recall something the handkerchief almost reminded him of, something he had forgotten.

At last he made the sort of motion a baby makes when it throws down a plaything, and threw the handkerchief on the floor. He looked pleased with himself and smirked down at the handkerchief. Satisfied, he pondered no longer. He turned with studied care, aimed himself at the bedroom door, made crooked long steps and went unsteadily in.

He looked at the revolver a long time. Sometimes he scowled. Sometimes he smiled. After awhile he picked up the revolver in both hands ; turned and swayed back into the living room. He stood in the middle of the room, his body bending to and fro, and peered at the revolver with idiotic eyes. He stuck out his lips ; blinked his eyes with great deliberation ; pondered over the thing he held in his hands.

Now he began to look at the door again, listening and watching more and more attentively. At last he fixed his gaze wholly upon the door. The pupils of his eyes were distended. Bending in the middle, his legs trembling, his body swayed this way and that. His lips no longer smiled, but writhed.

" ' Think I was 'sleep ?" he called. " Di' y' think — steal m' wife when I was 'sleep ?"

His voice shrilled in the room. He began to hurl at the door inept anathemas against the treachery of wives and the cowardice of men. He made uncouth accusations. He delivered himself of bizarre philosophies ; sometimes mumbling, sometimes shrilling his words. He twisted his shoulders, stepping about in a small space. His voice quavered, rising and falling. His head tossed as if he rode in a boat.

But the silence at last reduced him to silence.

The labor of thought again showed in his face. Something was eluding him. Yes, he had forgotten something he was going to do. He tried hard in his own way, opening and shutting his mouth, blinking, and searching the floor with his aimless eyes. Sometimes mutterings fell out of his mouth.

He smiled again. Something stirred him. Now he remembered what he had forgotten. He lifted the hand that held the revolver and aimed his wavering gaze down toward it. He raised his eyebrows and blinked. He

turned the gun over this way and that, staring and blinking as if he had never seen one before in all his life. His face was pulled out of shape with the labor of cogitation. He began to smirk. He looked toward the door again, opening and shutting his mouth; and at last he delivered himself:

"Di' y' think I was go' shoo' m'self? Di' y' think I was go' shoo' m'self?"

His head sank on his breast and his eyes half closed. But he heaved his head up again and opened his eyes.

"Ah, sure, sure," he called, "Steal m' wife an' I shoo' m'self. Sure! sure!"

He laughed. But the laugh crumpled up in the silence.

His eyes were witless. It looked as though his pale head had talked without his knowing it. He wagged his head and announced solemnly,

"I'll shoo' you." He waited a moment, trying to keep his gaze on the door; and repeated more loudly,

"I'll shoo' you. I'll shoo' you."

He smiled down at the revolver and patted the barrel with an aimless motion.

"We know where fin' 'im, don't we?" he said to the revolver.

His eyes brightened and he became a little steadier. Smirking at the door he called loudly, "We know where fin' 'im. We know where fin' 'im."

He turned and like a man walking in the dark he made his way to the couch. Here he laid the revolver down. With much labor and fumbling he gathered up his overcoat. With much labor he began to put it on. Halfway through the job he paused, turned and sent a wavering look toward the door.

"Di' y' think I do' know where fin' 'im?" he jibed.

He got his overcoat on and put on his hat. He stood a long time with a solemn expression on his face. He blinked studiously. He had become steadier. A fixed purpose seemed to have got him under its control. With great care he buttoned the overcoat and settled his hat as straight on his head as he could. Now his eyes were no longer blurred and wavering. They glowed as with fever and a flame was mounting in his cheeks. But his mouth was a woful thing, a wound that opened and shut, writhing.

He picked up the revolver and looked at it, smirking. With the smirk on his face he turned toward the door and began to shove the revolver down into the inside pocket of his overcoat.

"We know," he said, wagging at the door. "We know where..."

The trigger of the revolver must have caught in some part of his clothing. The crash of the discharge tore the wavering smirk from his face. Piteously intent, he stared for a second at the door. Then he lay quickly down, as if he accepted everything.

He lay first on his face, and muzzled his face snugly between his hands. Presently he turned over quietly on his back. One hand knocked once or twice against the floor.

The look fixed on his countenance was the look of one who has at last discovered something real.

FREDERICK BOOTH.

DECORATIONS FOR AN IMAGINARY BALLET.

I.

Out of great tombs,
out of the burnt red stone,
out of hot darkness . . .

Stiff cloth of amber
over the waving beaten gold
to mark the aching gesture
of unforgotten love
and ancient sharp denials.

Hide the acrid brown flanks
with clay-white cloth
and clasped copper;
hide the dry teeth
and thin husks of lips
with shreds
of emerald powdered veils
out of old tombs.

Let music urge
in heated waves,
let it pour topaz fire
of sounding
in the gray silence.

Let fierce desire stalk
out of old tombs.

II.

Sound the flat gold
of Chinese scales;
let sound the red gold
of old gongs
and the light gold
of oboes.

Spread metal-blue
upon the stair,
pale rose and darker rose,
and stream cruel lights
upon them.

Now let Bativa dance —
Bativa, painted white,
with purple over her eyes —
let her dance the yearning
of rattling palmettos
for the sea mist,
of black water
for the moon —
let her dance the passion flow
of dark loam
into apple blossoms,
and the fall of apple blossoms
into brown grasses.
Sound!

III.

Twist crystal in your long hair —
bend that your long hair may stream

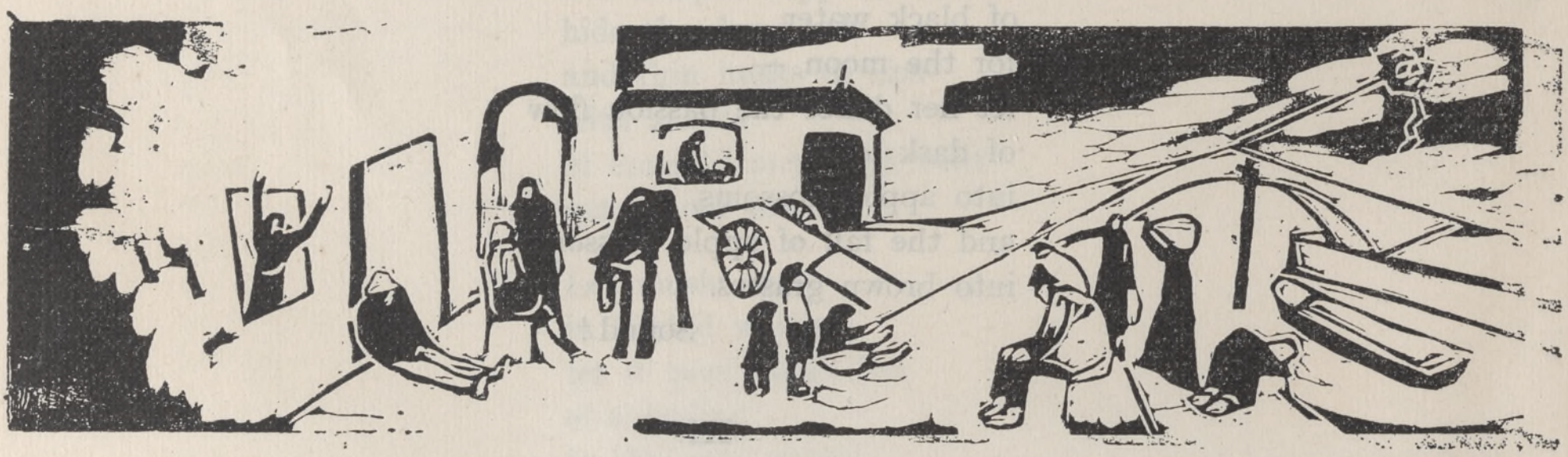
windward.
Tie crystal around your thin wrists
and let cold glitter of fringe
slip on your apple smooth thighs
and fall like spent drops
from the quick waves
of your lifting knees.

Set a half circle of hedge here —
a box hedge fresh from late sun,
smelling bitter spice from the sun.

. . . dance to the moon,
your breasts tossing. —
dance the throbbing assent
of white fountains
open armed to the moon —

Dance assent !

HENRY BELLAMANN.



LORENZO VIANI. The old part of Viareggio.

ON PAINTING.

In preference to appending a critical article on the life and work of Joseph Stella, reproductions of whose paintings are presented in this issue, and whose Brooklyn Bridge appeared in our first issue, we have decided to print the following speech, verbatim, delivered by him at a recent gathering of artists in New York. We have not done outrage to the original in a single particular by Englishing or Americanizing the language billowed forth on that joyous occasion. And we feel furthermore that Mr. Stella's speech approximates the personality of the man more faithfully than any description by an outsider, no matter how able or intimate the interpreter...

Painting is joy.

Hear the story.

One day Jupiter had a tremendous headache: Minerva was in earnest to spring forth from his brain. He looked around — all the Gods, silent around —

"Can any of you do something to help me?"

"Darling" — rushed Venus.

"Oh, no. Very sorry — why to-day is Sunday and I have proclaimed already the blue law."

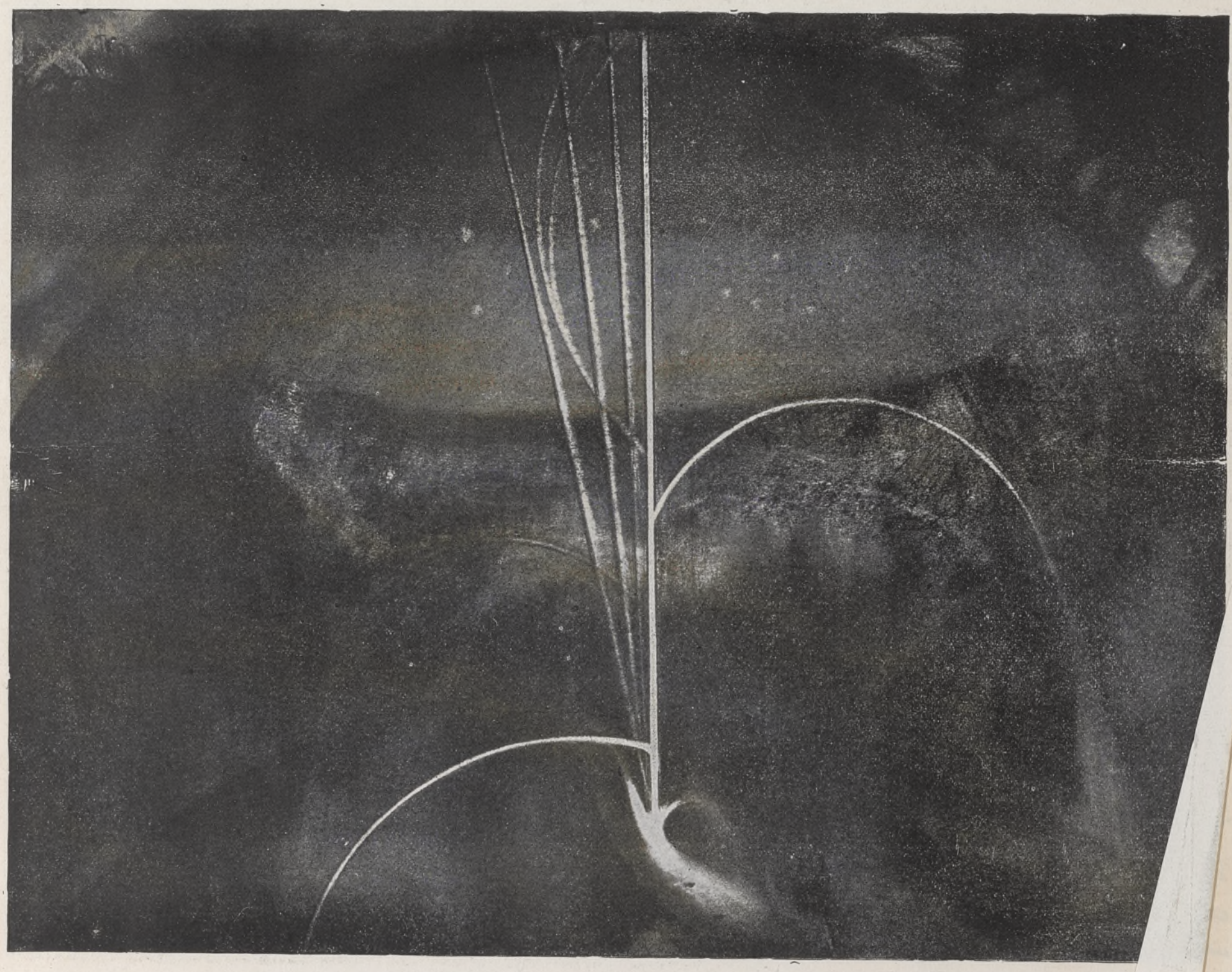
Then Apollo, the beautiful Apollo, realizing his chance, with his ukelele, advanced.

"I hear you calling me..."

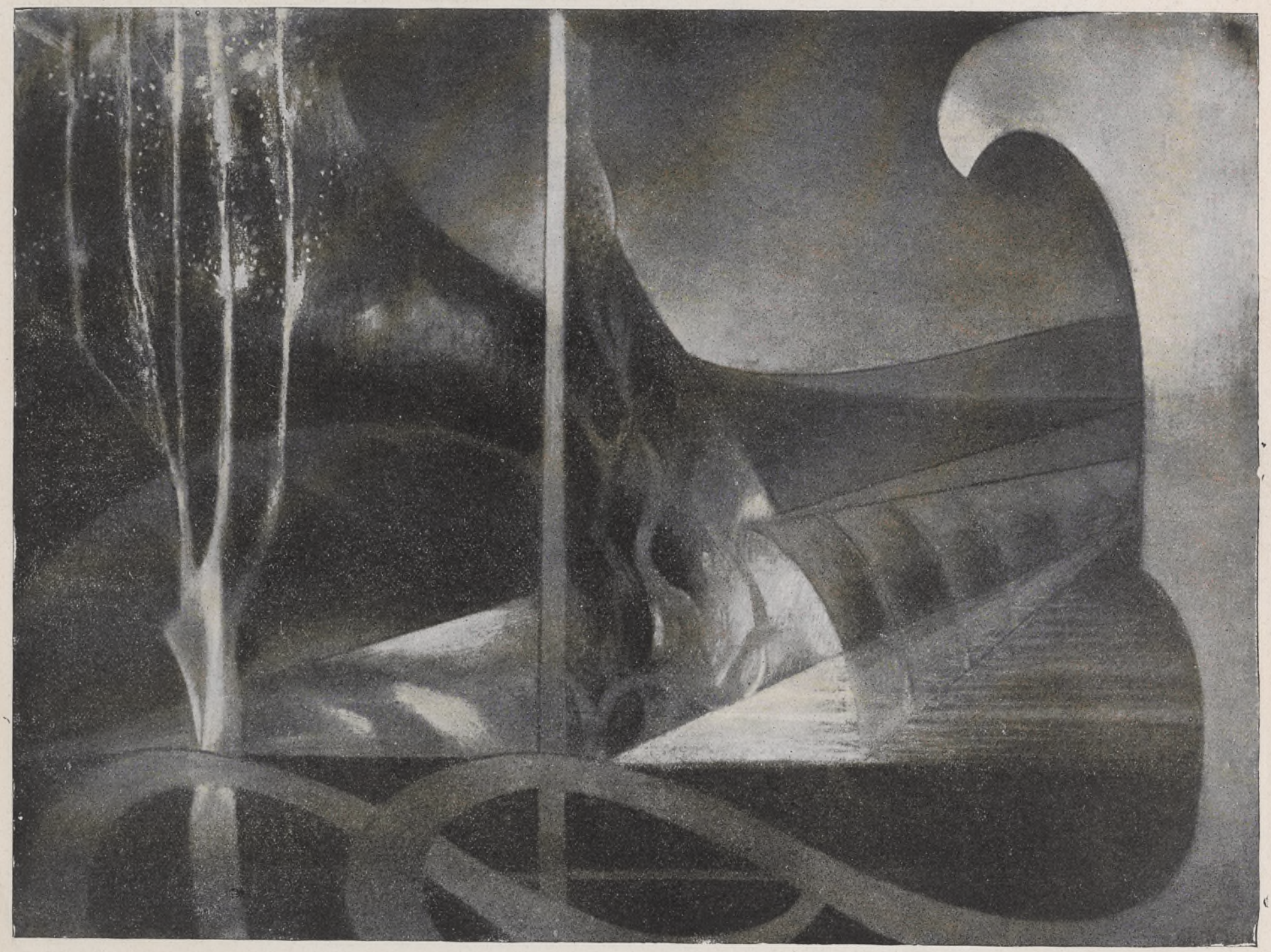
"Shut-up" — thundered Jupiter — "You make me more sick with your moaning. Go back to the Greenwich Village."

In the meantime that little son of gun of Cupid was monkeying with some colors given to him by Vulcan, who was using them to avoid the rust of his arms. All of a sudden, screaming with joy, the little rascal splashed some red, blue and green on the glossy plasticity of Venus. Jupiter bursted in a laughter which made tremble sky and earth. The headache disappeared. Minerva had to behave that day and Painting was born.

I am more than sure that each one of us has had some experience somewhat related to the one of Cupid and that has happened of course in the rosy childhood when sky and earth welcomed us with smile. Now the whole trouble of painting and of art in general lies in this: The artist wants to preserve intact his personal emotions and his personal ideas and for the full expression of them he wants to have the same freedom of movement that he enjoyed when he was left alone as a child. There were lucky epochs, the golden epochs: Art sprang then with the vehemence unexpected like a natural form — and the artist ele-



JOSEPH STELLA. The Nightingale.



JOSEPH STELLA. Serenade.

vating temples, chiselling stones, lavishing colors with the same prodigality of Flora enjoyed to the full extent the dionysian joy of creating.

But then a little worm, born of envious sterility, began to crawl : it became gigantic and pestiferous : The graces, horrified, flew from his evil eye and he got hold of Art left alone and destitute of means. He chained her, closed her in a dungeon called " Academy," debarred the sun from her view (since then the north light for the studios) and for amusement during her slavery, as toys, gave her colored ribbons and tinkling medals. Besides he builded a kind of a martial court house. A crowd of parasites got employed and self appointed judges enthroned themselves at the entrace of many bridges of sighs through which the artist had to go to give a daily account of his doings.

You could call this worm with various names : chaperon, censor, or better, aesthete, critic, teacher — I don't know why but when I look at the face of an aesthete, critic, teacher, I provoke the same feeling of immense sadness as when I see wax-tears sliding gentle upon a coffin. I was eight years old and my hatred for the school was assuming alarming proportions. By the way I have always considered the school as the punishment for our original sin — in a glorious day of May the window was open and I was looking at the blossoms of a cherry tree in full bloom. A bird came. I thought he was saying " Come and have fun outside." As pushed by the imperative force of fate I rushed straight to the teacher.

" I have to go out."

" Why ?"

" He is calling me."

" Who ? "

" The bird."

He struck me, but I got hold of one of his spongy fingers. I chewed half of it and runned away. That's exactly what has happened with modern art. The dungeon still exists and some day we hope that it will be declared national monument. Cowards are still satisfied with ribbons and medals, but the living ones are all outside and the judges have the sad appearance of kings in exile.

The motto of the modern artist is freedom — real freedom. We cannot have enuf of it because in art license doesn't exist. The modern painter knowing that his language deals with form and colour proclaims above all the purity of his own language and repudiates the assistance of all those red-cross societies with which camouflage themselves : literature, philosophy, politics, religion, ethics. Although many prejudices still cling to him — and generations have to pass before he will reach the absolute freedom, he has lost that idiotic religious feeling which urges fanatics to nominate a leader, a pope. He recognizes personalities and not their derivations, the schools. But while he recognizes merit

and he has respect for it, no matter what period and what race it belongs to (it is to modern art the credit of having enriched the knowledge of beauty to be found in the most glorious forgotten periods) he is far from feticism because his chief interest lies in the venture through the untrodden path knowing that he belongs to his own time, he does not only accept it but he loves it — and therefore he can't go back to any past to borrow material. He does not feel obliged to follow any tradition ; only tradition lies in him. The only guide to follow is his own temperament and that's the reason why abstractions and representations in the strict sense of the word don't mean anything. Rules don't exist. If they did exist everybody would be artist. Therefore he can't recognize as modern artists those who having left an old slavery are chained by a new one. In other words chinasism, indianism, persianism, negro sculpture with Cezannism and Renoirism — which most prevail nowadays — cannot but disgust him. If Cubism has declared the independence of Painting, by suppressing representation and in order to purify the vision is gone back, with abstractions, to geometry, the source of the graphic Arts, he feels that every declaration of Indepedence carries somewhat a declaration of a new slavery. And according to his credo he will always prefer the emotions as expressed by a child to the lucubrations of those warbling theorists who throw harlequin mantles on insipid soapy academic nudes or to those anatamocial forms in wax chopped a sang froid by necrophiles. When we think that our epoch, like every other epoch, is nothing else but a point in the immensity of time, we have to laugh to those standards that people considered eternal. The masterpiece — a phrase of the infinite speech running through the centuries can't be the final word it is supposed to be. You cannot consider a phrase no matter how perfect it is, complete and final when the whole sentence is not finished.

Innumerable are the roads leading to heaven and innumerable are the treasures in the illimitable ocean of Art to be unsealed to light by the master hand.

Master is the rolling mountainous wave which darts in challenge to the Gods, against the blue of the heaven, the suspected fantastic floor wrested from the abyss, and fame is the shell which preserves the thunder of the vehemence of this wave in dashing against the dead dunes of oblivion the monuments of the continuous wrecks of idiocy in grotesque opposition to its full sweep.

JOSEPH STELLA.

PROTEUS.

A Satiric drama in two acts.

Following "Orestes," Aeschylus had placed a satiric drama of which the title alone remains: Proteus. While dreaming of these syllables I found that I had written the following play.

P. C.

The incidental music for the play was composed by M. Darius Milhaud.

PERSONS OF THE PLAY.

Proteus.
Menelaus.
Helen.
The Nymph Willowithe.
The Satyr-major.
Satyrs.
Seals.

ACT I.

The isle of Naxos which, for the convenience of the action, is supposed to be situated between Crete and Egypt. One sees it in the exact centre of the stage, like a great wedding-cake with white frosting, or like the cover of a rococo soup-tureen. It is a rather pretentious collection of picturesque crags, abruptly terminated at the summit by a kind of curl, or scroll. The coast is represented by burlap, edged with a white crinkled ruff, for foam, and the sea by a great expanse of linoleum.

The back of the stage is hidden by drapes of grey muslin.

The Nymph Willowithe.

Satyrs goat-feet, sorry brigade, hearken to me!

Do you hear me, little brothers?

The Satyrs, *faintly, off stage.*

Méééé!

Willowithe.

What a mournful voice! But I promise you, soon will your sorrows end,

And the narrow cage of this work of art that Proteus calls his isle, this diet absurd, and the tyranny of the Old Man of the Sea!

This evening we shall have gone, my companions!

THE SATYRS. — (*Polyphonic chorus*).

Méééé! Méééé! Méééé!

WILLOWITHE.

Méé! Méé! Yes, bleat away! Woolly beasts with Fate at odds, demi-beasts and demi-gods your freedom now is near.

You will see me dance for you again upon the rolling tun, a torch in either hand!

As sure as my name is Willowithe, and the mountain goat who conceived me

Named me thus because I could take the wrist of a man and bind him fast like a viper,

Like those long strings the vine-grower carries tied to his apron-cord,

And only the old man Proteus has known how to take me one day and capture my heart with his foolish pearls (but I will repay that turn)

For I have examined well his phylacteries prophetic, which he does not understand himself, archives of the future, and I have seen things that he does not know.

Our deliverance approaches!

For behold the divine Menelaus son of Atreus, Jupiter's son-in-law,

Approaches upon a ship as unbalanced as its master

And with every wave the proud horse with shaggy fetlocks who without sail or rudder drags the careering ship

Thrusts his nose in the spray and lifts it incontinently towards heaven like a cocotte that drinks.

He arrives. He disembarks.

THE SATYRS. (*Polyphonic chorus interrupted*).

Méé! Méé!

(*One arrow, then another flies across the stage. Panic stricken flight of Satyrs*).

MENELAUS, *off scene.*

Now I have both my feet on earth and I defy the gods!

WILLOWITHE.

He is safe, and, of course, his first act is to blaspheme.

(*Enter Menelaus, the bow at his back, holding in his right hand a sword and in his left hand the hand of a veiled woman, Helen*).

MENELAUS.

Gods! is it then not enough that you have unloosed against me all the elements at once?

To cap the climax, you wish to make sport of me!

This morning behold the ship, in the teeth of the wind, without mast or rudder sets itself in motion like some one that is sure of where he goes.

And here is the land. So far, so good! But the first thing I see on a crag, fixing wide eyes upon me,

Is a wild thing with the horns of a ram protruding from its head, that, in gazing, stuck out its tongue!

I aim at the monster, I fire, it flees!

And fleeing in little bounds it reveals two thighs and a rump covered with shaggy hair like that of a goat!

What grudge does it bear me, this two-horned being?

Then pursuing me is not enough, I must needs be insulted also!

For things that I don't understand are to me like a personal affront.

A man with the rump of a goat, I blush to think of it!

Very well, I defy you all, there on high, all the host in Uranos,

And you yourself, my father-in-law! What were you doing while Paris stole your daughter away from me?

Then was the time to brandish your bolts and try your thunder claps!

But it is well. Without your aid I went to retake her where she was;

And I will bring back to Sparta with me she whom I have wedded and who is my property.

Whether you wish it or not, despite the wind and the tempest, and all these things that I do not understand!

The sword at least is a thing that I undestand and the handsome Alexander, there, he has felt it, that charming Paris!

Come, Helen, hold my hand firmly, I will not let you go.

And I cannot say I get much pleasure from you.

But yet, such as you are, it is you, and I hold you and all shall recognize you and I will bring you back again to Sparta.

(*Enter* WILLOWITHE).

Who goes there?

(*He aims an arrow at her*).

WILLOWITHE.

Hail, great hero!

MENELAUS.

Who are you?

WILLOWITHE.

Hail, son of Atreus, Jupiter's son-in-law!

MENELAUS.

How do you know me?

WILLOWITHE.

Who does not know Menelaus and the vengeance exacted from Priam?
All of the sea, blue-on-blue, is filled to the brim with your fame!
Put down that bow!

MENELAUS.

Are you one of the band of wild things also?

WILLOWITHE.

I am just a poor nymph named Willowithe by my mother
Because of my rustic manners and simple speech.

MENELAUS.

Ha! Now we have a Nymph!
And those are horns that I see beneath your hair?

WILLOWITHE.

Hardly that. Quite little hornlets of palest shell, a simple ornament.
And you will not make me believe that a man like you
Never has met a nymph in his life!
Hero, put down that bow which makes me tremble!

MENELAUS, *lowering his bow and with his hand on his sword.*

All this is far from clear.
But I am afraid of nothing. The man is not born who will take from me this that I hold by the hand.

WILLOWITHE.

Who is it?

MENELAUS.

Hark! She will tell it to you herself.

HELEN.

I am Helen.

(*She relapses into silence*).

WILLOWITHE.

What? Is it the famous Helen you hold by the hand?

MENELAUS, *with pride.*

She herself.

WILLOWITHE.

Hail to you, Helen.

MENELAUS.

She will not answer you. For since these happenings.

She is so puffed up with pride that one can get nothing from her
Save for "I am Helen!"

WILLOWITHE.

Hail, daughter of Jupiter!

MENELAUS.

What means this air of doubt and astonishment?

WILLOWITHE, *drawing him aside.*

Good sir, the fact is we have here another Helen.

MENELAUS.

Another Helen?

WILLOWITHE.

It is just ten years since she came, on the day you saw her no more in your house.

MENELAUS.

I have heard already this fairy-tale of another Helen who lives between Crete and Egypt.

WILLOWITHE.

Would you like to see her?

MENELAUS.

I care not one way or the other.

WILLOWITHE.

Let me see this one here.

MENELAUS.

What is the use?

WILLOWITHE.

Are you afraid?

MENELAUS, *raising Helen's veil.*

This is how afraid I am!

(WILLOWITHE *regards Helen and says nothing*).

Well? Naturally I suppose it is the same face?

WILLOWITHE.

Yes.

MENELAUS.

I expected this! It is one more trick to vex me.

But I'm an old dog whose scent is not easily put at fault.

WILLOWITHE.

Who then, if not she, would have described you to me so exactly I knew you instantly?

This bright color, this low brow, these little defiant eyes and this air of an angry bull?

And this white hair that already the day of your marriage was mingled with your hyacinthine curls.

Come, raise your casque.

MENELAUS, *uncovering his face.*

It is true.

WILLOWITHE.

Do you wish for other details? Who else would recognize you thus.

MENELAUS.

I know the true Helen is she whom I hold by the hand.

WILLOWITHE.

You know it?

MENELAUS, *declaiming.*

I know it, I see it, and I am convinced of it.

WILLOWITHE, *similarly.*

But one is only convinced when one is not sure.

MENELAUS.

It is Helen.

WILLOWITHE.

What proofs of it have you?

MENELAUS.

What proofs? I wish for no others than Troy in ashes and two hundred thousand men with slitted throats!

And those ten years of crazy patience, one following the other, made up of days each of which I have counted!

And my niece Iphigenia brought to harm, and the waiting supreme in the gut of the Wooden Horse.

And you say this is not Helen!

WILLOWITHE.

The bait of the wrathful gods who planned the ruin of Priam has been extremely good.

MENELAUS.

Do not excite me, be silent! And tell me, what isle is this?

WILLOWITHE.

Naxos.

MENELAUS.

Naxos? It's shown on the map as being much farther north.

WILLOWITHE.

For the moment, it is here.

MENELAUS.

Very good. And who is the ruler of Naxos now?

WILLOWITHE.

The old man Proteus, king of the seals and of all the amphibious monsters.

MENELAUS.

Can he give me a great piece of oak of twenty cubits to make a mast, and another, as well, of ten cubits to make a spar, sixty feet of hawser, a hundred square feet of good linen sails, forty pairs of oars, a keg of oakum, three kettles of tar, and a little paint ?

WILLOWITHE.

All this he can give you, but he is avaricious.

MENELAUS.

I have nothing at all to pay him with.

WILLOWITHE.

You can make him give you all this without paying him a penny.

MENELAUS.

How ?

WILLOWITHE.

By art and guile in which I, Willowithe, will instruct you.

MENELAUS.

But you yourself, what are you doing here ?

WILLOWITHE.

Bacchus our master forgot me, left behind,
When he came hither to seek for Ariadne.
(*Dropping her eyes*) The old man Proteus seduced me.

MENELAUS.

Is he so handsome ?

WILLOWITHE.

He's fish as far as the waist.

MENELAUS.

Then everything goes by halves in this land ! If there were canaries here I'll wager that they would be half sardines !

WILLOWITHE.

But a man-fish, all the same, it is rare !

MENELAUS.

Is that all that pleased you in him ?

WILLOWITHE.

He had promised to give me pearls.

MENELAUS.

And I, I possess no pearls to promise you, Mademoiselle, and I will not give you anything at all.

WILLOWITHE.

You will take me away in your boat ?

MENELAUS.

That, yes, that can be managed.

WILLOWITHE.

Swear !

MENELAUS.

I swear it ! By Zeus, by the earth, by the heaven, by the Styx, by Chaos, by all the gods, by whatever oath you wish !

WILLOWITHE.

I and these unfortunate animals.

MENELAUS.

What animals ?

WILLOWITHE.

My companions here, these Satyrs.

MENELAUS.

No, they'd make the whole ship smell.

WILLOWITHE.

You need a crew.

MENELAUS.

It is true. But this herd of goats, pray who has penned them here ?

WILLOWITHE.

All that falls in the sea belongs to Proteus.

MENELAUS.

Indeed ! His warehouses then must be well-filled.

WILLOWITHE.

All this is ranged and classed in splendid order through the profound store-rooms that are beneath this isle.

The oars, the lost anchors,

The masts, according to height, and I do not know how many bales of cordage and sails, with all the marks of the Mediterranean Sea.

Cracked kettles, old knives, accordeons, lanterns, astrolabes, marline-spikes and figures for the prow.

All things are good in his sight, he dabbles in everything.

MENELAUS.

Good, very good, all this will help me.

WILLOWITHE.

And now, profiting by the toil of our master Bacchus who incessantly has to run from one end of the world to the other,

He has begun to form a collection of Satyrs.

MENELAUS.

Idea worthy of a seal.

WILLOWITHE.

You say this because you have never seen them leap, and dart through the smoke, like projectiles, twenty feet in the air, above a great bon-fire of dry wood.

'Twas with this in mind that Proteus to animate these crags

Applied himself to collecting these demi-gods.

MENELAUS.

I came near to smashing one just now.

WILLOWITHE.

Ah, exterminate them all with your darts!

Ah, this would be better than shoring them up in this place, wretchedly hobbling about this mean little heap of boulders.

Where the Old Man of the Sea maintains us with viands absurd.

MENELAUS.

What does he give you?

WILLOWITHE.

Condensed milk and mineral water,

Or cachalot cheese when from time to time it is possible to procure it.

And the rain-water that we collect.

We must use it, in faith, to water six plants of tobacco which are his pride and which pay no customs-duty.

Ah, we would all be dead were it not for that perfumed amphora of Cretan wine

Of which one shard remains

And we pass it about to each other to sniff from time to time.

MENELAUS.

Sad regimen!

WILLOWITHE.

And not so much as one mud-hole, smelling strong of the forest, where they might wallow from time to time, as Satyrs need to do, after the manner of boars and other beasts!

Is it any wonder then that their hair is drooping and discolored, like a philosopher's beard.

All is dry and clean in this horrible place incessantly washed, brushed and re-brushed by the sea and the wind.

Even the sand-pinks, wild garlic and wild thyme

Cannot take root on its slopes.

MENELAUS.

Ah well, I swear by Zeus to take you away with me.

Tell me what I must do.

WILLOWITHE.

Are you strong?

MENELAUS, *flexing his hands and his arms.*

These are terrible pincers.

When I hold him therewith he will know what athletes they make in Sparta.

WILLOWITHE.

Is it true that you stifled Paris in your arms?

MENELAUS.

He found them less fresh than those of my wife, ho, ho!

There is nothing to boast of in that.

He was fat and had no vertebrae to speak of, like a string bean.

WILLOWITHE.

In that case girdle him from behind.

MENELAUS, *making the gesture.*

Like this?

WILLOWITHE.

Girdle him from behind, and hold him firmly, and beware of the blows of his tail, old shark that he is!

MENELAUS.

Have no fear, my girl.

WILLOWITHE.

Whatever he does don't let him go.

MENELAUS.

The good old man will give me no trouble at all.

WILLOWITHE.

And even if, all at once, you hold a roaring lion between your arms . . .

MENELAUS.

A lion?

WILLOWITHE.

Have you never heard tell of the tricks of the Old Man of the Sea? And that he becomes at will a lion?

Fire?

Water?

A dragon?

And a fruit tree?

MENELAUS.

Why a fruit tree?

WILLOWITHE.

I don't know, but that is the way it is. Do not let yourself be amazed. It's the order invariably. He has no imagination. Remember it well.

(*She counts on her fingers*).

A lion, first, then a dragon, then fire, then water and then a fruit tree. When you see the fruit tree it's over, and you'll have the good man at your mercy.

MENELAUS.

A fruit tree, very good ! What things one learns when one goes sea-voyaging !

WILLOWITHE.

Remember to take his spectacles away. It is from these that he draws his supernatural power.

MENELAUS.

His spectacles, very good.

WILLOWITHE.

Do not let the old seal escape you. He's a slippery god, and all aslime with oil.

MENELAUS.

Have no fear. I have already seen one seal that knew how to talk.

It was a Chersonese boatman who brought it out to our ship.

It sang in the Scythian tongue and called with vehement cries to its dear father and all its family.

WILLOWITHE.

When he has finished making the fruit-tree, and you have taken his spectacles,

You can demand from him everything that you wish.

MENELAUS.

A mast, sails, tar ?

WILLOWITHE.

You can demand from him news of everything that happens on earth or sea. He knows everything, he has a bulletin.

MENELAUS.

A bulletin ?

WILLOWITHE.

Did you not know that to all the gods of the earth and of the sea, according to their grade, Jupiter grants a bulletin.

From time to time he sends them

A narrow strip of transparent parchment.

MENELAUS.

Well !

WILLOWITHE.

It suffices to unroll it before a lantern and one sees simultaneously

The past, the present, the future.

I understand nothing of this. You can trust in Proteus, though.

MENELAUS.

Then I should not be sorry to know what has become of my brother and what my sister-in-law, Clotilde, is doing now in Argos.

WILLOWITHE.

Clytemnestra, do you mean ?

MENELAUS.

Clytemnestra. These hot climates confuse one's memory.

Certain rumours reached me from that direction.

WILLOWITHE.

You can ask him everything.

MENELAUS.

Well, where can I find the old man ?

WILLOWITHE.

Each day at noon he comes this way to scatter food for his flock.

Let me talk with him a little and when I raise my hand

Approach without letting him hear and then zou, presto ! girdle him from behind !

— What is it that disturbs you ?

MENELAUS.

Willowithe !

I should be glad, O, I should be very glad if I could trust you a trifle more.

WILLOWITHE.

Is not my interest in this identical with yours ?

MENELAUS.

It is those little horns on your head that trouble me.

WILLOWITHE.

Do you think that I cannot give you good advice ?

MENELAUS.

What good advice can come from a head that's horned ?

WILLOWITHE.

Do you know only this, why your boat proceeded at random and you were impotent to direct its course.

MENELAUS.

Why ?

WILLOWITHE.

Regard the prow.

MENELAUS.

Well ?

WILLOWITHE.

Do you not see that the poor great eye is quite obliterated ?

MENELAUS.

It is true, by Zeus!

WILLOWITHE.

How then did you hope that your boat could direct itself without its eye?

MENELAUS.

You are right. I had not thought of that.

By the ass! By the dog! You're a girl with good sense and I trust you.

WILLOWITHE.

Hide yourself there behind these rocks and when I raise my hand . . .

MENELAUS.

I understand! Come, Helen!

(*He goes out at the back, leading* HELEN).

WILLOWITHE, *calling after him.*

Speak to him of our Helen, also.

(*She goes out to the right*).

PAUL CLAUDEL.

(*Translated from the French by John Strong Newberry*).

(*To Be Continued*).

HENRI MATISSE. Interior.

Courtesy Bernheim-June Gallery — Paris.

PARAGRAPHS CONCERNING THE PRINCESS VEHANA.

The princess Vehana had fallen over a cliff, and the story of her life had suffered many abrasions. A swift runner, coming at dusk through a pass in the mountains, brought the news to Enana. That incomparable artist, preparing dyes in his house of polished wood at the foot of the hill Fangono, promised to attend the king's daughter and repair her so far as he could.

There was no special interest in his voice. To such a one, used to living among symbols, the body of a princess was merely one record out of many, one library, one obelisk, in a land where all were libraries and obelisks.

***

The occasion being unusual, the king summoned likewise Lali, the rival of Enana, an orgiast, magician and scribe who dwelt on the island of Vini. Lali came with alacrity, for the surface of a princess is a splendid manuscript, and the favor of a princess may lead to undreamt of places. Besides, Vehana had fallen over a cliff ; such an event hinted at something riotous and unsteady in the young woman, which might prove useful to him.

***

The king went west through the mountain passes on his annual pilgrimage to the shrine of his fathers, and meeting Enana on the road he paused to commend the young man.

Enana, though the youngest of the great workers in flesh, followed the aristocratic tradition ; and the king had been gratified at the beauty of his living monuments. He had always close at hand in the royal train the Boy in Pale Blue, one of the artist's earliest triumphs, no less moving for being of necessity incomplete.

***

Fanna, her nurse, was seated before the blue doors of the lodge of Vehana. The sun was high above the white-columned palms, and in the cool shade, under the hedge of ruby and green dracaenas, grew the pale flowers of the royal totem.

No other dwelling was visible ; yet Enana knew that be stood in the heart of the town. In lands where the body, and not the street, is the book which

one reads, people live out of sight of their neighbors, in clustered palms and foliage, or under wooded knolls. For they understand that they are unique exhibits, and they desire to be appreciated singly and not in crowds.

The wayfarer may thus study without distraction the beauty that art and life have made of men, even when life has been evil and art careless; and so may be impressed by the variety of man and destiny, rather than confused by a congregated and unreadable sameness.

Enana, gazing at the royal flowers, sacred to the moon, said to the nurse, "Beauty has no totem."

The old woman, who was wise, smiled in agreement and rose to kiss the hand of the young maestro.

***

Lali was on the ground first, with his unguents and his fat stomach and the cincture of red and blue blossoms round his forehead. Neither of the great chroniclers rejoiced at seeing the other. They represented and were at the head of two schools of thought which had nothing in common.

In this conflict the aged nurse was on the side of Enana, for she distrusted the clever, the bizarre and the novel. But the princess found Enana cold, and was pleased at the obsequious manner and enthusiastic interjections of Lali.

The princess was invisible, and held speech with them through the plaited fibres and leaves of her bed-chamber. She meditated much upon mortality, and now and then permitted Enana to hold her hand through the arbor'd wall. But he said little. Lali on the contrary spoke copiously of death, and always in an unfavourable sense.

***

Lali was a meat eater, and he disgusted the nurse and Enana. The old woman said that the crunching of bones made her ill; and when Lali was engaged with food, Enana found it convenient to wander off into the city of leaves. There he read many a thrilling life-chapter on bare shoulders or backs glimpsed through the green thickets. Thus passed two days.

Lali devoured huge quantities of meat so that his power should be at the full when the princess appeared. Enana, though a philosopher, could not help fingering his knife when he saw the complacent orgiast licking his chops. And his ire was roused by an odious bit of pink and yellow mosaic on Lali's shoulder. Enana itched to carve that away.

***

On the third day the princess appeared, and Lali prostrated himself before her. Enana, who had not understood that he was about to see the most sublime instance of art in the entire land, was taken by surprise, and merely

bowed. The princess concluded that in the solemn looking youth she had to do with a prig. Lali exclaimed at the areva-reva on the cloak of the princess; but Enana had now no eye for designs, least of all those not wrought upon living stuff, and gazed only at her face.

The nurse took the *pareu* and *caha* from her, and the exquisite brown scroll which was the body of the princess stood upright in the clear air, where only butterflies were moving. For three hours the princess stood, impassive. Her two observers were speechless, except for a despairing cry from Enana, "What genius has decorated you, Lady!"

The damage was not irremediable. Lali, wise in his own conceit, announced that he was ready to begin his share of the work. But Enana was greatly troubled by certain open spaces in the disposition of the chronicle, very different indeed from the undecorated areas on the belly of Lali. When Lali was young and symmetrical, those abdominal patterns might have had a certain charm; but years of swelling had stretched and separated them and made them comic. The free spaces in the history of the princess, on the contrary, were like chance omissions in a narrative, and lent the imagination wings.

For what purpose were they left? he pondered. It was effective as a trick; but artists such as had colored her were above tricks. Enana, with a sudden start, felt that they might be reserved for a writing invisible and important.

***

The record, in part cuneiform and in part symbolic, began with two lovers on blossoms, summer heaped beneath them. Of this episode, as flower and fruit, came a girl child.

Then followed one of the silences which disturbed Enana.

The next stanza, if so each division might be called, was inscribed with the signs and talismans of wonder, and there dealt with childhood. Kindly animals, and such flowers as the lemon hibiscus and the tasselated purple rose-apple, and little boys and girls, were woven through a design of cloud and hill and homes wattled from pandanus and palm leaf thatch. Story-tellers were mysteriously present; stars were visible.

Another silence followed.

Vehana was very young; but a third stanza upon her body was filled with that unparalleled poetry which had existed long before she was born, in Cxamalca and Titicaca, in Cambodia and Boro Bodo, and wherever her hieroglyphics had been used. This stanza told of lovers near and far, who found the princess the best reason for existing. Youths not of her own totem had besought her. Dazzling and free, with the holiness of her beauty to protect her she had gone her way unmolested, passing in safety at times beyond the pale of the

ancestral moon. For the rest, the third stanza discoursed of dancing and swimming and racing through leaves, of the touch of all elements and the contact of all substance.

***

The nurse, in a hesitant and apologetic manner, supplied what was needed to bring the narrative up to date. The burden of her speech was that fidelity can be interpreted in so many ways that it is wisest not to speak of it at all. As an instance she referred to a princess obliged to watch two young men fight to the death under moonlit palms, a young princess torn from a couch of bright leaves and flung over a cliff by one insane with desire. Some miracle had saved her. She avoided the rocks in her descent bounding down from bush to bush, but her delicate skin suffered, and many of its recorded episodes were lost.

***

During the perusal of the inscriptions, Enana asked that guitars be played upon. Lali roughly ordered tom-toms, saying that only vigorous beauty oiled his imagination. A bitter quarrel ensued, and the princess commanded that the guitars and the tom-toms sound alternately. After this incident Lali went about with a poisoned spear, frowned often and ominously, and practised hiding in abattises of hibiscus.

***

That night Enana roused the nurse and requested to study the princess secretly in moonlight. The princess was persuaded. Enana noted that the change of light made a difference in many of the colors and lines, adding here or there strange news or sad secrets. He pondered. He remembered something an old man had once whispered in his ear, and at last he said, "I must return to my mountain for more wisdom."

The princess was flattered. Until now a cause of madness and death to some, of superstition and somnambulism to others, it was a new experience to her to be to anyone a cause of speculation.

Nevertheless, of the two artists she preferred the society of Lali. He was forever chattering and amusing her; whereas Enana's eyes followed her with reproaches, and he was as silent as a stone.

***

Meanwhile, Lali began the repair of the deltoid frescoes. As Vehana lay beneath the palms on her robe of wood-fibre, feeling his stylus piercing her skin with little pricks, and listening to his words, she felt her beauty slipping from her, or becoming a veil thin indeed between her and primeval slime.

The beat of the tom-toms gave her a headache. So, a discomfort grew on the princess as she listened to the lore of Lali. It was the lore of jungles, of venomous insects and reptiles, of jagged rocks and reefs in the channels between jungles. It connected lusts which had been half sport to her, with lusts which were not play at all, but in Lali's view the serious business of life.

Lali described revels in the barbaric isles he had visited during his apprenticeship. Lali chattered and chattered. Vehana was filled with a sickness.

***

Enana returned, and the nurse brought him custard apples and great oranges in a bowl of beachwood. In his hands the artist carried seven circles of glass, each with its own color; and holding these to his eyes, he gazed through each in succession at the body of Vehana.

Smothered exclamations escaped his lips.

Lali saw that the science of the younger man far exceeded his own, and he was gnawed by jealousy. Besides, such preoccupation with the invisible maddened him.

He mocked Enana. "Your science is thin, like the upper air," he said. "You lack a terrestrial foundation. You eat no meat. You are an impostor."

"You are plebeian and romantic," said Enana austerely.

"I spit in your face," retorted Lali. Not content with being disagreeable, he seized his envenomed spear.

But Enana without abating his priest-like manner, approached Lali, and drawing his knife with the pomp of a Druid, gestured twice, and the hated mosaics on his rival's shoulder where ruined permanently. It was not a mortal hurt; but Lali would be less the man. He was taken away.

***

A day came at length — a day filled with the sweetness of the leaf-flower of the pandanus — when Enana revealed to the princess and her nurse the meaning of the inscriptions which his science had disclosed. He began with some metaphysics:

"Persons of great beauty rarely love; you, with all your lovers, have never loved. And it is doubtful whether your lovers have been lovers. The young men themselves have not been certain that they really possessed you, so bewildering is beauty. Perhaps, gazing through all the colors of the spectrum at the same time, we might say that what you could share with your young men, you did share. For you are a child of simple things, sunlight and dancing waters, yellow beaches and palm shade. Nevertheless, it is written upon you everywhere that to be beautiful is to be lonely."

"The records of many lives are inscribed, then, upon my body?" inquired the princess. "This I had not known before."

"The record of many lives."

"What do the inscriptions say?" The princess was suddenly intent and curious.

"They say that the beauty of women passes. That by pain and suffering it passes into the eyes of young men, and so into music, and so into many things which young men hear and see, and many things which young men do as well, even into the deaths they cause, gilding those deaths with a dark lustre; that by pain and suffering it passes into the lives of children, and so into the life of tribes and nations; that by pain and suffering it passes into the flowers and grass which spring from graves, and so into the landscape of the world; and into the landscape of memory, and so into fable and distance, and the heart of life. Such is the burden of the living palimpsest of your body; such is the speech of your silent places. And thus you become a living witness to the strength of beauty, that draws all things to it and sends all things from it, that suffers all things, and is apart, like a mountain, and lonely, like a moon."

The princess was greatly moved. "I fear that I can never be happy," she said, "away from your rare eyes which see and appreciate me, and your rare ears which hear. The observer is the love of the beauty. He is the mirror without which Beauty may not see herself."

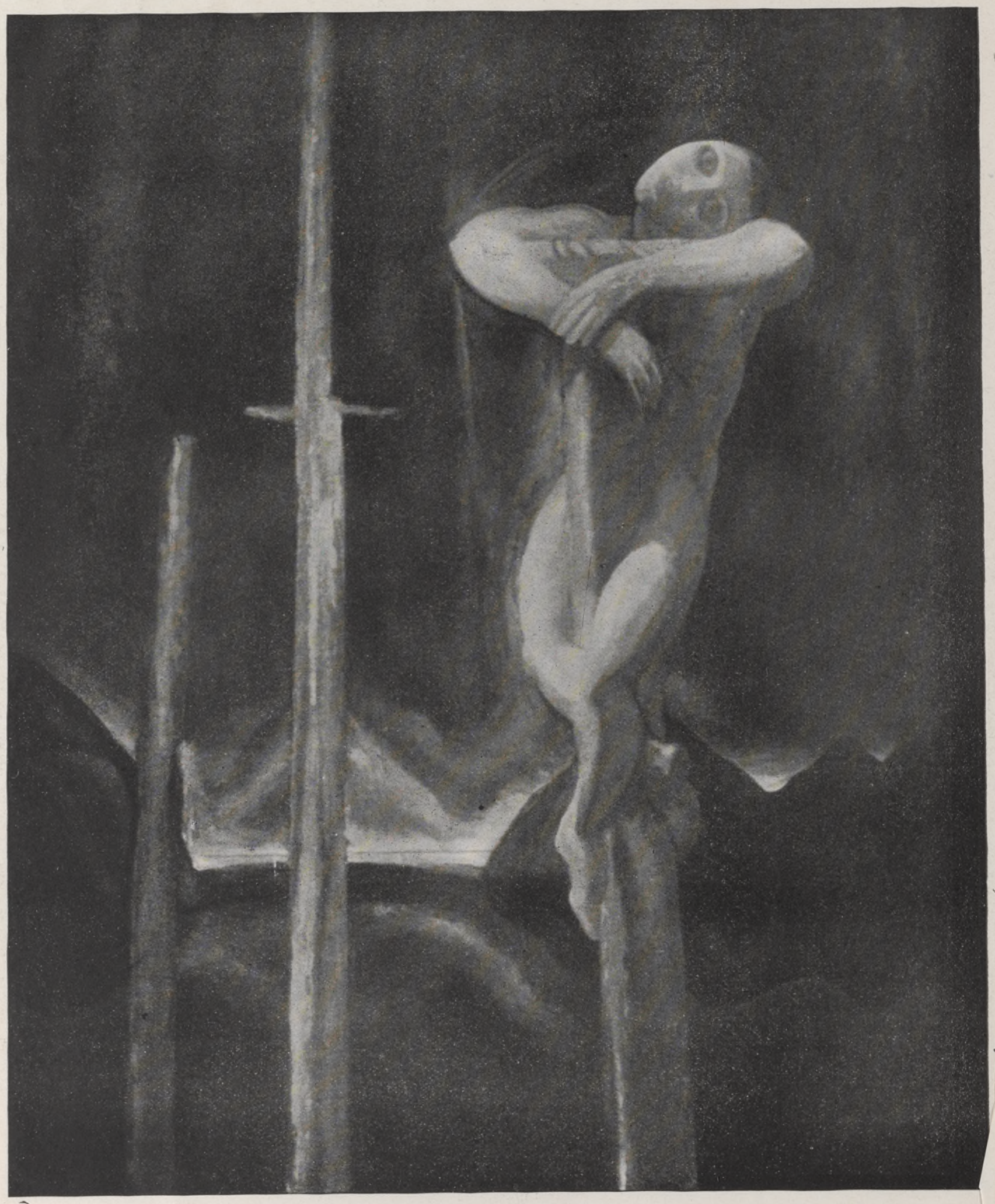
***

It was thus the fate of Vehana, if not to love, at least to be interpreted. And since the mind which interprets one is the mind that mates, supplements and fulfills, it may be said that in the end she was made articulate and came to love.

Her beauty, tiring of disordered minds and disordered lives, consorted best with the austerity of intelligence. Vehemence is interesting; but the gestures one never forgets are those of peace. There was something of eternity in the repose of Vehana upon the bosom of Enana.

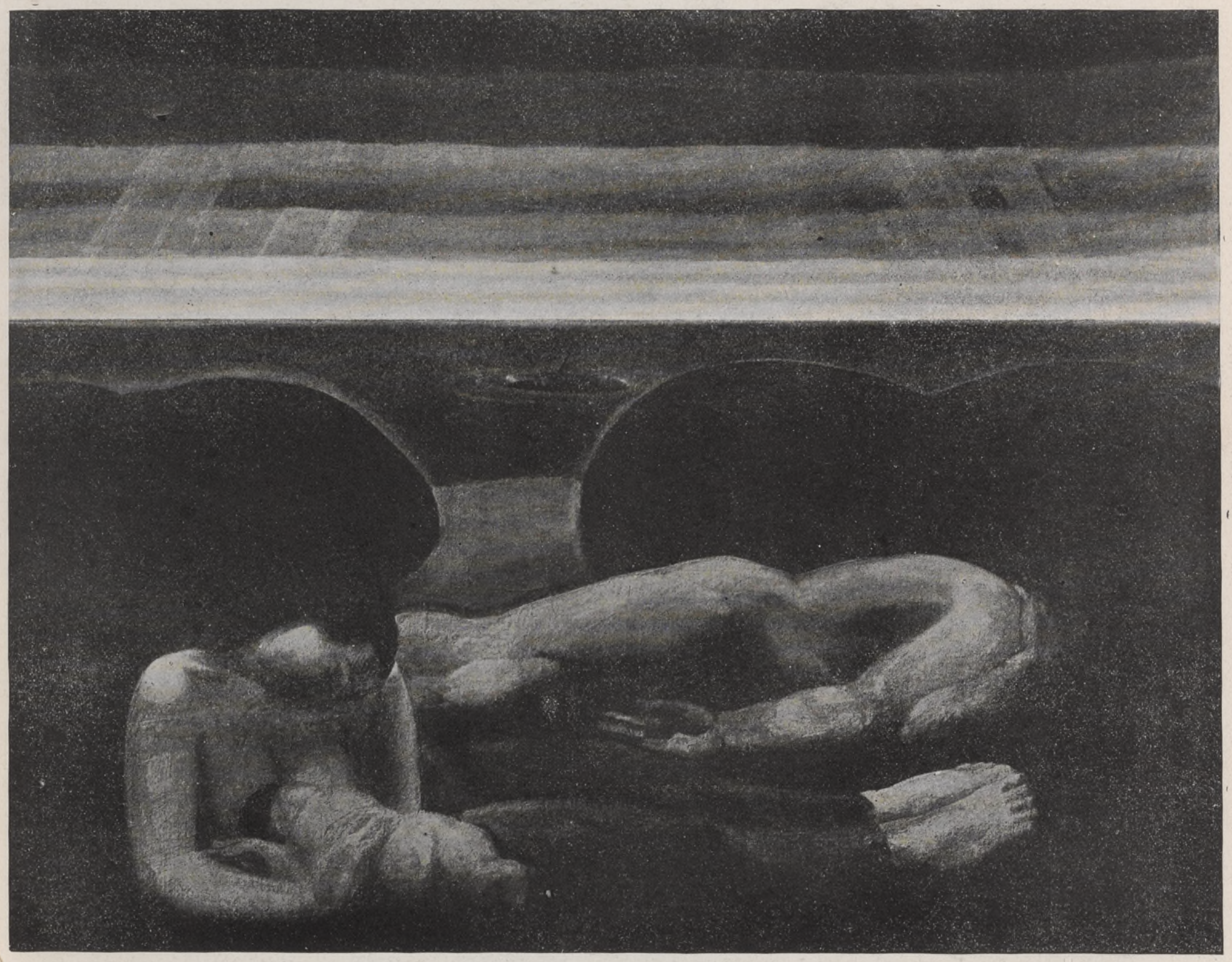
Love has its archaeology and its prophecy; beauty finds no better commerce than with reason. The embraces of Vehana and Enana in the house with the blue doors, were genial, and they united the past and the future. They came of death, but they resulted in children.

HANIEL LONG.



ROCKWELL KENT. The Young Sailor.

Courtesy Daniel Gallery — New York.



ROCKWELL KENT. Newfoundland Dirge.

Courtesy Daniel Gallery — New York.

I.

COMFORT.

As I sat by the fire,
Puss said to me:
"There burns the fire, man.
And here bide we.

"Four Walls around us
Against the cold air;
And the latchet drawn close
To the draughty Stair.

"A Roof o'er our heads —
Star-proof, moon immune;
And a wind in the chimney
To wail us a tune.

"What felicity?" miaoued he,
"Where none may intrude;
Just Man and Beast — set
In this Solitude!

"You in your sheep's-wool coat,
Buttons of bone,
And me in my fur-about
On the warm hearthstone."

II.

NOT THAT WAY.

No, no. Guard thee! Go not that way,
Not that way.
See, how the louring clouds glide on,
Skirting West to South; and see,
The green light under that sycamore tree —
Not that way!
There the leaden trumpets blow
Solemn and slow.
There the everlasting walls
From above the waterfalls
Silver and cold;
Not that way!
Not toward death, who, stranger, fairer,
Than any siren turns his head —
Than any siren, arched with rainbows,
Where knell the waves of her ocean bed.
Alas, that beauty hangs her flowers
For lure of his demoniac powers:
Alas, that from these eyes should dart
That piercing summons to thy heart;
That mine in frenzy of longing beats,
Lusting for those gross deceits!
Not that way.

W. DE LA MARE.

THE CONTRACT.

One evening he kissed her and she got abruptly up from the bench in the garden back of her father's house and went to stand by a tree. How soft and still and lovely the night seemed to him! He felt absurdly set up, a little perhaps, he thought smiling indulgently at himself, as a warrior might feel after securing a position of advantage for a coming great battle. For the moment he had forgotten her and continued to sit alone on the bench smiling at himself. Had the stillness of the garden been broken by the blast of a trumpet and himself proclaimed some kind of a conquering male hero he would not have been too surprised. The notion of being a conqueror clung to him and although he laughed at himself he went on playing with the idea. There was Napoleon following his star of destiny and Alexander sighing for more worlds to conquer! Had he not suddenly kissed her without asking permission? Had he not stormed the fortress? It was the way things were done among the bolder males. He laughed softly.

In a way she had been expecting the kiss although she had been telling herself she did not want it. Still she was prepared for it as he was not. It was the third time they had been together.

For her the first time she had seen him had been the most stirring of all. He had come into town unheralded and then word had gone around that he was a figure of consequence in the intellectual world. He was invited to speak before an organization called the Thursday Club and she went with her father, the editor of the town's one newspaper.

His figure had swept like a flame across the field of her fancy that first evening. In what a daring way he had talked! His subject was the effect of christianity on civilization and he spoke of Jesus, the man of Nazareth, in a way that disturbed and irritated the Thursday Club. With what fire and eloquence he talked. There was the sacred young man, a carpenter in an obscure village. He had thought his own thoughts, ignored the teachings of older men. When he was not at work at his trade he went alone to walk in the hills. His own intense nature and the long hours and days of silent contemplation of life had made him a profound mystic. Had anyone thought, had anyone dared

think of the man Jesus as just an ordinary human being who had in the face of the commonplace standards of life had the courage to use his life as an adventurous experiment for the benefit of society!

The speaker before the Thursday Club, organized by her father and several other men for the purpose of studying literature, had quite startled his audience. After the meeting several of the members protested, saying the club had been organized for another purpose and that it was too bad to start a religious discussion.

They had, she felt, missed the whole point of his talk. It was not a religious discussion. As she sat beside her father and looked about at the other club members and their wives and at the few ummarried men scattered among them, a great gladness that such a man had come to live in her town swept over her. As he continued talking of the man of Galilee and how he walked up and down through many towns in a far away country casting out devils by the power of his bold and lovely presence, she was so overcome with emotion that tears came to her eyes. The speaker was himself a man of thirty and Jesus, the Christ of whom he talked so eloquently, had been a man of thirty when he set out on his mission to civilization. After the meeting and as the speaker walked home with herself and her father she remained silent while the two men talked. Even then he was a little too conscious of her. She had wanted to worship from afar. She had wanted to repeat aloud the words of the officers of the Pharisees, sent to seize Jesus in the temple, the men who had returned from their mission empty-handed. "Never man spake like this man," they had said filled with wonder.

As the three people walked under the trees he continued to speak on the subject that had been the foundation of his talk before the club. "They evidently misunderstood," he said laughing, "I did not intend my talk to be concerned with religion. I was thinking only of the barbaric background of the life of Jesus Christ and its dramatic possibilities. You understand what I mean, the soft smiling land of Galilee, the lake with the white cities on the shore, ruled over by the cruel Herod Antipas, the fishermen leaving their nets to follow the man who taught the strange new doctrine of peace, forgiveness and love. And then the strange crowds in the streets of the towns and in the city of Jerusalem, the paralytic at Bethesda, the pool by the Sheep-gate, the prostitute who wiped his feet with her hair as he sat at the feast, the scene in the garden on the night before the crucifixion, the crucifixion itself — why should all this not be taken as profound and beautiful literature? That is how I am sure, it has had its greatest effect upon mankind."

As he had talked to her father during the walk homeward on that first evening, the speaker had occasionally turned to her and once he had made a

feeble apology for the seriousness of the talk. "Does all this bore you?" he asked and a chill ran over her body. She made a gesture with her hand and looked away, and as soon as they had arrived at her father's house she excused herself and went up stairs.

The two men continued talking for a long time and she undressed and lay in bed with her door open so she could hear the voices. What an evening that had been for her! Her father, usually a rather prosaic man, was excited and talked well and she thought the newcomer the most wonderful being that had ever come into her consciousness. His strong boyish voice ran up the stairs and through the halls of the house and she sat up in bed and listened, her whole being strangely alive. The voice had carried her out of herself and into the land of Galilee he had described so vividly, and she stood in a vast crowd of people listening to another stranger of thirty who had suddenly come out of another place and was talking. A phrase remembered from her bible reading ran through her mind and she repeated it aloud. She became, not herself but a strange woman in a strange land. "Blessed be the womb that bare Thee and the breasts that Thou hast sucked", she imagined herself shouting, quite carried away.

. . . . . .

She saw him for the second time two weeks after that first meeting and it was strange and also sad to think that during that second meeting he came off his pedestal with a thump.

He wrote her a note and asked her to go with him to a concert and she was stirred at the thought of sitting close beside him all evening and hearing music. Before the evening came she went about her father's house, attending to the household affairs, with her mind floating away, out of her body into a land of spiritual adventure. When her father spoke to her at table she was confused and her cheeks grew red. "What's the matter with you?" he asked laughing. "You've begun acting like a school girl. What's happened to you?"

After all she was not very young and the new man was not the first who had been attracted to her. Already two men of the town had asked her to marry them-but she had never before got into such a strange exalted state. "Between him and myself it will be different. We will go along a new road into a strange beautiful place," she whispered to herself. She had no plan. It was enough, she thought, that the new man had come to town, that she could occasionally sit in silence beside him, that she could hear his voice, that she could come into the presence of his mind at work making beautiful images.

"It is quite true. There is a religion of the beautiful", she thought. Her mother, who had died when she was fifteen, had been a devout church member

and as a young girl she *had also* given herself, for a time, to religious enthusiasm. Later she had given up church going and had thought of herself as an intellectual woman.

Now she laughed at herself. "I am a child beside him," she thought, remembering how glowingly he had talked before the Thursday Club. Contentment settled down upon her. "In every life there should be a deeply spiritual love," she told herself. "I am like that woman in the bible who on a scorching day came down alone, out of a village, to the well in the dusty plain and found lying there on a stone bench the sacred man, he who knew the true way of life."

. . . . . .

At the concert he did several things to disturb her.

In the first place he was not at all absorbed or carried away by the music and all evening he kept looking at her with hungry eyes. As they walked homeward he did not talk, giving himself with abandon to ideas, but was silent and self-conscious.

And then he kissed her and her exalted mood went quickly away and something shrewd and determined took entire possession of her.

It was ten o' clock when they got to the house and her father was at the newspaper office. The moon shone and they went into the garden and sat together on a bench. After he had kissed her she went to stand by the tree because it was necessary for her to make a new adjustment. She had been allowing herself to be a child and her child's hands had been building a temple. Now all the bricks and stone of the temple had fallen down and there was a great dust and racket.

To relieve the tenseness of the situation she led him out of the garden into the street. After all she had not finished with him. There was something she wanted. They walked down a silent street under trees and a group of young men went past them singing some foolish love song.

Presently they came to the end of the street and into a field, and it was then she understood the depth of his stupidity. Some elders grew in a little gully beside the field and he wanted her to go in among them. When she drew back, a little startled, he was angry. "The kiss you let me take back there was a lie then?" he asked sharply. "It didn't mean anything? You are like all the other women who give kisses having no meaning?"

. . . . . .

It was during the third time they were together that everything between them was settled. A war had broken out between the forces sleeping in each of them, but after that third meeting peace came. One Saturday afternoon they went together to spend a day in the country. She wore a heavy sweater

and stout boots and on his shoulder he carried a small bag filled with the luncheon she had prepared. She was in a smiling confident mood and he was disturbed and unhappy. When he looked at her he felt like one condemned to beat with bare hands against a cold stone wall. The wall was as hard as adamant but was surfaced with some warm soft growth.

For a time after they set out things went well and then the final struggle between them began. Several times during the afternoon, as they walked in a little strip of woodland among dry leaves and under the fragrant trees just in the fullness of the new spring life, she seemed about to yield to the hunger gnawing at him but, as evening came on and when they had eaten the luncheon and sat on the grassy bank of a small stream, she became very business-like and determined. "We must get back toward town before darkness comes," she said, leading the way across a field and into a dusty road.

The battle came to a crisis quickly. When they had got almost to town her energetic mood left her and they got out of the road and into an orchard. He built a little fire of twigs beside a rail fence and they leaned against the fence and watched it burn in silence. The thin column of smoke went up through the branches of the trees. "It's like incense," she said, creeping close to him. Their bodies pressed against each other. As the moon was full, darkness did not come and the day passed imperceptibly into night.

Two boys from a nearby farmhouse, who had been driving cows homeward along a lane, saw them standing thus, their arms about each other. They crawled over a fence and crept along in the shadows to wait and watch.

Overcome by a sudden fear she pushed herself out of his arms and moved slowly away along the fence. He followed, pressing her close. A wavering uncertainty had taken possession of her and the battle seemed lost. She wanted to escape and at the same time did not want to escape. She was tired.

With an effort she turned and walked in a very determined way across the orchard and he stood by the fence and let her go. One of the farm boys called to the other. "Nothing's going to happen. She's going away", he called. The boys climbed a fence and ran off along a lane toward a distant barn and again silence settled over the orchard. She returned to him, her eyes shining and her hands trembling.

"You see what you have brought me to, what has happened?" she asked sharply. For a moment she felt mean, beaten, and then quickly she became quite sure of herself. The whole fact of organized life stood back of her trembling figure.

He did not understand. "There will be a scandal," she said. "I don't blame you. I blame myself. Why did I let myself make a show of myself with you?"

She tried to explain. "Of course those boys know me," she said, turning her face away. "They have seen us, in this place, holding each other in that way and kissing. It's light enough to see everything. It's horrible. You are a man but I'm a woman. There'll be a scandal and my name will be dragged in the mud."

He watched her, perplexed and puzzled. The fact that they had been seen at the love making had rather amused him and he had been on the point of breaking into laughter. Now he felt ashamed and penitent.

She went and put her face down on the top rail of the fence and her body shook with sobs. He stood awkwardly watching.

A thought came to him. "Well," he said hesitatingly, "we could marry, we could get married."

He looked away over her head and out into an open country washed with moonlight. A wind came up and clouds raced across the sky making fugitive shadows that played madly over the face of the fields. Some shadowy, lovely thing seemed fleeing out of him and out of her. He felt like a beast who in playing about at night in a forest has suddenly put his foot into a trap. A madness to run away from her, to flit half crazily away over the fields like one of the cloud shadows and then to disappear forever into an unknown, mysterious distance, had possession of him, but his feet had become heavy. He was held fast, bound down to the earth, not by desire now but by a strange hesitating sympathy with the thing that bound her to earth.

When she looked up he took her into his arms and held her tightly while he continued looking over her head and into the distance. Her body that had been quivering with excitement became quiet. "We had better be married at once," he said. "There are things I have never understood before. Let's go back to town and be married at once, tonight. That will solve all our difficulties, you see."

SHERWOOD ANDERSON.

NOTRE AMERIQUE (*).

As if desirous of clearing themselves of all responsibility, they tell us " This America, you know, is not ours, we do not acknowledge it. " And we have thanked these Americans, so very anxious that we should not be deceived, for their charitable advice. But we were *not* deceived, good people. This America which is not yours, we love precisely for that ; we acknowledge her and believe in her, especially because she is not the America which her charitable friends are so assiduous in introducing to us ; because she is not the America of the man in the street.

Yes, M. Tout-le-monde, we know well it is the America of Waldo Frank, uniquely his, that is to say, " A promise and a dream. " It is the affirmation, the discovery of a man ; that is why it is so beautiful and so moving. It is the same as when Whitman formerly spoke in the name of " These States " interpreting America to himself, to himself alone. Every one jeered at him, for they couldn't see it at all, and lacked the vision necessary for its imagining. The same old story. That which one is alone or nearly alone in seeing because he has better eyes or a greater heart, inevitably excites the jeers of M. Tout-le-Monde. Still the fails to prevent the only America which will count in the future history of the race, from being made of the sequences of these Americas of lonely men—of Whitman and of Waldo Frank and of a few others. The encyclopedias and the text books will busy themselves with the rest.

If a few of us knew, or at any rate felt something of this, how many more must exist to whom this book will be a revelation, a relief and a joyful surprise. So many Frenchmen of the so-called intelligent sort, who only know the superficial appearance, the easily perceived and in consequence the spurious phases of the American scene, have the impression of a melting pot where everyone is cast in the same mold of a huge workshop in which the flowering of life and of art could never dream of unfolding in any other pattern but the accepted one. We have to confess that the ignorance of this type of Frenchman is to a certain extent excusable. Too many people have been intellectually interest-

(*) The impression of a Frenchman on reading Our America, by Waldo Frank, published by Boni and Liveright, New York, and by the *Nouvelle Revue Française*. Paris.

ed in fostering this ignorance and in providing it with a solid and comfortable foundation. Academies, universities, organizations with official trademarks nurture it diligently. Everyone is aware of the pinnacles of stupidity that can be attained by the talent and zeal of university representatives who ostensibly claim to interpret the soul of a people and of an epoch. Thus we receive each year the visits of frock-coated gentlemen officially invited to preach at the Sorbonne on some chapter or other of the American gospel. A frock coat of a learned and orthodox cut always produces an effect. Not more than one or two listeners, present by chance at an official lecture, and with souls uncontaminated by the virus Sorbonnique, were surprised to hear one of your frock-coated dignitaries, in this case an erudite clergyman, who seemed to have crossed the Atlantic for the malicious pleasure of convulsing an entire audience of neuter gender, recite verses of the greatest American poet in a clownish fashion. A simple exchange of politeness, it is true. For did not one of our most solemn frock-coats cross the Atlantic in the opposite direction at about the same time, in order to slay our greatest novelist before an American audience? Not that the poet or the novelist have suffered from these attacks.

The clairvoyant attitude of these Messieurs à Redingote is a flimsy excuse for the so-called intelligent Frenchmen. It is not his only excuse, however. We all know that society which, under the lofty patronage of generals, diplomats, and politicians, is constituted for the sublime purpose of developing the intellectual ties between "The Two Sister Republics", and with what genius they work. How could you except the Frenchman, desirous of understanding the true America, to find a way of correcting his ideas, derived from the moving pictures, illustrated papers, and society periodicals; by means of banquets, toasts, compliments, and other political, financial manifestations? He is condemned in advance to the blackest ignorance.

It is for this Frenchman especially, of an open and sincere mind, that a book such as "Our America" proves of inestimable value; even less as a document than as a revelation. After the drivelers, the doctors, the pedantic school teachers, the preachers of dusty doctrines, here at last is a man who speaks with different words — a man of today's youth using the language of today — not addressing himself to an audience of neuter sex, but his brothers and sisters who have "somewhere surely lived a life of joy with you" — with his first utterance awakening in us that communal feeling by means of which words become transfigured and carry with them nuances and new aromas. Also he is dear to us from the start as one among the crowd who speaks to us in our own language. He is dear to us because the aspirations which he voices harmonize wonderfully with ours. This hidden America which desires to live, to live another way, which sings upon discovering her young soul after years

of deadly " pionnerie ", of dismal withering toil, seems to will us into song as well, to sing within us already.

He is dear to us because again we are made conscious of the spiritual unity of the world over the immense stupidity of national boundary lines. There is in this book something great in the making, creating itself before us — of pure life in search of forms by means of which it may unfold — of profound desire which smells, questions, lisps, gropes, a moving desire, avid, inflated, with no other certitude than that of its own strength. We like it for the fervour with which it is filled so that the pages are heavy with the sap of a new belief — for that generosity which cannot contain itself, which bursts forth like molten iron thru the clefts in the paragraphs.

We find ourselves beside a singular companion for whom there exists other creatures than the sulky, aloof intellectual, triturating his precious person before a note-book of white paper, within the walls of a lodging — creatures other than the troupe of worldly supernumeraries imposing on the universe their foolish gestures and their formulas, the paucity of their hearts and of their imaginations. A companion for whom exists not humanity, an abstraction, but men, radiant or pitiable as the case may be, but to whom we can hold out a hand. Thus we feel ourselves welcome, altogether at home. A place is set aside for us at this hearth. Here is one who waits for us, who believes in us, who leaves open to us in his world design, all the space necessary for our future growth ; more space than we even asked for ourselves, because he shows himself more generous toward his fellows than we were generous in our self regard. A Waldo Frank can allow himself many short-comings as he will be redeemed in advance by his fraternal generosity, by his whole-hearted good will.

As we journey through this America with him we find ourselves aligned with revolt. Revolt, so we understand it ; not expressing itself in clamorous, contending cries of stump orators, in disorderly gestures and in the resolutions of public meetings but in passionate and unwavering affirmation of the dignity and needs of man — in the unqualified rejection of the whole network of powers incapable of satisfying these needs and whose weight crushes this dignity. We are the associates of individuals who offer us not their goods or their possessions but the daily bread of their souls — people who know another hunger than that of the belly — comrades of art.

There is another word, which his pen often traces, a word which must have astonished the so-called intelligent Frenchman, but which has for some of us, a sound particularly full. It is the word religion. A Word which so many of us today have cast aside like an old garment because it is known only when worn out, deformed and soiled by use. But we have never abandoned it, we have saved it carefully in its original freshness and never valued it more than

now. Never has it so nearly been the synonym for redemption. On many recent solemn occasions such as the festival organized by Albert Doyer in which the public, communing directly with art, took an intimate part in the mystery revealed by the great compositions of Bach, Beethoven, Cesar Franck, in popular melodies such as the Boat Song of the Volga, or in the ardent compositions of Doyer himself, this word forced itself upon us. At these festivals the people of Paris en masse came to seek and experience the religious emotion of today.

This religion cannot be far removed from that which Waldo Frank invokes. For us, as for him, it must be that of the " Three Greatnesses " which include all the others : Love, Democracy and Religion. Like him, without doubt, we not only glimpse the splendour to which the rites of this religion of art and humanity may attain in the people's houses of tomorrow, or out of doors, as in the great public performances at Moscow, but we can forsee the day when " Everything will be fuel for religion's sake. "

This book which so clearly indicates to us in what ignorance we were of the real America cannot help but make us think of the similar ignorance that must prevail in America about the real France. How many calumnies and lies must have slipped in under cover of the rapprochement of the two " Sister Republics united by their common ordeal. " The two people have made an exchange. And naturally, given the circumstances and deadly influences then dominant in the world, they exchanged the worst they had. A little of that lust for gain which is one of the basic qualities of movie America has been passed on to us, along with an avid taste for the vilest detective stories. And we have given to you in return our old secret illness, war madness ; to such an extent that again we see among you by favor of these exchanges, the beauty of tar and feather, as in the good old days of abolitionism. The fact of having contributed, even in this small way, to this revival is without doubt a cause for pride to certain Frenchmen of a well-known type. In the land of Our Lord Napoleon, the big stick always finds devout admirers.

It is for this reason that we have so great a need for a French Waldo Frank, to write " Our France " and dedicate it to you, so that he may dissipate the ignorance and destroy the ridiculous opinions spread far and wide by all the hypocritical goodfellows in the official propaganda bureaus. Our France — not the one whose picture is evoked on the distant shore of the Atlantic by the vanishing memory of Sarah Bernhardt, or still further back, of Lafayette followed by the inevitable Rochambeau, or by the recent figure of one of our Maréchaux, member of the French Academy. A France almost unknown and silent ; hater of low comedy ; and who feels herself all the more drawn to this invisible America in whose name Waldo Frank speaks. She too seeks

in the darkness, to free herself from the heaps of filth and rubbish ; from the wreckage of fallen beams and planks and plaster which prevent her from arising.

Nations, men, creators, artists, must have their envoys to maintain contact and enlighten, testify, and collaborate in the great tasks which are common to us. Here is one of the plenipotentiaries. We must have others. We have too many important messages to communicate which cannot pass through hands less faithful and sincere.

Our joy is great at the coming of this ambassador, even for those who suspected the existence of another America than that of the frock-coated gentlemen. To-day they are sure that this America exists ; they watch her pass, touch her and follow her with their eyes and their hearts. They will never again forget the features of her young countenance.

By virtue of the fact that all beautiful things are common property, we are tempted not only to joyfully accept " Our America " but to consider her henceforth ours also. We wish to annex her to the beautiful kingdom which is made by the discoveries of all the Waldo Franks, — the only kingdom of which we claim to be sons. For we are insatiable conquerors of new spiritual provinces. This one delights us as few have done by its freshness and its promise. We are happy as children — as men in whom childhood has not died — at the thought of the expeditions which we will undertake, to this virgin land, rich as in the first morning of the world, to this land, which offers herself to the hunger of the souls of today once gain seeking a new world.

LEON BAZALGETTE.

RIO BO.

Three tiny houses
with roofs that are pointed,
customary verdure,
a thread of running water : Rio Bo,
a vigilant cypress.
Microscopic country, it is true,
country of nothingness, and yet . . .
above there is always a star,
a large, magnificent star,
which is almost near . . .
and with the tip of the cypress
ogles Rio Bo.
A star enamoured !
Who knows
if such a star ever comes
to a great city ?

CHI SONO ?

Who am I ?
A poet perhaps ?
Not certain.
I write but one word, very strange,
with the pen of my soul :
folly.
Am I then a painter ?
Not even this.

There is only one color
on the palette of my soul:
melancholy.
A composer then?
Not at all.
There is only one note
on the keyboard of my soul:
nostalgia.
What am I then?
I place a lens
in front of my heart
to be seen by all people.
Who am I?
The mountebank of my soul.

From the Italian of
ALDO PALAZZESCHI.

NUDE.

You, nude in front of the rose lamp,
and the ivory, the silver, the mother-of-pearl,
filled with the reflections
of your flesh so softly luminous.

A shivering in the boudoir of silk,
a murmur on the window half-open,
a thread of odour comes
from the night of the open acacias,
and a large butterfly unaware
that around you
one doesn't burn his wings,
but his soul.

From the Italian of
LUCIANO FOLGORE.

HENRI MATISSE. Still Life.

Courtesy Bernheim-Jeune Gallery — Paris.

HAZI, WIFE OF SENDER SURTUCK.

I can still picture to myself Hazi, Sender Surtuck's wife, as I saw her more than twenty years ago. Sender, the Tartar trader, had crossed the frozen Danube on an ox-cart laden with barrels of honey and his new wife. It was her first trip from the marshlands, from the Dobrujdea into Roumania. Her husband had taken her along to show her that he was not without friends in the land of the Ghiaours. We, the children of the house, watched her as she descended gracefully from the cart. A heavy veil with eye-holes was hanging over her face to hide her features from the sight of other men than her husband. But after she had entered mothers's room she threw her veil over her head and we looked at her while Sender was making his " salaams " to the master of the house. I still remember myself thinking that I was happy still to be considered a child, and therefore privileged to see the Cadina's face. Her hair was thick, black and luscious. Her eyes were big and of a deep brown water. Her mouth was like a perfectly spanned arch in repose. She was of a rather smallish build but of perfect proportion and walked with a kind of rythmic glide I have known in only one other woman, besides Hazi, Sender Surtuck's wife.

It was late in the afternoon, and Mother, who had taken a fancy to Hazi, much to my delight, insisted that Sender and his wife remain in our house over-night. Sender protested at first saying that he had already made arrangements with the " Chanjii ," the innkeeper, yet even while protesting he helped the man-servant unyoke the big white oxen and asked for a vase in which to draw some honey for the table from one of the barrels standing on its bottom in the cart. Surely " Effendi " Janco's wife would permit him to contribute some sweet gold to the evening meal ; and he was sure that the " chiujiuks, " the children, would like it. Only he had not meant to intrude. He was still strongly minded to pass the night in the " Chan. " He had only wanted to say *Salaam Haleikam* to his old friend " Effendi " Janco. Yet if the lady of the house wanted to show such great favor to his " Cadina " how could he refuse ! Of a certainty Hazi, who had never before been away from the marshes of Tartar Bazshik, would remember to tell the event to her children, if Allah should think her worthy of his grace, and they in turn shall

tell of the event to their children, for it was not every day that Tartars, poor marshland traders were housed in " Effendi " Janco's home.

It was a long-winded speech delivered with accompanying gestures and salaams, while the honey as clear as liquid amber was slowly filling the glass pitcher which had been handed to the guest from Dobrudjea.

Afterwards Sender went off with Father to the stables. The two had much to tell one another for they were old friends. Hazi was taken into Mother's room. It seemed ages before we were called to dinner. Hazi only lifted the lower part of her veil, up to her nose, as she sat down to eat, and she was as much embarassed as she was amused by forks and spoons and their use. She had never seen such tools before. She clapped her hands noisily when she saw how skillfully her husband used a fork and spoon. She had never known Sender to be such a learned man. Why! he used these tools almost as well as " Effendi. " They must buy a few of them in the store before they return home across the Danube.

Sender thought it well to excuse his wife's exhuberance.

" She is young. She has never been outside her home. "

" But she is good and healthy. She stands me two hundred ducats in gold! She is the daughter of an 'Osmanli' with blood of 'Chans' in her veins. " But Mother kissed Hazi and said she would be very happy to have her near her every winter.

" Oh, Sender! " Hazi exclaimed with pleading voice.

" Allah forbids to promise. Promise is Allah's great privilege, " spoke Sender soberly. Yet that was as good as promised and the two women kissed again. They both understood guarded speech. After dinner Sender permitted, nay, asked his wife to dance. As a " bayadere " she had no equal on earth, he assured us as he squatted down on the rug near the fire-place to prepare his pipe. And then, Hazi danced to her husband's not very inspiring song. I have since known only one woman, I believe, able to dance as gracefully; and that woman does not dance. Hazi's limbs moved gracefully in harmony with the movement of her torso which swayed like a young birch tree when the east wind is blowing. While she danced her open palms and long fingers drew intricate arabesques in the smoke-thick air. It was as if her limbs and torso were singing the song of the body. When the dance was finished Hazi flitted with Mother from the room; marvelling at the novelty of kerosene lamps, delighted by a sound from a piano and almost hysterical when she saw a sewing machine at work.

When Sender had finally joined his wife in the guest room, which was next to my own den, they talked away the greater part of the night. She was telling him about all the things she had seen, and he continually impressed upon her

the fact that it was not given to every Tartar to have such a friend as the " Effendi " Janco, who owned such marvels, and that it was to him that she chiefly owed the great honor shown her.

" And Sender, you must buy me tools to eat with. They will all marvel at home ! "

" I shall buy you tools to eat with and should I sell my honey I'll buy a candle giving ten times more light than a wax candle, yet it is not a candle and burns with the aid of a certain heavy smelling water called ' kurusin, ' " Sender assured her before falling asleep. Sender Surtuck loved his wife Hazi and was even ready to buy a ghiaour-made thing to please her.

I could not sleep. I could have murdered the Tartar for the happiness that was his. The love that was his. For the beautiful " bayadere " that was his — lying so close to him, talking while he snored heavily. He was a happy man. —

Yet, a few months later, on an evening of the spring of the same year, Sender Surtuck killed Hazi with his own hands ; drove his short knife into her heart as she kneeled before him with arms raised above her head to make it easier for him. The story of her death was told to me by Kezhman Ali, the old " Chiaoush " and " Calfan " who was both priest and banker to the people of Tartar Bazhik.

" And the Koran says, ' Life without love is like love without life. ' It is death, my son. So you need no longer wonder why Sender Surtuck married Hazi, so young and so beautiful, after he had counted in his life more than fifty times twelve new moons. Sender Surtuck was healthy and strong and therefore he paid the two hundred ducats Hazi's father demanded for his daughter. It was wise of Sender ; for love giveth to life new lease and with each new love man renews his youth. Hale men want to live, therefore they love and seek new love when the old dieth. And it is wise that it happens so and the Koran ordains that is be so. That is why we Mussulmans have more white bearded youths than the Ghiaours have. This is why we are young to the grave. Consider, my son ! After the wedding Sender and Hazi crossed the Danube. And on coming home brought from the other side silks, and woolen cloth, and eating tools as used by Effendis, and a water-burning candle that gives great light, making night into day. And I, as the Chiaoush, forbade the use of the water-burning candle because of its changing the order of life. It is written that day shall be day and night shall be night. That the sun gives light for the day.

" Sender was in his hut most of the winter. He had no trading to do. The bees were hibernating. There was plenty of honey left, and quarters of lambs, and ' kummis ' aplenty. And as the last married man, Sender was entitled to all the titbits of freshly killed animals ; brains and kidneys and tongues. In-

deed it was a winter of pleasure for Sender Surtuck. Plenty of food, a warm hut and a young wife, who was also a ' bayadere ', dancing before him every day at eventide. What more could a man want ? So Sender Surtuck was happy. But was she happy ? No, my son, not always. Not as much as she desired. She was not. For youth craves youth for companionship. Youth wants changes. It is why we have four seasons. Old age would be satisfied with only one long season. When youth walks there is a movement from the foot to the ankle, from the ankle to the knee, and from the knee to the hip. But see an old man walk ! Oh ! my son ; from the hips move his limbs. Youth ! And Sender would not let his wife out of sight.

" She should have been playing with the young maidens of the tribe. There was Fatma and Rozi and Stepna and Jahde who danced and made merry and laughed and sang while weaving cloth and spinning wool. And their laughter echoed around Hazi's hut. But Sender would not let her be merry among the girls ; for, with them were young men. The maidens were all unveiled and showed their faces to the men, and their bare legs as they danced. And when the maidens were alone there was talk about young men ; praise of youth and strength and repeated talk of love. Hazi longed to dance before other eyes than Sender's, therefore her own eyes took on the haze of eyes of men traveling the seas.

" She looked past Sender's head when she danced ; looked through the walls, and her ears trained themselves to hear the footsteps of the young men going to the maidens' quarters. She had seen them on only rare occasions. But she knew when broad-shouldered Kennal passed by the hut. She knew when Osman sauntered by and when Kergez stole up to Fatma's sleeping quarters. So she began to beg of Sender to let her go to the maidens to weave cloth for her husband. Her fingers longed to weave cloth, she assured him. And the kind she could weave no other woman ever wove. For her mother had been the best weaver. And the cloth made for the burnuz and pantaloons of her father and brothers was the finest grained cloth the faithful ever wore. And by these entreaties she obtained Sender's will to let her do as she pleased. But before she had gone Sender spoke to her as follows :

" I let you go among the maidens and young men. Only remember the law of Kurguzes, my tribe. ' A woman who has dishonored her husband's house is killed by him and her body is thrown to the ' wolves. ' "

" It is the same as with the Osmanlis, " she answered. " And it is four hundred years since a woman of my tribe has so been punished. How long is it since one of yours was so punished ? " Sender did not answer and Hazi's pride in her tribe rose. And so Hazi went forth to weave cloth. There was no evil thought in her mind. There came no evil thoughts to the minds of the young men as they watched her dance ; for truly, they were Kurguzes, each one

of them. Even though she was the best Bayadere they had ever seen, the men feasted their eyes on her beautiful movements, considering Sender a happy man to have her, but were grateful to him for letting her be amongst them and were not envious of him.

" And amongst the young men was one Nazim, the son of Mechmet Ali. Nazim's mother had counted twenty times twelve moons since she had given him birth. A shy quiet boy was Nazim. Tall and heavy and clumsy he was. His hair was dull and his eyes had no glint in them. He never sang when the other young men sang and when he spoke his words were like a scant horde in retreat before an enemy.

" The Kurguzes are all smooth tongued, being traders. Their words are like marching hordes in triumph, one close to the other and swinging in long lines. And tellers of tales they are and singers and dancers. And the maidens and youth all mocked Nazim. And there was not one of the girls, the poorest of them, not even the one-eyed Ape, that would have thought of marrying Nazim. Not for a hundred ducats would her father have sold her to him for a wife. They thought him a fool, dull, and stupid ; with no will, no mind, no fire. They mocked and insulted him. Yet he never rose in anger and just smiled sheepishly. Though he was as strong as an ox, when at work, he offered no more resistance than a lamb when tussled by the young men in play. And one day, when they had mocked Nazim overmuch, Hazi spoke to the youths :

" Why do you mock him ? Because he is not loud-mouthed ? Because he is strong and would not use his strength to hurt you ? It seems to me that if I were to have to choose today amongst you men, I should choose no other man than Nazim. And I am an Osmanli. The men of my tribe are strong and brave in battle, but gentle with their friends and kin."

" Nazim heard what she said and when he made sure that she did not say it in mockery, he looked at her. Something stirred in him and the fire leaped to his eyes and stayed there. A few days later there was much singing in the weaving hut. The white cloth for the old Hagii was finished. And after Hazi had danced the youths began to sing. And there was one voice that rose higher than the other voices. Higher and rounder and warmer. And that voice was Nazim's. So Fatma looked at the youth and saw for the first time what a beautiful mouth he had. And from there she looked at Hazi and saw that Nazim sang to her. And every one wondered why Nazim had never sung before.

" Still a few days later there was a dance in which the young men danced with the maidens. Fatma danced with Nazim and felt the warm glow of his body and the hot flush of his cheek as his feet moved smoothly and swiftly. She spoke to him as they danced and his words flowed slowly but steadily in answer. And there was wisdom, tempered by beauty of speech. After the dance there

was wrestling. Nazim's strength showed itself. He only used half of it to best the strongest youths.

" So they began to ask one another : ' What has happened to Nazim ? ' For lo ! in less than a moon his dull hair was as shiny as any one's. His eyes had a glint, his cheeks color, his mouth freshness and his voice was so beautiful and strong ! He was still shy. But it was the shyness of strength ; the shyness of a man afraid to use his strength lest it kill. And with the steady flow of words also came a steady gait in his lower limbs. And his arms no longer hung limply at his sides when he spoke to people. And the maidens vied with each other to please him, but he had eyes only for Hazi. He took her home evenings to Sender's hut and even came to call for her and went with her to the youths' quarters. Sender doubted nothing. Why should he ? For would it not be beneath him to suspect a woman of the Osmanlis ? And was it not known that Nazim was only half-witted ? The news of the change in the boy had not yet reached the older people.

" And as Nazim walked near Hazi his mind unfolded as a flower unfolds in warm rain after a dry spell. Truly, it was as if she were a second mother, the one giving birth to his soul. The first one had given the shell of the boy from her flesh : and now, that other one was filling the shell with all that was beautiful within her. Or better still, it was like a master potter taking over an ill shaped vase of soft clay and fashioning it over. And Hazi took great pleasure in what she was doing. For Allah had given her a clear mind and a good heart. She did not know what was slowly coming into her blood, what was echoing in it. She did not know that she herself was growing more beautiful and wiser as she gave wisdom and beauty. For wisdom is like a water spring; the more you draw from it, the clearer it runs.

" Their eyes opened to Nazim's awakening, the maidens vied with each other to please him. And Fatma, who had mocked the boy more frequently than any other of the girls, was now the one deploying all her means to captivate him. And all the other youths were now as nothing compared to Nazim. For, was he not stronger, and more beautiful and wiser than all of them ? And did not his voice rise like the waves when the tide comes in ?

" Nazim loved Hazi. But, with a different love than Fatma succeeded in awakening. For he was a Kurguz and could not even think of helping a woman to dishonor her husband's house. And so one day when he was walking with Hazi he told her, ' I love Fatma. Yesternight I took the moon as witness that I am to marry her. She loves me, Fatma, she loves me. '

" Listening to his words Hazi's feet grew heavy. Her chest began to heave and her head to swim. Her arms ached and her limbs pained and her mouth suddenly became like a chimney through which flames were rising to the heavens.

She gave a loud cry and fainted. She herself had not known before what she felt for the boy. It was only when he had told her that he was to marry another woman that she realized the love that was in her heart. Yet it did not come clear to her. It did not happen in the guise of sin. She only felt like one who has prepared the best food, served it at the table, and was forbidden to eat it — yet had to watch the others eat what she had prepared.

" For three days and three nights she was unconscious. And her husband sitting at her bedside could not string together the words she said while in high fever. The Hojea was called. He gave her drinks of boiled herbs and roots. But they helped not. Then, early on the fourth day Nazim entered the hut. Sender allowed him to go to her bed-side even while her face was uncovered. For he thought nothing of Nazim. It was as if Nazim was not a man at all. He was so childish. It was the first time Nazim had seen Hazi's face. Pale and feverish as it was it was more beautiful than Fatma's. And by that time he also understood why Senders' wife had swooned. But Nazim was a Kurguz. She was another man's wife.

' Hazi, ' the boy spoke as he sat down near the bed, ' I Nazim, have come to see you. ' Hazi opened her eyes and looked at him. Then understanding came to her and she smiled as she said :

' It is well you did. I waited for you. I should have died if you had not come. But now, I shall be well again. And when you marry Fatma I shall dance my best, if it so please you. '

" It was only then that Sender heard about Nazim's promise to Fatma and he wondered that so beautiful a girl should want to marry so stupid a boy. Yet very soon he too like the others learned about Nazim's wonderful unfolding. And every one spoke about the miracle. And it was as clear as day that the prophet had kissed the boy's brow in his sleep.

" Hazi ceased to weave cloth and kept to her hut. When pain and longing overcame her she prayed and fasted and begged Allah to take her to himself. When Sender was not in the hut she cried and sobbed and called out Nazim's name aloud, ' Nazim, my Nazim. '

" After a while news came to Hazi that the wedding between Fatma and Nazim was set for the second moon after the snow should have been melted and drunk by the soil. At times she rushed out to the door of the hut to meet Nazim and tell him that it could not be. But the teaching of her mother, of her faith, forbade her feet to go farther. She was Sender's wife. She then felt remorse, and because of that she overwhelmed Sender with greater love and gave him more frequent caresses ; to drown her passion for the one she loved in the flesh of the one for whom she had no love. Yet every time she did so she rose in the morning with a feeling of having committed a greater sin

than adultery. For she sinned both ways. Sinned in her mind and in her flesh. The caresses she gave her husband were meant for Nazim.

" The snow began to melt, the days lengthened. The howls of the wolves became more distant every night. The ice on the river melted and the birds began to flit in the naked trees for worms and grub between the folds of the bark.

" Neither was Nazim happy. His wisdom had brought too much sadness in his life. He knew why Hazi was never seen anywhere and he longed to see her. And he too prayed and cried. But he was a Kurguz. Another man's wife is another man's wife, and a promise is a promise. ' For it is better not to save a man from death than to break a promise to a faithful one,' says the Koran.

" Then, one evening, when Sender had again gone away to sell his honey, Hazi waited for Nazim to come out from the maidens' quarter. She only wanted to see him. But when she saw him she could no longer hold out against her love and throwing her arms around his neck she cried :

' Nazim, come, let us run away to the land of the Ghiaours where we could be happy.'

" Nazim drew his head from the noose of her coiled arms and spoke gently but firmly even while his great body shook with fear lest his passion be stronger than his faith.

' It could not be, Hazi. You are another man's wife.'

" But she would not hear of it. Fidelity, faith, teaching, training, had been melted by love as snow is melted by the sun. She had him come to her hut, and there, in the dark she threw her arms again around the boy's neck and kissed him ; burned his cheeks with her hot lips. ' Nazim,' she cried, ' you must be mine.' But Nazim was a Kurguz.

' You are another man's wife, ' he said, as he pinned her arms to her sides : ' Allah has given me wisdom to use it for his praise and not to dishonor my kin. And if Allah has willed that I suffer because of that, it is Allah's will and not mine that I must follow.'

' Allah ! Allah ! ' Hazi answered. ' Nazim ! Nazim ! Have I brought luster to your hair that another woman should play with it ? Have I brought fire into your eyes that another woman should feast on them ? Have I tuned the chords of your voice for another woman to hear it ? Have I brought warmth to your limbs that another woman should feel the touch of them ? And whatever there is in you other women now love, it is I that have given you and I call it mine. And wisdom has come to me that Allah himself thinks it sinful to give caresses to other than the one you love. And I love you, Nazim. Let go of my arms that I may touch you.'

' I have promised Fatma.'

'Never, never will you be Fatma's. It is me you love, not Fatma. It is sinful to marry her. I shall not live to see you marry her. And you shall not marry her after my death.'

"Till late in the night the two sat together and talked, but when Nazim left the hut his faith had been stronger than her love and his own passion. He went to his hut with her last words ringing in his ears, 'Nazim you shall never wed Fatma while I am alive. And you will not wed her after my death. For my love for you is stronger than my faith and my life and the oath I swore to my husband and the teaching of my mother.'

"The snow melted rapidly. The women were now ready with Fatma's wedding dresses. The maidens were merrier than ever. Their quarters were gay from sunrise to late in the night. The bees began to stir in the combs, and the mares dropped colts, the eaves lambs, and frogs were heard to croak in the pools.

"Two more weeks to the wedding of Fatma to Nazim. One more week to the wedding of Fatma to Nazim. Two more days. The Hojea has been brought from Cerna Voda. The horses are being trained for the races and stunts. The women watch Fatma day and night. They teach her what the prophet has ordained a bride must know. She must sit for hours and untie complicated knots and disentangle thread without breaking it. She is taught patience and submission; the two great virtues of a wife, next to fidelity. She is taught to smile and laugh when in pain. She is taught to listen to speech without answering. For it is no little thing to be a wife! To be both useful and sweet. To be like milk; to nourish even when curdled by time and warmth.

"The day of the wedding Hazi sought out Nazim and spoke to him again:

'Nazim,' she said, 'I cannot bear the thought of giving you away to another woman. I can not bear the thought of another woman's bare arm around your neck, of another woman's lips on the lips to which I have given life. Those thoughts are like dull knives cutting my flesh underneath the skin. Nazim, there is still time. The anger of Sender, the hatred of the whole tribe, the shame of Fatma, even the blasphemy of the Hojea and death are nothing to me. Come, let us run away. And if the men overtake us we shall both die, if Allah so wills. But I can not bear the thought of your being another woman's husband, and I can no longer be Sender's wife. So it is with you that rests my life or my death. Speak!'

"For a long while he looked at her (she had thrown her veil over-head) saw that her cheeks were sunken and pale; that her eyes were red from much crying and little sleep; that her arms had lost their roundness, and her fingers no longer kept together, but twitched and coiled one over the other as twitches and curls flesh over open fire. And his own heart battled against his mind;

against the wisdom she had given him and which she now asked him to betray. Then tears came to his eyes as he said :

' It can not be, Hazi. It can not be. I am to wed Fatma tonight.'

' You will not!' she cried, beating his chest with her two fists. He let her do as she pleased. He would have let her drive knives through his heart if she so wanted. All of a sudden she ceased. She became quiet and cold, looked at him for a while, then she begged :

' Kiss me. Oh Nazim ! Kiss me on my mouth once only. The first and the last time. Kiss me, Nazim.'

" He ran away without turning his head. A woman is a woman. Faith and teaching are nothing to a woman when she loves. Love is her faith. But Nazim was a Kurguz, a man.

" The night of the wedding. The earth was dry and warm. There was a large circle of small fires around which sat the maidens and the youths. Within the circle, in the center sat the white bearded Hojea, in new white vestments, and around him the people of the tribe. The men on one side and the women on the other. To the right of the holy man sat Nazim and to the left Fatma, dressed in silks and atlass. A white veil pinned to her hair was ready to be thrown over her face. After the evening prayers, I, as the Chiaoush, read the marriage contract. Six horses and four hundred ducats in gold Nazim's father had asked to be written in as price to Fatma's father for a wife to his son.

" After I was through reading the Hojea stood up and said so that everybody should hear :

' Is there anybody here who should not be here ? Whose heart is full of anger, whose mind harbors evil thoughts ? Speak. Thrice shall I ask the same thing before pronouncing Nazim and Fatma man and wife. Before taking the moon as witness. The moon and the stars, the children of the prophets. Is there anybody here who should not be here ? '

' I,' shouted Hazi, ' For I have dishonored my husband's house and I am ready to pay for the sin with my life.'

" Even the fire ceased cracking when the Hojea sat down and covered his eyes with his hands. The others did likewise. Hazi rose from her place and walked slowly to her hut followed by Sender Surtuck. We held our breath until we heard a loud scream from there. May Allah be merciful to her soul. And then we turned around. Nazim was dead. Had died without a scream by Fatma's hasty hand.

" Hazi was still alive. So before dying Hazi told the truth to her husband and to the Hojea ; that she wanted to die that her death be a bar to Nazim's wedding.

" So if you ever meet Sender Surtuck, for he is wandering aimlessly from

place to place, talk kindly to him, my son. Don't look upon him as a murderer. For though Hazi had never sinned in the flesh, her sin was still a very great one. May Allah be kind to her soul, and forgive her since her love was more to her than her life which was his, Allah's, the only one, and Mahomet's, who is his only prophet.

"And ever since that night young lambs are dying, horses grow lame, and mothers' breasts are dry. And there is much crying in our tribe. There is no song in our youths. For each one of them is losing his youth. And they are slow at trading. Their speech is too slow. For every man that buys must pay for the speech of the man who sells. And if a trader be dumb his horse is lame. But if a trader be smooth of tongue the lame horse is clean of limb and the blind horse sees. And there must be joy in selling if it is to bring profit. But selling what is yours to buy food with gives no joy, and therefore the speech is slow... It is like showing the speed of a horse with reins checked short. Consider, my son. If you ever meet Sender Surtuck..."

And Kezhman Ali, the "Chiaoush" and "Chalfan," the priest and banker of Tartar Bazhik, wept bitterly.

KONRAD BERCOVICI.

THE BIRD WITH THE COPPERY, KEEN CLAWS.

Above the forest of the parakeets,
A parakeet of parakeets prevails,
A pip of life amid a mort of tails.

(The rudiments of tropics are around,
Aloe of ivory, pear of rusty rind).
His lids are white because his eyes are blind.

He is not paradise of parakeets,
Of his gold ether, golden alguazil,
Except because he broods there and is still.

Panache upon panache, his tails deploy
Upward and outward, in green-vented forms,
His tip a drop of water full of storms.

But though the turbulent tinges undulate
As his pure intellect applies its laws,
He moves not on his coppery, keen claws.

He munches a dry shell while he exerts
His will, yet never ceases, perfect cock,
To flare, in the sun-pallor of his rock.

WALLACE STEVENS.

I.

MIST.

There is a mist over this lake.
It shrouds the colors and the sounds as well;
It is wrapped over the hills like a strong veil
And it blurs the patterns that the pine trees make,
    lace-woven over the sky.

Old Sun, you can not pierce it;
As I look at you, you seem no more than
A brightly — cloudy glass sphere.

Little birds, your chirring is dull . . .
A cow-bell, clanking in the woods,
Has the muffled music of minor thirds.

Oh mist, you have lessened everything —
Even my longing is choked within my breast;
I can find no song for it.

II.

ANTI-EROTIC.

Hold me so and press my head
Close to your shoulder with a gentle hand;
And do not wonder that this mild caress
Dearer to me than all your passion is.

For passion one can have from many men.
When a woman flames to the new life of Spring,
Men read the ardor and the dreaming in her eyes
As tributes to themselves — and burn to her.

But to be cherished as a child is cherished,
To be held as something incredibly dear . . .
This is like the delicate hopes of childhood,
Like waking from December into the sweet air of May.

JEAN STARR UNTERMEYER.

ONE MOMENT ONLY.

What river do we walk beside,
So red and strong and throbbing like a heart? —
O Brain, now you and I
Are dreaming of the river of all Blood.

Dive from this bank, and I will follow;
And we will swim against the current up.
Plunge! Ah, do not awaken:
Loud the blood flows. Strike upward to the source.

Hold me! — You must not tire;
For you and I will talk of this years after;
We shall remember it for ever.
I am so happy now.

You're failing, failing. We shall drown.
Where are you? I have lost you in the dark.
Oh, the thick blood is roaring through my body.
Into what world have I awakened now?
Brain, could you not have dreamed a little longer?

HAROLD MUNRO.

PELLEAS NIGHT.

She left me sitting there in the warm candle-light watching the little flames sedately poise themselves on the blackened sticks of wood. . . one moment they are. . . then they are not . . .Who severs the thin thread of blue that attaches them to their ephemeral life ? Where do they go ? Who are they that live again, gloriously, for a moment ? Nicoletta had clicked up the stairs to the balcony to change her dress, for we were going to the opera . . . which was to be Pelleas . . . Wallace had looked up sadly from his contemplation of Marco Polo when I had gone home to — fifth Street, late in the afternoon — Wallace devours books of travels when he is unhappy just like some people knit, or smoke, or find things to tack on the wall — with : " Sandyman, Nunkie has donated his box for this evening . . . "

" What's the matter ? can't you go ? "

" Got to take Aunt Nelly to a lecture . . . promised to two weeks ago . . . it's her only evening in town . . . and she . . . "

" But surely your Aunt Nelly would rather go to the opera than to the stupidest lecture ever delivered — (just why is a lecture always ' delivered ? ' most of them don't seem to have come from anywhere) — wouldn't she ? "

" You don't know my Aunt Nelly, " said Wallace, dolefully. " She has a passion for lectures. . . this one particular is. . . Oh ! hell . . . "

" Have you asked her ? Sometimes, you know, ' opera ' is a mighty potent word-suggestion to the female of the species. "

" But the opera is Pelleas ! " Wallace glowered . . . " do you see *me* going to Pelleas . . . with my *aunt* ? "

" No, Wallace, I can quite see how you feel about it . . . if it were Rigoletto, now, or Faust . . . something more in the line of the polite, old-fashioned theme of betrayal, you might expect your Aunt Nelly to forego " The Pre-Conclusion of the Infinite ". . . or is it worse than that ? and be in a flutter over poor Marguerite . . . so trusting . . . so croolly . . . " Marco Polo passed my head at a rapid gait and landed in the other room somewhere. . . causing the sleepy Aephostopholous to blink an eye in mild surprise, accustomed as he is to his master's vagaries.

"*Will* you stop?" asked Wallace, in accents injured... "Why rub it in?" "There are some operas that I will *not* go to hear with anyone but..." "... but with a woman for whom you have a..." but I desisted, for Wallace will not stand much of the sandpapering of affectionate malice... besides I did not wish to goad him to the point of with-holding the tickets from me, which would have been insupportable... so in crocodile tones I inquired: "I don't really see what you can do, Wallace... it's a darned shame... what had you intended to do with the tickets?"

"I *was* going to give them to you," said Wallace, morosely. "But it seems to me that I have heard *you* pronounce that no man of soul would witness Pelleas, nor Tristan, nor Manon... unless he were in love, and could..." mocked Wallace, becoming maliceful in his turn. "But of course, if you're completely resigned to your celibate mysogony... naturally you wouldn't care to go to Pelleas... I'll call up Jerry."

"No you won't," I protested... "you know very well that Jerry isn't a man to squander a box to Pelleas on."

Wallace smiled maliciously. "Thought I'd catch you, Sandyman," he said, quietly. And that was all that he said.

And I, in feverish haste, began to dress. By good fortune Jerry had not commandeered the triumvirate raiment of impeccability that evening... and an inquiring glance at Wallace satisfied me that *he* would meet his Aunt Nelly in grey serge...

For I had an engagement to dine with Nicolette, at her own fireside... and to go to Pelleas with Nicolette, for whom I always reserved, in my mind's eye, all the choicest of concerts and the most delectable of ballets and... in short, the perfection of life... and here was one of its perfections, fallen from the sky and Wallace's Nunkie...

Wallace had not spoken again... he was wandering around, his eye turned sedulously away from me... but if a flute could speak... and Wallace's could, the dolorous "Ach, der Qualen" of Paderewski and the fragment of "Die Lorelei" that he was playing: 'muted wood wind,' he had not missed anything that was in the air.

He was long and lean, was Wallace... and very like a mediaeval monk in feature... he leaned against a door post and gave the impression of an abstraction... suddenly he dropped the flute and darted out of the door as if he had heard the telephone... 'perhaps Aunt Nelly has peritonitis,' was my first thought... and then, 'perhaps it's later than I thought, and Wallace has dashed off for dinner... the tickets! No, upon reflection, you don't have to have tickets for a box... you simply stroll past the door-man and up the stairs, and tersely ask to have No. 33, or No. 58 opened for you... as the case might be,

and Wallace's Nunkie's box number I knew . . . why had he gone so abruptly? I was still pondering as I draped the coat of evening over a chair to give it the once over, when Wallace came in in a leisurely fashion, looking rather sheepish. When you have lived with Wallace as many years as I have you don't ask him questions . . . indeed that is the secret of any two men living together in amity and without friction . . . they make no demands on each other . . . exhibit no curiosity . . . intuitively knowing a great deal about each other, and not making any comment about it.

Wallace resumed " die Lorelei, " keeping a wary and amused eye on me, and as I buckled on the armour of civilization and addressed the necktie Wallace rifted into the shepherd motif of Tristan . . . Confond his malice, I thought, and what's he watching me like a hawk for . . . is he afraid I'll take his gold-headed stick when he isn't looking? Base thought! Your friend gives you a box to Pelleas, and you suspect him of suspicion! I went to find something in the other room, still pondering Wallace's demeanour . . . while I was in there the flute ended its poignant wail and struck the gay, feverish, happy, joyous, second motif of the shepherd . . . ' the ship comes' . . . What *did* he mean by it all? Now he was whistling, the mercurial imp, and making a great clatter with stick, brush and hat . . . for Wallace carefully rubs his cherished stick with a sofa cushion before going out . . . perfectly ' understanding the nice conduct of a clouded cane! ' in a satirical fashion all his own, and to be well brushed is to Wallace as rigid a rule as Beau Brummel's " clean linen, plenty of it, and country washing . . . "

I came in to find Wallace, still smiling mysteriously, hat on head, gloves in hand . . . evidently waiting to say something.

I hustled into my coat, found Jerry's muffler, looked to cigarette case, keys, handkerchief, . . . " know where Jonny's concertina hat is? " I asked. Jonny was an English lad who had lived with us one year . . . In the flurry of getting Jonny and his three trunks, four bags . . . including Mr. Gladstone, and the other one which Wallace had humorously dubbed Dizzy . . . after Disraeli, because a bag *is* a Prime Minister, and thirdly because it was alligator and had turned green from having a pot of dye spilled on it in the night through Aephostopholous' temperamental habit of stalking on the tops of the highest furniture when the wind blew and frightened him . . . it did look dizzy, that bag . . . *and* the hat box, which was the symbol of Jonny's arrival to man's estate when he had left London to come to the New World and learn the inwardness of the manufacture of pig iron, which his Father had vast interests in . . . well, in getting Jonny off to Egypt, the hat box, tragically for him, had been left on the pier . . . it had been hard to get all Jonny's pairs of boots packed that morning, and Jonny always slept late and some of the boots had to be left behind after all, though

we did catch the steamer by a gang plank's breadth, and the last word we had from Jonny across the widening void was ' Hatbox . . . hat' — until the whistle drowned the rest . . . and so Jonny had gone out of our lives, leaving his hat box, equipped with ' topper ' and concertina, the which had vastly increased our three several impressivinesses subsequently, on many occasions. The ' topper ' was an excellent one, but the concertina was uncertain. It had a bad habit of shutting up when you didn't want it to, and of staying open as you feverishly pressed the springs against your chest . . . however, it *was* a hat, and Wallace knew where it was and found it and handed it to me . . . still with that satirical smile of his . . . " Got the time ? " I asked, dressing being fait accompli . . Wallace's expression changed. " My watch is being mended, " he said.

" Why, you had it this morning ! "

" Yes, but it got heart trouble, and . . . "

I was slapping all my pockets to see if anything was forgotten. In the inside coat pocket I found something crisp and surprisingly like money. I drew it out in amazement . . . I hadn't any but some silver . . . who had worn the coat last ? Jerry ? He sometimes leaves money around. I looked at Wallace inquiringly. He was very sheepish. " I thought there might be violets, and a hansom or two, " he said, awkwardly . . . and you didn't have any money this morning, Sandyman. " And the door closed on Wallace, the delightful and penetrating friend, who had dashed out to hang his watch on a small brass hook under the sign of the Medici, in order to slip money into my coat !

Violets indeed, and a hansom or two ! Why not ?

Wallace, had he lived in the fourteenth century, where he belonged, would have been an abbot, or a prince of the church, and would have bestowed, with a free hand, fiefs, upon his friends of the ale-house, and manors and forests. He would have been a friend of François Villon's, a little earlier, and that able and charming cut-throat would have had velvet and unlimited credit, and Wallace, after dining in a low tavern with François, would have proceeded to the picturesque anointing of a bishop with the same unction, wearing a garnet ring upon his thumb !

What strange souls dwell in our twentieth century bodies ! Wallace's was as full of anachronisms as anyone's ; startling New England inhibitions were always leaping out of him, despite his true catholicity. A stranger could not with impunity ask him to drink a glass of wine at the Old Grape Vine, though any waif or woman of the streets could command his ready sympathy and his purse . . . but strike deep through the veneer of the New Englander, and you could find Wallace's reckless, Quixotic, loving-kindness, his mediaeval malice, and a deep store of understanding.

There are ' old souls ' and new souls . . . and one's friend-ships are somehow

based on the length of cosmic time that one has spent in these centuries that we know, and those other dim ones that are as yet unread by us. We are most of us throwbacks, to another age, or another bundle of race traditions, and if it is true that you may know a man by his friends, you may also know him by his silences and his aversions . . .

Nicolette was carrying on a spasmodic conversation with me, over the balcony railing of the Cuckoo Clock (as she called her little studio) which was curtained like the gallery of a Carmelite nunnery church . . .

" Pirka . . . I shall wear the blue necklace ? "

" Do, Nicolette, and the lavender stole, too . . . "

" It is a *big* box, Pirka ? where we shall sit ? "

" Almost as big as the Cuckoo Clock, Nicoletta, and considerably larger than a hansom cab. "

" Is that hansom coming here ? "

" It is at the gate, I heard it just now. "

" Is it a blue one, with little mirrors in it ? "

" All complete, mirrors, cushion, doors, bell on horse, trap door, quarter-deck, lanterns, Nicoletta mia. "

A small sigh from the gallery.

" Then I can wear my highest heels . . . "

" One always wears heels to the opera. "

" Why do you always say ' one ' ? "

" Personal particular pronoun, meaning you, or me, as the case might be, never anyone else. "

" That Lily was here today . "

" Had she heard from her lover ? "

Nicoletta laughed. " That boy, " she rippled, " he send her — what do you think ? — a *hat* ! "

" Even a Lily has to have a hat, though her toil . . . ! "

" But this was *such* hat ! She wore it, *so* . . . " (N. looked out through the curtains of the gallery, with a large powder puff) " and blue roses on a green hat, with pink, pink, like a baby in the sun, under her chin — she wanted . . . Lily wanted — me to write to him a letter for her . . . I gave her some slippers that I wear to Webster Hall dance . . . and she went away, so pleas ' ! How do I look ? " (descending the stair slowly, making the most of her gloves).

" As ravishing as is safe for one of your years and sex. "

" What's sex ? "

(The third glove button yielded to persuasion.)

" No one knows, exactly. It is what makes trouble for everybody. "

" I don't believe you when you smile like that. "

(Fourth button achieved.)

"Smiling was invented to conceal one's thoughts."

"But I know *yours*." (Triumphant fifth button; descent of one step.)

"You're thinking how nice you look in all that shirt-front, and your forelock like a poet wears."

"I was thinking . . . of you."

"Well, if you were, why didn't you look at me when I came down the stairs? Not everybody can come down stairs with . . ." (she sought the word, and found it) ". . . decoration." (First button, other hand).

"I didn't look at you because I was thinking of you."

N. went over to her long mirror that hung between the shoulders of the wall, so to speak, the mirror that had come from the Italian junkshop, precariously, by hand. My hand. Have you ever carried an open mirror, two by five feet through the open streets, for any distance?

Try it, sometime, when you wish to cure yourself of self-consciousness or when you have a wish to be conspicuous. You lean it against a wall, to rest, and a passing cat finds an enemy within. This diverts you for a little; you do not apprehend the dog that privateers along in search of distraction for his ennui. He finds two cats, and another dog.

In the general scrimmage you escape, if you are lucky, with the mirror, after a crowd has collected. You seek the back streets. 'There are no back streets in New York,' as Jonny remarked, after his initial Sunday in our quarter, when he had essayed to church on Fourteenth Street, clothed as an Englishman . . . as an Englishman going to church, and seeking sanctuary from the comments of the gaminerie, the self-appointed censors of what we wear, and what we do not dare to wear. That mirror was like Jonny's 'Topper' . . .

N. looked critically at herself, the unembarassed, speculative, half-fearful, or self-satisfied . . . depending upon the success of her day . . . scrutiny of the woman who is going out, who sees herself as she thinks other women will see her . . . and as she likes to have men see her, . . . and as she likes to look . . . these three counter-currents like three judges behind a bench, as Susanna's elders . . . the mind of woman, being, like Gaul, divided in three parts. . . I do not pretend to know which province rules, and I am only quoting Jerry, who is an authority on . . . Gaul, always the home of La Question de la Femme . . . according to him.

Nicolette stood the ordeal with a half-frown, tried out to see if it were in working order, and effective . . . one never knows when one will need such a frown. . .

A light, frivolous snap. Fifth glove button in place, and I drew from Jonny's concertina hat like a conjuror, having left them there, the violets. . . . not humid

hot-house violets . . . these were wild ones, with scarcely any fragrance, but . . . There is a hole in a wall where they may be found, in April . . .

"Why, where did they come from?"

"They were there."

"Then we're all ready . . . leave the candles, I like to have them burn out by themselves — maybe the ghosts would like them here . . . and sometimes one candle will wait up for me . . . no matter how late."

"Are there ghosts in the Cuckoo Clock?"

"Of course," said Nicoletta, simply.

We were in the blue hansom, and rattling merrily over the cobbles, with the warm April mist etherializing the streets . . .

"There is a woman," continued N ... "she comes and looks over my shoulder when I am painting. She loves paint . . . and there is a man with thin legs who comes and sits at your piano that you lended me . . . he never plays, except when I am asleep . . . just sits there and dreams . . . and the little girl . . . she asks me questions."

"Do you answer them?"

"It doesn't matter," said Nicoletta.

The curtain was held aside by the box-woman, as we stole into the perfumed obscurity of the Metropolitan, late, but late enough to fall headlong into the Debussy-magic that filled unaccustomed and longing voids in our souls . . . it was the blue sea . . . and the strange, unearthly recitative of Queen Genevieve . . . reading the letter from Pelleas, to old blind Arkel . . . like a chant, it is, a tragic monotone, the utterance of an unknown sybil.

Nicolette sank into a chair, and the music and the unfolding passion and the unreal beauty, which is always the more real, given. . . Ah, yes, given, not sought . . . and the mist that gradually stole into the vast cavern filled with music that was like delicate tendrils of perfumed smoke that entangle one's senses, that lure one's mind to unthinking revery, that obliterate form and mass and line and blend them all with the colour of the emotions . . . for all the doors were opened, in deference to the Spring night . . . indeed, should not all doors be opened to the coming of the carnival, whose gay waves of life may sweep out all the stale, shut-in thoughts and dullnesses of winter? . . . and the mist, like a silent friend who spends an evening without uttering a word, muted the muted violins and hung a grey, shifting veil over the proscenium, and obscured the chatter . . . by metaphysical means . . . of the meaningless, and stole into each heart and stilled all utterance. I have seen a hushed audience depart from a notable performance of Parsifal . . . I have witnessed the silent processional of the Misericordia in the narrow street of an Italian town at dusk . . . this was something more subtle, and more complete . . . a banquet of thousands lulled to beau-

tiful intoxication through the delicate compounded drugs of the two most perceptive of the senses . . . the opera drifted on, as smoke drifts, the mist was always there, when the lights were up . . . there was no talk, a vague and mystical murmur (like many leaves stirred by a breeze) filled the entr'acts . . . so potent was the spell that by sheer mob appeal there was no dissenting voice . . . to the universal exquisite drunkenness. . . . N. only looked at me, with the world of her dreams aflame in her eyes . . . it was her first opera . . I think it was my first too.

'La verité . . . la verité' breathed into the vast fog like the whisper of hallucination. Melisande was dead . . . her head upon the pillow was like an antique tragic mask . . . no one moved for a long time, then the pale ghosts of rapt people, swaying, weeping, with scarcely any consciousness of where they lived or how to get there, eddied into the street . . . usually so shrill with the clamour of the hour . . . but stilled also . . .

Nicoletta clung listlessly to my arm, and silent tears ran down her face, unheeded. . . . the tears of a child to whom every imaginable beauty has been given . . . for once . . . .

I found our cabby, who had been faithful to his promise to come back, and we drove for untold hours . . . I do not know where . . .

And after I had taken her home . . . where, indeed, not one candle, but two, had lived, with pale unearthly flame, to greet us, I wandered afoot a thrall of the mist . . . I may have gone across a ferry . . . I remember sitting in Hudson Park, the melancholy sunken garden of the poor, with its pathetic pool that never has any water in it, except on holidays . . . even as the fountains of Versailles . . . but a place exquisite beyond mere questions of meagerness of grass and paucity of water, in the close clinging mist through which crept the ceaseless lift and wane of the ferry-whistles on the river . . .

I found Wallace at his matins, consisting of his coffee and a rolled cigarette, and the earliest papers. Without a word he pushed the coffee-pot, filled with a nectar that he knew how to brew, across the table, where a second cup awaited my coming. And Wallace read his paper, occupying three chairs very elaborately, without comment.

Wallace was like that in the early morning.

Jerry was different. Upon his rising, two hours later full of cheerfulness, full of talk and malice, though he made no direct attack ; they both realized that I was under a spell, I think, and forebore to ask me about the opera.

The spell lasted all through the moist, unreal day, and at the heel of afternoon I sought Nicolette, who sat pensive before a fair white sheet of paper, untouched on her drawing board. And she came and kissed me, and whispered : " It was so lovely . . . it hurts, Pirka. "

DONALD CORLEY.

ADOLPH DEHN. Sunday Morning.

WANDA GAG. Charcoal Drawing.

ANNE BARD.

I wish that in these days there were more ladies.
I wish that there were women like Anne Bard.
I admired Anne.
I saw her but once.
I was then but a boy.
One day, while rolling my hoop about the streets,
I ran before the Bard mansion —
an old rectangular mansion, glossy-white, with green blinds, and with a setting of spacious lawns, two flanking lawns, separating which, there was a driveway bordered with poplars —
and, as I ran before the mansion, I saw the great front door owing open, and a beautiful woman emerge from the gloomy hallway, in which there hung a crystal chandelier.
I paused.
I stared.
I felt that the woman was Anne Bard.
I had heard about her.
I had heard my mother call her a bad woman.
But Anne was a beauty.
She was a graceful woman, a mincing woman, a powdered brunette, with delicate features, diminutively classic,
and with little hands and tiny feet —
nervous hands,
nervous feet.
Anne wore a black silk dress, beaded with jet.
Around the crown of her velvet hat, a black hat, broad-rimmed, there was curled a large black ostrich plume.
Her feet were slippered in soft black kid.
At her breast she wore a large boquet of violets.
As she descended the great stone steps, she nervously fitted her black kid gloves to her fingers.
She saw me.
She smiled.

She paused.
She pinched my chin.
She entered a hack which stood near by.
I stared at her.
I was startled by the thud of the closing door.
I drew back.
But I stared.
Through the window I saw her fitting her gloves to her nervous fingers —
and, watching her as she was driven away,
I saw her touch the violets at her breast.

That happened in May.
One afternoon in early September, as I was returning home from school, and as I hurried, whistling, along the street on which Anne lived —
a quiet street, at either side of which there were mansions, imposing, venerable, each with its spacious lawns —
a street which was bordered with aged elms, disheveled elms, the yellowing leaves of which dropped silently, impassively, dying as aristocrats die —
as I hurried, whistling, along that street,
I noticed a hack which stood by the curbing.
I noticed that the curtains of the hack were closed.
As I passed by, I could not but notice that the door was ajar, and that it was held ajar.
Glancing into the hack,
I saw there a fellow about town, a young fellow, foppishly dressed, and wearing an ebony cane with a silver head.
He held a large boquet of violets.
He beckoned.
I approached.
Handing me the violets, he asked me, earnestly, confusedly, to take them to Anne Bard —
to wait for a reply.
He gave me money.
I ran to the Bard mansion.
A negro servant, a youth, opened the door, took the flowers, and told me to stand in the hallway,
the gloomy hallway in which there hung the crystal chandelier.
The negro disappeared.
I waited.
I looked about me.

At either side of a massive mirror, framed in gilt, and resting on standards, which were great claws, gilded, there stood a bronze candelabrum, the supporting base of which was the figure of a laughing urchin, with bare buttocks extended.
The floor of the hallway was marble, laid in mosaic.
Before the entrance to the double parlor, there was a rug of leopard hide.
In the doorway there hung a portiere of beads, figured, gaudy.
I peered into the room beyond.
I saw there a grand piano with rosewood case.
I saw, on the piano, two large rose jars of porcelain, dark blue porcelain, the rose jars ornate with designs in gilt.
I saw mahogany furniture, upholstered with brown brocade.
I saw, in an alcove, a plaster cast of David, life-size, the David of Michelangelo.
I gazed.
I waited.
I listened.
I heard no sound save that of a distant cough, a violent cough.
I thought I smelled the odor of medicine.
I waited, listening, looking about, till the negro reappeared, to give me a note, a perfumed note.
I took the note to the fellow in the hack.

I told my mother what I had done.
My mother frowned.
She forbade me ever again to enter the Bard mansion.
I later heard her telling all to a woman of the neighborhood,
and I overheard the gossip which ensued, regarding Anne.
She was prodigal.
Her perfumery was the attar of violets.
The fabrics of her apparel were the linens, the cashmeres, the silks, of foreign lands.
Her diaphanous jewels were flawless, her cameos ancient.
She was indecent.
Her speech was figured with obscene allusions.
She was inane.
She was known to have called the virtue of woman a matter of being sagacious.
She was dissolute.
One Sunday at dawn, the police were called to put an end to the noise that came from her house —
she entertaining a debauched crowd —
to put an end to the laughter, the singing, the shattering of glasses falling from trays held high by the men, and kicked at by the women.

Anne was inconstant.
It was because of her John Preble, whose father was agent for one of the mills, went one night to the belfry of the mill, and there, shot himself through the heart.
Anne was desperate.
During her present illness, her last, but before her prostration, she had often tossed her rings from her fingers, to see the rings hurtle, and to laugh.
I overheard these things.
I overheard things other than these.

It was mentioned, that afternoon, that every day a certain unknown lover sent her violets, or brought them.
The identity of the man was pondered.

It was in latter autumn that Anne died.
I remember the day that she was buried.
It was uncloted. It was cruelly clear —
the sun absorbed in thoughts of its own splendor.
And it was cold, cruelly cold. The winds,
mighty, saturnine, and unscrupulous,
made the leaves scurry, teased them, wheedled them
the dying or the dead, the colorful,
the dun, or tore them from the heedless trees.
I lingered by the church. I listened there,
now to the modulating moans inside,
now to the shrieks outside, uttered by winds
raking the ivy on the great facade.
I lingered till the services were over.
I saw the ornate casket. It was borne
by old acquaintances who dared, perchance,
and was followed by a few courageous friends.
It was entirely covered in a blanket
woven of violets.

I lingered there
till I heard the last thud of the hack doors.
I lingered there till the last hack disappeared,
lost in a swirl of leaves, which the winds raised,
as if in mockery of merry death.

WALLACE GOULD.

BROOMIDES.

Broom goes to press a second time, while the product of our first effort lies entombed in the hold of a steamship, bound for America. Other periodicals are more fortunate ; they set out anew each time, fortified by the greetings of friends or inspired by the caustic venom of enemies. Not so for Broom. Silence alone has saluted its Roman domicile.

Curious incidents result out of this distance from home and the consequent delay. A letter just received from an American contributor asks for the return of his manuscript, as it has been accepted for inclusion in a book. We have referred his request to the Mediterranean. A poet sends in revisions which tend to improve his verse a hundredfold. We compare them with the original and trust his judgment is exaggerated. Another gleefully forwards long promised photographs of his paintings, rejoicing that they were finished in time for the first number. We are trying to make room for them in the fourth.

Still there are advantages. The medium of strange tongues curtails discussions as to the merits of contributions. The vista from the office window, which includes St. Peter's Dome, and the banks of the Tiber, facilitates a mood of philosophic detachment. A bottle of Frascati aids digestion.

. . . . . .

Perhaps our readers do not realize the full extent of our difficulties in presenting them with a generous quota of translations of representative continental reading matter. The day before yesterday a manuscript arrived from a famous Portuguese novelist. Yesterday, we turned it over to our Portuguese translator. The manuscript came back to-day.

After a paragraph or two of questionable, very mild and what looks suspiciously like expurgated, English — the translation stops abruptly and our esteemed colleague takes up his pen in his own hand. This is what transpires : " The following pages contain the shameless story of a cocotte killed in a brutal and disgusting way by the excesses of her trade ! "

. . . . . .

For more than a year Vachel Lindsay has been sending the following letter, or a paraphrase thereof to all committees who ask him to come and recite for their town :

Let me urge you to take my eight books out of the library, and get them read in some kind of fashion by those people who think they want me. I am positively through with entertaining people with those few pieces of mine which they happen to consider parlor entertainment. I am busy writing books, as I have been for twenty years. Half these books are prose, and my work cannot be understood without some kind of a total survey. I have always been a little more interested in my *pen and ink drawings than my prose*. I have always been a little more interested in my prose than my verse, and the prose is more than half my work. I have always been more interested in my verses to be read in the closet than those to be read aloud ; and only about one tenth of it is to be read aloud. I most emphatically protest against the assumption that that tenth of my writing which is to be read aloud is to be separated from the rest, or that I have done anything to separate it. I have done everything I can to keep the whole of my work together, pictures, prose, meditative verse, and verse to be read aloud. I have never taken any other stand. Those who think otherwise know nothing about me. There is ample confirmation of what I say in all eight of my books to any one who cares to spend so much as half an hour glancing them *all through*. There is only one Jazz poem in the whole collection, and that so named in light irony. People who have the Jazz notion of my work have acquired it through newspaper notices by reporters who have not read one line of my books. Two published summaries ; spread for the world to read, balancing pictures, prose and verse are printed in Current Opinion, September 1920.

VACHEL LINDSAY.

. . . . . .

I cannot emphasize too strongly that all my writings on the Indian are *not* translations or transcriptions ; but broad and free interpretations of the *spirit*, the atmosphere, the ideational and emotional content — run, as it were, through the glass of my own mind and heart which have through years of living with Indians grown pretty much Indian and pagan Indian at that. Certain I am that in respect to the Indian's contact with the wilderness and his pantheistic, animistic or naturalistic (call it what you will) conception of nature, I am thoroughly Indian and always shall be. I grew up that way as a youngster in the Lake

Superior country and am growing more and more set. My entire religious and spiritual life is based upon it. The wilderness means life to me ; the absence of it, death. That's Indian too. Maybe most folk can't understand that ; but it is literally true. And my whole literary life is dedicated to the task of capturing that wild — to me at least, beautiful — spiritual power ; as it shows itself in Indian thought and life, and in my own emotions, and in Indian thought and feeling as I transmute them.

LEW SARETT.

. . . . . .

Then I tried to paint
A picture with a pin, and found
That each small prick of color ran a gush,
As breath will clothe and curtain off a mirror,
Swelling bead-like, till drops sought a tripping way
Mingling the brilliant colors I had painted
Into the grey metalic color of the glass again.

THOMAS PYM COPE.

ERNESTO FRATONI, *Gerente responsabile.*

Printed in Italy by « L'Universelle » Imprimerie Polyglotte — Roma.

HOW WE GET 'EM

A GENTLEMAN —
JUST ARRIVED IN ROME FROM PALESTINE AND EGYPT,
AND EN ROUTE BACK TO AMERICA
VIA VIENNA, THE ALPS, FRANCE AND THE ATLANTIC —
WAS LONESOME.
HE HAD BEEN AWAY FROM HOME
FOR MORE THAN A YEAR.
HADN'T SEEN AN AMERICAN
DURING THAT PERIOD —
DIDN'T EXPECT TO MEET ANY —
AND SURELY NOT FRIENDS —
FOR ANOTHER MONTH OR SO.
BUT SIMPLY COULDN'T WAIT THAT LONG.
SO HE HIT UPON AN INGENIOUS SCHEME.
DECIDED TO CONSULT THE REGISTER
OF THE AMERICAN EXPRESS COMPANY.
TO SEE, IF BY ANY QUAINT MIRACLE,
HE KNEW SOME CHANCE NAME ON THE BOOKS.
OF COURSE, HE FOUND OURS.
GAVE VENT TO AN INDIAN WAR-WHOOP.
FOR WE HAD MET HIM IN CALIFORNIA —
EIGHT THOUSAND MILES AWAY —
JUST BEFORE HE STARTED FOR PALESTINE
AND OURSELVES FOR ROME.
HE CALLED ON US.
IN FACT, HE CAME TEARING IN.
WITH A BLOOD-CURDLING YELL.
WANTED TO KNOW WHAT THE DEUCE WE WERE DOING HERE.
AND OF COURSE WE SHOWED HIM BROOM.
DID HE SUBSCRIBE?
ASK US SOMETHING EASIER.
THAT'S ONE OF THE WAYS WE HAVE OF LANDING 'EM.
ANY OLD WAY — AND NO MATTER WHO THEY ARE,
WHERE THEY COME FROM, OR WHITHER THEY GO.
AND THE LAST WE SAW OF HIM —
SAILING DOWN THE PINCIO —
HE WAS SWINGING HIS BROOM LIKE A TOMAHAWK.
GOD SPEED HIM ON HIS WAY
AND STILL OTHERS OUR WAY!
WE NEED THEM —
AND MAYBE THEY NEED US.
WHAT?

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.*

« 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.