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THE POET ASSASSINATED

I.

RENOWN

The glory of Croniamantal is today universal. One hundred and twenty-three towns in seven countries on four continents dispute the honor of this notable hero's birth. I shall attempt, further on, to elucidate this important question.

All of these peoples have more or less modified the sonorous name of Croniamantal. The Arabs, the Turks and other races who read from right to left have never failed to pronounce it Latnamainorc, but the Turks call him, bizarrely enough, Pata, which signifies goose or genital organ. The Russians surname him Viperdoc, that is, born of a *pet*; the reason for this soubriquet will be seen later on. The Scandinavians, or at least, the Dalecarlians, call him at will, *quoniam,* in latin, which means, *because,* but often serves to indicate the noble passages in popular accounts of the middle ages. It is to be noted that the Saxons and the Turks manifest with regard to Croniamantal, a similar sentiment, since they refer to him by an identical surname, whose origin, however, is still scarcely explained. It is believed that this is an euphemistic allusion to the fact stressed in the medical report of the Marseilles doctor Ratiboul on the death of Croniamantal. According to this official document, all the organs of Croniamantal were sound, and the lawyer-physician added in Latin, as did Napoleon's aide Major Henry: *partes viriles exiguitatis insignis, sicut pueri.*

For the rest, there are countries where the notion of the Croniamantalian virility has entirely disappeared. Thus, the negroes in Moriana call him Tsatsa or Dzadza or Rsoussour, all feminine names, for they have feminized Croniamantal as the Byzantines feminized Holy Friday in making it Saint Parascevia.

II.

GENESIS

Two leagues from Spa, on the road bordered by gnarled trees and bushes, Vierselin Tigoboth, an ambulant musician who was coming on foot from Liège, struck his flint to light his pipe. A woman's voice cried: "Ho! Monsieur!"

He lifted his head and a wild laugh burst out: "Hahaha! Hohoho! Hihihi! thine eyelids are of the color of Egyptian lentils! My name is Macarée. I want a tom-cat."

Vierselin Tigoboth perceived by the roadside a young woman, brunette and formed of nice curves. How charming she seemed in her short bicyclist's skirt! And holding her bicycle with one hand, while gathering prunelles with the other, she fixed ardently her great golden eyes on the Flemish musician.

"*Vs'estez one belle bacelle,*" said Vierselin Tigoboth, smacking his tongue. "But, my God, if you eat all those prunelles, you will have the colic, tonight, I'm sure."

"I want a tom-cat," repeated Macarée and unclasping her bodice she showed Vierselin Tigoboth her breasts, sweet as the buttocks of the angels, and whose aureole was the tender color of the rose clouds of sunset.

"Oh! oh!" cried Vierselin Tigoboth, "As pretty as the pearls of Amblevia, give them to me. I shall gather a big bouquet of ferns for you and of irises, color of the moon."

Vierselin Tigoboth approached to seize this miraculous flesh which was being offered to him for nothing, like the holy bread at Mass; but then he restrained himself.

MACAREE

They are the color of the moon
And round as the wheel of Fortune.

VIERSELIN TIGOBOTH

If you fear not to catch the louse
Then I should love to be your spouse.

And Vierselin Tigoboth approached, his lips full of kisses: "I love you! It is pooh! O beloved!"

Soon there were nothing but sighs, the songs of birds and of russet and horned little hares, passing like elves, fleet as the seven-league boots, by Vierselin Tigoboth and Macarée, under the power of love behind the plumtrees.

Then, Macarée was off on the old contraption.

And sad unto death, Vierselin Tigoboth cursed the instrument of velocity which rolled away and vanished behind the terraced rotunda, at the same moment that the musician began to make water while humming a passacaglia. . .

III.

EXEGESIS

Macarée soon became aware that she had conceived by Vierselin Tigoboth.

"How annoying!" she thought at first, "But medicine has made much progress lately. I shall get rid of it when I want. Ah! that Walloon! He will have toiled in vain. Can Macarée bring up the son of a vagabond? No, no, I condemn this embryo to death. I should never even preserve this foetus in alcohol. And thou, my belly, if thou knewest how much I love thee since knowing thy goodness. What, wouldst stoop to carry such baggage as thou findest along the road? O too innocent belly, thou art unworthy of my selfish soul.

"What shall I say, o belly? thou'rt cruel, thou partest children from their parents. No! I love thee no longer. Thou'rt naught but a full bag, at this moment, o my belly, smiling at the nombril, o elastic belly, downy, polished, convex, sorrowful, round, silky, which enobles me. For thou makest noble, o my belly, more beautiful than the sunlight. Thou shalt ennoble also the child of the Flemish vagabond and thou art worthy of the loins of Jupiter. What a misfortune! a moment ago I was about to destroy a child of noble race, my child who already lives in my beloved belly."

She opened the door suddenly and cried:

"Madame Dehan! Mademoiselle Baba!"

There was a rattling of doors and bolts and then the proprietors of Macarée's lodging came running out.

"I am pregnant," cried Macarée, "I am pregnant!"

She was sitting up in bed, her legs spread apart, her skin looked very delicate. Macarée was narrow at the waist and broad-hipped.

"Poor little one," said Madame Dehan, who had but one eye, no waistline, a moustache, and limped. "After confinement women are just like crushed snailshells. After confinement women are simply prey to disease, (look at me!) an egg-shell full of all sorts of rubbish, incantations and other witch-spells. Ah! Ah! You have done very well."

"All foolishness," said Macarée. "The duty of women is to have children, and I am sure that their health is generally improved thereby both physically and morally."

"Where are you sick?" asked Mademoiselle Baba.

"Shut up! I say," exclaimed Madame Dehan. "Better go and look for my flask of Spa elixir and bring some little glasses."

Mademoiselle Baba brought the elixir. They drank of it.

"I feel better now," said Madame Dehan; "After so much emotion, I need to refresh myself."

She poured out another little glass of the elixir for herself, drank it and licked the last few drops up with her tongue.

"Think of it," she said finally, "think of it, Madame Macarée . . . I swear by all that I hold sacred, Mademoiselle Baba can be my witness, this is the first time that such a thing has happened to one of my tenants. And how many I have had! My Lord! Louise Bernier, whom they nicknamed Wrinkle, because she was so skinny; Marcelle la Carabinière (the freshest thing you ever saw!); Josuette, who died of a sunstroke in Christiana, the sun wishing thus to have his revenge of Joshua; Lili de Mercoeur, a grand name, mind you, (not hers of course) and then vile enough for a chic woman, as Mercoeur put it: 'You must pronounce it Mercure,' screwing up her mouth like a chicken's hole. Well she got hers, all right, they filled her as full of mercury as a thermometer. She would ask me in the morning: What sort of weather do you think we'll have today? But I would always answer: 'You ought to know better than I . . .' Never, never in the world would any of those have become enceinte at my place."

"Oh well, it isn't as bad as that," said Macarée, "I also never had it happen to me before. Give me some advice, but make it short."

At this moment she arose.

"Oh!" cried Madame Dehan, "what a wellshaped behind you have! how sweet! how white! what embonpoint! Baba, Madame Macarée is going to put on her dressing-gown. Serve coffee and bring the cherry cake."

Macarée put on a chemise and then a dressing gown whose belt was made of a Scotch shawl.

Mademoiselle Baba came back; she brought a big platter with cups, a coffee pot, milk-pitcher, jar of honey, butter cakes and the cherry tart.

"If you want some good advice," said Madame Dehan wiping away with the back of her hand the coffee that dribbled down her chin, "You had better go and baptize your child."

"I shall make sure and do that," said Macarée.

"And I even think," said Mademoiselle Baba, "that it would be best to do it on the day he is born."

"In fact," she mumbled, her mouth full of food, "you can never tell what may happen. Then you will nurse him yourself, and if I were you, if I had money like you, I should try to go to Rome before the confinement and get the Pope to bless me. Your child will never know either the

fatherly caress or blow, he will never utter the sweet name of papa. May the blessing of the Holy Father at least follow him all his life."

And Madame Dehan began to sob like a kettle on the fire boiling over, while Macarée burst into tears as abundant as a spouting whale. But what of Mademoiselle Baba? Her lips blue with berries, she wept so hard that from her throat the sobs flooded down to her hymen and nearly choked her.

IV.

NOBILITY

After having won a great deal of money at baccarat, and already rich, thanks to Love, Macarée, whose corpulency nothing could conceal, came to Paris, where above all, she ran after the most fashionable modistes.

How chic she was, how chic she was!

* * *

One night when she went to the Theatre Français a play with a moral was presented. In the first act, a young woman whom surgery had rendered sterile lamented the fatness of her husband who was dropsical and very jealous. The doctor went out saying:

"Only a great miracle and great devotion can save your husband."

In the second act, the young woman said to the young doctor:

"I offer myself up for my husband. I want to become dropsical in his stead."

"Let us love each other, Madam. And if you are not unfaithful to the principle of maternity your wish will be granted. And what sweet glory I shall have thereof!"

"Alas!" murmured the lady, "I no longer have any ovaries."

"Love," cried the doctor at this, "Love, madam, is capable of working great miracles."

In the third act, the husband thin as an I and the lady eight months gone felicitated each other on the exchange they had made. The doctor communicated to the Academy of Medecine the results of his experiments in the fecundation of women become sterile as a result of surgical operations.

* * *

Toward the end of the third act, someone shouted: "Fire!" in the hall. The frightened spectators rushed from the hall howling. In fleeing,

Macarée possessed herself of the arm of the first man she encountered. He was well dressed and fair of feature, and as Macarée was charming, he seemed flattered that she had chosen him as her protector. They made each other's acquaintance at a cafe and from there went to sup in the Montmartre. But it appeared that François des Ygrées had negligently forgotten to take his purse with him. Macarée gladly paid the bill. And François des Ygrées pushed gallantry so far as not to allow Macarée to sleep alone, the incident at the theatre having rendered her nervous.

* * *

François, Baron des Ygrées (a doubtful baronetcy belonging to whoever claimed it) called himself the last offshoot of a noble house of Provence and pursued a career of heraldry on the sixth floor of an apartment in the rue Charles-V.

"But," he said, "the revolutions and the demagogues have rendered it so that arms are no longer studied except by ill-born archeologists, and the nobility is no longer tutored in this art."

The baron of Ygrées, whose coat of arms was of *azur à trois pairles d'argent posés en pal,* was able to inspire enough sympathy in Macarée for her to want to take lessons in heraldry out of gratitude for that night at the Theatre Français.

Macarée showed herself, it is true, little given to retaining the terminology of heraldry, and one might even say that she did not interest herself seriously in anything but the arms of the Pignatelli who had furnished popes for the Church and whose coat-of-arms was adorned with kettles.

However, these lessons were wasted time to neither Macarée nor François des Ygrées, for they ended by marrying. Macarée brought as her dot, her money, her beauty and her fatness. François des Ygrées offered to Macarée a great name and his noble bearing.

Neither complained of the bargain and they found themselves very happy.

"Macarée, my dear wife," said François des Ygrées a few days after their marriage, "Why have you ordered so many robes? It seems to me that hardly a day passes without some modiste brings new costumes. They do, true enough, honor to your taste and to their skill."

Macarée hesitated for a moment and then replied:

"Is it to our honeymoon that you refer, François!"

"Our honeymoon, yes, I have thought of it. But where do you want to go?"

"To Rome," said Macarée.

"To Rome, like the bells of Easter?"
"I want to see the Pope," said Macarée.
"Very fine, but what for?"
"That he may bless the child who lies under my heart," said Macarée.
"Phew-ew-ew!"
"It will be your son," said Macarée.

"You are quite right, Macarée. We shall go to Rome like the bells of Easter. You will order a new robe of black velvet; and the dressmaker must not neglect to embroider our arms at the bottom of the skirt: of *azur à trois pairles d'argent posés en pal.*"

V.

PAPACY

"*Per carita,* baroness, (I had almost called you mademoiselle!) Ah! Ah! Ah! But the *baron,* your husband, he would protest. Ah! ah! quite true, you have a little belly which commences to become arrogant. They do their work well, I see, in France. Ah! if that fine country would only become religious again, the population decimated by anti-clericalism would at once, (yes, *baroness)* her population would increase considerably. Ah! dear Christ! how well she listens, the *arrogantine,* when one talks seriously, yes, *baroness,* you have the air of an *arrogantine.* Ah! ah! ah! so, you want to see the Pope. Ah! ah! ah! the benediction of a mere cardinal like me will not do. Ah! ah! tut-tut, I understand quite well. Ah! ah! I shall try to obtain an audience for you. Oh! no need to thank me, you can let my hand go. How well she kisses, the *arrogantine,* oh! Come here, again, I want you to carry away with you a little souvenir of me.

"There! a chain, with the medal of the holy house of Lorette. Let me put it about your neck. . . Now that you have the medal you must promise me never to part with it. There, there, there! Come here so that I can kiss you on the forehead. Come, come, can she be afraid of me, the little *arrogantine?* Done! Now tell me why you laugh? . . Nothing! Well! Now, one bit of advice! When you go to the Vatican, I warn you not to use so much odor, I mean so much perfume. Goodbye, *arrogantine.* Come and see me again. My compliments to *the baron.*"

* * *

It was thus, that, thanks to Cardinal Ricottino, who had been to Paris as *nuncio,* Macarée obtained an audience with the Pope.

L. Moholy-Nagy

L. Moholy-Nagy

She went to the Vatican dressed in her beautiful armorial dress. The baron des Ygrées, in full dress accompanied her. He admired much the bearing of the royal guards, and the Swiss mercenaries, inclined to drunkenness and brawling, seemed fine devils to him. He found occasion to whisper into his wife's ear of one of his ancestors who was a cardinal under Louis XIII. . .

* * *

The couple returned to the hotel deeply moved and almost prostrated by the benediction of the pope. They undressed chastely, and in bed, they spoke for a long time about the pontiff, the whitened head of the old church, a pressed lily, the snow which Catholics think eternal.

"My dear wife," said François des Ygrées finally, "I esteem you to adoration, and I love the child whom the Pope has blessed with all my heart. May he come, the blessed infant, but I want him to be born in France."

"François," said Macarée, "I have never yet been to Monte-Carlo. Let us go there! I needn't lose our whole pile. We are not millionaires, but I am sure that we shall be lucky in Monte-Carlo."

"Damn! damn! damn!" swore François, "Macarée, you make me see red."

"Ho, there," cried Macarée, "you gave me a kick, you — —"

"I note with pleasure, Macarée," said François des Ygrées waggishly, recovering his good humor, "that you do not forget that I am your husband."

"Come, then, li'l nobs, let's go to Monaco."

"Yes, but you must have your confinement in France, for Monaco is an independent state."

"Agreed," said Macarée.

On the morrow the baron des Ygrées and the baroness, all swollen by mosquito bites, took tickets at the station for Monaco. In the coach they made charming plans.

VI.

GAMBRINUS

The baron and the baroness des Ygrées in taking tickets for Monaco had thought to arrive at the station which is the fifth on the way from Italy to France and the second in the little principality of Monaco.

The name of Monaco is properly the Italian name of this principality, although it is widely used nowadays in French, the French terms *Mourghes* and *Monègue* having fallen into desuetude.

However the Italians call Monaco, not only the principality which bears that name but also the capital of Bavaria which the French call Munich. The messenger accordingly gave the baron tickets for Monaco-Munich instead of Monaco-principality. Before the baron and the baroness had noticed their error they were already at the Swiss frontier, and after having recovered from their astonishment, they decided to finish the voyage to Munich in order to see at close hand all that the anti-artistic spirit of modern Germany could conceive of ugliness in architecture, sculpture, painting and decorative art. . .

* * *

The cold winds of March made the couple shiver in this stone-box Athens.

"Beer," the baron des Ygrées had said, "is excellent for women who are enceinte."

And so he led his wife to the royal brewery of Pschorr, to the Augustinerbräu, to the Münchnerkindl and other great breweries. They penetrated to the Nockerberg where there is a great garden. They drank there, as long as it held out, the famous March beer, *Salvator,* and it didn't last very long, for the Munich people are great drunkards.

* * *

When the baron and his wife entered the garden they found it thronged with a mob of drinkers, who were already under-the-weather and sang head to head and danced dizzily, breaking all the empty steins.

Peddlars sold roast fowl, grilled herrings, pretzels, rolls, sausages, sweets, souvenirs, post-cards. And there was also Hans Irlbeck, the King of Drinkers. Since Perkeo, the midget drunkard of the great cask of Heidelberg, no such boozer had ever been seen. At the time of the March beer, and in May, Bock-time, Hans Irlbeck drank his forty quarts of beer. Ordinarily he did not have occasion to drink more than twenty-five.

Just as the gracious Ygrées pair passed by, Hans placed his colossal buttocks on a bench which bearing already the weight of some twenty huge men and women, cracked disconsolately. The drinkers fell, their legs in the air. Some bare thighs could be seen because Munich ladies never wear their stockings above their knees. Bursts of laughter everywhere. Hans Irlbeck who had also been floored, but had not let go of his stein, spilled its contents over the belly of a girl who had rolled near him, and the beer

bubbling under her resembled that which she did when she got to her feet after swallowing a quart at one gulp in order to recover her composure.

But the proprietor of the garden cried:

"*Donnerkeil!* damned swine . . . a bench broken."

And he started off with his towel under his arm, calling loudly for the waiters:

"Franz! Jacob! Ludwig! Martin!" while the patrons called for the proprietor:

"*Ober! Ober!*"

However the Oberkellner and the waiters did not come back. The drinkers crowded about the counters and took their steins themselves, but the kegs were no longer emptied, and no more were heard the sonorous blows of another cask being put under the hammer. The singing ceased, the drinkers, angered, proffered oaths at the brewers and at the March beer itself. Some profited by the lull to vomit with violent efforts, their eyes almost popping out of their heads; their neighbors encouraged them with imperturbable seriousness. Hans Irlbeck who had picked himself up, not without difficulty, grumbled with a great snort:

"There is no more beer in Munich!"

And he repeated, with the accent of his native city:

"Minchen! Minchen! Minchen!"

After raising his eyes toward heaven, he fell upon a vendor of fowls, and having ordered him to roast a goose for him, began to formulate his desires:

"No more beer in Munich . . . if there were only some white radishes!"

And he repeated many times the Munich expression:

"Raadi, raadi, raadi . . ."

Suddenly he stopped. The crowd of drinkers, beside themselves, gave a cry of exultation. The four waiters had just appeared at the door of the brewery. With dignity they were carrying a sort of canopy under which the Oberkellner marched proud and erect, like a negro king dethroned. Behind him came fresh kegs of beer which were put under the hammer at the sound of the bell, while shouts of laughter rang out, and cries and songs rose above this teeming butte, hard and agitated as the Adam's apple of Gambrinus himself, when, burlesqued in the costume of a monk, a white radish in one hand, he tossed off with the other the jug which rejoiced his gullet.

And the unborn child found himself right shaken by the laughter of Macarée who, greatly amused by the spectacle of this colossal gluttonny, drank and drank in company with her spouse.

But then, the vivacity of the mother exerted a happy influence on the character of the offspring who acquired therefrom much common sense, before his birth, and some of the real common sense, of course, which great poets are made of.

VII.

CONFINEMENT

Baron François des Ygrées left Munich when the baroness knew that the hour of delivery was approaching. Monsieur des Ygrées did not want to have a child born in Bavaria; he was sure that that country was overrun with syphilis.

They arrived in the spring time, in the little port of Napoule, which in an excellently turned line the baron baptised for eternity:

Napoule of the golden skies.

It was there that the delivery of Macarée's child took place.

* * *

"Ah! Ah! Aie! Aie! Aie! Ouh! Ouh! Whee-ee-ee!"

The three local midwives took to improvising pleasantly:

FIRST MIDWIFE

I dream of war.

O my friends, the stars, the bright stars, have you ever counted them?

O my friends, do you even remember the titles of all the books you have read and the names of their authors?

O my friends, have you ever thought of the poor men who tread the broad highways?

The herdsmen of the golden age led their herds to pasture without fear that the cattle would flee, they feared only the jungle beasts.

O my friends, what do you think of all these cannons?

SECOND MIDWIFE

What I think of these cannons? They are vigorous phalli.

O my beautiful nights! I am happy because of a sinister horn which enchanted me last night, 'tis a good augury. My hair is perfumed with abelmosch.

O! the beautiful and rigid phalli which are cannons. If women had

to do military service they would all go into the artillery. The sight of the cannons in battle would be strange for them.

Lights are born on the sea far off.

Reply, o Zelotide, reply with thy sweet voice.

THIRD MIDWIFE

I love his eyes at night, he knows my hair well and its odour. In the streets of Marseilles an officer pursued me for a long time. He was well dressed and of fair colour, there was gold on his costume and his mouth tempted me, but I fled his kisses and took refuge in my (*) "bedroom" of the "family-house" where I was stopping.

FIRST MIDWIFE

O Zelotide, spare the sad men as thou sparest this beau. Zelotide what thinkest thou of the cannons.

SECOND MIDWIFE

Alas! Alas! I want to be loved.

THIRD MIDWIFE

They are the tools of the ignoble love of the people. O Sodom! Sodom. O sterile love!

FIRST MIDWIFE

But we are women, why dost thou speak of Sodom?

THIRD MIDWIFE

The fire of heaven devoured her.

THE CONFINED

When you have finished your monkey-tricks, if it please you, will you not forget to give a little attention to the baroness des Ygrées.

* * *

The baron slept in a corner of the room on several travelling blankets. He made a f . . t which caused his better half to laugh until the tears

(*) Here Apollinaire's frivolous playing with language can scarcely be rendered; the text runs: "en me refugiant dans *mon* ou *ma* bed-room *du* ou *de la* family-house ou j'étais descendue." — Tr.

came. Macarée wept, cried, laughed and a few moments later brought into the world a sturdy child of the male sex. Then, exhausted by these efforts, she rendered up her soul, with a scream that was like the ululation of the eternal first wife of Adam, when she crossed the Red Sea.

In reporting the preceding, I believe that I have elucidated the important question of the birthplace of Croniamantal. Let the 123 towns in 7 countries dispute the honor of his birth. (*)

We know now, and the state records bear testimony that he was born of the paternal fart at *Napoule of the golden skies,* on the 25th. of August, 1889, but not announced at the mayoralty until the following morning.

It was the year of the Universal Exposition, and the Eiffel Tower, which was just born, saluted the heroic birth of Croniamantal with a beautiful erection.

The baron des Ygrées made another f . . t which woke him by the macabre bed where the corpse of Macarée reclined. The child cried, the midwives croaked, the father sobbed, and cried:

"Ah, Napoule with the golden skies, I have killed my hen with the golden eyes!"

Then he bathed the new-born calling him by a name which he invented forthwith and which did not belong to any saint in Paradise: CRONIAMANTAL. He left on the following day, having arranged for the funeral of his spouse, written the necessary letters assuring his inheritance, and announced the child under the names of Gaëtan—Francis—Etienne—Jack—Amélie—Alonso des Ygrées. And with this nursling whose shy father he was, he took the train for the Principality of Monaco.

VIII.

MAMMON

A widower, François des Ygrées established himself near the principality; on the grounds of Roquebrune; he took pension with a family, which included a pretty brunette called Mia. There he reared the bearer of his own name with the baby-bottle.

Often he would go out at dawn for a walk at the sea shore. The road was fringed with amaryllis which he would always compare involuntarily with packages of dried cod. Sometimes, because of the contrary winds, he would turn to light an Egyptian cigarette whose smoke rose in spirals like the blueish mountains emerging far off in Italy.

* * *

(*) Among these towns we may cite, Naples, Adrianople, Constantinople, Neauphle-le-Chateau, Grenoble, Pultawa, Pouilly-en-Auxxois, Pouilly-les-Fours, Nauplie, Seoul, Melbourne, Oran, Nazareth, Ermenonville, Nogent-sur-Marne, etc.

The family in whose midst he had installed himself was composed of the father, the mother and Mia. M. Cecchi, a Corsican, was a *croupier* at the casino. He had previously been croupier at Baden-Baden and had married a German woman there. Of this union Mia was born; her carnation tint and black hair bespoke her Corsican blood. She was always dressed in buoyant colors. Her walk was balanced, her figure arched; she was smaller at the breast than at the croup, and a touch of strabism lent her dark eyes a somewhat distraught look, which only rendered her more tempting.

Her speech was lazy, soft, guttural, but pleasant nervertheless. It was the accent of the Monegascans whose syntax Mia followed. After having seen the young girl gather roses, François des Ygrées began to take notice of her and was much amused by her syntax for whose rules he enjoyed making research. . .

* * *

One time before sunrise, François des Ygrées went down to the garden. He abandoned himself to sweet reveries, during which he caught cold. All of a sudden be began to sneeze about twenty times in succession.

Sneezing aroused him. He saw that the sky had whitened and the horizon cleared with the first light of dawn. Then the first shafts of sunlight enflamed the sky along the Italian coast. Before him spread the still sorrowful sea, and on the horizon, like little clouds above the film of sea, could be seen the curving peaks of Corsica, which always disappeared after the rising of the sun. The baron des Ygrées shivered, then he yawned and stretched himself. He kept on regarding the sea to the east where one might have said there glittered a royal navy in sight of a seaport with white houses, Bodighère, which furnished palms for the festivities of the Vatican. He turned toward the immobile guardian of the garden, a great cypress, begirt with a full-blown rose bush which clambered up almost to its top. François des Ygrées breathed of the sumptuous roses of nonpareil fragrance whose petals, as yet closed, were of flesh.

And just then Mia called him to have his breakfast.

With her braid hanging down her back, she had just come to pick some figs and she was letting a few creamy drops flow into a pitcher of milk. She smiled at Croniamantal, saying:

"Have you slept well?"

"No, there are too many mosquitoes."

"Don't you know that when you are stung you should rub the place

with lemon and in order not be stung by them you should put vaseline on your face before going to sleep. They never bite me."

"That would be too bad. For you are very pretty, and ought to be told so oftener."

"There are those who tell me so and others who think so without telling. Those who tell it to me make me neither hot nor cold, as for the others, so much the worse for them. . ."

And François des Ygrées conceived at once a little fable for the timid:

FABLE OF THE OYSTER AND THE HERRING.

An oyster dwelt, beautiful and wise, on a rock. She never dreamed of love but during fine weather simply bayed beatifically at the sun. A herring saw her and it was as a spark of powder. He tumbled hopelessly in love with her without daring to avow it.

One summer day, happy and coy, the oyster yawned. Smuggled behind a rook the herring looked on, but all at once the desire to imprint a kiss upon his beloved became so overpowering that he could no longer restrain himself.

And so he threw himself between the open shells of the oyster who in her surprise shut them with a snap, decapitating the wretched herring, whose headless body floats aimlessly upon the ocean.

"'Twas so much the worse for the herring," said Mia laughing, "He was much too foolish. I too want people to tell me that I am pretty, not for fun, but so as we can marry. . .

And François des Ygrées noted for future consideration her curious peculiarities of syntax: so as we can marry... And he thought further: "She doesn't love me. Macarée dead. Mia indifferent. Alas I am unhappy in love."

* * *

One day he found himself in the valley of Gaumates on a little knoll covered with skinny little pines. The shore trimmed by the white-blue of the waves stretched far out before him. The Casino emerged from the bank of splendid trees in its gardens. This palace looked like a man squatting and lifting his arms toward heaven. Near it, François des Ygrées hearkened to an invisible Mammon:

"Regard this palace, François, it is made in the image of man. It is sociable like him. It loves those who come to it and especially, those who

are unhappy in love. Go there and thou wilt win, for thou canst not lose in play, since thou hast lost all in love."

Since it was six o'clock, the angelus tinkled from the different churches in the neighborhood. The voice of the bells prevailed against the voice of the invisible Mammon, who became silent, while François des Ygrées searched for him.

* * *

On the next day, François took the road to the temple of Mammon. It was Palm Sunday. The streets were littered with children, young girls and women carrying palms and olive-branches. The palms were either very simple or woven in a peculiar fashion. At each corner of the street, the weavers of palms were sitting against the wall, working. Under their deft hands the palm fibers bent, circled bizarrely and charmingly. The children were playing about already with hard eggs. On a square a troop of urchins were pummelling a red-headed kid whom they had found trying to consume a marble egg. Very small girls were going to mass, well dressed and carrying like candles the woven palms in which their mothers had hung sweetmeats.

François des Ygrées thought:

"The sight of these palms brings good luck and today, which is gay Easter, I shall break the bank."

* * *

In the game hall, he regarded at first the diverse throng which pressed about the tables . . .

François des Ygrées approached a table and played. He lost. The invisible Mammon had come back and spoke sharply each time they erased a deal:

"Thou hast lost!"

And François saw the crowd no more, his head was turning, he placed louis, packages of bills, on one square, diagonally, transversally. He played a long time losing as much as he wanted to.

He turned away at last and saw the whole brilliant hall where the players still pressed about the tables as before. Noticing a young man whose chagrined face revealed that he had had no luck, François smiled at him and asked whether he had lost.

The young man replied angrily:

"You too? A Russian just won more than two hundred thousand francs by my side. Ah! if I only had a hundred francs more, I would make up what I have lost twenty or thirty times over. But Oh, I have beastly luck, I am hoodooed, done for. Imagine . . ."

And taking François by the arm, he led him toward a divan on which they sat down.

"Imagine," he continued, "I have lost everything. I am almost a thief. The money I have lost did not belong to me. I am not rich, I had a position of trust. My employer sent me to recover claims in Marseilles. I got them. I took the train to come here and try my luck. I lost. What is there left? They will arrest me. They will say that I am a dishonest man, even though I haven't ever profited of the money I took. I have lost all. If I had won, no one would have reproached me. What luck I have! There is nothing for me to do but to kill myself."

And suddenly rising the young man put a revolver to his mouth and fired. The corpse was carried away. Several players turned their heads a moment, but none of them bothered at all, and most of them took no notice of the incident which, however, made a profound impression on the mind of the baron des Ygrées. He had lost all that Macarée had left him and the child. As he went out François felt the whole universe contract about him like a tiny cell, and then like a coffin. He got back to the villa where he lived. At the door he passed Mia who was chatting with a stranger who carried a valise.

"I am a Hollander," said the man, "but I live in Provence and I would like to hire a room for several days; I have come here to make some mathematical observations."

At this moment the baron des Ygrées sent a kiss with his left hand to Mia, while with a revolver in his right he blew his brains out and rolled to the dust.

"We have only only one room to rent," said Mia, "but it has just become free."

And she quickly closed the eyelids of the baron des Ygrées, gave cries of grief, and aroused the neighborhood. They went and called the police who took away the body and no one ever heard of it again.

* * *

As to the young child, whom his father had in such a characteristic burst of lyricism named for aye Croniamantal, he was gathered up by the Dutch traveller who soon carried him off to bring him up as his own son.

On the day they left, Mia sold her virginity to a millionaire trap-shooting-champion, and it was the thirty-fifth time that she had lent herself to this little commercial transaction.

GUILLAUME APOLLINAIRE

(To be continued) *(Translated from the French by Matthew Josephson)*

LA RUMBA CUBANA.

They have painted me rose pink lilac
Naked yellowness and ebony of shoulders
Thick red lips
My dress hangs loose and thin impudence of light fabric
Such a dress as African women wore to the missionary door
And squatted out of into nakedness
Of huge and shimmering leaves
The jungle
Whence sweaty slaves huddled into galleons.

I am colossal elephant buttocks
That have learned to sway stupidly
And writhe the old Bowery plantation negroes Voodoo
Bum — bum — bum — bum —
Madness
A lean faced black unregardedly evokes
Undecipherable vertigo of beats rhythm as accurate
As the delirium of a madman's dream
Bent cheap trombones trumpets
Decrepitude of crackling piano
Ivory grins regarding upward
The sallow ragged encircling balcony leans tipsily forward
Crazed shouting Spanish black mestizo.

But I am Africa
I am the cruel elephant pits
Kafirs Soudanese Zulu Berber
Seville and Cordoba have painted me
But I am black
Black
I am savagery that has lived
Through devil worship
I have liberated the lowest in many races

But I once was the clean animal of the deserts
The dwarfs the miasma of jungles
Dizziness of Sahara heat sand sensual but honest
As animals that breed.

They have clothed me in rose pink lilac
Spain has tinted me to viciousness
Thatched bohíos have sheltered me from animal reality
I am hideousness vile word and song
Impudicity.

But still I am Africa
The mad palpitant throbbing of drumskin is my heart
I shall not die for many years
Out of desert and jungle I become infection
Slippery sinister green of tropic heat that lures
To vileness

I who once was fecundity
A child
Tribes swaying to the rhythm of Africa

I am the Cuban rumba
Pestilence loud trumpeted accurate and frantic
My heart still throbs

Even the coldest north knows that in me is that
Which shall die
Frantically
Slowly

(But perhaps I am as eternal as birth
I am the rumba Cubana.)

CHARLES GALWEY

A BOTTLE OF LILAC PERFUME

She was Loyola for a few minutes, as she took her evening seat at the top of the area steps, first brushing the space with her palm. She was Loyola because a fragrant wind blew toward her, fluttering the loose hairs at the back of her neck, rustling her sleeves. It came with a puzzling, disturbing directness. It contained what might be called a soft memory, a Loyola memory.

Loyola was an old, old name, since superceded by Mrs. Grute — The Janitress — Lozie. This three in one had no inner sensations. They signified a long bone and cartilage structure with strong hands and able feet, weak blue worm's eyes and a back comb. Mrs. Grute had to use her eyes in sharp, detailed matters, such as peering across the alley and through the doors of soft drink cafes. The Janitress was a laboring machine. And Lozie had dedicated her body, thoroughly, to the convenience of untender Mr. Grute.

(Queer echo of Loyola's body.)

Lozie belonged to very long, grimy skirts, and other women's old shoes. She was perfectly familiar with her fretwork of wrinkles and with the wart that had lately come on one side of her nose. She thought nothing of eating noodles three times a day, — noodles and nothing else except a watery sauce she had learned to throw together out of the hot grease left in the pan. This saved butter. She had had three children in a row. Mr. Grute had treated them like puppies, letting them follow at the heel on Saturday nights while he made the rounds after work, cuffing and kicking them on Sunday morning when he saw them dressed for Sunday-school. "What! You damned little apes! *Give you a penny for the collection?* Hell, no! Ask your sainted mother over there. She'll give you pennies. She knows where to get money. She don't come bellyachin' for it. She sticks her fist in my pocket. She'd rob the devil, that woman." They were puny little children. Two of them died. One grew up to be a burglar. He came home every few years to try to borrow money from his mother.

(Ah! — — — this breeze! The sweet, oblivious restfulness of being Loyola!)

But Lozie always shifted her position to one of crouched brooding when a Loyola memory came. These memories were the untrodden bits

of her, the dangerous, fallow green. They were what made her afraid that she might not reach heaven. The question was, would nearly thirty years of bending the back weigh favorably with the Lord God as against the sinful — but, oh! how brief — minutes of Loyola? And there was the church-going on her side, too. But to tell the truth her mind was never on it. Even in the middle of the prayers she was far from the subject of the Lord God. She was more likely worrying about the hole that had been banged into the ashcan, or thinking that she would have a pretty scene to face when she reached home, with Mr. Grute in the condition he was when she left him, — half on, half off, the bed. Church-going was pleasant enough, and it was very acceptable in the sight of the Lord, — but if you stayed at home you would know what was going on.

Knowing what went on was Mrs. Grute's business in life. Life was one great sharp corner around which unspeakable atrocities were forever being committed. Just let her apply her eye or her ear to the edge of it, — she need not fear of being disappointed. There would be something: the roomer in the second floor parlor had put a whiskey bottle in the trash; Mrs. Philoway, that lady with too big a bust, was cooking in her room again, and had slung the sardine-can into the back yard, thinking Mrs. Grute wouldn't know, and the can hit Mrs. Grute on the back; third floor front had a girl in his room. — — It had been the duty of Mrs. Grute to knock sharply on the door and to say, in an impersonal tone, "If you've got anybody in there, sir, you'd do best to get them out at your earliest convenience" — (this was a good phrase that she had learned from the grocer) — "for the building inspector is looked for at any minute, now, and I don't want that nobody should be shamed, I don't care who."

Lozie raised her face to the fragrant breeze. She leaned her head against the area door and huddled her feet under her. Her body relaxed. So she had sat, that old, dead evening, in the doorway of her father's woodshed, waiting. Just at dusk. Just after the chickens, with their hard black eyes and their feet like old women's hands, had got out of the way. She wore shiny patent leather slippers. Her arms were plump and white. She wore a short-sleeved white dress, a blue sash. She had on her Sunday clothes, in fact. She got them grass-stained, that evening, too, and she had been obliged to invent a lie on the spur of the moment, so she had said she fell at the turn-stile. In her hair she had bound a wreath of lilac.

There was the smell of lilac, the touch of lilac flowers against her cheek. She could feel little new grass under her feet. She sat, her body expectant, waiting to hear twigs snap. And there, against the dusk, he loomed beside her. She put a sprig of lilac in his button-hole.

Hot hands pressed upon her. A hot face came blindingly close, and her own face answered it. Around them was silence, the feel of the wind, the scent of lilac; there was love — —

Lozie tore herself from the moment. Loyola had called it love. Here was a thought, — if Loyola had survived to be the one to marry Mr. Grute, instead of dying consciously of her own wickedness — if Loyola had survived would she have called the union with Mr. Grute love, too? Loyola was not one to see all sides of a thing. There was where Lozie was needed. Lozie had come into the world at nineteen, afraid of everything, taking what she could get. She had taken marriage because she could not get much without it. . . Perhaps she had not done so badly. There were days every little while when Mr. Grute was quite sober. He would sit around, pleasant enough, in his undershirt, and talk out of the window to neighbors, — giving Lozie the safe feeling of being one of two, — or he would sit at table with Lozie and quarrel because there was no meat, and pound on the table if she gave him only one fried egg. What if he was a good deal like an animal at the zoo? He was no trouble when he was drunk, and he was a typical husband when he was sober. He had lately noticed the wart on her nose, and had invented a new pet name for her, — Scarface Charlie. Well, well —

This breeze that was coming against her cheek! It was certainly not the usual breeze. The very rustlings it caused, the way it sped up her sleeves and cooled her arms, entered under the front of her waist! The languor of her muscles!

Mrs. Grute, The Janitress, Lozie, each in her way made an expression of recognition. This breeze was indeed Loyola's. Lozie reached her hand into the ashcan beside her, and found a bottle of lilac perfume, empty except for a discarded scum at the bottom. No doubt a relic of Mrs. Philoway.

Lozie smelled it, at close hand. Ah, Lord God! The cool fragrant evening! His arms. The feel of flesh against flesh. The madness of lips against lips! There was love — —

Lozie went indoors, carrying the perfume bottle. Mr. Grute, just recovering from a long unsober interval, lay dozing on the bed. Lozie went and sprinkled the scum from the lilac bottle over her side of the bed. Then she stretched herself out, with expectant, deliberate movements. She took care to waken the great snoring body at her side. As it showed signs of wakening Lozie's conscience pulled at her, just a little. This was really Loyola's moment. Yes, but it was Lozie who must make of it what she could!

DOROTHY HAMILTON

PORTRAIT BY LEYENDECKER

To Sinclair Lewis

At 7 : 30 exactly he is awakened by a battery of alarm clocks. A Big Ben 7 in. tall with 4½-in. dial. A Baby Ben 3¾ in. overall. A Jack o'Lantern, so named for its luminous dial. Half a dozen other clocks of assorted shapes, with black or radium-painted numerals; steady or intermittent, top, back or interior alarms.

Watch his Eyes Open!

He leans forward, arms rigid against the pillow to support him, National Chain Shirt Shop pajamas, hair tousled becomingly, and for a moment he poses, for a brief moment only, till the artist who accompanies him always has made a lightning sketch. "That will do," says the artist, and Charles Wesley Brown — Charley Brown — C. Wesley Brown — Wes Brown — Brownie — leaps from his bed to silence one clock after another in immutable succession, beginning with the largest and least intermittent. It is 7 : 32.

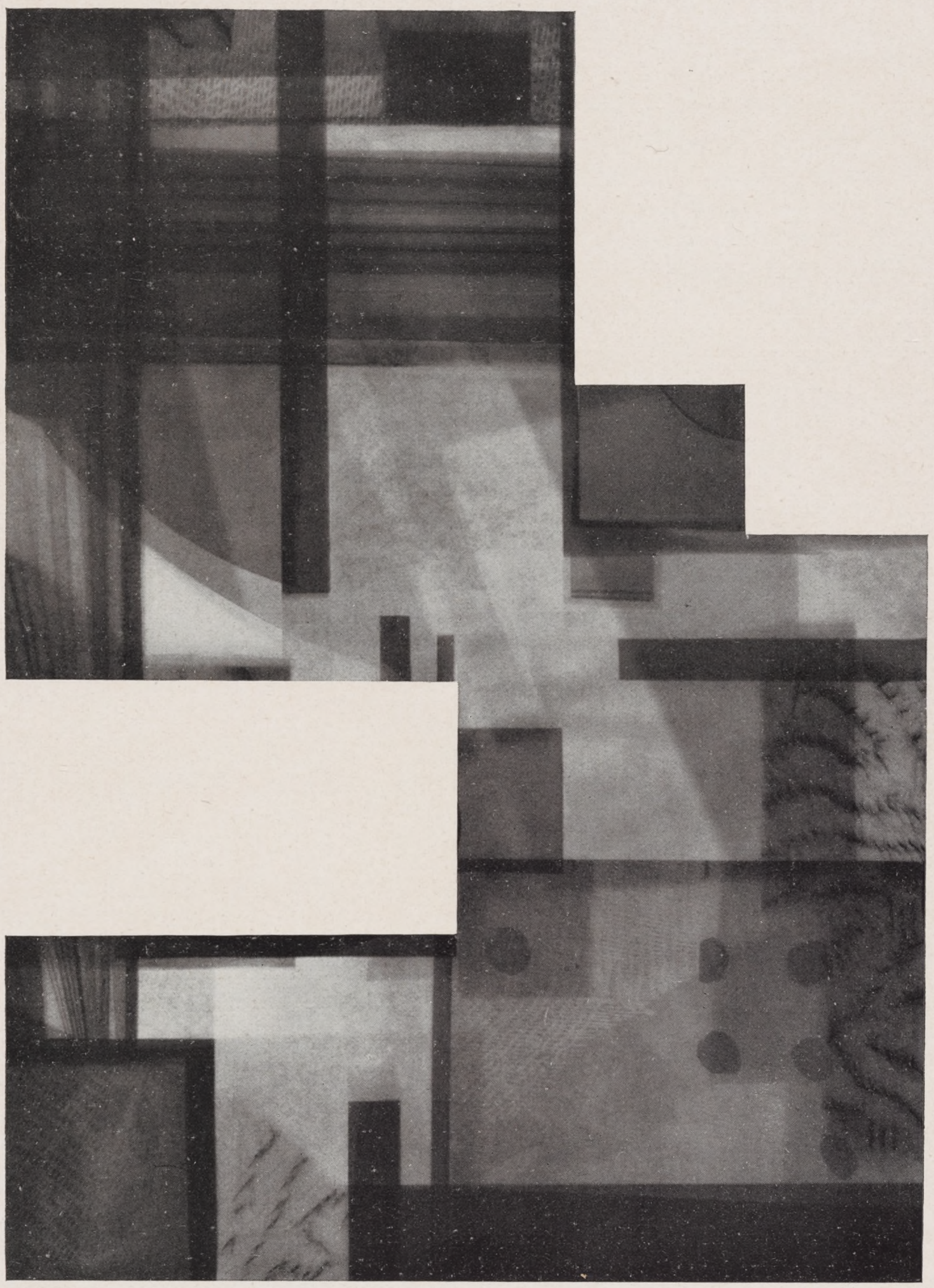
A Daily Dozen before the open window, after which he dresses with the energetic but unhurried efficiency which characterizes the smallest acts of his daily life. He owns a razor which shaves the right side of his face in 33 seconds and the left in 45, making a total of 78 seconds. The time he spends on dressing (his Dressing Appropriation, he calls it, since Time is Money) shows a reduction of 33⅓% since he has been wearing a Goodbye Old Flannel Lining the Tie that Goes on in a Jiffy. He dons his Press-together Cuff Links and appears before the breakfast table at 7 : 39.

Only Seven Minutes to Exercise and Dress!

You can equal or better this record if you tear off and fill in the coupon at the lower right-hand corner.

Undoubtedly C. Wesley Brown eats luncheons and dinners and even banquets, but I can say of his breakfast and his breakfast only that every detail of it is photographed on the brain. There is an aluminum pot, filled with Good to the Last Drop coffee, or maybe Postum. A patent electric waffle iron functions beside it. An Apple a Day Keeps the Doctor Away. Florida Oranges Rich in Vitamines. Bran Muffins Here's Health. This Ham is Delicious! Two fried eggs (sunny side up), grapelade, cereal with

L. Moholy-Nagy



L. Moholy-Nagy

milk From Contented Cows. *They Satisfy!* He draws on his cigarette deeply and registers contentment at his wife across the table.

A Muffin a Day is the Natural Way .... The room is larger than the Brown kitchen or breakfast room, almost as large as the parlour. There are a score of nickel faucets. A chintz curtain hides the window. Otherwise the room is a sanitary, blinding white, the white of porcelain and tile. To sit and stare at it fixedly induces a sort of agreeable trance. He meditates, half consciously. The streets of Heaven are paved not with gold but with white porcelain. The houses of Heaven are white and nickel and chintz. The furniture of Heaven is large and sanitary and restful, like bathtubs. He has the simple faith of a medieval saint and creates Heaven out of the most familiar objects.

Still smiling in a paradisial dream, he climbs into one of his smaller automobiles, poses for a moment at the wheel and drives to his office, where he arrives at 8 : 55. The dream is over and it is time for sterner reality. Is it? He has never been known to wonder.

He sits at a square mahogany desk, with a glass top which is always empty except for one scrap of paper containing a memorandum of the difficult problem which he will solve this morning — Now. He clenches his hand. He brings it down so forcibly as almost to shatter the glass, while he speaks to the twelve Directors who have gathered silently round. "The way to sell God is the way to sell gasoline tractors. Advertise." They crowd forward to pat him on his Kuppenheimer back, immediately organizing the International Divine Sales Corporation. The common stock has recently been quoted at 312¼ .... He bends over the walnut counter of the Fleischauer Drygoods House. "Madam, our product is as good as materials and workmanship can make it." ..... Climbing on a chair he addresses the convention of Sales Executives. "The gospel of Mowbray Motors is the gospel of fair dealing. We have nine salient points of superiority, namely:

1. Silent operation
2. No gaskets
3. Woven with the grain
4. Underslung
5. Durability
6. It quenches the thirst
7. Biggest
8. Cleanest
9. Best

He bows to a storm of applause . . . . He drives three clients to Maple Oaks (Prairie Development Corporation) and explains the beauty of neo-antique cottages while leaning gracefully against the mudguard. Single-handed he enters the den of the purchasing agent for the Consolidated Electric. On Saturday half-holidays, before a crowd of eighty thousand, he undrapes a Virgin Wool blanket from his shoulders, peels off a blue Virgin Wool sweater, and trots into the scrimmage to score a winning touchdown for Yale. He changes his collar eight times daily (each time a different style) and may be seen buying a new wardrobe every week. However, there is no false pride about him. Sometimes he dons overalls and oils the piston rod of the Twentieth Century Limited, while anxiously he consults the dial of The Railroad Man's Watch. He dons a white apron and conducts a monster sale of Quality Lamb. He is always donning something. His smile leaves him never, but sometimes it has a wistful quality as if he were staring through the window of reality into a dream. At such moments there is a look about his eyes and his cleft chin that reminds one queerly of a portrait by some Italian primitive — perhaps the St. Sebastian of Cosimo Tura.

The dream of his boyhood, the Dream which he never attained, is to be a button-pusher. To sit at a broader, squarer, cleaner mahogany desk, of which the side, instead of drawers, is covered with ranks of mother-of-pearl buttons. He presses one of them, lightly, and the wheels of a thousand factories are set in motion. He presses a button. A charge of lyddite explodes, a mountain collapses, the two ends of the Trans-continental Tunnel are united. He presses a button which admits water to the New Everlasting Dam. He presses a button. Sirens blow, every-where the churchbells ring, crowds drunken with joy parade the streets, signal rockets ascend and two nations which have lain in embattled trenches for ten years suddenly hear the order to cease firing. A battalion of newspaper and motion picture photographers survey him as he works. He presses a button and a clerk appears to usher them out, leaving him alone to press the button which will put him in telephonic connection with his wife, the little girl whom all his triumphs could never make him forget. He presses a button.

The Kind of Girl You Stop to Look at. Bessie Brown works eight hours a day in a shop window. She opens her mouth and smiles, revealing a double row of stained and tartar-covered teeth. She points to a placard:

Discolored Teeth
Mar Beauty

Turning it over she reveals another: the picture of a girl with dirty teeth applying for a position and being refused, while the President remarks to the Secretary-treasurer, "I Didn't Like her Smile." Third placard:

Discolored Teeth
[redacted]
Prevent Success

Immediately Bess puts a finger to her forehead, reaches into a drawer, produces a tube of paste and a brush, scrubs her mouth in the sight of two hundred people, gargles with a glass of cold water, smiles, smiles again, and points to a fourth placard:

Like
Two and Thirty
Pearls

Fifth placard: smiling stenographer is led to her new desk while the Secretary-treasurer remarks to the President, "Thirty-five a week and worth every cent of it. What teeth! What a SMILE!"

Sixth placard:

Smiles Toothpaste
Paves the Road
to Success

Bess smiles again and disappears. The crowd moves on. Enter Bess with stained and tartar-covered teeth. She smiles and points to six placards. At 5 : 53 she returns in her sedan to their little house in the suburbs, half an hour before her husband. Dinner is redicooked in the electric stove; she has only to turn a couple of switches and spread the

table. He arrives, fresh as a gust of wind from his business triumphs. They kiss. Wes and Bess enter the dining room, together and alone.

Afterwards, in the living room, Bess kneels on the leather lounge in front of the unlighted gas logs of the fire. Wes leans against the back of the lounge and lights his Stick to Cinco It's Safe. Then, since nobody ever taught him what to say to his wife, there is a long silence, till finally he repeats his one phrase of domestic conversation. "Beats me, Bess. I don't see how you ever found such a good-looking rug for only $ 16.20." Another silence. He recommences timidly, "Beats me, Bess. I don't see how you ever found such a good-looking rug for only $ 16.20 . . . Beats me, Bess . . . d'looking rug . . . . $ 16.20 . . . . Beats me, Bess . . . ."

Bess disappears. Wes unpacks his portable typewriter and works by the lamp on the library table. Bess regards him fondly through the half-open portieres. A tableau of personified Diligence guarded by a personified Devotion. The artist who dogs their footsteps has drawn it often.

However, the routine of their evenings is not invariable. They visit the motion pictures weekly, when there is a program of clean Educational films. Sometimes they dance. I have seen the legs, only the legs of Bess in Onyx stockings move slowly across the floor to the tune of Ain't We Got Fun. C. Wesley Brown is wearing a dinner jacket.

The floor on which they dance is of $^{5}/_{8}$-in. matched oak boards, tongued and grooved, manufactured by the National Oak Flooring Association. Most of them happened to be cut in Jones County, Tennessee, from a single tree which scaled 1500 board feet. The preliminary sawing was done by Jake Adams in Josiah Webster's mill. Jake was a good sawyer. He also was a distiller, owning a half share in a moonshine outfit up Laurel Run, and the evening before he had sampled a new batch of his own corn licker. He was still a little shaky. His right hand slipped and the circular saw ripped off the thumb, neatly, a sacrifice to world capitalism and a paternalistic government. Blood dripped, dripped on the very board which the Walkover heel of C. Wesley Brown now covers. There is no need to sentimentalize Jake Adams. He stanched the wound with cotton waste, bound a red bandana over it and drove to the county seat to find a clever lawyer, a lawyer who proved so clever that Jake received a cool four thousand as damages. Josiah Webster went into bankruptcy and Jake bought the mill, thereafter being known as Fingy Jake. He is political boss of Jones County.

FELLOW MEMBERS OF THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE: Our business is a dream, if any enterprise which counts over a billion dollars

as its annual turnover can properly be called a dream. Duplicator, Inc. is the dream of a nation. But to realize this dream of a hundred million hearts, to give their wish, once unfulfilled and even unexpressed, the huge and practical proportions of Duplicator, Inc.: — this, Gentlemen, could be the privilege only of a creator's brain. You will require no further introduction to C. Wesley Brown — myself.

Nor do you require a lengthy explanation of the results of the Duplicator process. I flatter myself that you are familiar with these results already. We take a smile — a winning smile — the sort of smile that wins success, and by our patented method we duplicate it on ten million lips. By the same process we duplicate words — habits of thought — the cut of a cravat — a chin-dimple — a method of sales approach. It is thanks to Duplicator, Inc. that America has become a nation of standardized business executives. This is our proudest boast.

It was my smile they chose to duplicate, my broad-set eyes, my cleft and protruding chin, my method of selling collars, my respect for clean womanhood. I say this without personal pride, for it is thanks only to Duplicator, Inc. that America has become an image of me. And not America alone.

Last year I made a tour of the world to advance the Duplicator interests. Near world-famous Athens, at the Piraeus, a young man approached me with an offer to insure my baggage, to find me hotel rooms, to buy me tickets, to take me, for a consideration, under the protection of the Americo-Hellenic Tourist Service. I accepted his offer, Gentlemen, for that young man was the image of me. . . . In Tokyo I attended the motion pictures after an active day. The audience of prosperous business men, except for the colour of their skin, might easily have been myself, and what was my pride to see my own reflection parade across the screen in guise of the hero! . . . . Duplicator, Inc. has done its work, and even in the darkest corners of the ancient continents our gospel is penetrating. Be sure you're right then go ahead. Small profits — quick turnover. Standard of the world. Ask the man who owns one. If not in sale in your vicinity write for complete catalog.

Once in dreamy old-world Cadiz I was watching a goatherd milk his flock at his customer's very door. Suddenly a Ford drew up to the curb. A young man leaped out who resembled me more closely than a brother. "Haven't I seen you in Coffeyville, Kansas?" he said. And sure enough, he had. He was the son of a Spanish grandee and he also wrote poetry. Gentlemen, as I look at your rosy and uniform faces, each one the image

of his and my own, I am moved to recite you a poem which he wrote in my honour:

fresh *from the factory*
watch their eyes open
are you covered?

Are you the ten-pin or the ball? How fast do you think?
IS YOUR BODY TEN YEARS OLDER THAN YOU ARE?
Do you like fine things?

are you covered?

you and your family need it now
You and Your Family Need it Now
YOU AND YOUR FAMILY NEED IT NOW

are you covered?

Good to the Last Drop — Makes the Easiest Way the Best Way — The Sunshine of the Night — From the Sheep's Back to Yours — The Sort of Girl You Stop to Look at — Keeps You Warm as Toast — No Metal Can Touch You
are you covered?

give her the gift you'd like to
get if not in sale in your vicinity
write for complete catalog and
you will avoid imitations and
substitutes if you are covered.

Relax tense nerves my body
is ten years ten years older
a handy place to throw trash
a handy place to throw trash

goodbye old flannel lining
goodbye, goodbye
old flannel lining goodbye

Each time I repeat these lines I find new beauties in them. There is punch and go, the love of clean womanhood, but there is also a hint of the world's eternal sadness. A handy place to throw trash. I have the vision of a hundred million vulcanite wastebaskets, those havens of refuge where our triumphs and our failures pile up, pile up together. It is as if invisible hands had clutched me by the throat. I am choking, dry. I want a drink. . . . Have any of you gentlemen a pocket flask? I want a drink of water, whiskey . . . . ginger ale the Anytime . . . . drink . . . . choking . . . . for God's sake give me a drink.

MALCOLM COWLEY

A LADY

Her lips are roses
rotting in water.

Her eyelids two shrivelled
violets.

Her eyes are puddles.

Her voice is of a bird being strangled.

Her youth in passing
lingers in her hands.
They flutter, hovering
like two butterflies
over the corpse of her flesh.

There is a grim whim in her,
like that of a dead mouth
that smiles.

Her well-rounded legs
tell an impudent lie.

Her soul lies
in the disorder of an orgy
over the ashes and scattered remains of which
hangs, like threads of blue smoke,
an elegance of tiny gestures.

EMANUEL CARNEVALI

PORTRAIT

Withdraw your hair from the simulated
Interest of the moon;
Take every tenuous shadow
From the aimless tongues of these trees
And darken your speech until it attains
A fickle and fantastic
Acquaintance with the eccentric night
Disarrange your dress and make it
A subtle invitation to nakedness.
Remove your stockings and shoes
So that your feet may enjoy
An embarrassed soliloquy with the grass
Place the palm of your hand
Lightly against your nose,
Following the slope of some grotesque feeling.

Devise these careful affronts
To the heavier intentions
Of thought and emotion, and gratefully
Accept your title of minor poet.

Only trees with long roots caught by hills
Will recognize your importance.

MAXWELL BODENHEIM

THE COLLEGE GLEE CLUB.

Two doors were not sufficient. They came through upon the stage like paste squeezed out of a tube. They spread, divided into clots, shifted, blocked each other, and suddenly appeared in the dignified array of two lines of youth in evening dress, lines slightly elliptical, with one focus, the leader, at the right end, toward which every face was turned. One or two, belated, hurried into places fussily.

How absurdly boys bear the importance of conventional dress. Their breasts strain and bulge the crackling linen boards, their muscles swell and wrinkle the broad-cloth. Others are loose, small, and inadequate, inside the immaculate rigidity. They are growing before your eyes like the germinating seeds in the cinema picture, and one imprisons the laugh before it breaks. For if they guessed that their appearance caused your laughter they would feel confused and hurt. But, and this is a protective contradiction peculiar to youth, if they did not guess they would think that you were laughing with them, and laugh themselves. They know that they are funny because they feel funny. They do not know that they look funny. They are colossal. And the thin ice of conventionality is skimming their youth.

Their singing was art in its primitive beginning, that is, it began in fun amongst themselves. It was art as pictured by a child, laughed at by its creator before displayed to the appraising eyes of experience, dabbed with meaningless blots and scratches of self-conscious vanity. Some of the voices were sweet but there were as many more that laughed at the good ones by coming in a trifle too late or too soon or by shading the key. So youth kept its balance, ever sincere to itself first. And that is right.

There is something that youth respects and thus keeps in the procession. It respects leadership. Every face in the line was

profiled obediently toward the leader who, from the right end, nodded the tempo. So the lasting impression was of a frieze of stiff pink profiles and flat white shirt-fronts, all as devotionally fixed as the heads in a Della Robbia. Youth afraid to do the wrong thing is youth in flux, youth in action. The sheath of the chrysalis cracks from the struggle within.

One amongst them, the third mandolin player, was almost out. Else why did he, without ceasing, wear that secret smile? I watched the smile tremble up from within and over the lips while the brow, bent seriously over the instrument, lifted and the eyes looked out on life. So might a chicken smile foolishly over the fragments of its shell.

ROBERT ALDEN SANBORN

AFFINITIES

Ai-yee!
The cold wind knows me:
I fling myself against the wind
And each of us grows great and gay,
The people give us right of way:
I feel them dwindle in the flames
And split and burn and fall apart.

And what if I went naked too
Like the wind,
Whistling scorn between my teeth?

This blank and rigid avenue
Would split like mist and roll apart.

JOHN CRAWFORD

THE DISCOVERY OF THE INDIES.

SALVE REGINA MISERICORDIA, VITA DULCEDO ET SPES NOSTRA SALVE. AD TE CLAMAMUS, EXSULES FILII HEVAE, AD TE SUSPIRAMUS GEMENTES ET FLENTES IN HAC LACRYMUM VALLE . . .

A dense waterboundary over beyond the Azores needed a ship through it. Having failed to secure a footing for the adventure in every capital, ridiculed, driven about from place to place, in rags finally, his mind burning, the martyr's fervor eating now back of his breastbone, his son at his side — the Italian joins the mob about their Catholic Spanish Majesties encamped before Granada. There he watches his opportunity, for the last time to make his proposal.

He hears the talk: Christ in the ascendant! but Spain ruined, sees the Moor come out and kiss the royal hands, fanfare of trumpets! Spaniards shouting! passage of the priests in robes — but no money. India . . rich, but far. So then it comes to him:

CHRISTOPHORO! him that carried Christ across the river.
Being a practical shipsmaster, besides the flame, he makes his plea: To the west. To India. In the name of Christ: gold, jewels, spices —

Thus, your Highnesses, Catholic Christians, Princes who love the Holy Christian faith and the propagation of it, and enemies to the sect of Mahoma, resolved to send me, Cristobal Colon, to India; and ordered that I should not go by land to the eastward as had been customary, but that I should go by way of the west, whither up to this day we do not know for certain that any man has gone.

And for this they made great concessions to me, ennobled me, so that henceforth I should be called Don, and should be chief Admiral of the Ocean Sea, perpetual Viceroy and Governor of all the Islands and Continents that I should discover and that my eldest son should succeed, and so from generation to generation forever.

. . . . at the third hour of Saturday night it began to blow from the N. E. and I shaped my course to the west. We took in much water over the bows, which retarded our progress and nine leagues were made during the day and night.

Sunday we made 19 leagues, and I decided to reckon less than the number run, for should the voyage prove of long duration, the people would not be so terrified and disheartened. This day we lost sight of land, and many fearful of not seeing it again sighed and shed tears. The sailors steered badly letting the ships fall off to N. E. and even more, of which I was forced to complain several times.

Monday . . Tuesday we sailed on our course which was west and made twenty leagues or more. We saw a large piece of the mast of a ship of one hundred and twenty tons but were unable to get it.

Item: that of all and every kind of merchandise, whether pearls, precious stones, gold, silver, spices, etc. of whatever kind, name and sort which may be bought, bartered, discovered or obtained in the said Admiralty, Your Highnesses grant from henceforth to the said Don Cristobal etc. the tenth part of the whole . . granted, in the town of Santa Fe de la Granada on the 17th. day of April in the year of our Lord Jesus Christ 1492. I the King. I the Queen.

Wednesday . . Thursday . . Friday, on the westerly course, day and night, 20 leagues, counting a little less. Here those on the caravel *Nina* reported that they had seen a tern, a bird which is never far from land.

Saturday we made 27 leagues on the west course; and in the early part of the night there fell into the sea a marvellous flame of fire, at a distance of about 4 or 5 leagues from the ship.

Sunday, the sixteenth, day and night, I steered the course west, making 39 leagues but counted only 36. There were some clouds and small rain. From this day and ever afterward very temperate breezes, so that there was great pleasure in enjoying the mornings, nothing being wanted but the song of nightingales. It was like April in Andalucia. Here we began to see many tufts of grass that were very green and appeared to have been quite recently torn from the land. All this I called to the attention of the men and from this I judged that we were near land, but not the mainland which I make to be more distant.

Monday, at dawn, we observed much more weed appearing, like herbs from a river, in which one of the men discovered a live crab. This I kept that all might see it and believe on the land. The sea water was found to be less salt than it had been since leaving the Canaries. The breezes were always soft. Everyone was pleased and the best sailors went ahead to sight the first land. Many tunnyfish passed on all sides of us and the

crew of the Nina killed one. All these signs came from the west in which direction I trust in the High God in whose hands are all victories that very soon we shall see land. That morning there appeared a white bird, called a boatswainbird, which is not in the habit of sleeping on the sea.

Tuesday, we made 45 leagues, counting only 38. The sea was like the river of Seville. Martin Alonzo, with the *Pinta,* which was a fast sailer, did not wait, but said to me from his caravel, that he hoped to see land that night. A great cloud appeared to the north, a sign of the nearness of land.

Seven years passed in discussion and nine in execution, the Indies discovered, wealth and renown for Spain and great increase to God and to His Church. And I have arrived at and am in such condition that there is no one so vile but thinks he may insult me.

Three voyages undertaken and brought to success against all who would gainsay me; islands and a mainland to the south discovered; pearls, gold and in spite of all, after a thousand struggles with the world, and having withstood them all, neither arms nor counsels availed me, it cruelly kept me under water. What have I not endured . . . ?

The lands in this part of the world, which are now under your Highnesses sway, are richer and more extensive than those of any other Christian power, and yet, after that I had, by the Divine Will, placed them under your sovereignty, and was on the point of bringing your Majesties into receipt of a very great revenue, . . I was arrested and thrown with my two brothers, loaded with irons, into a ship, stripped, and very illtreated without being allowed any appeal to justice.

I was twenty-eight years old when I came into your Highnesses' service, and now I have not a hair upon me that is not grey; my body is infirm, and all that was left me, as well as to my brothers has been taken away and sold, even to the frock I wore. . . .

Wednesday, 25 leagues, but it was calm, and counted only 22. This day, at ten o'clock, a booby came to the ship and in the afternoon another, these birds not generally going more than twenty leagues from the land. There was also some drizzling rain without wind, which is a sure sign of land. I felt it to be certain that there were islands both to the north and

south of our position and that we were passing through them. This I explained to all saying that my desire was to press on to the Indies, the weather being fine, as such it was, and that on the return we should see all. Here the pilots found their position. He of the *Nina* made the Canaries four hundred and forty leagues distant, the *Pinta* four hundred and twenty. But he of my own ship made the distance exactly four hundred leagues, which I gave out to be the true.

Thursday, twentieth of September, the course was W. by N. and as her head was all round the compass, owing to the calm that prevailed, the ship made only 7 or 8 leagues. Two boobies came to the ship, and afterwards another, a sign of the proximity of land. One of the men caught a bird with the hand, which was like a tern. But it was a riverbird, not a seabird, the feet being like those of a gull. At dawn two or three land birds came singing to the ship and they disappeared before sunset.

Friday, most of the day was calm, later a little wind. At dawn so much weed that the sea seemed to be covered with it. And it came from the west. Toward mid-day a whale was sighted, which is a sign of land, because they always keep near the shore.

Saturday . . Sunday, the twenty-third of September I shaped a course N. W. and made about 22 leagues. A dove was seen and also another booby. Great quantities of weed and crabs in it. The sea being calm and smooth, the crews began to murmur, saying that there was no great sea and the wind would never blow so that they could return to Spain. Afterward the sea arose very much and adverse winds appeared. Yet even then some objected, saying that the wind would not last.

Monday, on the west course all day and night making 14 leagues. I counted only twelve.

Tuesday, calm and afterward wind. On the west course till night. At sunset Martin Alonzo went up on the poop of his ship and with joy called out that he had sighted land. I fell on my knees and gave thanks to the Lord, so heavy had been my burdens these latter days at the despair among the men and the murmurs going among them, that I should have to turn back. And Martin Alonzo said the *Gloria in Excelsis* with his people. My own crew did the same. Those of the *Nina* all went up on the mast and into the rigging, and declared that it was land. It seemed distant 25 leagues. So it appeared until night. I ordered the course to be altered from W. to S. W. in which direction the land had appeared. Four leagues

that day on a west course and 17 S. W. during the night, in all 21, but I told the men that 13 was the distance made good. The sea was smooth so that many sailors bathed alongside. We saw many giltheads and other fish.

Wednesday, what had been said to be land was only clouds and I continued on the west course till afternoon, then altered to S. W. Day and night 31 leagues counting 24 for the people. The sea was like a river, the air pleasant and mild. The despair of the crew redoubled at this disappointment but I comforted them as best I could begging them to endure a while longer for all that would be theirs in the end.

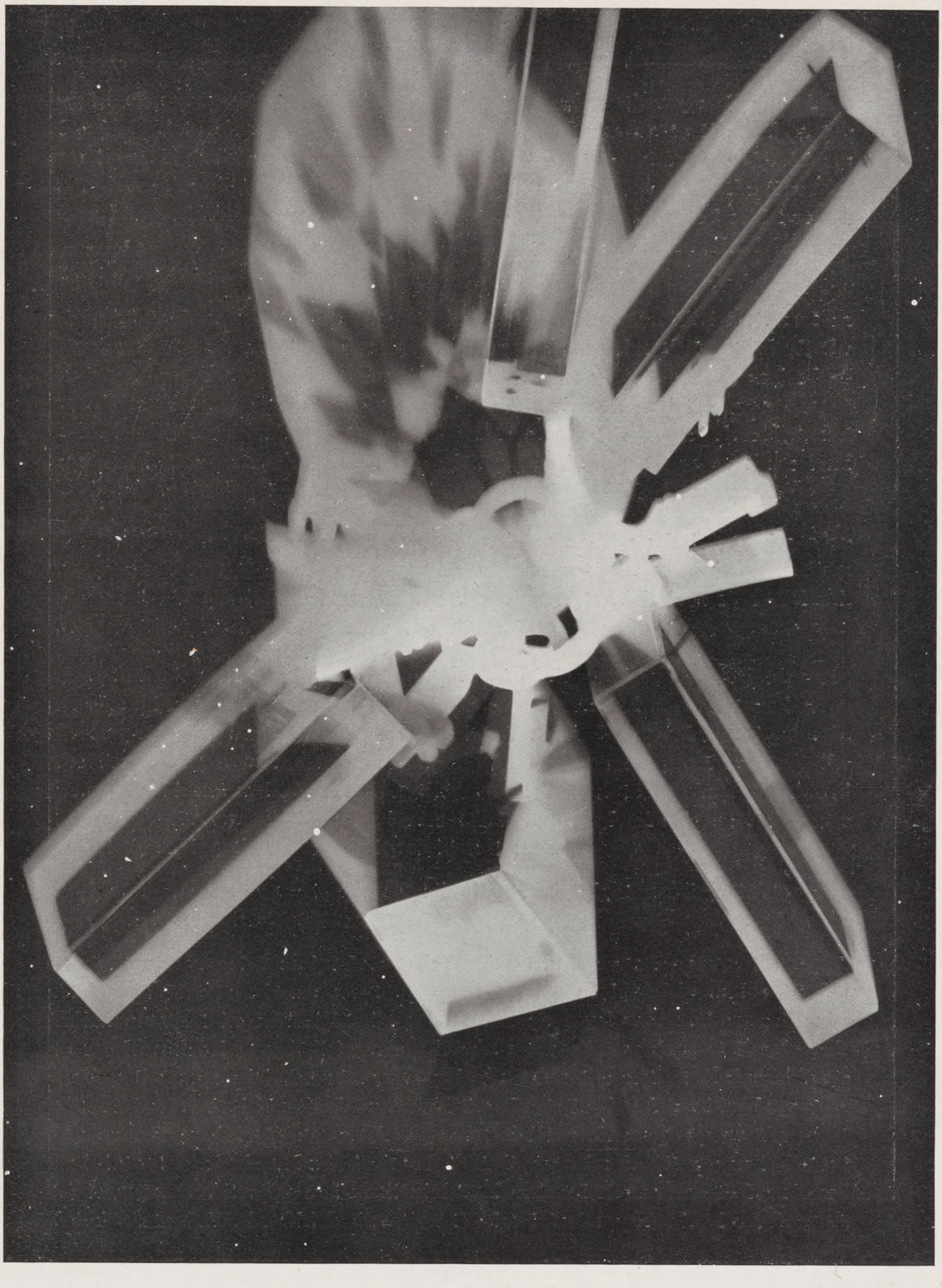
Thursday . . Friday . . Saturday, the course was west, 24 leagues, counting only 21. Calms, not much distance made good during day and night. Today we saw a man-o-war bird, which makes the boobies vomit what they have swallowed, and eats it, maintaining itself on nothing else. It is a seabird but does not sleep on the sea, and does not go more than 20 leagues from land. The sea smooth as a river. Much weed.

Sunday, the last day of September, west fourteen leagues, eleven being counted. Four boatswain birds came to the ship which I considered a great sign of land.

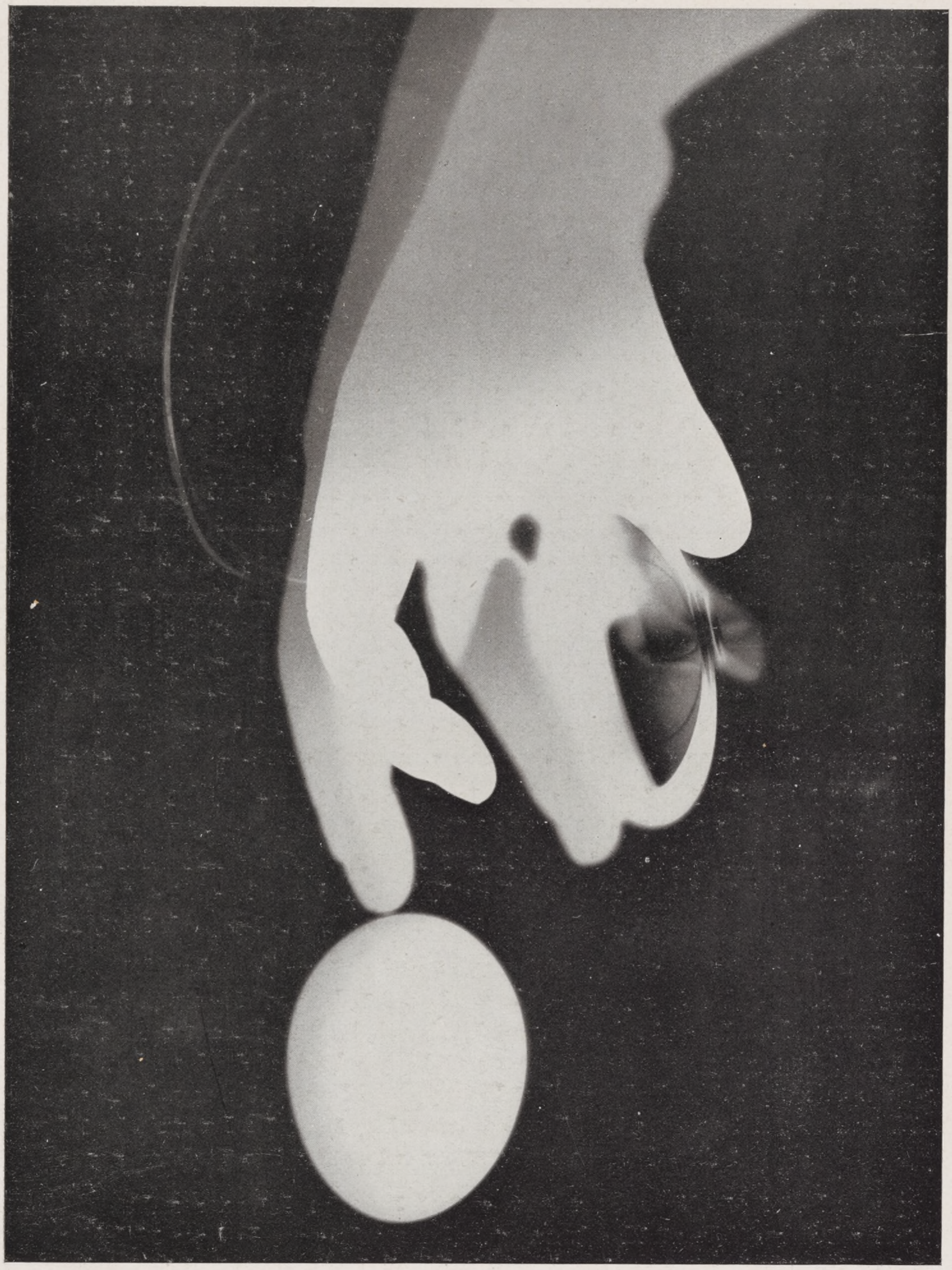
Monday, first of October, west twenty five leagues, counted twenty. A heavy shower of rain. At dawn the pilot of our ship made the distance from Hierro 584 leagues to the west. The reduced reckoning which I showed to the crew made it 578 leagues, but the truth which I kept secret was 707. Thus the wisdom of the double reckoning was confirmed.

Tuesday, west, day and night thirty nine leagues, counted for the crew thirty. The weed, many thanks to God, coming from east to west, contrary to the usual course. Many fish seen and one killed. A white bird like a gull.

Wednesday, still the west course, and made good forty seven leagues, counted forty. Sandpipers appeared, and much weed, some old and some quite fresh and having fruit. No birds. So I gave it out that we had left the islands behind that were depicted on the chart. Here many called upon me to turn about and search for the land but I did not wish to keep the ships beating about, although I had certain information of islands in this region. It would not have been good sense to do this since the weather was favorable and the chief intention was to go in search of the Indies



Man Ray



Man Ray

by way of the west. This was what I had promised to the King and Queen and they had sent me for this purpose.

Thursday, west sixty three leagues, counted forty six. More than forty sandpipers came to the ship in a flock and two boobies. A shipsboy hit one with a stone. There also came a man-o-war bird and a white bird like a gull. The crew here became ever louder in their complaints but I gave as little heed as I was able though many were now openly mutinous and would have done me harm if they dared.

PETER GUTIERREZ: So that, virtually, you have staked your life and the lives of your companions, upon the foundation of a mere speculative opinion.

COLUMBUS: So it is: I cannot deny it. But consider a little. If at present you and I, and all our companions, were not in this vessel, in the midst of this sea, in this unknown solitude, in a state as uncertain and perilous as you please; in what other condition of life should we find ourselves? in what should we be occupied? in what mode should we pass these days? Perhaps more cheerfully? or should we not rather be in some greater trouble or solicitude, or else full of tedium? I care not to mention the glory and utility we shall carry back, if the enterprise succeeds according to our hope. Should no other fruit come from this navigation, to me it appears most profitable inasmuch as for a time it preserves us free from tedium, makes life dear to us, makes valuable to us many things that otherwise we should not have in consideration.

Friday, fifth of October, fifty seven leagues, but counted forty five. The sea smooth and quiet. To God be given many thanks, the air being pleasant and temperate, with no weed, many sandpipers, and flying fish coming on the deck in numbers.

Saturday, continued the west course, forty leagues, thirty three being counted. Martin Alonzo said that it would be best to steer west by south, that night, for the island of Cipango which the map showed but I thought it best to go at once to the continent and afterwards to the island.

Sunday, seventh October, west twenty three leagues, counting eighteen. This day the *Nina* hoisted a flag at the masthead, and fired a gun, which was the signal I had ordered that land had been sighted. At this time also, I ordered that at sunrise and sunset, all the ships should join me, because at these times things are most proper for seeing the greatest distance, the haze clearing away. No land was seen during the afternoon as reported

by the *Nina*. But we passed great numbers of birds flying from N. to S. W. This I believed to be due either to the birds going to sleep on land or that they were flying from the winter which might be supposed to be near in the land from which they were coming. And this in some measure consoled the men from their disappointment over the false news from the *Nina* since it is known that most of the islands held by the Portugese were discovered by the flight of birds. For this reason I resolved to give up the west course and to shape a course W.S.W. for two days. We began the new course an hour before sunset expecting to see land soon and this served to encourage the crew with renewed hope.

Monday, the course W.S.W. and twelve leagues were made during the day and night. Thanks be to God the air is very soft like April at Seville; and it is a pleasure to be here so balmy are the breezes. The weed this day is very fresh, there are many land birds and one was taken that was flying S.W., terns, ducks and a booby.

Tuesday, ninth October, the course S.W. The wind then changed and I steered W. by N. four leagues. Throughout the night birds were heard passing.

Wednesday, fifty nine leagues, W.S.W., but counted no more than forty four. Here the people could endure no longer. All now complained of the length of the voyage. But I cheered them as best I could giving them good hopes of the advantages they might gain by it. Roused to madness by their fear, the captains declared they were going back but I told them then, that however much they might complain, I had to go to the Indies and they along with me, and that I would go on until I found them, with the help of our Lord. And so for a time it passed but now all was in great danger from the men.

Thursday, eleventh of October. The course was W.S.W. More sea than there had been during the whole of the voyage. Sandpipers and a green reed near the ship. And for this I gave thanks to God as it was a sure sign of land. Those of the *Pinta* saw a cane and a pole, and they took up another small pole which appeared to be worked with iron; also another bit of cane, a land plant and a small board. The crew of the caravel *Nina* also saw signs of land, and a small plant covered with berries.

After sunset I returned to the west course. Up to two hours past midnight we had gone ninety miles, when the *Pinta* which was the fastest sailer and had gone ahead, found the land and gave the signals. The land was first seen by Rodrigo de Triana.

Though on the night before, at ten o'clock, I saw a light and called Peter Guitierrez and said that there seemed to be a light, and that he should look at it. He did so and saw it. The same to Rodrigo Sanchez who at first could see nothing but afterward saw the light once or twice like a wax candle rising and falling. When they said the *Salve* which all the sailors are accustomed to sing in their way, I admonished the men to keep a good lookout on the forecastle and to watch well for land and to him who should first cry out that he had seen land I would give a silk doublet besides the other rewards promised by the Sovereigns which were ten thousand maravedis to him who should first see it. Two hours past midnight, the moon having risen at eleven o'clock and then shining brightly in the sky, being in its third quarter and a little behind Rodrigo de Triana, the land was sighted at a distance of about two leagues. At once I ordered them to shorten sail and we lay under the mainsail without the bonnets, hove to waiting for daylight.

On Friday, the twelfth of October, we anchored before the land and made ready to go on shore. Presently we saw naked people on the beach. I went ashore in the armed boat and took the royal standard, and Martin Alonzo and Vicente Yanez, his brother, who was captain of the *Nina*. And we saw the trees very green, and much water and fruits of divers kinds. Presently many of the inhabitants assembled. I gave to some red caps and glass beads to put round their necks, and many other things of little value. They came to the ships boats afterward, where we were, swimming and bringing us parrots, cotton threads in skeins, darts — what they had, with good will. As naked as their mothers bore them, and so the women, though I did not see more than one young girl. All I saw were youths, well made with very handsome bodies and very good countenances. Their hair short and coarse, almost like the hairs of a horse's tail. They paint themselves some black, some white, others red and others of what color they can find. Some paint the faces and others the whole body, some only round the eyes and others only on the nose. They are themselves neither black nor white.

On Saturday, as dawn broke, many of these people came to the beach, all youths. Their legs are very straight, all in one line and no belly. They came to the ship in canoes, made out of the trunk of a tree, all in one piece, and wonderfully worked, propelled with a paddle like a baker's shovel and go at a marvellous speed.

Bright green trees, the whole land so green that it is a pleasure to look on it. Gardens of the most beautiful trees I ever saw. Later I came

upon a man alone in a canoe going from one island to another. He had a little of their bread, about the size of a fist, a calabash of water, a piece of brown earth, powdered then kneaded, and some dried leaves which must be a thing highly valued by them for they bartered with it at San Salvador. He also had with him a native basket. The women wore in front of their bodies a small piece of cotton cloth. I saw many trees very unlike those of our country. Branches growing in different ways and all from one trunk; one twig is one form and another is a different shape and so unlike that it is the greatest wonder in the world to see the diversity; thus one branch has leaves like those of a cane, and others like those of a mastic tree; and on a single tree there are five different kinds. The fish so unlike ours that it is wonderful. Some are the shape of dories and of the finest colors in the world, blue, yellow, red and other tints, all painted in various ways, and the colors so bright that there is not a man who would not be astounded, and would not take great delight in seeing them. There are also whales. I saw no beasts on land save parrots and lizards.

On shore I sent the people for water, some with arms, and others with casks; and as it was some little distance, I waited two hours for them.

During that time I walked among the trees which was the most beautiful thing which I had ever seen . . .

. . . EIA ERGO, ADVOCATA NOSTRA, ILLOS TUOS MISERICORDES OCULOS AD NOS CONVERTE. ET JESUM, BENEDICTUM FRUCTUM VENTRIS TUI, NOBIS POST HOC EXSILIUM OSTENDE. O CLEMENS, O PIA, O DULCES MARIA.

WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS

DARKNESS GLITTERS

SIX STANZAS

1

He sits on the bridge inspecting his hands. Opposite me is another me it is not hard to find red boats and soon he will come threading his way through the traffic, blow, horns! blow, horns! and the silence dies in the enchanted melody of a flageolet but blow! blow! crack your cheeks and blow! horns! here is birth when I was a child in my cradle a portrait hung over my head and the hard corners ladled its substance into my brain one winked color then and darkness glittered, but blow! and blow again! he is naked, we all see that and leering over him her finger stumbles in his flesh and my senses chatter as we run with him, the horns triumphantly blowing and one with hair streaming running laughing at the head

running we laugh and he kicks his legs laughing through hills and over valleys someday all day he will sprawl with Summer on the spangled plain but now his shutterless eyes stare helplessly into the stabbing bugle he is meaningless but we have made a symbol of him we have honored him with horns and routed through the town with him, so now the echo spins us backward and our vaunting laughter perishes in greater tumult as the earth takes speed from our standing feet a hill tree the road chimney horizontal flops into a rock turning past into a fence no cattle and darkness glitters.

2

A tablespoonful of ink has fallen through the night and we see the glimmer condense a moment and perish, remembering afterward the four locked walls within which eight feet on the so far as we know substantial floor support four people two women and two men one has his watch in his hand and we strain to hear as his forefinger urges them what does he say? for the second man leans over the bed a moment

as in the

static gaslight prints yellow unexpectedly rotundities out of flats

the woman

moves to his side

she loops her arms about him, stiller these scenes in the yellow light and movement slow before the outer wall opens tipping the bed there was no one

and the second woman and I know her the scene takes on intimacy for it was she who ran with streaming hair out of the room and down great avenues and up great branching trees she ran screaming through the skies over my head and her flying hair ensnaring constrained me to follow as the ink dries at last in curious splotches on a clean sheet of paper.

3

He escaped once and "dedans son petit jardinet" thought him of Villon on the pavement there he saw women garbed in yellow swaying like a field of wheat from thistle-flower blue eyes peering to dress the green of corn clasping the rich sweetness of rounded dimpling flesh so teeth bite white the kissing flavor and those in red sprouted like poppies ungarnered in the unmown field

oh! orange throbbing autumnal spring and yellow green moving and bending above brown unobservedly mingling among the throng but he has walked in the meadows and seen the fields lie breathless side by side like women

waiting

stirred by tremulous passions among the feathery tufted carrots glimpse toes gripping along streets the young barley shoots tender green from the rolled, brown field and he saw the sappy, crawling locomotive plant with hesitant eye staring through hazed green of cabbage

one blurs rows and rows undulating with the roll of wheels but even among traffic the men are clear harrowing and plowing brusquely among them Pete lifts in his browned arms a sheaf of wheat

but I have seen a soldier on the Boul Mich with his arm about a girl.

4

There was thunder that afternoon from a dull, evenly-colored sky and we walked in the town. His eyes always asked you to look into them and

that irritated me and she was like singing last year's ragtime I forget what happened to the King and Queen in red robes preceded by heralds down long gilded halls and the cushion but he suddenly interrupted he touched me by the hand and with that air of his even while speaking of listening for what you are going to say, "Edna is going to have a baby." I turned to her, affecting nonchalance and said, "Why bother?" It punctured a fatuous moment but then they started laughing and I was frenzied at heart.

I shouted at the thunder while they cowered beneath a trembling awning he plucking me by the hand the great rocketing tumult rolled about the sky at which we dared not look for the puckering rain

the man

poured a glass of wine across the bar to a drenched patron and in the wind I saw her rounded figure and then the wind lifted a drift of her hair and in a great white flash that abolished all but the two of us the earth spun backward once more and dashed us unwillingly, laughingly, recklessly onward down long halls and vaulted corridors whose crystal walls reflected reflecting floors through a rain of roaring colors the rush of our laughter engulfed that slow procession and swept them in red riot behind us and leading all the Queen with hair streaming ran laughing bearing him kicking and laughing on the golden cushion into glittering darkness where a hand probing took mine and said, "It's over."

I saw marble, he saw bubbles the sun's kissing resolved colors into the dazzling air

I tested the strength of a barbed wire fence, the shining strand of a spider's web was a sword to bar him from the town

I swam vainly searching the sources of the oceans of the world he drowned in a tear

he was a fool for I shot at a bird and he was that bird, he was a fool and I killed him for otherwise I should have been that portrait staring drily from the wall at the various uninteresting happenings of the room so I climbed a tall tree to its top and gazed on cities, my glance petrified them and he died there as I had planned or so I suppose for I never afterward came to the cities I had seen

he was a fool and

I killed him, I fished for him in rivers and he drowned gasping as fish do in the air I breathe

he went up to the skies to search for stars and came down blind so I killed him for I must find my way groping along the streets and I killed him I killed him but his blood beckons me from the red wheels of a cart rolling across a bridge but I have made marble into bubbles

or is it bubbles into marble for am I a portrait?

6

I lay one sunny day in the summer meadows, but I saw him glistening beside me and in the golden sky I saw those great legs striding and the streaming hair lapped the horizon I heard the screams that laughing women force from their mouths I saw their hollow cheeks and great eyes burning as they rioted around me

he all the while stirring beneath me, he must have sunk into ground he must have interpenetrated with the roots and growing things laced together below for I felt him stir and their fingers were drawn in netting tracery across my stung flesh as the valley swayed out like a banner green yellow golden while they danced about me

through glittering darkness we are running they have snatched him from me or me from him and run laughing though he sits on a bridge inspecting my hands a man helps a woman into a red taxi-cab

a moment

of two silences the driver leans out sidewise to catch the address and we swing our folds about them Lion Noir behind a straw hat red glass

this

intervenes when I lie with my wife in bed there is a sly bent-shouldered elfish grin that intervenes between our bellies and I see with inexpressible horror her gray eyes staring up at me in haunted fear through the arrested moment it slips like ripples in a pool is a

plow and I search

for it

again but a straw hamper is a sign of a pipe in the mouth and ray, stick, I could stab with a flash like that, killing is brown, birth is red, bed is a banner I could plant vegetables in a bed sometimes. He inspects his hands.

ROBERT COATES

THE APOLLO OF VEII

Crunch of foot forward, foot forward;
Flair of leg-muscles, set to steel,
Sliding, gliding, bunching to steel;
Quiver and poise: foot, shin-bone, and knee —
    Crunch of foot forward, foot forward.

Hips holding that tawny torso:
Roll of hip-joints forward.
Bending, leopard-lithe torso,
Clean flesh-ripple over ribs, — —
The curving prongs of ribs,
Clutching the vitals to the spine.
    Hips holding that tawny torso:
    Roll of hip-joints forward.

Shoulders set in a neck-shudder;
Drive of high shoulders forward,
Shivering strain of the spine-chords,
Shove and slide of the neck-curve,
Twinge of the copper throat-pulse,
    Drive of the high shoulders forward.

Plunge of the head forward, head forward;
Lift and lunge of the battering skull:
Pointed power of that chiseled beak,
Lewd malignancy of cheek-drawn lips — —
Flesh stripped back from the food-tusks;
    Plunge of the head forward, head forward.

Loop and knot of battered biceps,
Angle of arms forward, arms forward:
Slide of the velvet flesh-cover;
Stiff fingers forked, fingers hooked;
Hands hollowed to clutch,
To crush into blood-mesh,
Grind into bone-smoke — —
    Angle of arms forward, arms forward.

STIGMATAE

Your grave gapes,
    Open to the dust-spiraled winds;
Your skull gleams,
    Gummed in the jaws of a great green python;
Your sagging bones, — —
    They lie deep in the seam of grief,
    Clutched in the subterranean arms of an orange-tree,
    By the side of a sanguine forgotten shore
    Where red souls of sin wail past on black wings of despair.
All day I have hunched, mandible in fists,
Watching;
Watching ivory cliffs rise from the purple-matrixed dawn
    And fruit of gold gleam sun-shaped in the early flame;
Watching new petals shower snow-swift into that seam,
Watching all day, through green vitreous branches,
    The breasted sea with its female undulations,
    The purple swelling sea;
        Watching it rise,
        Watching it break on the bleaching shore in white smoke.
I have crunched my teeth on your terrible fruit,
    So cadent with prescient dreams of death,
        With the ruddy gold of decaying day,
And still I watch, mandible in fists, eyes on the sea,
    Till a spiral of tawny ossiverous sand
    Whirls through the burning air with a glint of
                petals and leaves,
        Sucked to the sinking sun,
        Shrouding the skeleton of dusk;
    Till tears, scorching surge to my irritated eyes,
        And I too run wailing down that shore of sin.

CARLETON BEALS

TRANSFORMATIONS

IV.

Butterweg and Jamaika found no peace during the journey. Jamaika showed anxiety for Kakadu. Butterweg said: "I can't find a moment's sleep over that man. I must say, it is a doubtful pleasure." Jamaika whispered: "I love you so. Have I not transformed my whole life for your sake? Who knows what may become of me now?" Butterweg stood in a corner of the corridor and smoked; "You should have considered all that before. Are you sorry already? Of course this isn't as comfortable, for you bourgeois." Butterweg's generosity no longer seemed so great, he cursed every time something annoyed him, and Jamaika trembled at his words. For a moment, when she was so worried that her whole body ached and her temples pounded, she hoped that the police would intervene and arrest them. She was reflecting on this, as Butterweg stood by smoking cigarette after cigarette to drive away sleep and boredom. He looked at her and gauged her thoughts; "Listen," he said, "do you know that we have committed a crime against the peace. If Kakadu should give us away, we are done for. I advise you then to take care that he doesn't do anything foolish." Jamaika was frightened. The train neared a station, the bright lights shot by more frequently and the whistles of the trainmen could be heard. Gigantic shadows flew by and disappeared in the darkness. When the train stopped, Butterweg went off to drink something. . A man with a silk hat and a monocle fixed Jamaika with his eye. She thought: "I could go with this man now. If I told him how things were, we would be off before Butterweg came back. I would be rid of him." The man noticed how Jamaika regarded him. He came by very close to her. The thought of Kakadu gripped Jamaika, and she could not move a foot. Then Butterweg came, he had bought cognac and bade Jamaika drink.

They approached Paris toward noon. The passengers ran through the corridors and packed their trunks. A stout man who wanted to take off his slippers, stumbled and fell. Jamaika regarded, full of confused astonishment, the houses and the colored bill posters on the houses. Butterweg said: "Now we are in the great city of Paris, be careful." They waited until everyone had left the train and then led out Kakadu, who followed them helplessly. If he should cry out only once, the police would come and all was lost. But the man let himself be dragged

along, without a word. His head hung down. His hands had been stuck into his pockets. Automatically he put one foot before the other. Before the Gare du Nord the crowd pressed, and the noise of the vehicles rattled through the city. Butterweg was awaited by a friend of his, who worked as a waiter in a great establishment on the Boulevard Poissonière. They got into a cab to go to the home of this friend, high up on the Montmartre. The friend believed that Jamaika was the mistress of Butterweg, but he did not know what to make of Kakadu. He thought: "Never in my life, although I have lived much, have I seen people drag a man about the world for the pure fun of it." "I don't know why I did it, myself," cried Butterweg. Jamaika wept. Butterweg stroked her hands; "There, be still, it isn't so bad. Everything will be all right." When they came to their room and their friend left, Butterweg said: "There, my love, we must get up a rigout for Kakadu, so that he doesn't give us away." Jamaika dried the tears on her face. "I shall talk to him. Let me be alone with him for a moment." "Good! Good! Have a little consultation with him. *Je m'éclipse.*"

Kakadu didn't move when Jamaika called to him, he lay in bed and stretched his feet out as far as they would go. His face was an extraordinary mixture of pure childishness and senile anger. For a long time he lay without breathing, and when Jamaika cried out louder and shook him, he said: "Oh, I am so sick. I ought to be undressed, and have some camomile tea and cold compresses, for I am very sick." He got up and walked dizzily about the room making motions with his arms in order to keep his balance. His toes were turned inward, his head was sunken between his collar bones, his large and bony shoulders resembled those of an ape. His hands at times would grab at the air as if to clutch something, and a faint hissing came from his distorted mouth, his eyes opening widely and unnaturally. Jamaika said: "Kakadu, calm yourself a bit. There is nothing more to be done about it, and when you come to think of it nothing much has happened. Butterweg is good to you and me." Kakadu gurgled, he looked at Jamaika, who took his head between her hands and stroked his hair. When she noticed that his nose was dirty she took his handkerchief out of the trunk and wiped it clean. Kakadu did not understand anything that was going on about him, he felt only a roaring in his ears, sometimes possessed a moment of consciousness that his whole life had been transformed, and waved his hands in the air like an unruly child — but then he would become weary, his eyelids so tired and his hair aching so on his head, that he fell into bed, his mouth open, and just bleated. "Kakadu," cried Jamaika loudly. The man did not move.

"Well," she said in Butterweg's tone, "You will have to be forced." She took a small pair of scissors and cut his hair off to the root so that he looked like a criminal. It was very wonderful to behold the low forehead, the heavy beetling brows, the monstrous collar-bones. Then Jamaika tied his collar around him and knotted a red necktie for him. She regarded him and decided that he did not look well that way. Something was lacking. He must be made to look more childlike and pleasant. Then the idea came to her to cut his trousers off below the knees. Now he looked like a boy whose thick head contrasted strangely with his short legs; he looked like such an urchin as falls through the chimney and quacks. Jamaika took him by the ear; "Now, old man, you are a pretty boy. Everybody will be very nice to you, nicer then they have ever been before."

Butterweg found a job in a cabaret in the Montmartre where the street laborers looked at the nice currycombed legs of the ladies over their glass of cider. Jamaika was given a colored costume of red taffeta, accordion pleated, which fell out like a bell. She wore a bodice and her arms were naked, while an artificial yellow rose shielded her bosom. It was hard for her to get used to the make-up but Butterweg forced her to do as he pleased. He stood behind her mirror and threatened her with his fist. Said Jamaika: "If you aren't good to me, I won't go with you. I shall go back home." He would forget himself in his rage, take her by the hair and drag her across the room. "I'll show you, my sweet," he roared, "what you may do here and what you can't." They were always speedily reconciled, but sometimes Jamaika would remember these incidents, and when he would come in the evening to make love to her, she would laugh in his face. After eight o'clock the show would begin, Butterweg threw the frogs into the air and caught them with his wide open mouth. The public clapped wildly. "*Ah c'est beau. C'est gentil,*" said the little girls. Jamaika sold photographs to the people. Butterweg in an elegant cutaway with a cane and patent leather shoes. Butterweg: "*The greatest artist in the world.*" People would buy these photos laughing and blinking at Jamaika's hips. This engagement lasted only two weeks, and after this they were in great need with only bread and water for nourishment. Kakadu might have died of hunger, if Jamaika hadn't given him something to eat in Butterweg's absence. Butterweg found odd jobs, and Jamaika found a place as waitress for 2 fr. 50 per day.

Finally Butterweg said: "This won't do. We must see to it that we get out of Paris. You have seen how I have tried my best. Artists must simply starve here, while ignoramuses and tramps earn money. I have

been deceived in Paris. There is something for us in the great cities of America. I have thought it over and resolved that our only salvation is to go to America." Jamaika was overjoyed that they were going to leave Paris. Work had coarsened her hands, she suffered from headaches and often in the street had to lean against houses so as not to fall. Butterweg seized her and kissed her on the neck. She trembled at this unwonted caress, she twined her arms about him and sobbed: "Oh Butterweg, how sweet it was when I went walking with you near the circus and the elephant, Billy, stuck his head out of his stall. How everything has changed." "You must not think of that. We must worry about how we can get the money for the ocean trip." Butterweg sat down on the bedstead, and kissed Jamaika and stroked her cheeks while he spoke very earnestly to her. "Jamaika, if you love me, then there is a way, a sure way of getting the money." For a long time Jamaika had been denied all love by this man, and his gentle words and soft voice moved her very much. "I shall do all that you ask of me, and I am ready to sacrifice myself to be of service to your art."

Toward ten when the good citizens of Paris were eating their supper, Butterweg led Jamaika to the Gare du Nord. She laughed and joyed in the colorfulness of the streets. There came six men who carried a long Manoli cigarette on their shoulders. The children plucked at their backs, and a policeman stood ready on a street-island to handle the crowd. Out of a niche of the station a man stepped forth, who reminded Jamaika strongly of the gentlemen on the train with whom she had almost eloped. Like the other man he wore a high hat, a monocle and lady's shoes with cloth uppers. Butterweg said to Jamaika, "Go with this gentleman. He is a friend of mine and he will give you enough money to make the ocean trip." Butterweg rubbed his hands, as they disappeared around the corner. "She is still good for something, the old cow," he muttered. On the following day Jamaika was to meet him at the station at a given hour. She spent the whole night with the gentleman with the high hat. He was so polite and his manners were so *recherché* that Jamaika had a great desire to stay with him. He said; "Stay with me. You shall have all that you want." Jamaika knew something now about life and she asked: "Will you marry me? Can you guarantee that you will never leave me?" The gentleman took off his high hat to air his thatch, and Jamaika noticed that it was a thin bristly wig which covered his head with difficulty. Then he shook himself and dangled his legs a bit in order to give his trousers a chance to fall properly to his shoes. "Oh you can have guarantees. Lots of them.

If you stay with me, we shall go to Egypt and there you will be maintained at a pension. I have some travelling to do, just now, but when I come back, I shall surely marry you." "That would be wonderful," said Jamaika, and she clapped her hands like a child. But then she remembered Kakadu, she could not leave him. She thought of him as of a son, a poor sick son, so that the tears stood in her eyes. "I cannot go with you," she said.

Butterweg was waiting impatiently when she came. She gave him the money and he was very friendly to her, and praised her in all sorts of endearing terms, which he hadn't used in a long time. On the following day they got on the train, to go to Cherbourg for the steamer to New York. Kakadu in short trousers, with a sailor hat and a red tie, struggled to carry the heavy trunks. The ship lay at the wharf, and the people crowded each other to find place in the steamer, which gave a signal with three blasts of her siren.

V.

The steerage passengers were examined by doctors for chronic sicknesses, and their clothes too were examined. They were all pushed into one narrow room thirty at a time. When Kakadu was examined the doctor said: "A moron! How old is he?" Jamaika answered quickly: "He is nearly eighteen." The man shook his head. Jamaika marvelled at the huge ship, which spread out with its cabins like a city. The smoke crawled out of the smoke-stacks and the red striped horns of the ventilators stood like a forest. Twice a day the steerage passengers were allowed to go up on the stern deck for air and if they craned their necks they could see the cabin passengers lying on steamer chairs and yawning in the sun. Well-dressed children were playing ball, and ladies in heavy silk robes moved to the dining room on the arms of their cavaliers. Jamaika always sat before a round hole through which the sea and the horizon could be seen. The seamen upon whose faces the Sou'westers had been branded, held their hands to their mouths and yelled about the great ship. Jamaika observed how slowly the waves rose, how they towered up like small mountains and suddenly crumpled up into foam. She became very peaceful, her eyes saw clearly and sharply, and often she thought, if I can only travel far enough, I can see a great deal of the world. But when she approached her berth, she would hear the sound of musical instruments, and the songs of the men would move her so much that she would weep. Kakadu seldom left his hammock, and when he saw the ocean he would gape and blubber with joy. Jamaika pressed Kakadu to her and kissed him. When the

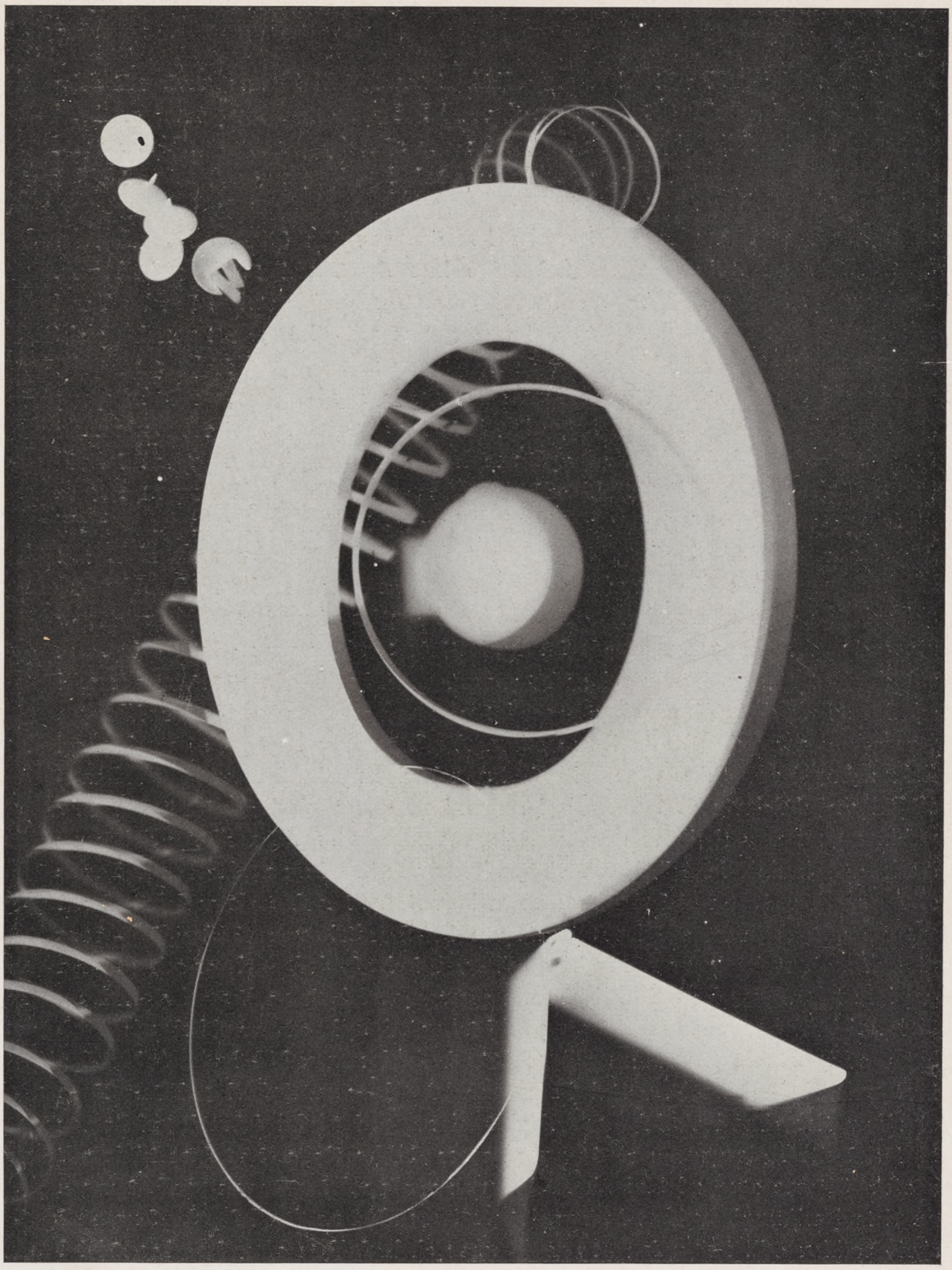
noise became too violent and the men sang too loud, a deck officer would appear and cry; "Will you be quiet down there! Vermin!" A woman took the trouble to give birth to a child. She drummed upon her belly with her hands but her neighbors made believe they didn't hear.

No cries disturbed the calm peaceful cigarette smoking of the cowboys who were returning from Europe with their lassoes. Butterweg helped with the child-birth, and when he came later to lie down near Jamaika on the sack he said: "She claims to be a relative of the famous Otero. She is a tightrope walker." Butterweg could often be seen sitting with Otero, whose baby lay twisted up in a few knots of cloth beside her. Jamaika noticed him pinch the calf of Otero's leg one time and smack his lips as the woman climbed before him up the steep stairway to the deck. In the evening the fire hose was played about on the steerage passengers, so that they caroused and led wild dances. Kakadu got the stream full in the face. He fell down striking his head against a hook and receiving a bloody wound. Butterweg cried: "Good for him. Now he'll keep his mouth shut for a while." "I won't have it," cried Jamaika enraged, "I won't have you abuse him. I didn't bring him along for that." Butterweg became very calm: "And pray why did you take him along? I want to say to you right now that it was very unfair of you to do that. He is always in my way, always blocks my plans." Butterweg never left the side of Otero any more. She told of how she wanted to span Niagara Falls with a rope in order to give an exhibition before a great public and become internationally famous. When the ship reached America Otero could dance again, but the child was dead. It lay in its rags and was as blue as a plum. When the bell rang which announced that all passengers must leave the ship, Otero shoved the baby into a straw sack and bothering no more about it, went with Butterweg over the gangway.

They marvelled at the great city and the unknown sounds which the ears opened upon. Immense suspension bridges flung their arms across the river, frightful machine rods clanged, and the smoke of the chimneys rose above the houses.

"That's fine," said Kakadu and he laughed with joy. Otero who knew the city led them to the subway. They rolled along until they found themselves in a quarter where the houses stood very close to each other and troops of Chinamen stood in front o saloons. Butterweg hired a little rear room which received light only through one window. Then he bought three mattresses, two large, for him and Jamaika, and one little one for Kakadu. When they paid the rent there were very few dollars left. Butter-

Man Ray



Man Ray

weg went out to look for work. Gone for three days, on the fourth day Jamaika saw him sitting with a Chinaman before a coffeehouse. His face was swollen and he pounded on the table with his fist when he spoke. Jamaika approached him and begged him to come home. But at the same time Otero, in a high apron, came out and began to swear at her. Jamaika wept and disappeared. After a while she smelled alcohol. It was Butterweg. He chased her about the room until she found shelter behind Kakadu. "Get fresh to me, will you, you — —" Then he stopped and looked for a long time into Kakadu's face.

He roared with laughter, sat down on a mattress and shook his head. "Tell me now, why you took the idiot along." "I couldn't leave him alone. He was so ill. His jaw hung down and his tongue was as yellow as a lemon." Butterweg approached her heavily, put his arms about her and kissed her hair. He went about the room with bent knees. Kakadu suddenly arose. His head was wide and his eyes were firm. "He seems to have grown up a bit under your nursing," said Butterweg astonished. Kakadu however had for the first time in a long time understood what was said, so that he could reply: "I have not grown, only I am feeling better. How strange it is."

He underwent a striking metamorphosis. His body grew stronger, his understanding became clearer again. He asked Jamaika: "Where are we? Isn't this my house, and the room in which I used to work?" "We are in America, Kakadu. In America." Outside, the Chinamen went buzzing about and the hawkers for the shops hammered on their gongs. Kakadu laughed, his mouth falling wide open like a sack. His body took on weight steadily, so that after a few weeks the swelling of his biceps was noticeable. About three months later Butterweg came hurrying in: "At last. The day is not far off. I have been working without a let-up to carry out my plan." "What have you been working at," asked Jamaika slowly. 'The day that was not far off' was a plan of Otero's. She had announced that she now had found a way of carrying out the exhibition over the great Falls. Like the whores who never cease to talk of the time when they will go to Buenos Aires to found an elegant *maison de rendez-vous,* so do tight-rope walkers speak of Niagara, over which Blondel went without a pole. Jamaika followed Otero through crooked streets. She tossed her hips like a young horse. Her hips made voluptuous dances. A fat hide-dealer awaited Otero behind a glass of brandy, but before she could near the stout Manchester breeches, Butterweg clapped his hands behind a tree. Jamaika shivered, for the evening lay deep, and sinister looking men shadowed the sidewalks. But nothing happened. Before Jamaika could look around, Otero had gone into a house

with the stranger and Butterweg had disappeared. She found him at home. "Where were you, Butterweg? I haven't seen you the whole day. Oh I was busy working over my plan to cross Niagara as Blondel did. Am I accountable to you for everything I do? Am I your child?"

Jamaika could not say a word without shivering. Her dress, once snug-fitting about her thigh and arm, fell away tiredly. Fear fell from her forehead to her chin. Butterweg drew his brandy flask more often from his pocket. He spat in the room, and the accuracy of his account of the Niagara project became more and more questionable. He sought the company of Otero, who, in a green robe and her hair down, shadowed the barracks. He tried to kiss her, but she slapped him. "You pig," she said, "to let a woman lead you off, who lives off you with her husband. It doesn't matter to you if she deceives you with the idiot." He promised to mend his ways. She laughed. She whistled to the street dogs, threw apples to the Chinamen who stood babbling and buzzing in front of the saloons. On a Monday, while Butterweg was gone, Kakadu came to Jamaika. He wore a swallowtail and had got the habit of carrying a briefcase under his arm. He spoke now without stuttering and the gestures of his hands were like the gestures of an ordinary man. Often he would go out to look for a position on a newspaper. He had begun to learn English and soon he knew how to say: "I will not." Jamaika coughed with joy when she saw how Kakadu resembled a normal man. With her cough came blood, and it was a long time before she had calmed down. She strained her hands convulsively, in a St. Vitus dance, and when she cried, it was long wailing over her sufferings and Butterweg. "My dear wife," said Kakadu, touched. He tasted her shoulder, then took her arm and led her to the door. The roar of the factory whistles filled the streets and the smell of the masses rose to the roofs. Kakadu led Jamaika without a word of explanation to a saloon where the petrol lamps were already lit. Kakadu, moralist and pedant, shook his head sadly. They let him pass without joking with him. But a hunch-backed Chinaman jabbed at Jamaika under her skirts. She acted as if nothing had happened. They passed into a dark hall fearing that something fearful might happen in this house. Their hands felt walls to the right and to the left which were as moist as a corpse. Both felt that a great change was to take place now. Kakadu had become erect, his head thrown back. The tips of his swallow-tail waved softly. Jamaika just hung frightened and pale at Kakadu's arm. Her arms dangled like rubber clogs at her hips, her eyes fell out like threads. When she spoke she stuttered and said, for instance, "shemical" instead of "chemical." She wore a dress

of flannel, which was composed of red and yellow stripes, like a clown's costume with cap and bells. The going was so hard for her that at every step she stumbled like a tired nag.

Kakadu let Jamaika into a room which was bare of furniture. In one corner there was a hole, as large as a nut, through which one could look into an adjoining room. Behind the window panes the high-powered telegraph wires hung like nets and the wide flashes hissed away over them. Something unexpected happened. Kakadu asked Jamaika to look through the hole. She did so reluctantly. In the next room she saw Otero and Butterweg according each other the pleasures of a questionable love. Crouching, Otero went round the man. He turned about slowly following her movements, and knew not what to do. At times he would reach his arm out toward her. Then he would stand like a doorpost gaping with open mouth and astonished eyes. She was almost naked. Her body glittered like metal. But he did not know how to help himself. He gave up his resistance and threw himself to the floor. Otero gave a cry of joy and put her foot on Butterweg's back. Suddenly they heard Otero's bright, hard voice. She was expressing her contempt of Butterweg accompanied by motions of her hand. The man began to wail and crawl around the floor on all fours. "See what has become of him," said Kakadu who also looked discreetly through the hole from time to time. "And this man whom nature gave nothing but a faculty for swallowing frogs wanted to straddle the world."

"You pig," cried Otero in the other room in an angrier voice, "did you think I believed you for a moment? Who dragged you to this land of liberty if not Jamaika the woman with the short legs and the goggle-eyes and the bad teeth?" "Let us go," said Jamaika. "What she says is untrue; my teeth are in perfect order and I have never had goggle-eyes." As they stood at the entrance through which they had come, Kakadu took Jamaika by the ear: "Good, good, a new life will begin now. But I hope that you will behave respectably, my love."

VI.

By chance, Kakadu was appointed Justice of the Peace. He provided a wig for himself and ensconced himself behind a great table. Many disputes were adjusted by him. The people said: "He is an energetic man and very fore-handed." He spoke paternally to the drunkards and told them

that their behavior was injurious to the state. Often they fell to the floor in Kakadu's court and the pieces of brandy-flasks would fly all about. Their women came and wailed that they had nothing to eat. Kakadu liked to be present at the hearings of these domestic cases, and when the women fell raging upon their husbands he would would say in a deep well-meaning voice: "Give it to them, give it to them good and hard. They will come to their senses that way." The drunkards would stagger to their feet and ask, "What do they want of us?" Kakadu would bray at them: "Aren't you ashamed that your wives have to thrash you until you're sober?" Then he would administer several extra days of confinement. The women stood astonished. The men were led away, cursing, by the policemen. The women howled and wept. Kakadu was a scoundrel who just toyed with the people and made fun of their misery. After the sitting Jamaika would come and bring his lunch. Kakadu would only laugh till his belly hurt. She would stand behind his chair while he ate. This would take a long time for Kakadu had become very stout, and he needed a pile of food. After his dessert he would unloose his belt several notches and say: "All's well, everything fine," or some other banality of the sort. After dinner Kakadu would stretch out on a divan. Jamaika would bring him cigarettes and an ash-tray as he read the paper. He declared: "I must not be bothered. I have important matters to think over." She functioned noiselessly. Under the power of the sun the belly of Kakadu swelled inordinately and his cheeks became red as tomatoes. Soon he would be snoring so hard that the curtains would tremble. One free afternoon he visited the prison with Jamaika. An inspector appeared and offered to escort them about the prison. Jamaika stared at everything without saying a word. She took in every sentence Kakadu uttered, with reverence, like the words of a priest. Kakadu pressed her hands at times, and told her that she need have no fear since she was under his protection here. They heard a bell strike three times behind a tiled roof. Soon after a little bell began to sing in a cracked tone like that of an old woman. The courtyard lay in shadow. A storm threatened. The inspector said: "The bell is a signal to the prisoners for a half-hour's recreation in the open air." The prisoners came out blinking and rubbing their eyes and clapping their hands. The oaths of the warders filled the place. Long swarms of men came out, swung into rows and began to march slowly. Jamaika wanted to see the women, and the inspector led her through a little gate into another court where the women marched in a circle around a warder. They were not permitted to utter a word. But their whisperings and their signs to each other could be observed. Kakadu stayed behind. When Jamaika and the

inspector reappeared, he said: "I have discovered Butterweg. I knew that he was here." Kakadu had Butterweg summoned. Jamaika cowered behind Kakadu's back. Butterweg stood there, his head sunken on his chest, his arms pressed to his side. Kakadu stuck out his chest: "See, old friend, how things have changed." "Why is he in prison?" asked Jamaika. The inspector did not know what to say. But Kakadu thundered that he could give all the information desired. His cheeks now hung in great rolls over his jaw, his nose shot out bold and stern. In his trousers puffed the September winds. He resembled an alligator who, spitting and fuming, dances about an arena on his hindlegs. Before Kakadu began to speak, he always cleared his throat and looked around to see if the public were listening attentively. The inspector bowed deeply. Jamaika hid her face behind a handkerchief. "I saw his end coming, I saw it coming, gentlemen. I was fond of him and I pampered him like a little child. I know that I was sick for a long time, and that I was used as a block of wood, as a lump of clay that they could twist any way they wanted." The eyes of Jamaika and Butterweg met for a moment. When Kakadu felt that his words were coming well, he swelled up, and got into a strange ecstasy like that of an old uncle who holds impromptu speeches over his coffee. "I might say, *l'état c'est moi,* since the knowledge of the sound organization of man's life has taken shape in me. In the wrinkles of my face there hung the pictures of whole cities like reflections. I dwelt with this woman, unmoved by the problems of a spiritual existence, in a biblical vestibule, in an antechamber of reality, a somewhat myopic composure, but proud of my certitude, that all that had been already belonged to the past, and whether it was here or elsewhere, composed the religion of my kind. Amen." He looked at Butterweg, then suddenly grabbed Jamaika by the arm and disappeared between the two saluting sentinels.

VII.

Their means improved so considerably that Kakadu was able to buy a mansion near the banks of the River. In each corner there was a plaster statuette, whose pedestal contained the legend in Latin, a Diana with bony legs, a Ganymede offering wine, and a Hera. Through the glass wall a garden could be seen and there was a long rectangular room, which was entirely reserved for Kakadu. Kakadu had an observatory built here, from which one could observe the house, and a fountain in which carps swam about. Amid the beauty of all this, Kakadu was accustomed to rise before the dawn, as the sirens of the steamers howled through the mist, and

walk in the garden memorizing his speeches. He would hold a long pipe in his hands and turn to watch his dogs at times. Toward ten Jamaika rose in her white bedchamber. She bore a child in the seventh month, and Kakadu did all he could to please her. He led her through the garden and showed her the great sunflowers, which were bound to poles, and called them phlox, azaleas and geraniums. He pointed to the roses and the tiger lilies by the edge of the fountain. Jamaika laughed and pressed her arm close to him. Her face was very drawn, and her bones projected like hooks, but her belly of immeasurable dimensions hung like a great tumor which bespoke the living organism within her. "How are you feeling?" he asked anxiously. "I think it won't last much longer, you had better call a doctor." It was hard to get a doctor to come. But finally Kakadu lit on a quack who lived by the river, and who was noted for his miraculous cures of negroes, an engineer of repute called Kurpfuscher. It happened that a young doctor was stopping with him, a man with long limbs, dark spectacles and a soft lady-like voice. Kakadu walked restlessly about in the room. The doctor carefully lifted the bed-covering to examine Jamaika's body. Kakadu was frightened at seeing her so, and went quickly into the adjoining room where a decanter of cognac awaited him. "You needn't worry about it at all," said the physician, "In about a week, you may expect the child." Jamaika had eyes like a horse, long and plant-like her hands lay on the covers. In five days, her suffering became so severe, that Kakadu sat by the bedside day and night. When she cried, her cries made the window-panes shake, and Kakadu had to put cotton in his ears. The doctor was very puzzled at the duration of the pain. He said that it must be her thinness which made the childbirth so painful. "I knew that," said Kakadu, "why didn't you tell me that in the first place?" The doctor was confused at Kakadu's harsh manner. He took his spectacles off and polished them with part of his coat. On the next day, just when Jamaika feared for the worst, he came with an armful of books. "Pardon me," said he, "it is a very unusual case, and I have brought several books with me." He spread an anatomical atlas out on the table and thumbed the pages slowly, while he felt Jamaika's pulse with one free hand. Kakadu who regarded the colored picture of pathological types with astonishment, became an enraged animal. He tore the books from the table and cried: "I can do that too, sir. We can all buy books. But the life of my wife is at stake!" The doctor hardly moved, he always pushed back a lock of hair that fell on his face from his pomaded wig. "Pardon me," he said, stuttering like a novice. "We shall soon see." Now the child came and Jamaika began to scream so hard, that Kakadu burst into laughter. The

doctor beamed, although he hadn't moved a hand, Jamaika still groaned, and Kakadu danced about the room. "A boy, a boy. A real young Kakadu!" He shook hands with the doctor who packed up his books and left the room. In the evening he had to come back because Jamaika was delirious. She was silent for hours, and then would speak in a faint voice. Jamaika told fantastic stories, banged fragments of sentences against the ceiling and let heavy interjections fall suddenly to the floor. When she awoke, she called Kakadu, and she stared and cried: "Don't you see the snakes, Kakadu? The snakes?" Kakadu took the trouble to look under the bed for snakes, for he did not realize that she was out of her mind. The doctor made a troubled face and the pomade on his hair rolled down in thick drops on his nose. Throughout the house the windows were covered with heavy curtains. "The child!" cried Jamaika. "Shall I bring it to you?" asked Kakadu. A nurse came with the child, who let his red bristly head hang down from his cushions and cried. When the fever reached its climax the number of pulse beats dropped, and the doctor noted that her limbs grew cold. Jamaika was plainly heard saying: "Butterweg." She said: "Butterweg," and tried to lift her arms from the covers. "What about Butterweg?" asked Kakadu astonished, "Who is Butterweg, Jamaika? Don't you know that he is in prison?" On a Friday night — the rain hit the windows like drumsticks and the howling of foghorns and sirens came from the river— her agony began. Kakadu prayed. He had ordered a praying stool, and kneeled before a large praying book. "The end is near," said the doctor. Her breath came faster and faster, her eyelids trembled. Jamaika stretched her arms out while she moaned; grievous and terrible screams came from her throat. Then she opened her eyes wide, looked once at Kakadu, with round pupils, when a stroke gripped her body, her lips opened and her jaw hung down. Kakadu crossed himself. He brought candles, placed them in the form of a pentagon on the table and lit them. As the smoke rose from them — thick round clouds hung over the corpse — he began to sing in a monotonous sing-song, and then prayed again, till he fell down exhausted and fell asleep at the foot of Jamaika's bed. On the next morning he walked through his garden, smoking a cigar, murmuring pathetically to himself: "Freedom, I mean . . that quickens the heart . . and so forth . . . and so forth . . ." He had the nurse come, and asked her: "Tell me truthfully, whom does the child look like?" The woman cackled: "Mr. Kakadu, his father, upon my word." "Fine. Fine," said Kakadu and gave her a silver coin, holding it high in the sunlight and laughing.

RICHARD HUELSENBECK

(Translated from the German by M. J.)

COMMENT

APOLLINAIRE

A man lives a crowded life, hurries noisily about town, tosses off a round number of books, writes verses blackmail polemics, then dies suddenly and unceremoniously. Before the unpretentious debris of Apollinaire's "career," one can only pick up the threads and calculate where such and such a project would have veered off. Or approach the still warm remains at an angle, noting only whatever seems immediately suggestive, while wary yet of rash appraisals: for instance, that he seemed to write under a devouring haste, as if to ward off creditors or to get this thing done in order to go back at that other book, or even to hurry up and worm into that French Academy. True, he wrote with an unusual ease and with the persuasion of a wilful education and a wilful orientation into the language.

Le Poète Assassiné was written during the dull moments of 1916, during one of the dullest wars (to those inside) of history. Next to his *Mille et Un Verges* it is his most Aristophanic book. By no means mere satire in the 18th. Century sense. Apollinaire grows positively hilarious and intoxicated over his characters so that he is at times beside himself with sheer fun. Results: humor of extraordinary eloquence and sonority, and a form that is completely unrepresentative, with perpetual digressions and loud asides.

A translation can scarcely hope to render the wiriness of his language. There have been so many tired men in France who wrote like flagellants. Flaubert made his waking hours a nightmare; Gautier was much too corseted; to Stendhal writing was a torturesome but resistless destiny; Villiers was a devout artisan; Mallarmé goaded himself into obscuracy and speechlessness.

Apollinaire, a weird mixture of what Russian and Polish strains, could never resist the foreigner's first impulse toward *jeux des mots;* and none

are quicker than the French themselves to accept and enjoy the new puns and calembours. For the French have gone farther, their language has been more pawed over and revivified with foreign usages, if more restricted than ours. Apollinaire's exoticisms are not bizarre; they are conversational. For the rest there is an astonishing variety of tones, ranging from mirthful narration to pretentious introspection, vulgar journalese, nervous garrulousness, insolent lyricism.

We must go back to Stendhal to find such extreme opposition to naturalism. It is enemy of all that was Ibsen and Ibsene. Distortion or under-emphasis are employed to fantastic ends; when a puppet is uninteresting or wrung dry he is dismissed or killed. Here is the destructive side of it: Apollinaire runs all the risks, obeys no rules, and writes for fun.

The poet, Croniamantal, is one of the few frankly epic figures of modern literature. Apollinaire who was essentially a poet himself, had never really outlived the poet's age of twenty-five. He had turned to prose after many skirmishes and experiments. His poems had been written with less haste, many of those in *Alcools* and certain longer ones in *Calligrammes* as if formulated in the memory during sleepless nights, word by word, and line by line, until their shape was hard and irrefutable. An honest examination of his poems will show some day, just how much soil he turned up for the modern poets.

When you have rebelled against the principles of harmony and the Three Unities, you must perfect your metaphysic of disorganization. And so flight, dissociation are most characteristic of Apollinaire's poetry and prose. They lend the element of surprise, of super-realism.

The whole tone scale is evolved upon the instrument itself. Admirers of a certain redoubtable Irish prosateur will find much to wonder at from the point of view of virtuosity in Apollinaire.

For instance; he loved the gloss. He become in time a master of the footnote. There is a prodigious secret in his footnotes.

M. J.

LOCUS SOLUS (*)

If I remember the play correctly it was like this: Four men in multicoloured bearskins carry a coffin over the stage. They set it down and drink lemonade out of a jug. Deciding that the corpse himself must be

(*) *Locus Solus: Raymond Roussel, published by Alphonse Lemerre, Paris, 1914.*

thirsty they insert a square funnel into his coffin and pour a generous drink of water while the audience laughs nervously. Exit the pallbearers *and* the coffin *and* the corpse and never to be seen again. The professor enters. He has discovered a method of oxygenating water so that people can lead a submarine existence; also how to resuscitate the dead. A judge enters in red.

A judge enters in black. The professor kills them. He is not mad; he is a genius. The curtain falls and after a long delay rises on the second act. The judges have been revived. Everybody drinks wine out of wooden goblets and the professor talks. After a time the judges are bored and go away. The professor, being left alone, is seized with a sudden, inexplicable melancholy and declares, "They will never understand me, never." He sits in a highchair, makes a cosmic invocation and is born away to Saturn at the end of a visible rope. The play was by Raymond Roussel with costumes by Poiret; there was also incidental music which had the taste to remain incidental.

"What I lose in clarity I gain in mystery," says the Professor. His remark and the play which exemplifies it are equally and utterly foreign to the standards of what we call French culture. And Anatole France continues to write and be revered. And the *Prix Goncourt* was awarded to Henri Béraud, his second-hand disciple. And *Locus Solus* was played for a brief week before a howling, whistling, hooting audience.

When he learned that Roussel had spent 600,000 francs to produce his play, somebody from the Sorbonne angrily inquired why the money had not been devoted to a fund for indigent students.

However, Locus Solus had its friends. Andre Brėton attended the dress rehearsal and was enthusiastic. On the opening night he returned with the staff of *Littérature,* the collaborators to the staff of *Littérature,* the wives and mistresses of the collaborators to the staff of *Littérature.* The audience, at the end of each act, whistled its disapproval of the play, while the staff, the collaborators, the wives and mistresses of *Littérature* joined in a frantic and tumultuous applause. Each night for a week this scene was repeated. The audience, for their part, seemed to disapprove of the people who applauded *Locus Solus* even more than they disapproved of the play. Led by the commissary of police and the manager of the theater, they would draw round Brėton in a semicircle while he delivered a magnificently hostile oration, citing every author from Boileau to himself in his defence of the liberty of the spectator. There were little groups in the lobby long after the final curtain, who discussed, who imprecated, who waved fists in the

air. Afterwards we emerged to the glare of the logical arclights of the Boulevard de Strasbourg. . .

I almost forgot. *Locus Solus* had a finale which swept me off my feet. Under the sea, the sea being represented by a gauze curtain dropped across the stage. Everything was quite unrelated: fishes moved back and forth, two sea monsters drew a chariot which was symbolic of nothing, a mermaid sang on a sort of throne, a young man in a bathing suit performed an obscene dance and, somewhere in a corner, a little girl in conventional beach costume was playing, oblivious of the mermaid, the fishes, the sea monsters, the obscene dance. There was something magnificent in the pointlessness of the scene; something daily, familiar, unobserved: it was a little world, our world perhaps, existing over the footlights, under the sea. The curtain fell.

MALCOLM COWLEY

LIGHT: A MEDIUM OF PLASTIC EXPRESSION.

Since the discovery of photography virtually nothing new has been found as far as the principles and technique of the process are concerned. All innovations are based on the aesthetic representative conceptions existing in Daguerre's time (about 1830), although these conceptions, i. e. the copying of nature by means of the photographic camera and the mechanical reproduction of perspective, have been rendered obsolete by the work of modern artists.

Despite the obvious fact that the *sensitivity to light* of a chemically prepared surface (of glass, metal, paper, etc.) was the most important element in the photographic process, i. e., containing its own laws, the sensitized surface was always subjected to the demands of a *camera obscura* adjusted to the traditional laws of perspective while the full possibilities of this combination were never sufficiently tested.

The proper utilization of the plate itself would have brought to light phenomena imperceptible to the human eye and made visible only by means of the photographic apparatus thus perfecting the eye by means of photography. True, this principle has already been applied in certain scientific experiments, as in the study of motion (walking, leaping, galloping) and

zoological and mineral forms, but these have always been isolated efforts whose results could not be compared or related.

It must be noted here that our intellectual experience complements spatially and formally the optical phenomena perceived by the eye and renders them into a comprehensible whole, whereas the photographic apparatus reproduces the purely optical picture (distortion, bad drawing, foreshortening).

One way of exploring this field is to investigate and apply various chemical mixtures which produce light effects, imperceptible to the eye, (such as electro-magnetic rays, x-rays).

Another way is by the construction of new apparatus, first by the use of the *camera obscura,* second, by the elimination of perspective. In the first case using apparatus with lenses and mirror-arrangements which can cover their environment from all sides; in the second case, using an apparatus which is based on new optical laws. This last leads to the possibility of "light-composition," whereby light would be controlled as a new plastic medium, just as color in painting and tone in music.

This signifies a perfectly new medium of expression whose novelty offers an undreamed of scope. The possibilities of this medium of composition become greater as we proceed from static representation to the motion-pictures of the cinematograph.

I have made a few primitive attempts in this direction, whose initial results, however, point to the most positive discoveries (and as soon as these attempts can be tested experimentally in a laboratory especially devised for the purpose, the results are certain to be far more impressive).

Instead of having a plate which is sensitive to light react mechanically to its environment through the reflection or absorption of light, I have attempted to *control* its action by means of lenses and mirrors, by light passed through fluids like water, oil, acids, and crystal, metal, glass, tissue, etc. This means that the filtered, reflected or refracted light is directed upon a screen and then photographed. Or again, the light-effect can be thrown directly on the sensitive plate itself, instead of upon a screen. (Photography without apparatus.) Since these light effects almost always show themselves in motion, it is clear that the process reaches its highest development in the film.

L. MOHOLY-NAGY

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