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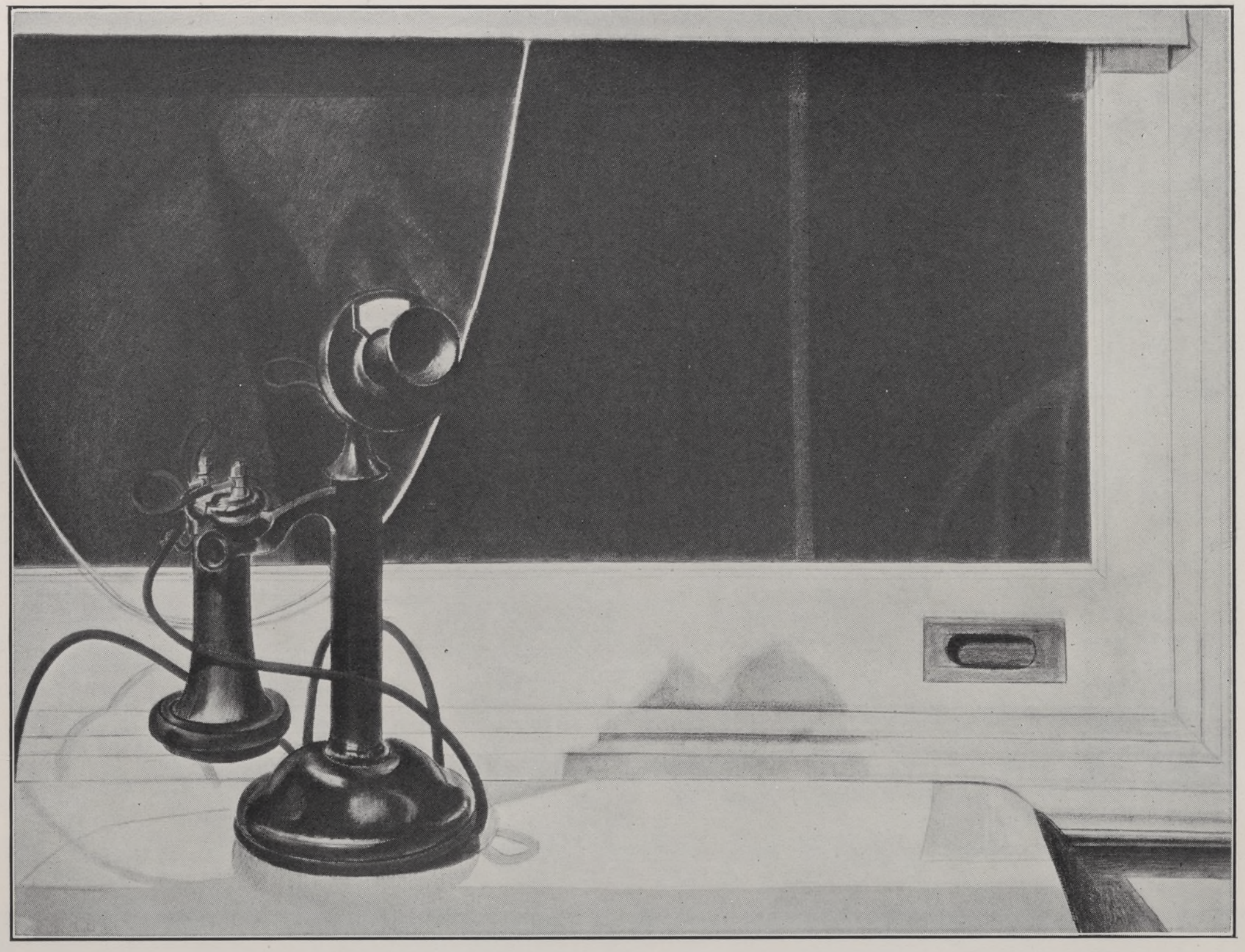


Still Life

Charles Sheeler

A BLACK WREN

The water was cold and freshening as it poured from the brass tap over his fingers and wrists, and he was so occupied with his pleasure that he scarcely noticed his wife passing through the scullery and only heard her voice vaguely, saying, "I'm going out to see about a black wren." He shook the water from his fingers, dried them, and stepped back to his chair repeating her phrase abstractedly, "I'm going out to see about a black wren. . . . A black wren."

What did she mean—had she found a black wren, or why did she want to see about it? Its small bright eye—no, she didn't mean that, but a small black bird, black as a rook, sheeny and black, but not languid and heavy as a rook. What did she want with a black wren? The phrase reminded him of another small bird, the brisk and friendly robin, that perched on his spade if he rested—long rests between each thrust and lift—pecked, fluttered, perched nearer, and looked up so kin-like and bright. It wasn't that the birds of the garden and hedge had any special fondness for him; wild things didn't notice or trouble about him. . . . Stay, there was that squirrel, actually a slightly lame squirrel that wasn't nearly as agile as it should have been. He had stumbled almost upon it and it had leaped away (leaping a little awry, he thought) and then looked as if it trusted him not to harm—not to harm it with a cruel thought even. How pretty it looked—no, pathetic more than pretty. He had wanted to stroke the squirrel, to pat it, but suddenly thought that a motion of kindness might seem but as a motion of cruelty, and startle the sly small thing. So he hung still and it disappeared.

A black wren, a squirrel: even the gentlest things seemed sad amid their gaiety. The loveliness of limb and motion, of flight and leap, was at the mercy of his hand. Where did the wren come from, where would it hide to die? All these deaths of lovely living things—sorrow in all loveliness. Botticelli's Venus, where was that now? In Maggie's room still, no doubt. She had asked him for it when she was fourteen or fifteen. "I must look at it when I go upstairs. Is it as beautiful as I used to think it, or is it too sad to be lovely now? What a beautiful thing once, yet melancholy. There's too much green in it—it's melancholy as the woods in spring. But melancholy means black—a black wren. . . . Strange!" Green, too, was always melancholy

—the April green, the pallid fresh green of buds and small leaves showing paler yet against the russet husks. The Venus rose from the sea like the pale spring rising from dark winter—a pretty fancy, yet true. It was the old sadness of that poor goddess that made him feel—how? Well, he felt as if he were looking not at Venus but at a crucifix. He couldn't help it, they were counterparts, twin types blending into one. Venus here, Jesus there, both sad in beauty, one lonely the other martyred. He wasn't confusing the two and of course one was pagan and the other christian; "but they're really the same, the same. The body's crucified in Jesus, and it escapes in Venus, but only for a time. Venus is thinking of the crucifixion—as sad as Jesus himself. She too will be crucified—everything lovely, everything eternal is crucified; else it can't be eternal." That was why, if he thought of the one, so often he thought of the other; they didn't live apart, and one, he supposed, couldn't live without the other.

The loveliness! though he was old-fashioned, he knew, in his adoration. But one couldn't do without beauty, one couldn't do without faith; an altar was necessary, and even if Jesus had not lived, and died on the cross, the story would have been the same. Crucify, crucify —yes, everybody had to cry out. That outburst was true—it *proved* that the crucifixion had happened, just as it was true about Venus. She had lived, of course no one knew when, and she was dying now; she couldn't rise again until she had died. Jesus was happier now—radiant. Where was the painter of a radiant Jesus? She had never lost that sadness, for a gay Venus was a profanation. Botticelli ought to have painted Jesus and Venus together: he could! It wouldn't be a bit strange, no stranger than a black wren. An innocent mind——

A wonderful, wonderful thing, her body. Mary must be about the same height, the same figure. Her face was different, not pathetic; but it was only a mask, there must be a likeness hidden within it. Not quite the same figure, though, for her shoulders were spare, her arms thin; altogether she must be a little thinner than the Venus. He oughtn't to be thinking thus of her. "Oughtn't I? She doesn't know, and isn't it a kind of honour? The women who were silent there were doing Jesus honour: thought is the only honour, the purest. Was it wrong to paint the Botticelli Venus, or to look at it? That's how I look at Mary now." But the crucifixion of Jesus, of Venus—for once more only that or the prefiguration of it could cause such sadness—but what had this to do with Mary? He had lost the thread. Strange, though, that she should be called Mary. How *that* Mary must have suffered! Did everything pure

and lovely suffer? Yes, of course, long before age came; and then age as well. Jesus as an old man, Venus an old woman—O what a disgusting thing a man's mind was.

As disgusting was the thought of a black Venus—a black wren. What did Eleanor mean? Black—it was horrible. Black on white snow—but even bears and pigs weren't quite black: a grizzly gray, looking dark on the snow; pine trees in the distance, ridges of firs, weren't so black—nature, someone said, abhorred black. A black Venus—O evil, evil! No, grotesque; and he recalled an old music hall song, "I love my coal black Venus." These loathsome, vulgar things, once-heard never forgotten. Black Venus—the light sliding on a heaving black breast, leaden and smooth, shoulders with little pools of darkness between the black blades, the navel's blackness, the undimpled knees—horrible, horrible. Yet somewhere he'd heard of Jesus being translated *black* for the benefit of negroes. Wasn't that crucifying Him again, with a worse shame than ever? Must everything lovely be defiled, and then killed?

When he was a boy—"I remember that Museum, ah yes. How old was I? not more than fifteen. Thirty years ago and more, and it's but yesterday. That glass case and several small things in it, and the bronze of a naked woman, a little bronze seven inches high. Yes, I was with the Adams, I remember now, and I was ashamed to stand looking at the figure and pretended to be looking at something else—heaven knows what. I was ashamed, for I adored it. Nothing ever so beautiful, a joy to think of even now. O, men lust because they find nothing to love. I remember it all now, and I know. It was the same day, but afterwards, that we walked past the theaters, through Leicester Square, and so on; and those horrible posters of dancing leering girls—horrible. How could I think of my bronze figure then, standing lonely, lovely, silent in the glass case?" Thirty years ago and more, he reminded himself.

Such figures had been dug out of Greece, Egypt, Italy, Mexico—adored everywhere. How could men live without adoration? Who made such figures? What lover drew, what artist modeled, what priest perfected them? Out of the earth they came, and their lovers and artists and myriad worshippers—all from the earth. A restless earth, seething with life, sinking into death, with perpetual succession of change and counterchange. Like a sea, heaving and sinking; and straightway his thought fled on to:—

> Love still hath something of the sea
> From whence his mother rose.

Jesus walking upon the sea, trampling the storm until it was cowed and fled, and Venus rising tranquil from green waves. Her doves flying out from the cliff-holes, pale doves, gray and pale; and black diminutive birds, black wrens hovering about the edge and shrilling their small sweet notes. The doves fled from Venus to Jesus and one rested a moment on His head and He smiled; then it flew off and circled above Venus, and all the doves fluttered at once. The black wrens had gone—strange birds: he had never heard of them before; evil birds, for all that was black was sinister. Their shrill song was but a mockery— they had gone, but it still sprinkled the air with a faint mocking echo. There was mocking round the Hill, women's thinner voices mocking Jesus as He hung on the cross, and men's voices deep as cattle. The women's eyes were black, their hair was black, their gestures, words, laughter—all black and cruel and mocking. No such mockery tainted the lily-fairness of this mild sad Venus. Sad, but not suffering, in a lilied tranquillity. Invisible lilies oozed their scent around her, wrapped her in their acrid sweetness; they were not lilies that fester smelling far worse than weeds. O but they would fester yet; rankness would subdue sweetness, the Venus lilies would shake down in shrivelled petals. Venus herself, must she perish too? Venus would fester, shrivel up and sink into dust; the flesh could not endure. Only crucifixion could save it—wasn't that what He meant when He said———

The handle rattled briskly and the door opened. "I don't know what to do with that hen; she's eating her eggs again." He raised his head and loomed vacantly out of his thoughts. "What are you talking about, Eleanor?"

She looked at him frowning. "Didn't I tell you, when you were washing your hands just now, didn't I tell you I was going to see about that hen, the black hen? I've thought a long time she's been eating her eggs—but you take no notice. Why, it was only two minutes ago."

Two minutes—no, surely hours ago, hours and hours. All *this* had happened to him since then. "Of course, of course. Only, I'd forgotten—thinking of something else." He smiled vaguely, as though at his own thoughts; a characteristic smile.

But when Mary was sitting with them at tea the gray cloud that had lifted suddenly came upon him again, and his thoughts wandered off—so wild and so foolish that it was too much trouble to watch them. Let them go. His wife was talking and Mary sitting almost

silent. Looking at Mary he was amused to recall how, until now, he had always disliked fair hair and pale eyes. Mary's was fair, her eyes a little pale. She was thinner than the Venus, her shoulders were spare, but she was the same height and——

"Goodness, there's Cyril again," said his wife as there came a bump and a crying overhead; and she sprang up and Mary too. Mary stood between the french window and the door as his wife ran upstairs. The same height, the same figure, the same mask. In the hush of his wife's absence a great gulf opened. Across the gulf he stared at Mary, not seeing her. His thoughts flowed over her, and then as he looked up suddenly and gazed on her face, half illuminated by the falling sun, her consciousness of his gaze increased. She knew his look, and her face and neck flushed unbearably. He saw the flush and knew that it was all over her, head to feet; and he was ashamed and glad. The silence was suspended unbroken, unjarred by either of them, but seemed on the point of breaking by its own strained intensity.

She was sinking back into her chair as his wife returned saying what had happened; and as she spoke he could see Mary's face. A bright berry hung in each cheek, making her fairness wonderful. Berries—stains—what were they reminding him of? As he caught at it a scurry of wings near the panes startled them all and he opened the window to follow the flutter. In a moment he returned saying, "Those pigeons again, the white pigeons, you know." Mary's eyes were still averted, but her voice was steady enough whenever she answered Eleanor.

The berries still hung in her cheeks, scarcely fainter when she rose to go. He dimmed his thoughts with a powerful effort and looked into her eyes only briefly as he said good-bye. Her hands were already gloved: had the palms, too, a stain, like the stain of her cheeks? The hat came dark over her forehead and he could see nothing there; her feet were covered, save to his thoughts. Was she but mortal flesh, a Venus only? Had the white pigeons flown towards her, baffled only by the window pane? "Good-bye, good-bye," he was saying, and a moment after watched her through the window—light and firm and a mystery— as she stepped into the road.

Then he opened the door murmuring, "I must go up and see if it's still in Maggie's room." As he reached the landing and turned to enter, he caught his breath in a great expectancy.

JOHN FREEMAN

FIVE AMERICANS

(*Sonnets*)

I. LIZ

with breathing as (faithfully) her lownecked
dress a little topples and slightly expands

one square foot mired in silk wrinkling loth
stocking begins queerly to do a few
gestures to death,
the silent shoulders are both
slowly with pinkish ponderous arms bedecked
whose white thick wrists deliver promptly to
a deep lap enormous mindless hands.
and no one knows what (i am sure of this)
her blunt unslender, what her big unkeen

"Business is rotten" the face yawning said

what her mouth thinks of
(if it were a kiss)
distinct entirely melting sinuous lean . . .
whereof this lady in some book had read

II. MAME

she puts down the handmirror. "Look at" arranging
before me a mellifluous idiot grin
(with what was nose upwrinkled into nothing
earthly, while the slippery eyes drown
in surging flesh). A thumblike index down-
dragging yanks back skin "see" (i, seeing, ceased
to breathe). The plump left fist opening
"wisdom." Flicker of gold. "Yep. No gas. Flynn"

the words drizzle untidily from released
cheeks "I'll tell duh woild; some noive all right.
Aint much on looks but how dat baby ached."

and when i timidly hinted "novocaine?"
the eyes outstart, curl, bloat, are newly baked

and swaggering cookies of indignant light

III. GERT

joggle i think will do it although the glad
monosyllable jounce possibly can tell
better how the balloons move (as
her ghost lurks, a Beau Brummel sticking in its three-

cornered always moist mouth)—jazz,
for whose twitching lips, between you and me
almost succeeds while toddle rings the bell.
But if her tall corpsecoloured body seat
itself (with the uncouth habitual dull
jerk at garters) there's no sharpest neat
word for the thing.
Her voice?
gruesome: a trull
leaps from the lungs "gimme uh swell fite

like up ter yknow, Rektuz, Toysday nite;
where uh guy get gayn troze uh lobstersalad

IV. MARJ

"life?
Listen" the feline she with radishred
legs said (crossing them slowly) "I'm
asleep. Yep. Youse is asleep kid
and everybody is." And i hazarded
"god" (blushing slightly)—"O damn

ginks like dis Gawd" opening slowly slowly
them—then carefully the rolypoly
voice squatting on a mountain of gum did
something like a whisper, "even her."
"The madam?" I emitted; vaguely watching
that mountainous worthy in the fragile act
of doing her eyebrows.—Marj's laughter smacked
me: pummeling the curtains, drooped to a purr . . .

i left her permanently smiling

V. FRAN

should i entirely ask of god why
on the alert neck of this brittle whore
delicately wobbles an improbably distinct face,
and how these wooden big two feet conclude
happeningly the unfirm drooping bloated
calves
i would receive the answer more
or less deserved, Young fellow go in peace.
which i do, being as Dick Mid once noted
lifting a Green River (here's to youse)
"a bloke wot's well behaved" . . . and always try
to not wonder how let's say elation
causes the bent eyes thickly to protrude—

or why her tiniest whispered invitation
is like a clock striking in a dark house

E. E. CUMMINGS

HENRY FORD

Who has ever approached political thought or action with an aesthetic? Not since the Renaissance when, I believe, Machiavelli was a craftsman of high order, claiming the good of the state for his feats of virtuosity, and Giovanni Batista, who could ride, fence, deliver speeches, write verses, paint, sculpt, play, sing, kill his man with the best of them.

Let us expand once more the functions of art that our ideas may be deeds and our deeds fit to instill admiration, rapture, suspense, beatitude. The country is all but populated and the immigration gates shut. Across the flamboyant front-pages of the newspapers these are, after all, the chateaux, the cathedrals, the mystical shrines that we rear for ourselves.

Thus Henry Ford, the other day, calls up Washington.

"Hello, long distance. Henry Ford speaking. I want Uncle Sam. . . . Hello, Uncle Sam. This is Henry Ford speaking."

"Henry Ford. Oh, yes, how are you feeling today. About that Muscle Shoals proposition——"

"I can complete the construction work for $100,000,000. You are spending at present $500,000 per year to guard it, and it is deteriorating rapidly, not to mention the loss of interest on the original investment of over $120,000,000."

"Yes, we did make some bad investments during the war."

"But I believe with the present state of conditions in the agricultural industry it is imperative to push the whole proposition to completion. The country needs nitrogen, to double the output of corn per acre, making farming profitable for once and reducing the cost of living enormously . . ."

"I know your bid is lower than our engineers . . . but politics——"

Henry! Ford! Henry Ford! Born in Dearbornville, Mich., 1863 of pioneer (nay immigrant) stock. His father saw the first "iron horse" come roaring in like a drunken Indian through the forest. All they talked about in those days was the "iron horse."

"I was born on a farm . . . and my earliest recollection is that there was too much work on the place," muses the great manufacturer.

And there is something of Alexander's satiety with conquest in the words he murmurs today: "A man is now able to do somewhat more than four did only a comparatively few years ago."

Forty years ago, when everyone was thinking only of the new power of electricity, Henry Ford began tinkering with his first horseless wagons, run by steam power.

Crude foolish thing: there is a picture yet to be seen of Henry seated in it, holding the tiller with that vacant look about his wide-apart eyes.

Soon Henry was building automobiles that were breaking records and winning races. A skilled mechanic, he raised capital and opened a little plant in Detroit, with the first automobile manufacturers.

Several people invested small sums in his company; one invested $5,000 in stock. In a few years, Henry Ford bought this man out for $12,500,000.

Ford astounded the world by announcing a minimum wage of $5 a day. Everyone predicted his financial Waterloo. But in a little while Ford cut the price of his car about 50 per cent and raised the minimum wage to $6 a day.

Clearly no one had ever known anything about manufacturing before Henry Ford.

"Unless we know more about machines and their use," he says, "unless we better understand the mechanical portion of life, we cannot have the time to enjoy the trees, and the birds, and the flowers, and the green fields."

Soon nearly everybody in America was trundling about the world in Mr. Ford's Tin Lizzie.

To Fordize an operation you cut the machine down to the least number of parts; you concentrate upon the least amount of energy in making those parts and in assembling them. Each man does the same thing over and over again a thousand times a day. And you cut the price more each year and the people buy more.

"And they are happier," says Mr. Ford. They want to be led, and they are glad to do the same thing every day.

A new consciousness was born in the modern world. Quantity production making all things so cheap and plentiful favored the rapid increase in population. The United States prospered. If a war should rake the land back and forth leaving ruin and barrenness in its wake, the Ford idea would re-people it with huge townships; factories would leap up again, land would be tilled and reclaimed with tractors and other power-driven machines.

He bought a railroad and began to reduce the rates. The United States Government became alarmed. The Interstate Commerce Commission stepped in and said:

"Mr. Ford, we are afraid that you are becoming a little unconstitutional."

Mr. Ford desisted. He has always been a little nonplussed by politics. But we are running ahead of our story.

Mr. Ford was opposed to the erection of imposing and costly churches. He refused to contribute to his own parish church for this end. But in his automobile plant, he built the costliest and most beautiful power-house in America. It was placed on the avenue alongside the office buildings. Power houses are usually in the rear of factories, dark, dusty, greasy holes in the ground with mountains of coal piled outside. Ford filled the windows of his power-house with stained-glass. And now the ponderous fly-wheels turn in utter silence, sending all the throbbing energy through more than five hundred departments of the plant with its 55,000 contented workingmen.

That this mechanic, this scarcely literate man, should triumph so over physical forces!

Soon he became the mightiest man in the world.

But the Great War of 1914 broke out. A world torn in convulsions of destruction. What is war? To Ford this was a most regrettable occurrence. All his competitors began to make ammunition. For what? To a man whose life had been consecrated toward simplifying and increasing construction, it was a most painful subject, indeed.

Mr. Ford watched the war from Detroit with a restive, uneasy eye.

Mme. Rosika Schwimmer, idealist, fiery, magnificent Hungarian Jewess, appeared before him and pleaded with him to intervene. Many other publicists, preachers, poets, the President of the Humanitarian Cult; David Starr Jordan, Jane Addams, Louis P. Lochner.

Won over by the pleas of these public-minded personages, Henry Ford took a train to Washington and appeared at the White House to lay before the President his plan of neutral intervention. Mr. Wilson, however, had at that time launched himself upon a course of Watchful Waiting.

On November 23, 1915 he chartered a vessel and invited the leaders of thought from all over the world to come with him to Europe in his peace ship, and hold a Conference of Neutral Countries.

"Men and women of our country," he proclaimed, "representing all of its ideals and all of its activities, will start from New York on

December 4, 1915 aboard the Scandinavian-American Steamship Oscar II. The peace ship that carries the American delegation will proceed to Christiania . . . Stockholm . . . Copenhagen . . .

"With twenty thousand men killed every 24 hours, tens of thousands maimed, homes ruined, another winter begun, the time has come for a few men and women with courage and energy irrespective of the cost in personal inconvenience, money, sacrifice, and criticism, to free the good will of Europe that it may assert itself for peace and justice."

Mr. Ford made his will and finished dictating his biography.

The Peace Mission embarked in pell-mell fashion. There were two governors, many college professors, writers, teachers, students, a goodly scattering of preachers, and fifty-four press agents.

All this in the teeth of immense distrust and denunciation from high quarters. Don Quixote, they jeered, crossing the seas in his flivver.

But Ford's faith in "just folks" and in the "plain, democratic way of doing things" was indomitable.

On board the Oscar II: a perfectly wild mob lost in the fog of the North Atlantic. No plans of action had been prepared. The huge party on board did not know where to begin to talk. They talked and talked. The newspapermen were aghast. There was no "copy" in all this, they were adrift on the Atlantic, and what was more, *Ford* never talked!

The newspapermen monopolized the First Class Saloon and formed the "Viking Press Club." In their perplexity and desperation they whiled the long hours away with many fitting and practical jokes over the radio.

On December 14th two British scout cruisers ran the Oscar II into tow and with the voluble passengers prepared for the very worst, a wind-burned young lieutenant and seven piratical-looking marines, armed to the teeth, boarded the ship. The party went on talking disarmament incessantly, while virtually prisoners of war.

And all the time H. Ford, in his staterooms, eating third-class food, according to the legend, working mysteriously on plans, blueprints, notes.

"Horses as well as men gone to the war never to return," he ruminated. His plans gradually unfolded. Europe without horses. The strongest interests in favor of continuing the dreadful destructive war, were munition makers. How to win them. Let them make farm-

tractors. Europe would have no more horses. Make tractors at a handsome profit. He would show them—$200 each—52 cents a day for oil—would not cost half as much as the horse it displaces. Would revolutionize farm operation and increase farm profits. That busy little Ford brain! Inventor, Producer.

In Christiania the good burgomaster and his officials received the party. Must it be admitted that the reception was chilly. It was the dead of winter. Among the individuals of the party there had been mistrust, perhaps envy. It is said that leadership had from the start passed into the hands of Mme. Rosika Schwimmer. It is whispered that she was a forceful, dominating woman. Mr. Ford had been quite sea-sick.

Three days after landing in the old world, Ford left mysteriously, responsibility divided between Rosika and his business manager who had struggled with this unwieldy Ark and footed all bills like a brave little man.

Money had been flung away lavishly. The party travelled to Sweden, to Copenhagen, to Holland. Speeches were made. What did the good people of Denmark think of the address of the Nebraska minister? Speeches were made. What did it matter?

"Ford left us a few days after landing," says the Rev. Dr. Aked, "without explanation, without a word of farewell, secretly, in the small hours of the night, after telling us that he would certainly continue the journey with us the next day."

Good-bye Europe. Good-bye Rosika.

The Lusitania was blown up.

The United States entered the war not long after.

H. Ford hurried to the White House and offered his complete co-operation. You know what the Ford organization did to win the war!

Soon after H. Ford became an avowed Anti-Semite. *A bas les Juifs!* Rosika Schwimmer! The *Dearborn Independent* waged a merciless campaign against the Jews everywhere. The Jews were mortified; they retorted bitterly, powerfully. What adversaries! Perhaps it was they who countered in the Michigan Senatorial elections, dollar against vote, dollar upon dollar. Newberry. Poor tool. Suddenly the campaign of vilification, slander, suspicion of the Jews, carried on throughout the world by the immense Ford organization, ceased magically. A terrible silence followed, as the Ford Boom for President was officially launched.

The world changeth, and a new order taketh the place of the old. Even did we bend all our efforts to again embrace the dear old times, those sweet rustic airs, solitude, tranquillity, the bubbling draught, those pleasant vales,—they would never, never be envisaged, those happy, happy days.

Even should we have preferred to remain cloistered, writing dignified admonitions to the errant writers of our times, making book reviews, little poems against poets, the Telephone would intervene filling our secluded Tower with its worldly vibrations. (*Hello! Is this* THE BROOM? *Can you please inform me, can you please tell me who are the leading, most reputable, most reliable concerns with a country-wide service, furnishing the trade br*——" "No! Sorry, we can't help you. This is not a trade journal. We have nothing to do with the industry . . .")

The electric train leaps painlessly out to the distant Hills, where the gay Commuter dances, dances with his little boys and girls to the "Alabama Blues" over the radio receiver. The man dictates at his desk and at once a syndicate flashes his Message to four hundred newspapers throughout the United States, read in the tramways and with the first sunlight on the glass tops of ten million office desks.

Mr. Ford, ladies and gentlemen, is not a human creature. He is a principle, or better, a relentless process. Away with waste and competitive capitalism. Our bread, butter, tables, chairs, beds, houses, and also our homebrew shall be made in Ford factories. There shall be one great Power-house for the entire land, and ultimately a greater one for the whole world. Mr. Ford, ladies and gentlemen, is not a man.

Let Ford be President. Let him *assemble* us all into his machine. Let us be *properly* assembled. Let us all function unanimously. Let the wheels turn more swiftly. Coolidge! Bah, what is Coolidge? A rococo Yankee lawyer.

Ford means action.	Coolidge means procrastination.
Ford, higher wages.	Coolidge, the ten-hour day.
Ford, standardization.	Coolidge, inefficiency.
Ford, higher wheat market.	Coolidge, farm mortgages.
Ford, lower freight-rates.	Coolidge, the Pork-barrel!

VOTE FOR THE PEOPLE'S CANDIDATE. A veritable crusade has sprung up spontaneously throughout the country to place this man in the White House. The vast and effective Ford organization in every city and every hamlet of the continent is behind it.

MATTHEW JOSEPHSON

THE PRIEST SPEAKS

Scene: Madison Square Garden.
Time: 1923.
The speaker has been talking a long time, his peroration is heard in a high singing voice above the heads of a monster crowd:

Brother Gods, behold the crawling ant, the lion, the tiger, the crow, the toad, the crayfish and the ellyphunt, little and big beasts to dress the world for us. And birds to sing.

And we . . . oh see me beat my breasts and do a few steps of the divine mandance . . . why we sit on the top roost crowing over all, with one foot in God's Home and one on this ashpile. . . . Did you ever see the like of this? Never on sea or land such majesty was seen as man coming out of the white palm of God, the walls of darkness light-shattering to greet him. Look no farther for the finest. Acid Proof. Made for the Whole Family. NON SHRINK-ABLE. Send it to the laundry and get it back new.

Who's Your Tailor?

Stick to God. With a thread and a patch of beef he sews up angels. The Miracle Man.

A secret. Listen. Shut that typewriter. Turn in the radio.

God sat all night in seance with the stars that breathed Him forth in a gust of light, studying the blue prints of his new invention, lopping of a corner here, adding a beam there. When He wrote Appd. and broke a package of Fatimas to celebrate the labor's end he handed it to His angels yet lacking that round turret packed with square mirrors. The copying clerk added this detail. And the Hosts

of Heaven stood to see the first step of the strange new beast, whose first word, "I, Am," stirred a shudder in Demigorgon.

Eventually. WHY NOT NOW? Lay your heart and your dollar on the right altar, you can't miss dividends.

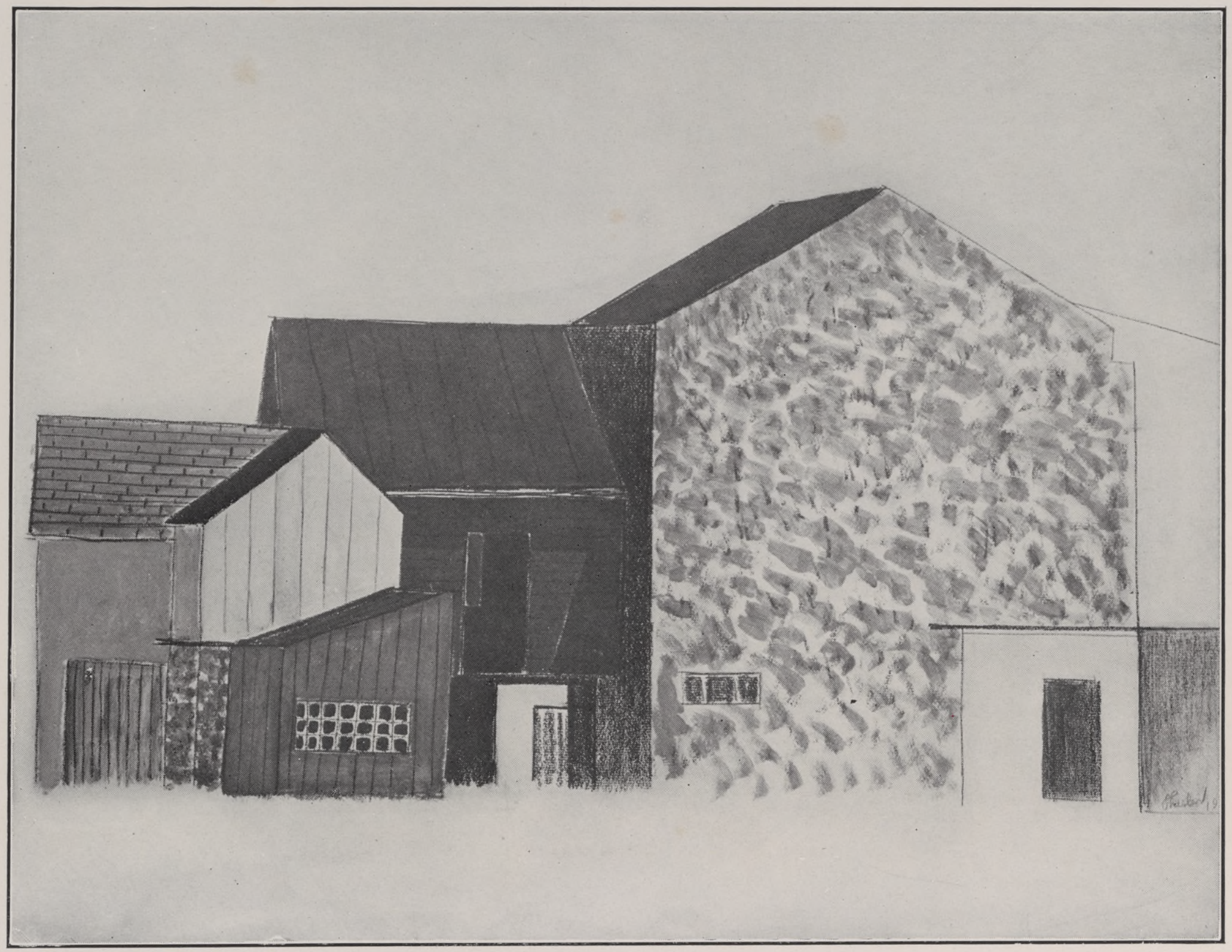
Your bread is buttered on the right side, children of God. Keep your eyes on the grand old nag.

Don't Forget to Grease the Gears. It takes grease to get there. Not Three-in-One either, but Gargoyle.

In the night my soul, my daughter, cries, clinging to a raft of greenback, and lo! Christ! . . . walking on the waters, with a harp and a handful of signed receipts.

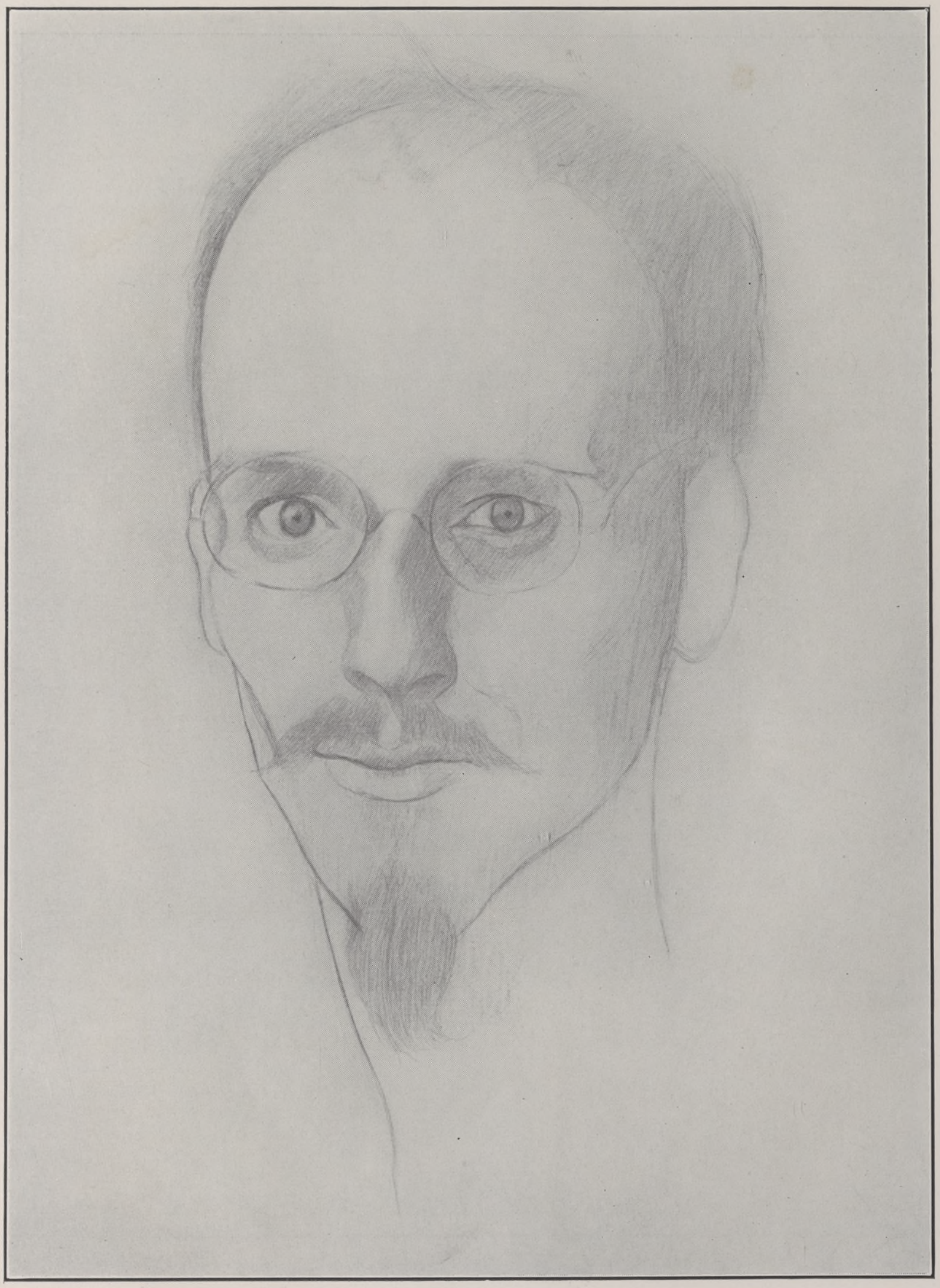
Glory. . . . And the harp has golden strings. GLORY. And the harp . . . has . . . golden . . . strings. . . .

WILLIAM GAMALIEL SHEPARD



Bucks County Barn

Charles Sheeler



Portrait of Joe Gould — Joseph Stella

JOSEPH GOULD: THE MAN

Coincident with the inauguration of the naughty nineties, Joseph Ferdinand Gould, historian, white-wing, and perpetual candidate for the throne of Albania, made his first private appearance at Norwood, Mass. Born of undiluted Yankee stock, diapered and weaned by none but Yankee hands, the little gentleman was raised in the strict moral traditions of his race. At a precocious age he entered the public school where his persistent interest in every phase of human activity astonished his fellow-pupils and instructors alike. Even at the age of thirteen when his school mates were only interested in abusing him, the little Joseph was already publishing a small review, "The Gleam," which contained articles of literary and historical import.

Upon graduating from the Norwood High School, Mr. Gould commuted to Harvard College. He naturally elected History as his major study, but always being more interested in the activities of his own time rather than those of a previous one, he became a lively member of the Harvard Cosmopolitan Club. It was here from his close association with the Hindu, African, Chinese, Albanian, and Siamese members that Mr. Gould learned of the injustices under which the smaller nations of the world suffered. Being a man of action he at once championed the cause of Albania and pledged himself to a life-long solicitation of funds toward Albanian Independence. It was also at this time that Mr. Gould was arrested for assault. On behalf of the negro race he kicked the Irish shins of a Scow Boston cop as a protest against a motion picture, "The Birth of a Nation."

Upon matriculating with honors from Harvard, Mr. Gould obtained a governmental position and was dispatched to the Indian Reservation there to carry on anthropological investigations, particularly in the Tecumseh family. After completing his work for the government he returned to New York. A duel with the editor of a magazine, now defunct, immediately followed his return and soon after that the war with Germany. Mr. Gould vainly tried to enlist in the glorious ranks of those fighting for world democracy, but being unable to pass the physical requirements of the army he was obliged to forego that pleasure. At present Mr. Gould is employed as a book reviewer by a metropolitan daily.

In personal appearance Mr. Gould is striking. Should he be coming around a corner the first harbinger of his approach is a prodigiously long cigarette holder which heaves into view like the bow-sprit of a large schooner. If times are propitious a cigarette emitting clouds of smoke wobbles loosely at the end of it. Immediately following the bow-sprit, there appears a small sharp nose, or prow, on which a pair of bent wire spectacles rests askew. This in turn is followed by a sparse and goatish beard, a scraggly mustache, two singularly bright eyes and finally an entire head crowned by an absurdly small pill-box hat. Immediately beneath the head, in fact its only visible means of support, one observes a long flopping overcoat which presumably harbors within it some sort of vigorous little body which can and with amazing rapidity propel the aforesaid overcoat through traffic and around corners. Attached to the frayed extremity of the right sleeve a small parched hand clutches a number of grimy notebooks.

It is this mass of grimy note-books which contain (or rather partially represent), for the fecundity of Mr. Gould passes all natural bounds, his omniverous history of the contemporary world. Written in a cramped and curiously pedantic hand this work, which now reaches many hundred volumes, touches upon every phase of human, animal, vegetable, and mineral activity. For Mr. Gould is restricted by no subject, neither by the limits of time or space, decency or virtue, interest or insignificance, by the air above or the waters under the earth. His only requirement to which he persistently holds is that no fact shall enter his history which he has not seen with his own eyes or heard with his own ears.

This requirement is the result of his own philosophic concept of history. For unlike the general historians who believe that the world and time have reached a final culmination in themselves and who for that reason believe it is within their power to give the details of the past a value in the light of their own emotional present, Mr. Gould attempts to renounce his personality and record in as dull and unindividual a style as possible all the actual and fortuitous experience of his own life. Thus he records the recitation of a drunken negro in the back room of a saloon with as equal an objective care as he describes the funeral of his father in Norwood. For this reason his history of the world becomes, not an expressionistic work of art like other histories, but a purely scientific chronicle on which the historians of the future will base their subjective studies.

E. N. AND S. B.

SOCIAL POSITION *

Nearly everyone is perplexed by the human instinct to either lord it over other people or bow down to them. In the eyes of the Infinite, all pride is dust and ashes. But as we must live with our brother man, it is natural that each of us should have his ideal of proper society.

I believe that we need an aristocracy in which each person can be an aristocrat. That is to say every human being is entitled to a legitimate pride in his environment and antecedents. The Socialist vision is somewhat similar. However it insists too much on material values. Its appeal is to those people who cannot respect themselves without good clothes and well-filled tummies. That is a wrong assumption. An Indian no matter how dire his poverty can dispense hospitality with dignity. He is his own welcome. Roger W. Babson once asked me what I thought was the solution of the high cost of living. I answered, "The Indian system. Fewer wants." He that knows he is as good a man as his neighbor does not need to impress by evidence of material wealth.

The aristocrat is the highest type I can attain to. I believe that if one only pushes aristocracy far enough it becomes democracy. In all externals, the two viewpoints keep the same code. One serves from love of humanity, the other to satisfy himself.

I believe that no higher race of men ever lived than the backwoods Yankee farmer. Made independent by the toil of his own hands he exacted no servility from others and he yielded it to none, those of higher social position in the artificial sense have had to pay for it by various acts of flunkeyism.

I am very cosmopolitan and have met specimens of European, Asiatic, American Indian and African nobility. Not even excepting Water Chief have I ever met anyone with more reason for pride in his immediate family and remoter ancestry than myself. I said to God once, "You know I am very proud. If I should ever meet anyone with better blood in his veins than flows in mine what should my conduct be?" The All Mighty answered me, "Be not alarmed. Until

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* *Chapter CCCLXVIII of Joseph Gould's History of the Contemporary World, to be published posthumously.*

I repeal the law of the survival of the fittest, you will never meet anyone with a higher claim to pride of race. Your pride, of course, is nasty as all pride is, but it is the seed of so much of the good that is in you, that I want you to keep it, until you find something better. Remember however that every human soul is as big as its environment and heredity allow it to be."

Civilization brings distinctions of caste apart from individual attainment. Thus is developed the patrician and the peasant. Each has a different set of virtues, and both are needed for the complete sum of humanity. When you find a patrician without pride or a peasant without avarice, you get very nearly the perfect man.

The European is usually descended from ancestors who were all of the same caste. A Southerner's progenitors were all either F. F. V's or all poor white trash. In New England there has always been the mingling of the two strains. One of my ancestors was the first Governor of Connecticut. Another came as an indentured servant. Mrs. Bowie said to me once, "There are two types of gentlemen. One is the gentleman by the grace of God. I knew a slave who was that. Then there is the gentleman by virtue of inherited culture. You belong to both types." At one time I would have been greatly pleased with this compliment. Now however, I feel that if I am not big enough to belong to all humanity, I want to think of myself as belonging to the masses rather than to the classes. I do not want to consider myself a gentleman in the archaic sense unless this distinction permits me to feel as proud of my progenitors who lived lives of modest toil and were first nowhere upon the field of battle, as I am of colonial governors, knights, nobles, kings and emperors who also had to live that I might be.

The past has many claims upon me. I regard the continuity of life as the great miracle, and through genealogical research I like to project myself back into the past. Hence I am a confirmed ancestor worshipper. I can still remember the mental glow I experienced when I first learned of my descent from William the Conqueror. At the present time I feel differently. The early kings and nobles were very promiscuous. I doubt whether there is an Englishman alive who is not descended from William the Conqueror, or a European who is not descended from Charlemagne. I would like to be really exclusive. I wish I could trace my pedigree back to some common person who lived in the eleventh century.

My racial work brought me into contact with certain celebrities. My father and mother treated them with dignity and courtesy giving

them the best they had. When I invited a Negro deckhand to visit me they treated him in the same way. They were sure enough of their own position to be able to do this. That is real aristocracy. I do not consider anyone quite my social equal who can not do the same. Ralph Watson said to me when I expressed this idea to him, "You would find your social equal among bar tenders then." I replied, "Not among all. They might be able to entertain a Negro deckhand and yet be flustered by a celebrity. On the other hand I feel as if I were slumming when I visit households where the Negro deckhand could not be entertained."

Goni Katundi the proprietor of the Albanian restaurant, Vatru, did not wish me to invite Miss Culot there, although she had been in Albania, because he thought she was of too high a caste. When I took her there, I apologized for this neglect on his part and told her the reason. I said he was wrong because the Albanian restaurant was good enough for me, and what was good enough for Joe Gould was good enough for any one else that God had made. She smiled approval and said, "That's the proper way to feel about it." At the time she did not hear what I added, that whatever was good enough for anybody else that God had made was good enough for Joe Gould. I would use this addition to illustrate the difference between the aristocrat and the snob.

I feel very cocky when I think of the three highest social honors that I have received. The one that I valued least was when I tried so hard to get into the army that Captain A. J. Boyce was impressed and spoke to Roosevelt about me and the doughty colonel told him to bring me to Oyster Bay. Roosevelt was out of luck, for Captain Boyce lost track of me. As Roosevelt had no backwoods Yankee blood in him, of course, he was not quite my equal, but I was honestly pleased that despite my poor physique I had made such an impression upon Captain Boyce as a man among men that he deemed me worthy of the highest honor he could pay me.

I was more pleased by what happened the first time I met Mrs. Rust, the widow of the Confederate general who commanded in the battle of Port Hudson in which my grandfather participated. Her grandfather and her husband were congressmen, and she had moved in the highest society in Washington and danced twice with Edward VII. She was akin to the aristocratic families of the Old South and the list of her relatives was lousy with distinguished names. It was supposed that we would clash bitterly because my Negrophile prejudices were so strong. By a few proofs of deference, I won her so

completely that on offering me a second helping she said, "Will you have some more veal, Joe?" She did not call others by their first name whom she had known a much longer time. My head was a bit turned then by this unexpected acceptance by the feudal South, but I now feel that the real point of the honor was that I had pleased an old woman. The old and children are the best judges of character because they are less observant of the superficial.

I have also had the highest social honor possible. Water Chief offered me his peace pipe as a personal friend and an equal. Any ruling dynasty among white people is a mere mushroom in comparison. Hereafter, if I am invited to meet kings or emperors or even Police Commissioner Enright, I will feel that I do them more honor than they do me.

JOSEPH GOULD

ELLSWORTH TO GREAT POND

Drink hard cider, swig hard cider,
  Swill hard cider, Boys!
Throw yer spikers, throw yer peavies,
  Beller out yer noise!

Grub in Waltham, drink in Waltham,
  Slogger up an' down!
Hide ye slat-faced, heathen Christians,
  K-J's crew's in town!

Drink hard cider, swig hard cider,
  Whoop 'er up, O Boys!
Hell's own roarin', cant-dog sawmill
  Can't make half our noise!

Sling yer spikers, sling yer peavies,
  Put yer head to use!
K-J's waitin'! K-J's watchin'!
  King o' old K. Spruce!

WINIFRED VIRGINIA JACKSON

THE POET ASSASSINATED

XVI

PERSECUTION

At this time prizes for poetry were being awarded every day. Thousands of societies had been founded for this purpose and their members lived on the fat of the land, while making upon fixed dates large benefices to poets. But the 26th of January was the day upon which the largest associations, companies, boards of directors, academies, committees, juries, etc., of the whole world bestowed their awards. Upon this day 8,019 prizes for poetry were distributed, the total of which aggregated 50,005,225 francs. On the other hand, since the taste for poetry had never spread among any class of the population of any country, public opinion had risen powerfully against the poets who were called parasites, lazy, useless, and so forth. The 26th of January of this year passed without incident, but on the following day the great newspaper, *La Voix*, published at Adelaide (Australia) in the French language, contained an article by the distinguished agricultural chemist Horace Tograth (a German born at Leipzig), whose discoveries and inventions had frequently seemed to border on the miraculous. The article, entitled *The Laurel*, contained a sort of chronology of the culture of the laurel in Judea, in Greece, in Italy, in Africa and in Provence. The author gave counsel to those who had laurel trees in their gardens, indicating the multiple usage of the laurel, as a food, in art, in poetry, and its rôle as a symbol of poetic glory. He then began to talk of mythology, making allusions to Apollo and the fable of Daphné. Finally, Horace Tograth changed his tone brusquely and concluded his article as follows:

"And furthermore, I say candidly, this useless tree is still too common, and we have less glorious symbolisms to which people attribute the famous savour of the laurel. The laurel holds too large a place upon our overpopulated earth, the laurels are unworthy of living. Each one of them takes the place of two in the sun. Let them be chopped down, and let their leaves be feared as a poison. Hitherto symbols of poetry and literary science, they are nothing more today

than that death-glory which is to glory as death is to life, and as the hand of glory is to the key.

"True glory has abandoned poetry for science, philosophy, acrobatics, philanthropy, sociology, etc. . . . Poets are good for nothing more nowadays than to receive money which they do not earn, since they scarcely ever work and most of them (except for the minstrels) have no talent and no excuse whatsoever. As to those who have some gifts, they are even more obnoxious, for if they receive nothing they make more noise than a regiment and din our ears with their being persecuted. None of these people have any *raison d'etre.* The prizes which are awarded them are stolen from workers, inventors, scientists, philosophers, acrobats, philanthropists, sociologists, and so forth. The poets must disappear. Lycurgus would have banished them from the Republic, we too must banish them. Otherwise, the poets, lazy fiefs, will become our princes and while doing nothing, live off our work, oppressing us, and mocking us. In short, we must rid ourselves immediately of the poets' tyranny.

"If the republics and the kings, if the nations do not take care, the race of poets, too privileged, will increase in such proportions and so rapidly that in a short time no one will want to work, invent, teach, do dangerous feats, heal the sick and improve the lot of unfortunate men."

An enormous stir greeted this article. It was telegraphed or telephoned everywhere, all the newspapers reproduced it. A few literary journals followed their quotations from Tograth's article with mocking reflections as to the scientist; there were doubts as to his mental state. They laughed at the terror which he manifested over the lyric laurel. However, the journals of commerce and information made great ado about his warnings. They even said that the article in *La Voix* was a work of genius.

The article by Horace Tograth had been a singular pretext, admirably fitted to fan the blaze of hatred for poetry. It made its appeal through the traditional sense of the supernatural, whose memory lies in all well born men, and to the instinct for preservation which all beings feel. That was why nearly all Tograth's readers were thunderstruck, aghast, and wanted to lose no occasion to obliterate poets who, because of the great numbers of prizes they received were the subjects of the jealousy of all classes of the population. The majority of the newspapers advocated that the government take measures leading to the prohibition of all poetry prizes.

In the evening, in a later edition of *La Voix*, the agricultural

chemist, Horace Tograth, published a new article which like the other telephoned or telegraphed everywhere, carried popular emotion to a climax in the press, among the public and the governments. The scientist concluded as follows:

"World, choose between thy life and poetry; if serious measures are not taken, civilization is done for. Thou must not hesitate. From tomorrow on begins the new era. Poetry will exist no longer, the lyres too heavy for old inspirations will be broken. The poets will be massacred."

* * *

During the night, life went on just as usual in all the cities of the globe. The article, telegraphed everywhere, had been published in the special editions of the local newspapers and snatched up by the hungry public. The people all sided with Tograth. Ringleaders descended into the streets and, mingling with the aroused mobs, excited them further. But most governments held sittings that very night and passed legislation which provoked an indescribable enthusiasm. France, Italy, Spain and Portugal decreed that all poets established on their territory should be imprisoned at once pending the determination of their lot. It was cabled that the United States of America had decided to electrocute any man who avowed his profession to be that of poetry. In fact, all of the States on earth, even those who possessed nothing but meager little bards lacking in all lyricism took measures against the very name of poetry. Only England and Russia were exceptions. The laws went into effect the next day, while the literary magazines appeared all garbed in black, lamenting the new terror. Dispatches toward noon told how Aristenetius Southwest, the great negro poet of Haiti had been cut into pieces and devoured by an infuriated populace of negroes and mulattoes. At Cologne, the Kaiserglocke had sounded all night and in the morning Herr Professor Doktor Stimmung, author of a medieval epic in forty-eight cantos, having gone out to take the train for Hanover, was set upon by a troop of fanatics who beat him with sticks crying: "Death to the poet!"

He took refuge in the cathedral and remained locked in there with a few beadles, by the excited population of Drikkes, Hanses, and Marizibills. These last particularly, were beside themselves with rage, invoking the Virgin, Saint Ursula and the Three Royal Magi in *platdeutsch*. Their paternosters and pious oaths were interspersed with admirably vile insults to the professor-poet, who owed his reputation chiefly to the unisexuality of his morals. His head to the

ground, he was nearly dying of fear under the big wooden statue of Saint Christopher.

Telegrams everywhere announced the arrests of poets, one after another, and the electrocution of the American poets was made known early in the afternoon.

In Paris, several young poets of the left bank, who had been spared on account of their lack of notoriety, organized a demonstration extending from the *Closerie des Lilas* to the *Conciergerie*, where the "prince of poets" was imprisoned.*

Troops arrived to disperse the demonstrators. The cavalry charged. The poets drew their firearms and defended themselves but the people rushed in and took a hand in the melee. The poets were strangled and everyone else who came to their defense.

Thus began the great persecution which swept rapidly throughout the entire world. In America, after the electrocution of the famous poets, they lynched all the negro minstrels and even many persons who had never in their lives written a rhyme; then they fell upon the whites of literary Bohemia. It was learned that Tograth, after having personally directed the persecution in Australia, had embarked at Melbourne.

XVII

ASSASSINATION

Like Orpheus, all the poets felt violent death staring them in the face. Everywhere, publishers had been pillaged and collections of verse burnt. The admiration of all went out to this Horace Tograth who, from far off Adelaide (Australia), had succeeded in unloosing this storm which seemed destined to destroy poetry forever. This man's knowledge, they said, bordered on the miraculous. He could drive away clouds or bring on rain anywhere he pleased. Women, once they had seen him were ready to do his bidding. For the rest, he did not disdain either feminine or masculine virginities. As soon as Tograth had seen what enthusiasms he had evoked in the whole world, he announced that he would visit the principal cities of the globe, after Australia had been rid of its erotic and elegiac poets. And indeed some time later uprisings of the population were heard

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* Paul Fort, broad-brimmed black hat, was in Apollinaire's time an inveterate frequenter of the *Closerie*, two blocks west along the Boulvard Montparnasse from the *Café Rotonde*, where Apollinaire and his circle held forth.—Tr.

of in Tokio, Pekin, Yakutsk, Calcutta, Buenos Ayres, San Francisco, Chicago, upon the appearance of the terrible German, Tograth. Wherever he went, he left an unearthly impression on account of his "miracles," (which he called scientific), and his extraordinary healings, all of which lifted his repute as a scientist and a thaumaturgist to sublime heights.

On May 30, Tograth disembarked at Marseilles. The people were massed along the quays; Tograth landed from the steamer in a launch. No sooner was he recognized than cries, shouts, toasts, from innumerable gullets mingled with the sound of the wind, the waves and the sirens of the vessels. Tograth, tall and thin, was standing up in the launch. As it approached the land, the features of the hero could be distinguished more and more clearly. His face was smooth-shaven and blue, his mouth almost lipless, disfigured by an ugly cut; he had a receding chin which gave him the appearance, one might have said, of a shark. His brow rose straight up, very high and very large. Tograth was dressed in a pasty white costume, his shoes also being white and high-heeled. He wore no hat. As soon as he placed his foot upon the soil of Marseilles the furor of the crowd rose to such heights that when the quays were cleared three hundred people were found dead, strangled, trampled, crushed. Several men seized the hero and raised him upon their shoulders while they sang and shouted, and women threw flowers at him all the way to the hotel where a suite had been prepared for him and managers, interpreters and bell-boys were waiting to greet him.

* * *

On the same morning, Croniamantal coming from Brünn had arrived at Marseilles to look for Tristouse who had been there since the evening before with Paponat. All three mingled in the crowd which acclaimed Tograth before the hotel where he was to stop.

"Happy tumult," said Tristouse, "You are not a poet, Paponat, you have learned things which are worth infinitely more than poetry. Is it not true, Paponat, that you are in no way a poet?"

"Indeed, my dear," replied Paponat, "I have rhymed at times in order to amuse myself, but I am not a poet, I am an excellent business man and no one knows better than I how to manage an estate."

"Tonight you must mail a letter to *La Voix* of Adelaide; you must tell them all that, and so you will be safe."

"I shall not fail to do that," said Paponat. "Did you ever hear of such a thing, a poet! That goes for Croniamantal."

"I hope to God," said Tristouse, "that they will massacre him in Brünn where he expects to find us."

"But there he is right now," whispered Paponat. "He is in the crowd. He is hiding himself and hasn't seen us."

"I wish they would hurry up and massacre him," sighed Tristouse. "I have an idea that that will happen soon."

"Look," exclaimed Paponat, "here comes the hero."

* * *

The cortege which accompanied Tograth having arrived at the hotel, they permitted him to descend from their shoulders. Tograth turned to the crowd and addressed them:

"Marseilles, in thanking you I could employ, if I wished, compliments that are fatter than your world-renowned sardines. I could, if I wished, make a long speech. But words will never quite encompass the magnificence of the reception which you have accorded me. I know that there are maladies in your midst that I might heal not only with my knowledge but with that which scientists have accumulated for myriads of years. Bring forth the sick, and I shall heal them."

A man whose cranium was as bald as that of an inhabitant of Mycona cried:

"Tograth! god-like mortal, all puissant *savantissimo!* Give me a luxuriant mane of hair."

Tograth smiled and asked that the man approach him; then he touched the denuded head, saying:

"Thy sterile pate shall be covered with an abundant vegetation, but remember always this favor by hating the laurel."

At the same time as the bald man, a little girl approached. She implored Tograth:

"Sweet man, sweet man, look at my mouth, my lover with a blow of his fist has broken several teeth, return them to me."

The scientist smiled and put his finger into her mouth, saying: "Now thou canst chew, thou hast excellent teeth. But in return, show us what thou hast in thy bag."

The girl laughed, opening her mouth in which the new teeth gleamed; then she opened her bag, excusing herself:

"What a funny idea, before everybody! Here are my keys, here an enamelled photograph of my lover; he really looks better than that."

But the eyes of Tograth were greedy; he had perceived all folded up in her bag several Parisian songs, rhymed and set to

Viennese airs. He took these papers and after having scrutinized them, asked:

"These are nothing but songs, have you no poems?"

"I have a very lovely one," said the girl. "It was the bell-boy of the Hotel Victoria wrote it for me before he left for Switzerland. But I never showed it to Sossi."

And she proffered Tograth a little rose sheet of paper on which was written a pathetic acrostic.

"It is not only poetry," exclaimed Tograth, "it is idiotic."

And he tore up the paper and threw it into the ditch, while the girl knocked her teeth in fright and cried:

"Sweet man, good man, I did not know that it was bad."

Just then Croniamantal advanced close to Tograth and apostrophized the crowd:

"Carrion, assassins!"

They burst into laughter. They yelled:

"Into the water with him, the rat."

And Tograth, looking Croniamantal in the face, said:

"My good brother, let not my affluence disturb you. As for me, I love the people, even though I stop at hotels which they do not frequent."

The poet let Tograth talk, then he continued to address the crowd:

"Carrion, laugh at me, your joys are numbered, each one of them will be torn from you one by one. And do you know, o people, what your hero is?"

Tograth smiled and the crowd became all attention. The poet continued:

"Your hero, o populace, is Boredom bringing Misery."

A cry of astonishment issued from all the throats. Women crossed themselves. Tograth wanted to speak, but Croniamantal seized him suddenly by the neck, threw him to the ground and held him there with his foot on the man's chest, while he spoke:

"It is Boredom and Misery, the monstrous enemy of man, the Behemoth glutted with debauchery and rape, dripping the blood of marvellous poets. He is the vomit of the Antipodes, and his miracles deceive the clairvoyant no more than the miracles of Simon the Magi did the Apostles. Marseillais, Marseillais, woe that you whose ancestors come from the most purely lyrical land, should unite with the enemies of poetry, with the barbarians of all the nations. What a strange miracle, this, of the German returned from Australia! To

have imposed it upon the world and to have been for a moment stronger than creation itself, stronger than immortal poetry."

But Tograth who was able to extricate himself at last, arose, soiled with dust and drunk with rage. He asked:

"Who are you?"

"Who are you, who are you?" cried the crowd.

The poet turned toward the east and in exalted tones said:

"I am Croniamantal, the greatest of living poets. I have often seen God face to face, I have borne the divine rapture which my human eyes tempered. I was born in eternity. But the day has come, and I am here before you."

Tograth greeted these last words with a terrible burst of laughter, and the first ranks of the crowd seeing Tograth laugh, took up his laughter, which, in bursts, in rolls, in trills, was soon communicated throughout the entire populace, even to Paponat and Tristouse Ballerinette. All of the open mouths yawned at Croniamantal, who became ill at ease. Interspersed with the laughter were shouts of:

"Into the water with the poet! . . . Burn him, Croniamantal! . . . To the dogs with him, lover of the laurel!"

A man who was in the first ranks and carried a heavy club gave Croniamantal a blow, causing him to make a painful grimace which doubled the merriment of the crowd. A stone, accurately thrown, struck the nose of the poet and drew blood. A fish merchant forced his way through the mob and, confronting Croniamantal, said:

"Hou! the raven. I remember you, all right, you're a policeman who wanted to pass for a poet; there, cow; take that, story teller."

And he gave him a terrific slap, spitting in his face. The man whom Tograth had cured of *alopecia* came to him and said:

"Look at my hair, is it a false miracle or not?"

And lifting his cane, he thrust it so adroitly that he gouged out Croniamantal's right eye. Croniamantal fell over backward, women threw themselves upon him and beat him. Tristouse jumped up and down with joy, while Paponat tried to calm her. But she went over and with the end of her umbrella stuck out Croniamantal's other eye, while he, seeing her in this last moment of sight, cried:

"I confess my love for Tristouse Ballerinette, the divine poesy that consoles my soul."

"Shut up, vermin!" cried the crowd of men, "there are ladies here."

The women went away soon, and a man who was balancing a

large knife on his open hand threw it in such a way that it landed right in the open mouth of Croniamantal. Other men did the same thing. The knives stuck in his belly, his chest, and soon there was nothing more on the ground than a corpse bristling with points like the husk of a chestnut.

XVIII

APOTHEOSIS

Croniamantal dead, Paponat brought Tristouse Ballerinette back to the hotel, where she relapsed into nervous fainting-spells. They were in a very old building and by chance Paponat discovered, wrapped up in cardboard, a bottle of water of the Queen of Hungary which dated from the 17th Century. This remedy worked rapidly. Tristouse recovered her senses and immediately went to the hospital to claim the body of Croniamantal which was turned over to her without delay.

She arranged a decent burial for him and placed over his tomb a stone on which there was engraved the following epitaph:

Walk lightly and your silence keep,
To leave untroubled his good sleep.

Then she went back to Paris with Paponat who soon left her for a mannequin of the Champs-Elysées.

Tristouse did not regret him very long. She went into mourning for Croniamantal and climbed up to the Montmartre, to the Bird of Benin's who began to pay court to her, and after he had what he desired they began to talk of Croniamantal.

"I ought to make a statue to him," said the Bird of Benin, "For I am not only a painter but also a sculptor."

"That's right," said Tristouse, "we must raise a statue to him."

"Where?" asked the Bird of Benin; "The government will not grant us any ground. Times are bad for poets."

"So they say," replied Tristouse, "but perhaps it isn't true. What do you think of the Meudon woods?"

"I thought of that, but I dared not say it. Let's go to the Meudon woods."

"A statue of what?" asked Tristouse, "Marble? Bronze?"

"No, that's old fashioned. I must model a profound statue out of nothing, like poetry and glory."

"Bravo! Bravo!" cried Tristouse clapping her hands, "A statue out of nothing, empty, that's lovely, and when will you make it?"

"Tomorrow, if you wish; we shall go and dine, pass the night together, and in the morning we shall go to the Meudon woods where I shall make this profound statue."

No sooner said, than done. They went and dined with the élite of the Montmartre, returned to sleep at midnight and on the next morning at nine oclock, after having armed himself with a pick-axe, a spade, a shovel and some boasting-chisels, they took the road for the pretty Meudon woods, where they met the Prince of Poets, accompanied by his little friend, quite happy over the pleasant days he had spent in the City-prison.

Then they had lunch on the grass.

The afternoon was devoted by the Bird of Benin to sculpturing the interior of the monument to Croniamantal.

On the following day, the sculptor came back with workingmen who fixed up an armed cement wall, six inches broad on top, and eighteen inches broad at the base, so that the empty space had the form of Croniamantal, and the hole was full of his specter.

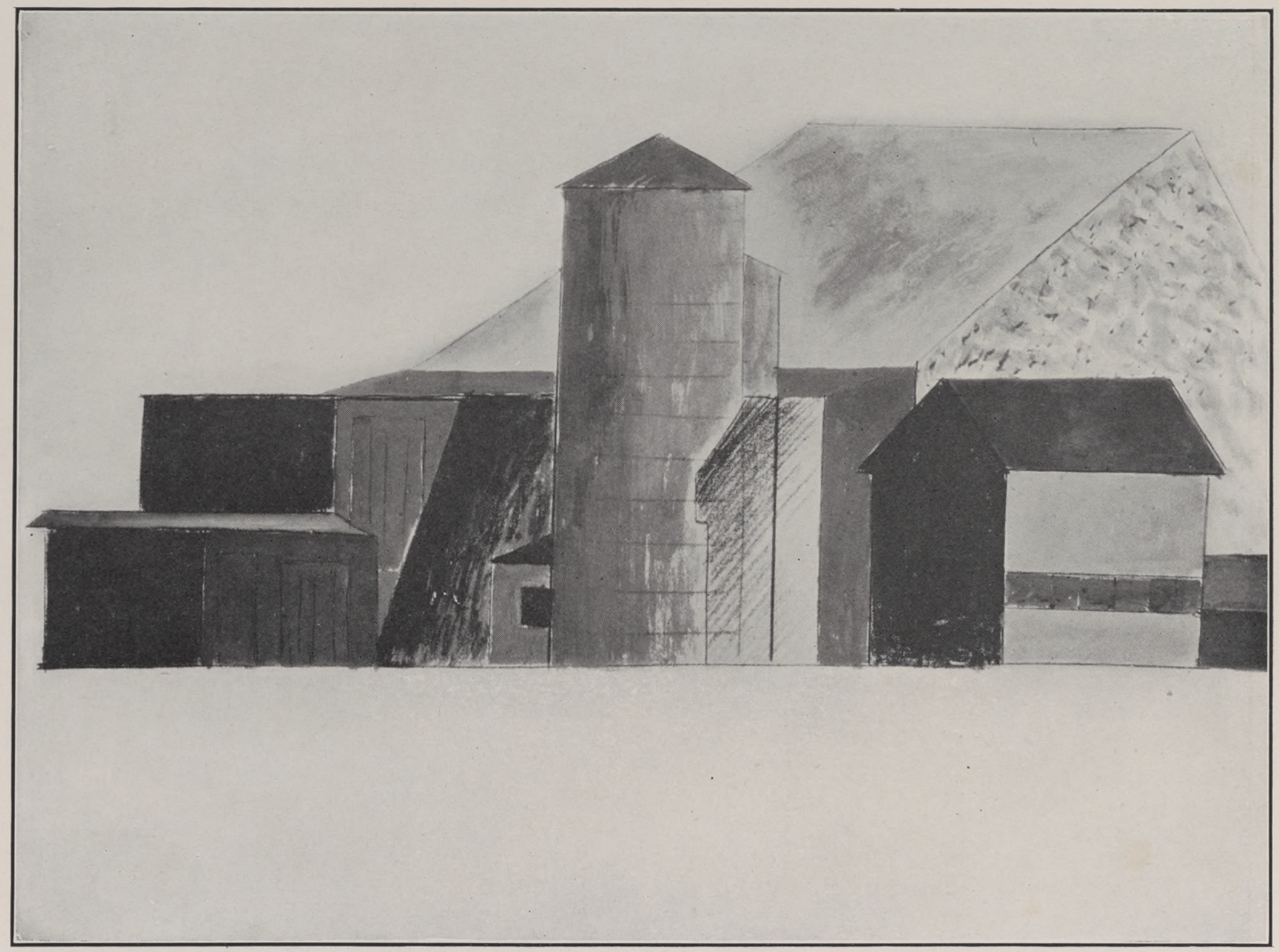
* * *

On the next day, the Bird of Benin, Tristouse, the Prince of Poets and his little friend came back to the statue which was heaped up with earth which they had gathered here and there, and at nightfall they planted a fine laurel tree, while Tristouse Ballerinette danced and sang:

No one loves thee thou art lying
Palantila Mila Mima
When he was lover to the queen
He was king while she was queen

'Tis true, 'tis true that I love him
Croniamantal way down in the pit
Can that be right
Let us gather the sweet marjoram
At night.

GUILLAUME APOLLINAIRE
(*Translated by Matthew Josephson*)



Bucks County Barn

Charles Sheeler

Bucks County Barn

Charles Sheeler

"A BOIRE! A BOIRE!"

Gargantua shouted it when he came fat and ruddy tumbling into that bright and wine-glorious country of France. And though I too have bellowed his radiant and congenial war-cry, perhaps with not so large a throat but with at least as thirsty a one, I have received no answer in this measly land of prohibition but the flurried reproaches of old temperance trots or a rancid sermon or two from some blarting minister. But such gratuitous hot air has brought me no nearer to a liberal bottle of old Burgundy or to a cool, silent, contemplative stein of Münchener Beer than it has to Paradise.

For it is a shocking truth that this country is so lousy and overrun with efficiency hounds, moralizing nitwits, and rubber-heel reformers that a man can hardly lick a postage stamp in public without being haled into court for indecent exposure. As for drinking, or any other of those joyful arts that make life something more than pulling down a fat salary in a mill or breeding a large and hopeless swarm of children, they have eternally disappeared. For this virulent pestilence of busy-bodies is ever on the alert to descend on any human pleasure and despoil it. Being psychopaths whose minds are of an inordinate filth, they can imagine no vice more horrible than that of living, and would rather a man work himself pie-eyed in a sweat-shop or yodel himself cuckoo in a church choir than to see him loaf some sunny afternoon with a few friends, an accordion, and a keg of beer.

But I am more interested in art than I am in fools, and if Americans not only insist on swallowing everything these busy vice-sniffers sling them, but also continue to believe that it is every man's bounden duty to make himself as unhappy as possible for the good of an unhappy many, then all I can say is "God Bless Them," and pass on.

If I remember correctly, prohibition has been scourging this country for the past four years. Probably more. It seems at least a decade since I last wet my whistle with anything approaching good liquor. For although the bootleg industry is as highly organized as any of Henry Ford's machine shops, the liquor it dispenses is not only so doctored, dyed and cut with spurious acids as to make its consumption almost a question of suicide, but its cost is so far beyond the reach of an average human pocketbook that only those fortunate mortals who are endowed both with untold wealth and a celluloid stomach dare to consume it.

Indeed it is an unhappy enough condition for any human American, but particularly for those writers who, in maintaining their artistic integrity, must forever be on the verge of taking the Franciscan vow of poverty. For though of old, Beer was the poor man's Freud, it has now become an inaccessible salvation, and the honest writer being unable to find any alcoholic release for his complexes or his simplexes, his auto-, klepto-, hydro-, or nympho-manias, must either repress them in silence or find expression for them in his art. As for me I should regret either of these eventualities, and should be as pained to find my friends gargling tea with a flock of inhibited females as I would to find them limiting their literary subject matter to the romantic exploits of a shop-lifter, a whoremonger, or a water fiend. For ignoring its demoralizing influence on the pubic or public mind such a literature would be merely that infantile volitionism against which my friend Mr. Kenneth Burke has propounded many unanswerable arguments.

But enough of manias, repressions, complexes, hebephrenia. Such talk will not get a man an honest snootful, and though when the sky falls we will all catch larks, there is slight chance of that ever happening in the U. S. A. Let us consider this frustrating problem rationally.

Of solutions there appear to be three: Expatriation, Rustication and The Catacombs.

I will however pass over the first, Expatriation, rapidly, believing as I do that the problem of prohibition should be faced and not run away from. The second, Rustication, is at present among writers one of the more popular solutions. It consists in retiring to some wilderness where, securely cloistered against the incursions of snooping rum-agents, the writer may brew such liquors and in such quantities as he may desire. But such a troglodytic life implies an almost total loss of personal contact with his fellow craftsmen, and though it is at times advisable to play one's lonely flute in some sequestered nook or covert, such self-inflicted solitude inevitably leads a writer to take both himself and his technique with too astringent a seriousness.

The third and last solution of which I will speak is one suggested in a recent issue of the *Dial;* the Catacombs. These catacombs or crypts which presumably are to be burrowed under some American cathedral such as the Woolworth Building or the Bush Terminal, are to be utilized according to the *Dial* by such writers who in renouncing the questionable virtue of Quantity Production have found themselves at loggerheads with the Capitalist System. To the catacombs these writers will then repair, and publishing their intransigeant volumes of prose or verse upon the presses supplied them, will, in the early hours

of morning, distribute them upon the brown-stone stoops of the West Fifties.

Though I heartily agree with the spirit of this suggestion, it does not go far enough. Let us have catacombs by all means, but let us not use them to so sad a purpose. Let us not make monasteries of them. Let us, instead of filling them with type, fill them with good liquor. Let us conceal within the bowels of our crypt all manner of strong drink. Let us fill our catacombs with rum and whiskey, with the wines of Bordeaux and Burgundy, with Hennesy's Five Star Cognac, with Vermouth and Grenadine, with Holland Gin, Sauterne, and Bass's Ale, with Chartreuse Jaune, Benedictine and Vieux Marc, with Champagne, with barrel upon barrel of Münchener Beer, with Asti Spumanti and name-your-own, with Chianti and Green River Rye, with Moulin à Vent 1912, with Nebiolo, Swedish Punch and Chateau Yquem, with Vodka, Sherry and Lachrymae Christi, with all the merry, belly-warming, soul-stirring, and mind-ennobling drinks of this wet and reeling earth.

And there ensconced some evening among our kegs and our bottles, send down to us, O Mr. William H. Anderson, your roaring wind-pots and spittle-tossers. Let them fill up to their pop-eyes with all the non-alcoholic belly-wash of New York, but let my hearty roistering comrades fortify themselves with a few neat shots of old Bourbon or a brace of cool schooners, and I assure you, though your barnstormers pick their own subjects, that my friends will so ham-string and hobble them with arguments of wit, ridicule and logic that by the end of a half hour your proselyting roarers will be more bleary eyed with confusion than a styful of stuck pigs. For I have seen my friends so jingled with good liquor they could not walk, yet withal so adroit and nimble in their wit, so lucid and eloquent in their thought, that merely to overhear their discourses was worth a library of books or a whole band-wagon of lecturing professors.

But we will not trifle away our time with blubber-mouths and prohibitionists. Our time will be passed in those sports and occupations for which God in His infinite mercy has placed man upon this earth. So, pledging our minds and our hearts to drinking and creating, with a pen in one hand and a mug of beer in the other, we will make a bright havoc of this our puritanical land, impregnating its fallow womb with our lusty children.

SLATER BROWN

HOW MANY MILES TO BABYLON?

How many miles to Babylon?
Threescore miles and ten.
Can I get there by candle-light?
Yes, and back again.

This nursery rhyme has won the eulogies of R. L. Stevenson and Mr. Walter de la Mare, among other distinguished poets, as being one of the most truly poetic pieces in the language. This appears to be generally accepted, but, when I first came to ask why, the same very insufficient answer was always given. "Oh, I couldn't tell you, I suppose because it's so simple." But I found that when I asked people to think about this poem on the lines of conflicting ideas reconciling themselves in symbolism by means of associative thought, they admitted that, on the contrary, it was a poem of extraordinarily subtle and condensed argument. The following is a synthetic version of conversations on the same subject with several friends, Englishmen and Americans.

R. G.: "The first version that I heard of the poem was

How many miles to Babyland?
Threescore miles and ten (*etc.*)

How does that strike you?"

Friend: "It ruins the poem."

R. G.: "But suppose I am right in concluding that the rhyme came, like all or nearly all good rhymes, from the Lowland Scots, and Babby Lon' was converted by South Countrymen into a single word? What then?"

Friend: " 'Babylon' is the best version in spite of scholiasts."

R. G.: "But what does Babylon mean, that Babyland does not mean? Is Babylon a mere remote Timbuctoo, or is it something more?"

Friend: "For me it has a great sense of magnificence, hanging gardens and all that, but also from the book of Revelation, and from the prophetic books of the Old Testament, it has the suggestion of a wicked power constantly coaxing and threatening the chosen people to destruction."

R. G.: "So the poem contrasts childish innocence, as expressed in 'candle-light', with the world, flesh, and devil of 'Babylon'?"

Friend: "I suppose so, but there is more than innocence in the candle-light symbol."

R. G.: "Loyalty?"

Friend: "Yes, loyalty and faith from the ecclesiastical tradition."

R. G.: "Then perhaps you would accept this as a tentative analysis of the effect produced in you by the poem: It is a dialogue, the man who has gone astray after the lusts of the flesh and the sophistications of the world addresses a child who lies innocently in bed. When the child asks the question the man feels that, in spite of the child's apparent helplessness and his ignorance of the determinate side of life, he himself with all his strength and worldly wisdom is far inferior in power to the child."

Friend: " 'Except ye become as little children' in fact? I admit that I get that feeling, but I don't see where you deduce the 'sophistication' and the 'determinate side of life.' "

R. G.: "Well, what if I were to say

"How many miles to Babylon?
Fourscore miles and six."

Is three-score and ten merely an archaic 'seventy'?"

Friend: "No, indeed. I see it now. Threescore and ten is the limit on life imposed by the psalmist, and associated in the memory with 'labour and heaviness.' But what about 'yes, and back again'?"

R. G.: "The remnant's return with all its disillusion and despondency. My mind rides with Ezra around the circuit of the Soul's Jerusalem and finds all in ruins. The poem takes on fresh significance. 'Keep innocency,' it preaches, 'and you can pass through the Babylon of manhood and return safe and sound with as much ease as in childhood you visited that magnificent city in your dreams and came back before the candle had burned to its socket.' "

Friend: "The old dialogue, then, of body and soul? But I think you have disregarded another buried suggestion in the 'threescore and ten.' Only a remnant attains fourscore, only a remnant wins back from Babylon, and they are both confronted with the hopeless task of repairing a lifetime's damage to their spiritual sense."

R. G.: "That improves the argument. Probably Babyland is only a nursery stupidity. That Babylon is the original version seems proved by the interaction of the other symbols too closely for coincidence."

Friend: "That is likely. Nursery rhymes and fables are the detritus beds of very ancient history and thought."

R. G.: "The whole process of romantic poetry is shown in this Babylon rhyme. To read or write poetry is to escape under rhythmic hypnotism to a primitive state of thought in which the oppression of time and space is no longer felt. Poetry is the Lubberland of the legend, where the traveller's mouth needs only to open and food drops from the trees into it, while roasted sucking-pigs run about with knife and fork sticking into their backs, the land where whatever is wanted, is."

Friend: "Would you say that within the limits of the Christian group to whom the associations of Babylon, candle-light, and three-score and ten are common, the poem strikes the same chords in the unconscious mind?"

R. G.: "Not quite. As there are degrees of implication, so there are degrees of perception. There is a common core of experience, certainly, but each individual has, for instance, different personal associations with candle-light, which alter the force of the conflict, whether the candle is thought of more particularly as a friendly charm against darkness, or whether the aspect of the short flickering life of the candle may associate itself more nearly with the threescore and ten idea. An unfortunate identification of Babylon with the Church of Rome would make candle-light into a Popish attribute, and make havoc of the sense. That shows the insecurity of the appeal, even in poems most universally accepted as achieving their end."

ROBERT GRAVES

SOTO AND THE NEW WORLD

Courage is strength—and you are vigilant, sagacious, firm besides. But I am beautiful—as "a cane box, called petaca, full of unbored pearls." I am beautiful: a city greater than Cuzco; rocks loaded with gold as a comb with honey. Believe it. You will not dare to cease following me—at Apalachi, at Cutifachiqui, at Mabilla, turning from the sea, facing inland. And in the end you shall receive of me, nothing —save one long caress as of a great river passing forever upon your sweet corpse.

Balboa lost his eyes on the smile of the Chinese ocean; Cabeca de Vaca lived hard and saw much; Pizarro, Cortéz, Corónado—but you, Hernando de Soto, keeping the lead four years in a savage country, against odds, "without fortress or support of any kind," you are mine, Black Jasmine, mine.

On Friday, the 30th day of May, in the year 1548, the army, fresh from Cuba, landed in Florida, two leagues from the town of an Indian chief named Ucita. The ground was very fenny and encumbered with dense thickets and high trees.

From this place, Espiritu Santo, to Anhaica Apalachi, where they wintered that year, the course was north and west, a march of about a hundred leagues—through obscure and intricate parts: native villages in the swamps, Caliquen, Napateca, Hurripacuxi, Paracoxi, Tocaste, Cale—outlandish names. Who will recognize them? None but you. To the rest without definition but to you each a thing in itself, delicate, pregnant with sudden meanings. The way had been difficult: through a great morass, misled, ambuscaded at the fords, fighting, swimming, starving, thankful for a little parched corn, not even ripe, the cob and all being eaten as it was, and the stalk too for want of better. It is de Soto! all goes forward somehow. But I am before you.

It is my country on which you are treading. Everything is in accordance with my wish. Eight men start from a thicket, naked and tatooed, your lancers rush upon them, but one falls to his knees crying out, "Do not kill me, I am a Christian!" It is Juan Ortiz, relic of Narvaez' forces, whom I have nursed tenderly for you these twelve years, teaching him the wild language. Witness my love. But I shall take him from you when he is most needed.

On Wednesday, the 3rd of March, 1549, the Governor left his winter quarters at Apalachi to seek Yupaha, of which a young slave had told them: a country toward the rising sun, governed by a woman, where there was gold in quantity.

Led by the youth they continued to bear east and north in the hope of finding the country of which he had spoke: days, weeks, a month—with small food, such want of meat and salt that often-times, in many places, a sick man would say, "Now, if I had but a slice of meat, or only a few lumps of salt, I should not thus die." But the Indians, skillful with the bow, would get abundance of deer, turkeys, rabbits and other game. Crossing a stream after nine last days of forced marching they came out into a pine grove on the far bank. Here all direction was lost. "He went about for the road and returned to us desperate."

The Governor had brought thirteen sows to Florida, which had increased to three hundred swine; and the maize having failed for three days, he ordered killed daily, for each man, half a pound of pork, on which small allowance, and some boiled herbs, the people with much difficulty lived.

From Apalachi to Cutifachiqui, where presently after the greatest hardships they arrived, they had travelled north-east it may be four hundred and thirty leagues. At this place, on the Savanna River, two days' march from the sea, it appeared well to all to make a settlement; but Soto, as it was his object to find another treasure like that of Atabalípa, lord of Peru, would not be content to stay. The natives were asked if they had knowledge of any great lord further on, to which they answered that twelve days' travel thence was a province called Chiaha, subject to a chief of Coça.

The Governor then resolved, having rested his army, to go at once in quest of that country, taking with him a quantity of pearls which the caçiqua had given him; and being an inflexible man, and dry of word, who, although he liked to know what the others all thought and had to say, after he had once made up his mind he did not like to be opposed, and as he ever acted as he thought best, all bent to his will. So they turned north and continued forward until the fall bending about through a quiet country.

For you I come severally as envoys from the chief men upon the road, bearing baskets of mulberries, a honey comb, marten skins and the hides of deer, and in calabashes the oil of walnuts and bear fat, drawn like olive oil, clear and of good taste. And what? Silences, death, rotting trees; insects "so that the sails were black with them and

the men laughed, in spite of their forlorn condition, to see each others' faces so swollen and out of shape in the morning;" alligators, reptiles, a wild rose "like that of Spain, but with less leaves, because it grew in the woods." Sun, moon, stars, rain, heat, snow; water to the neck for days; blue butterflies among the green palmetto leaves; grapes and others that grow on vines along the ground; plums of two sorts, vermillion and grey, of the form and size of walnuts, having three or four stones in them; wolves, deer, jackals, rabbits,—to make you lonesome, ready for my caresses.

"Unprepared, we believed ourselves on a footing of peace, so much so that some of us, putting our arms in the luggage, had gone without any."

Then to battle! It is Mabilla, the staked town. It is I, my son, Tuscaloosa; tall of person, muscular, lean and symmetrical. All is you, all is me—one either side. Men, horses, hogs—all goes down in our fury. Now you feel me. Many times I shall drive you back from the palisades. But you come again. What shall I do to govern that lust—which if it break, I am the most defeated. Those in chains having set down their burdens near the fence, my people lift them on their backs and bring them into the town. Thus, to anger you, I have possession of all the baggage, the clothes, pearls and whatever else you had besides—lost in the conflagration. I am strong! I shall possess you—

Oh but I lie. I am weak. I fail. I cannot take you. What are they but savages—who know nothing? they wound you, they wound you, and every arrow has upon its barbs a kiss from my lips. There is one in your thigh, between the edges of the armor. Thrice you fall before reaching the gate! The fools, madmen. It is into my own flesh, fifty, a hundred times deeper than into yours. And me it kills—but you, though you cannot grip the saddle because of it, you fight standing all day in the stirrups. I divide myself to take you and it is myself that wounds myself, jealous even of your injuries, furious at that sweet touch of your flesh which my tools enjoy but I have—not yet. It is all you. The young Sylvestre fainting on the back track; Pedro Moron diving from the bridge with a shower of arrows about him—swimming to safety; Don Carlos, alighting to pull an arrow from his horse's breast at the stockade, receives one himself, in at the neck, out behind—and falls prostrate —

After heaviest losses in men, beasts and possessions they prevailed and of the Indians all were killed, two thousand five hundred more or less, all having fought with the utmost bravery and devotion.

The Governor learning that Francisco Maldonado was waiting for him at the port of Ochuse, six days' travel distant, he caused Juan Ortiz to keep the news secret, that he might not be interrupted in his purpose; because the pearls he wished to send to Cuba for show, that their fame might raise the desire of coming to Florida, had been lost and he feared that, hearing of him without seeing gold or silver or other thing of value from that land, it would come to have such a reputation that no one would be found willing to go there when men would be wanted; so he determined to send no news of himself until he should discover a rich country. So that to Tuscaloosa must be given credit, in effect, for a great victory.

On Sunday, the 18th of November, the sick being found to be getting well, the Governor again set out, moving west, to Chicaça, a small town of twenty houses, but well stocked with maize. There he determined to pass the season. The Indians, at peace, came frequently with turkeys and rabbits and other food—but secretly they were plotting other matters.

Suddenly, on a certain night, the air above the straw roofs is filled with flame. Sentries and the enemy arrive in the town together; a terrific confusion, four columns converging upon the same point. Indians moving about freely in the town, because of the peace that existed, had that night brought the fire in little pots, not to be seen. Everything is aflame. Men come out naked from their beds. The horses strive to free themselves, some succeed. The hogs squeel and perish. Soto and one other are all that are able to mount. He drives upon an Indian with his lance and transpierces him. His saddle girth, hastily adjusted, slips and he falls. Who will straighten out the confusion in the night? Who will gather the naked and disarmed soldiers, among the smoke, the flames, the noise? The Governor is up. He directs as best he can. But, by luck, the horses dashing about through the smoke, spread terror to the savages who think it the cavalry forming for an atack. Alarmed they escape from the stockade.

Naked, armless, acold you draw off, in the morning, to Chicacilla, protecting yourself as best you can—there to retemper the swords and await what will happen. Some are reduced to straw mats for their only cover, lying now this way, now that to the fire, keeping warm as they are able.

And for this your people begin to hate you. It is my work. But again I am defeated, your last thought shall be for their safety. Because you have found no gold, only increasing hardships; because of

your obstinacy, unexplained, incredible to them—you will be compared meanly with far lesser spirits. It is their revenge, making you solitary—ready for my caresses.

And if, to survive, you yourself in the end turned native, this victory is sweetest of all. Bitter the need that at Nilco will cause that horrid slaughter: You already sick, in grave danger, thinking of the men. Let them talk, my Indian: I will console you. None but you, the wise, the brave could have answered.

At Quizquiz, after struggling seven days through a wilderness having many pondy places, with thick forests, they came out upon the Great River.

He went to look at the river: swift and very deep; the water, flowing turbidly, bringing from above many trees and much timber, driven onward by its force.

The next day the chief of that country arrived. It is I. Two hundred canoes filled with men having weapons. They were painted with ochre, wearing great bunches of white and other plumes of many colors, having feathered shields in their hands, with which they sheltered the oarsmen on either side, the warriors standing erect from bow to stern, holding bows and arrows. The barge in which the chief came had an awning at the poop under which he sate; and there, from under the canopy, where the chief man was, the course was directed and orders issued to the rest. All came down together, and arrived within a stone's throw of the ravine, whence the chief said to the Governor, who was walking along the river bank, with others who bore him company, that he had come to visit, serve and obey him. The Governor expressed his pleasure, and besought him to land, that they might the better confer; but the chief gave no reply, ordering three barges to draw near, wherein were great quantity of fish, and loaves like bricks, made of pulp of plums, which Soto receiving, gave him thanks and again entreated him to land.

Making the gifts had been a pretext, to discover if any harm might be done; but finding the Governor and his people on their guard, the chief began to draw off from the shore, when the cross-bowmen, who were in readiness, with loud cries shot at the Indians, and struck down five or six of them.—Well done, Spaniard! like an Indian. Witness then my answer:

They retired with great order, not one leaving the oar, even though the one next to him might have fallen, and covering themselves they withdrew. These were fine looking men, very large and well formed; and what with the awnings, the plumes, and the shields, the pennons,

and the number of people in the fleet, it appeared like a famous armada of galleys.

During the thirty days that were passed there, four piraguas were built, into three of which one morning, three hours before daybreak, the Governor ordered twelve cavalry to enter, four in each, men in whom he had confidence that they would gain the land notwithstanding the natives and secure the passage or die. So soon as they had come ashore the piraguas returned and when the sun was two hours high, the people had all got over. The distance was nearly half a league: a man standing on the shore could not be told whether he were a man or something else, from the far side.

Now you are over, you have straddled me, this is my middle. Left or right, the end is the same. But here in the center I am not defeated. Go wander. Aquixo, Casqui, Pacaha. Take what you will. Clothe your men, yourself you will never clothe save as I clothe you, in my own way. They have suffered, they have gone nearly bare. At Pacaha I have provisioned them in advance. Shawls, deer-skins, lion and bear-skins, and many cat-skins were found. Numbers who had been a long time badly covered here clothed themselves. Of the shawls they made mantles and cassocks. Of the deer skins, were made jerkins, shirts, stockings and shoes; and from the bear skins they made very good cloaks, such as no water could get through. They found shields of raw cowhide out of which armor was made for the horses.

Look then, Soto, upon this transformed army—

Here forty days and at the end I am beside you once more. Where is she now, Doña Ysobel, your helpmate, years since, in Cuba? The chief of Pacaha bestowed on him two of his sisters telling him that they were tokens of love, for his remembrance, to be his wives. The name of one was Macanoche, that of the other Mochila. They were symmetrical, tall and full: Macanoche bore a pleasant expression; in her manners and features appeared the lady, the other was robust.

Ride upon the belly of the waters, building your boats to carry all across. Calculate for the current; the boats move with a force not their own, up and down, sliding upon that female who communicates to them, across all else, herself. And still there is that which you have not sounded, under the boats, under the adventure—giving to all things the current, the wave, the onwash of my passion. So cross and have done with it, you are safe—and I am desolate.

But you are mine and I will strip you naked—jealous of every-

thing that touches you. Down, down to me—in and under and down, unbeaten, the white kernel, the flame—the flame burning under water, that I cannot quench—

I will cause it to be known that you are a brute. Now it is no sea-ringed island, now it is no city in a lake: Come, here is room for search and counter-search. Come, blackbeard, tireless rider, with an arrow in the thigh. I wait for you—beyond the river. Follow me—if you can. Follow me Señor, this is your country. I give it to you. Take it. Here are carriers for your burdens; here are girls for your beds; my best men for adversaries. You have beaten them all. My time is coming: you have seen how they defend their palisades for me; they have driven trees into the ground about their villages. They are men, tall, slim, full of strategies; they come against you naked, with their bows and arrows; they die at the paddles but none quivers. It is me they defend. I am for the brave, for the wise, for the victor. Watch yourself at the fords, at the porches of houses—

See how I have fled you, dashing into a lake there to freeze all night, coming forth at dawn, half drowned, my brows hidden in lily leaves. At the sight of your boats, at the breath of your name, the villages are left empty. Nothing can induce the chief to show himself. All have gone upstream to an island, carrying their goods with them. At the sight of your men in armor terror strikes them; they plunge into the stream, pushing their possessions on little rafts, that escaping in the haste, float down-stream. I have fled, a single man, among my own people but your hounds scenting me out have dragged me down—

Now it begins to change. The winter past, at Alimamu, it is the fourth year.

At Alimamu Juan Ortiz died, a loss the Governor greatly regretted; for, without an interpreter, not knowing whither he was travelling, Soto feared to enter the country, lest he might get lost. The death was so great a hindrance to our going, whether on discovery or out of the country, that to learn of the Indians what would have been rendered in four words, it now became necessary to have the whole day; and oftener than otherwise the very opposite was understood to what was asked; so that many times it happened the road travelled one day, or sometimes two or three days would have to be returned over, wandering up and down, lost in the thickets.

For four days marching was impossible because of the snow. When that ceased to fall, he travelled three days through a desert, a region so low, so full of lakes and bad passages, that at one time, for

a whole day, the travel lay through water up to the knees at places, in others to the stirrups; and occasionally, for the distance of a few paces there was swimming. And he came to Tutelpinco, a town untenanted and found to be without maize, seated near a lake that flowed into the river with a great current.

Nearer, nearer: Cayas, Quigaltam, Guachoya—thither the Governor determined to go in a few days to learn if the sea was near.

On Monday, the 6th day of March, of the year 1542, the Governor set out from Autiamque to seek Nilco, which the Indians said was near the Great River, with the purpose, by going to the sea, to recruit his forces. He had not over three hundred efficient men, nor more than forty horses. Some of the beasts were lame, and useful only in making out a show of a troop of cavalry.

At Guachoya he sent Juan de Anasco with eight of the cavalry down the river to discover what population might be there and get what knowledge there was of the sea. He was gone eight days and stated, when he got back, that in all that time he could not travel more than fourteen or fifteen leagues, on account of the great bogs that came out of the river, the canebrakes and thick shrubs that were along the margin, and that he had found no inhabited spot.

The river, the river—

The Governor sank into a deep despondency at sight of the difficulties that presented themselves to his reaching the sea; and, what was worse, from the way in which the men and horses were diminishing in numbers, he could not sustain himself in the country without succor. Of that reflection he pined—

But before he took to his pallet, he sent a message to the cacique of Quigaltam, to say that he was the child of the sun, and whence he came all obeyed him, rendering him tribute; that he besought him to value his friendship, and to come where he was. By the same Indians the chief replied:

As to what you say of your being the child of the sun, if you will cause him to dry up the great river, I will believe you; as to the rest, it is not my custom to visit anyone, but rather all, of whom I have ever heard, have come to visit me, to serve and obey me, and pay me tribute, either voluntarily or by force. If you desire to see me, come where I am; if for peace, I will receive you with especial good will; if for war, I will await you in my town; but neither for you, nor for any man, will I set back one foot.

When the messenger returned the Governor was already low, being very ill of fevers. He grieved that he was not in a state to cross

the river at once to see if he could not abate that pride; though the stream was already flowing very powerfully, was nearly half a league broad, sixteen fathoms deep, rushing by in a furious torrent, and on either shore were many Indians; nor was his power any longer so great that he might disregard advantages, relying on his strength alone.

Every day the Indians of Guachoya brought fish, until they came in such plenty that the town was covered with them.

Now the Governor feared to repair the palisades that they might not suppose he stood in awe of them; and, lest the Indians rise, he ordered the slaughter at Nilco, to strike dread into the rest.

Conscious that the hour approached in which he should depart this life, Soto commanded that all the king's officers should be called before him, the captains and principal personages, to whom he made a speech. He told them that he was about to go into the presence of God, to give account of all his past life; and since He had been pleased to take him away at such a time, he, His most unworthy servant, rendered Him hearty thanks. He confessed his deep obligations to them all, for their great qualities, their love and loyalty to his person, well tried in suffering of hardship. He begged that they would pray for him. He asked that they would relieve him of the charge he had over them as well as of the indebtedness he was under to them all, as to forgive him any wrongs they may have suffered at his hands. To prevent any divisions that might arise, as to who should command, he begged that they elect a principal person to be governor, and being chosen, they would swear before him to obey; that this would greatly satisfy him, abate somewhat the pains he suffered, and moderate the anxiety of leaving them in a country, they knew not where.

Baltasar de Gallegos responded in behalf of all, consoling him with remarks on the shortness of the life of this world, attended as it was by so many toils and afflictions, saying that whom God earliest called away, He showed particular favor; with many other things appropriate to such an occasion; and finally since it pleased the Almighty to take him to Himself, amid the deep sorrow which they not unreasonably felt, it was necessary and becoming in him, as in them, to conform to the Divine Will; that as respected the election of a governor, which he ordered, whomsoever his Excellency should name to the command, him would they obey. Thereupon the Governor nominated Luis Moscosco de Alvarado to be his captain-general;

when by all those present was he straightway chosen and sworn Governor.

The next day, the twenty-first of May, departed this life the magnanimous, the virtuous, the intrepid captain, Don Hernando de Soto, Governor of Cuba and Adelantado of Florida. He was advanced by fortune, in the way she is wont to lead others, that he might fall the greater depth; he died in a land, and at a time, that could afford him little comfort in his illness, when the danger of being no more heard from stared his companions in the face, each one himself having need of sympathy, which was the cause why they neither gave him companionship nor visited him, as otherwise they would have done.

Some were glad—

It was decided to conceal what had happened, lest the Indians might venture on an attack when they should learn that he whom they feared was no longer opposed to them.

So soon as death had taken place, the body was put secretly in a house, where it remained three days: thence it was taken by night to the gate of the town and buried within. The Indians having seen him ill, finding him no longer, suspected the reason; and passing by where he lay, they observed the ground loose and looking about talked among themselves. This coming to the knowledge of Luis de Moscosco he ordered the corpse to be taken up at night, and among the shawls that enshrouded it having cast abundance of sand, it was taken out in a canoe and committed to the middle of the stream.

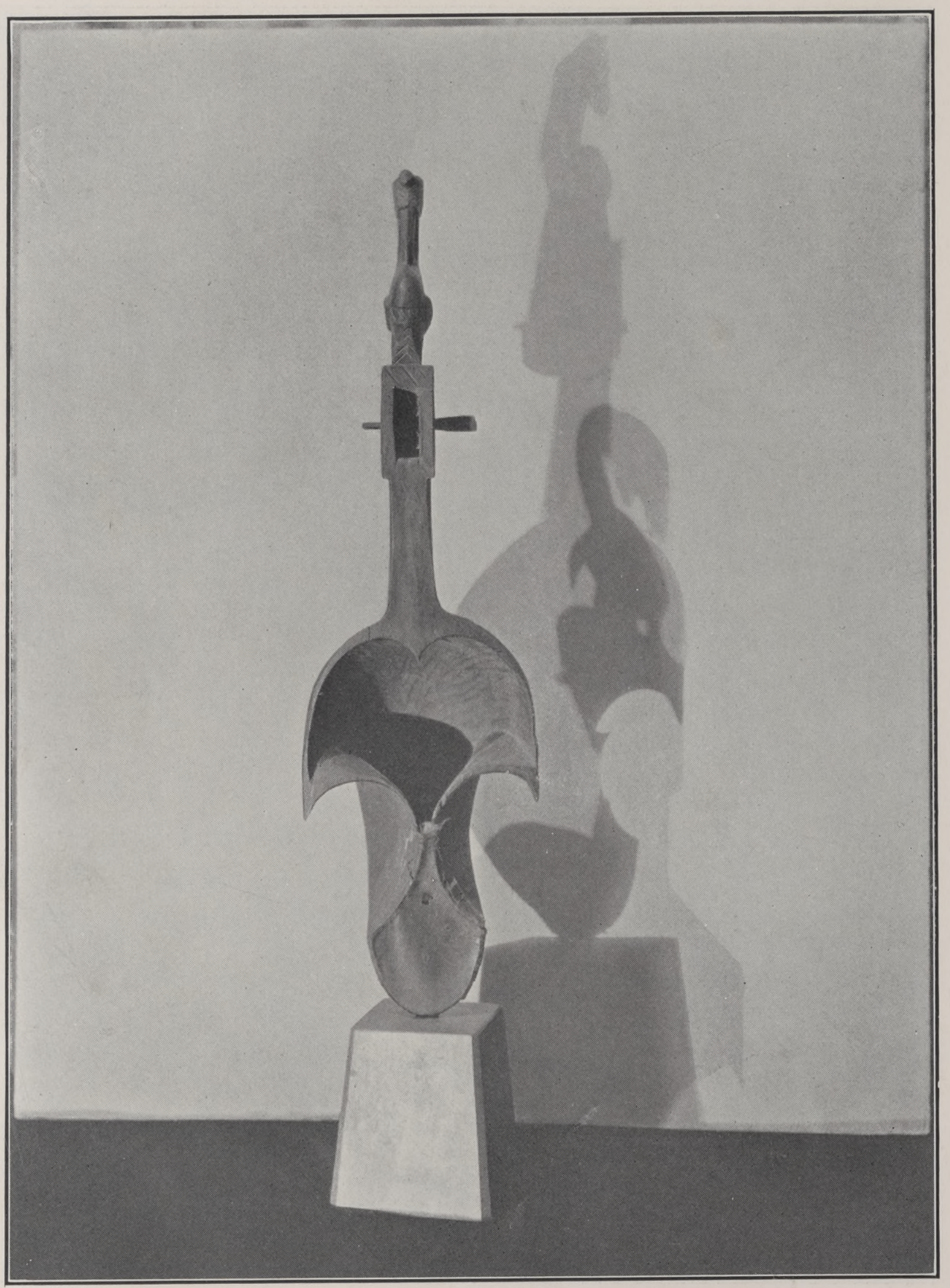
Down, down, this solitary sperm, down into the liquid, the formless, the insatiable belly of sleep; down among the fishes: there was one called bagre, the third part of which was head, with gills from end to end, and along the sides were great spines, like very sharp awls, there were some in the river that weighed from a hundred to a hundred and fifty pounds. There were some in the shape of barbel; another like bream, with the head of a hake, having a color between red and brown. There was likewise a kind called peel-fish, the snout a cubit in length, the upper lip being shaped like a shovel. Others were like a shad. There was one called pereo the Indians sometimes brought, the size of a hog and had rows of teeth above and below.

Luis de Moscosco ordered the property of the Governor to be sold at public cry. It consisted of two male and three female slaves, three horses, and seven hundred swine. From that time forward most of the people owned and raised hogs.

WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS

Flowers

Charles Sheeler



African Musical Instrument — Charles Sheeler

SIXTH POEM

Here comes, stirred by its own intrinsic power
The accolated chalice of my hate,
Balanced on staggering steps . . . jewelled steps
That leave a red print on the pavements of my heart:
It is tilted at the place, on the bolus I have created,
A symbolic mass of granite. . .
Its thick sweet upsets with a scream
Dancing a scalding saraband over the tepid democracy of my
race;
I lie calmly awake among the clouds, watching;
My left thigh resting warmly in the last sunset,
My head in the dapper moonlight of a dying world.
The swirling intense die under the flush of my hate,
The splendid sluggish picturesque waves settling,
Lowering, into extremely slow wavelets. . .
The sombre swell rising and falling with histrionic affectation.
I myself, alone,
The woof remembered and the forgotten warp
Picked up and basely fondled, kissed and bathed in maudlin,
Lonely smiles. Starkly, I arise calmly. . .
Standing up with the broken threads,
(tottering to and fro with intense sarcasm)
Grasp the slimed bolus in five places
Placing it besides the shattered chalice.

Sinking back among the clouds with closed eyes
I dutifully purse my lips for a kiss fulgent with death and
unabated content.

WILFRID H. BENDALL

BOOK REVIEWS

GREAT AMERICAN NOVELS

The Great American Novel, by William Carlos Williams. Paris. The Three Mountain Press.

Cane, by Jean Toomer. New York. Boni and Liveright. $2.00.

"Of all the ways of beginning a book which are now in practice throughout the known world, I am confident my own way of doing it is best . . . for I begin with writing the first sentence and trusting to Almighty God for the second." In this way Laurence Sterne set out to write Tristram Shandy which is perhaps The Great English Novel. And William Carlos Williams, by what can scarcely be called a coincidence, is off in the same direction to make The Great American Novel. Dr. Williams is obsessed by the word. To make words play, or to be at mercy of their play. This is the only reality the artist in literature knows.

"If there is progress then there is a novel," he says in the first chapter. "One must begin with words if one is to write. . . . It is words that must progress."

And soon: "What difference is it whether I make the words or take the words? . . . There cannot be a novel. There can only be pyramids, pyramids of words, tombs."

The words paint the background of America. Now we are gaping at the outline of Manhattan from the factory laden meadows of New Jersey; now we are brooding with the discoverers over a new ocean or an unknown province.

In pyramids Williams heaps up his America. He knows her national accent; her speech, her credulities, her prejudices burn in his ears. He is terribly *sincere*. Perhaps the only one, and so much so that his honesty drives him to the ground, where one begins with words. All other moderns write constantly to belie their experiences and their personalities, to be *artists*. (And yet some absurd person accuses Williams of "pose.")

At their best his dissociations have a necessity about them that is more satisfying than causality. At their worst we are simply in the wilderness of modern art. We know in our deepest conscience that

words are all we have, and that if our sensibilities be acute enough (as naturalists learn the speech of birds) they will lead us into their own game and we will learn.

Toomer is close to his soil, his book is dripping of the Negro South, and beyond this, he writes with a prodigious intensity of sight and hearing. Hitherto this unconsciously gifted race has expressed itself in America through a superb folk-music and folk-poetry. *Cane* is unique in that it is the expression of an artist working deliberately in the literary medium, young, headstrong, unreserved, but ultimately faithful.

The hysteria, the passion, the madness and the great sweetness of his negroes recalls Dostoyevski and his possessed Russian characters. In the many moments of most perfect insight which occur in the book, these people speak and move with the same awful sense of revelation, and catharisis.

In a mood of great fear, Ralph Kabnis speaks to himself:

"Come now, Ralph, go in and make yourself go to sleep. Come now . . . in the door . . . that's right. Put the poker down. There. All right. Slip under the sheets. Close your eyes. Think nothing . . . a long time . . . nothing, nothing. Don't even think nothing. Blank. Not even blank. Count. No, you mustn't count. Nothing . . . blank . . . nothing . . . blank . . . space without stars in it. No, nothing . . . nothing . . .

"Kabnis sleeps. The winds, like soft voiced vagrant poets sing:

White-man's land
Niggers sing.
Burn, bear black children

Till poor rivers bring
Rest and sweet glory
In Camp Ground."

This is remarkable sensuous writing. The lyric is unaffected and spontaneous poetry, and there are others in the book, such as Karintha and Seventh Street which startle by their unrestrained passion or anger.

The stories, sketches and lyrics which compose the books have been arranged with some attempt at architectural unity. But this is beside the point. At bottom Toomer is fiercely emotional, vigorous —and how often one has wailed at the lack of energy in contemporary writers—at times fearfully impolite, by standards of recent English

schools. Perhaps it were better for Toomer to follow his five or six senses rather than search for cerebral super-forms. Once he has forgotten his lessons in psychoanalysis and *unanimisme* his own sensibilities will determine the simple artistic forms which will contain his huge spouting pages of American prose.

M. J.

History of Magic and Experimental Science in the First to the Thirteenth Century of Our Era, by Lyn Thorndike; 2 volumes. New York. The Macmillan Co. $10.00.

We have all, at one time or another, smiled significantly over the fact that astronomy is a development from astrology; chemistry from alchemy; and so on. Humorous pedants have seen in this nothing more than an application of current homiletics, the "poor boy to president" stuff. Lowly alchemy became chemistry to help Dupont manufacture Pyralin. It is doubtful whether Dr. Thorndike himself has escaped from this attitude, wholly; but his book is so rich, is such a generous gathering of fascinating knowledge that he can be forgiven.

In effect the book is a sequel to Frazer's Golden Bough in revealing the primitive background of human achievements in science, and general culture. Although it halts at the thirteenth century, it explains the Ku Klux Klan and Raymond Duncan quite as capably as it does the awe of the Greek Herodotus over the mysteries of Osiris.

The book should be very helpful in one way, probably unintentionally so. If magic was the science of the world up to the thirteenth century, it should be equally clear that our own science, to which we are no less respectful than Voodoo devotees to their Mumbo-Jumbo, is the magic of our time. Our magic it is true is becoming more and more plausible and exact. One could hardly ask more of a book than a twofold illumination like this.

I. S.

Faint Perfume, by Zona Gale. New York. D. Appleton and Company. $1.75.

A mild and somewhat passive sensitivity in contact with life's innocuous commonplaces yields two primary states: a poignance, and an awareness proportioned to the degree of sensitivity. Faint Perfume the story of a delicate woman shunted temporarily into the family of a Gideonite, receiving her love experience in their midst, is less successful in realizng the first than the second of these. The book is emotion-

ally thin, and curiously without body. Hence the impacts, frictions, and distress that it should generate never really move one. Though the boy, Oliver, responding in the spontaneous manner of childhood to life's quick shifts from joy to pain, is satisfying in this respect. But the positive feature of this novel is the delicate awareness that illumines its pages. Particularly, the awareness that springs into being with the love episode. It is a fine thing in these days to be reminded and convinced that the contact of a man and a woman can result in something beyond sex conflict; in an expansion, in an intensification of life generally. And it is pleasant in current fiction to read such statements of inner and outer relationship as these:

> "Leda was shaken by an abrupt sense that they were one creature, as if each had extensions of being which had fused in something finer than light and color, had become one consciousness." "At this she laughed, thinking how in his presence one became multiplied, arrived at more being. But she was afraid to tell him so. Not afraid of him essentially, but rather of his external and worldly self, the guest of that house." "How is anyone to survive talk which leaves one physically faint from its unconscious breaches of decency?" "It was an intense affirmation to sit there saying nothing."

In fact, the fault and fineness of the book lie in just this: that it gives the reality of perception rather than that of dimensional experience; that its movement is achieved by no motors below the level of sensitized perception. If the following quotation be taken as the central idea of Faint Perfume: "There awaited her that new horror, new by only a few thousand years, which attends on the emergence of sensibility: The new horror of an isolated sensibility wared upon by the still insensible flesh of the race from which it rises." then it may be concluded that while this sensibility is given, the horror, the emotion is not realized.

J. T.

Tennyson, by Harold Nicolson. Boston, Houghton Mifflin Company. $4.00.

Tennyson has been under-estimated by the present generation. Having been adulated as a thinker and prophet by his own age, the present has come to ignore even the technical excellences of the man's writing.

Mr. Harold Nicolson's critical biography is an elaborate and severe appraisal of the Poet Laureate. Steeping ourselves in Tennyson, we observe how he was "influenced by the contemporary demand for calm elevation and for human sentiment. His mother's fondness for Felicia Hemans could not fail to leave a tremulous impression; the society of the young ladies at Horncastle, the type of verses which these young ladies expected and received . . ."

Tennyson's case is epitomized by Mr. Nicolson as of a subjective poet, "forced however justifiably, into a perpetual straining after objective expression." Tennyson should perhaps have been a volcanic poet, if his loose and floundering youth had been built upon as theatrically as Byron's.

What is admirable in that phase of Tennyson's writings which still may appeal to us is the accuracy with which he worked. His method was *reasonable*, and he was evidently possessed of great mechanical curiosity. Thus his letters and notes furnish evidence of the precision and authority with which he went at his versification.

An unfavorable review of one of Tennyson's early volumes caused the Laureate to lapse into a ten years' silence. This episode may be numbered among the many, by now, quaint and archaic mannerisms of the Victorian era which so amuse our own generation.

Having been accused, among other things, of a "shallow metaphysics," Tennyson, during his seclusion, set himself an exacting program:

Monday	History, German
Tuesday	Chemistry, German
Wednesday	Botany, German
Thursday	Electricity, German
Friday	Animal Physiology, German
Saturday	Mechanics
Sunday	Geology

Thus, Tennyson eventually became immensely popular—a best seller in fact.

The biographer does not succeed in making of Tennyson a sympathetic and imposing figure. One doubts whether he really tried to,

or that it mattered much. Instead, he seizes, profitably and with much shrewdness the most illuminating details of the Laureate's career. The book forms a keen and sensitive revaluation of Tennyson.

Cups of Illusion, by Henry Bellamann. Boston. Houghton, Mifflin Company. $1.50.

Mr. Bellamann is a more painstaking poet than are most our contemporaries. His training is excellent, and his regard for the laws, his sound ear and eye are gratifying. At his best his observations take the form of direct statement as in "The Return":

> I have been very conscious of the hills
> warming their soft round backs
> in the April sun,

or in "Hedges," which is the most firmly carved poem in his book:

> Hedges have good manners . . .
> Things grow in rows.
> Weak things bloom free—
> Certain slow and strong things
> Wait the gardener's passing.

Having recorded his certain delicate sensations in an impressionistic manner, Mr. Bellamann is finished. At his indifferent best, the verses lack energy, and are notably wanting in those robust spiritual qualities that larger poets are made of. Let us have done with this facile hedonism which the American poetry "movement" has been nourishing, and whereby poetry becomes the fragmentary record of the more subtle experiences of the senses. How far can one go, oh how far, with the business of being "suggestive" and not echo all the other suggestive poets who have been professionally "suggestive" in a yearly volume for these past twelve years?

COMMENT

WEEK END PAINTERS*

The prodigious spread of that costly urban pastime, painting, as a country sport in the course of the summer months must be cheering to pigment grinders and color vendors of a complacent creed. Gate receipts to the meets held sporadically from Woodstock to Taos and from Monhegan to Santa Barbara are not as yet exorbitantly taxed. Painting, not so long ago classified with ping-pong and other mildly exhilarating games for girlish gentlemen and unprepossessing masculine young ladies, is on the way to becoming a major American summer sport.

The exhibitions presented this past season by the Woodstock Association may be considered together a fair specimen of the efforts of these new growths in process of formation. It incorporates individuals who have either been members of, or who hold strong affiliations with, other summer associations. It possesses an obsolete tradition, owing to its having been the summer seat of the most productive American academic factory, presumably moved elsewhere, but certainly still actively flourishing in three or more local schools.

New York witnesses, among others, two yearly exhibitions: the Independents and the American Painters and Sculptors. The latter has a jury, an unimportant incumbrance in contradistinction to the former free-for-all at eight or ten dollars a head. These two shows last winter included what was found more fittingly in smaller quantity within the Woodstock Gallery. The Painters and Sculptors contribute

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* *A* . . . . . *George Bellows*
B . . . . . *Henry Macfee*
C . . . . . *John F. Carlson*
D . . . . . *Charles Rosen*
E . . . . . *Unknown*
F . . . . . *Andrew Dasburg*
G . . . . . *Eleanor Rixon*
H . . . . . *Eugene Speicher*

a half dozen painters, men in the limelight, because of their dexterity in rounding out semi-pleasing portraits, landscapes, and occasional still-lifes for their casual and not too exacting followers. The decorative value of dead fish on a silver platter or a bowl of rubber fruit is at least questioned by the picture purchasing public, today. These individuals have been heralded far too long a time as younger painters of worth, even though their youth is no longer in evidence. Our most delightful non-comprehending public grants them prestige, since they possess the ability to catch a yearly medal or honorable mention from a defunct group of academicians who maintain a European or two of reputation to give them the semblance of officialdom. Their endeavors are purely mimetic and they at best approximate only the secondary attributes of this now standardized subject matter which has been completely constructed by their acknowledged masters abroad.

The Independents donate a hundred of their approximately unknown in two sections. The majority, leaning on the judgments of their none-too-able instructors, struggle to present their curiously impotent groping towards the chaos from which contemporary art emerges. The minority of amateurs such as have dominated all Independent exhibitions, after a few glances at their favorites are irretrievably fixed in the reproduction of anaemic day dreams. All this is a severe reflection on the efficacy of present criticism, especially a censure of the live painters who appear flattered when contiguous to this detractory dead weight. To be more explicit:

A is a portrait whose antecedents were Rembrandt, Velasquez, Whistler and another great American, Mr. Chase. Rembrandt contributes the essay at reality worked by a play of light about an indifferent head, with so unskillful an emphasis upon the hands that the lady's fingers remain tortured wet sticks of paint. Velasquez bestows the precocious lace making as an idle effort for body. Whistler was sought for grace in the application of light strokes to the hair and lines of the gown, opposed to the broad slapping of the remainder of the gown and standard background in Chase's once popular manner carried on by the mop-painting of Sargent.

B is a portrait that shouts Cézanne and then disintegrates like a flickering electric light bulb. Its maker, as the innumerable manfacturers of pseudo Cézannes, overcome by the adulation of his master, cannot take up the tools perfected by him to progress with them into and out of his own being.

C is a painstaking landscape of hills and trees in the autumn as hills and trees never are in the autumn, except on unsuccessful colored

picture post cards. There are schools that teach how to do this ably in exchange for money.

D is a landscape of a bridge and trees that amazes by the versatility of its drawing even with the superimposed cold cream, negative pigment. Drawing that fascinates as a good juggling act which is ruined when an extra ball is added.

E is a landscape, hills and meadow that Van Gogh painted one morning and then wisely destroyed.

F is the landscape that just missed fame because its maker did not possess the mental stomach to digest Picasso and the great out of doors we are taught to see.

G is a landscape by a young portrait painter of hills and a village that offers objective reality without a vulgarization of the refreshing qualities of rocks, trees and houses.

H is a still life, a vase of flowers, as flowers and vases never are save as chosen by interior decorators for the walls of those who are indifferent to what sort of color spots fall within the focus of their eyes, provided they are in fashion.

I to Z are those nondescript canvases which are usually mentioned as impressionistic since they are neither classic nor expressionistic.

The effect of such a presentation of paintings is not dissimilar to that of gazing at scratched and spotted flat tone surfaces. Opposite the entrance to the gallery there is an object, a standard Socony motor gasoline pump, constructed with no motive beyond its utility, yet it is so finely made that it bears a more stimulating relationship to contemporary art than the contrived exhibitions within.

It is all too apparent that these associations are not organized primarily to pursue the technical means adopted by these painters to their logical conclusions, and clear away the clogs that still persist, while constructing the present in the manner of those abler European groups who constantly challenge accepted aesthetic values.

A, C, D, G, H are called academic while B, E, F are termed modern, but this is solely a surface discrimination. Fundamentally they accept the limitations of their group, however elastic it may be; for any group is necessarily resigned to the intellect and energy contained in it.

This peculiar American situation is due to the influence of the all-powerful galleries abetted by the painters themselves. Our gallery owners, in their natural eagerness to measure their salesmanship with one another, relate paintings indiscriminately with just enough attention to acquire a moneyed inquisitive public. The painters, in their

anxiety to gain a livelihood, to hold the captured public, and secure an immediate renown, are far too timorous to swerve from the chance categories in which they battle to be bottled up. Emphatic differences of academicians and moderns are being merged to a smooth uneventfulness. Contacts established with an eye to the galleries' returns, purchasers and mutual admirers, lead the academician to help himself to what he believes appealing in the modern, and the modern hangs on desperately to the academic tricks that are applauded because they served masters. Abroad a Derain and a Vlaminck stepped out of such amelioration, but here the superior individuals march along with the average. These summer associations therefore, though in appearance freer than winter societies because they assume a greater contact of painters without any exterior meddling, remain excellent examples of arrested growths.

One salvation there is. Pressure must be brought to bear on those painters recognized both at home and abroad, though all too little known there, who advance the true concepts of painting while steadfastly adhering to their birthrights. They must be urged into a defensive and offensive body by the forces of active contemporary opinion to stand together and present Contemporary American Art not only to New York, but to Paris, London, Rome, Berlin, and Moscow. Otherwise our industrialism which increases its domination of the universe daily, will continue to be the best fertilizer for the growth of European painters alone,—save for the isolated American artists who always appear accidentally and at great intervals, among the horde of idle players.

EDWARD NAGLE

The Age of the Machine

THE Age of the Machine in America is an age of
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As an inducemen[illegible]er one of the following books

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CANE, by Jean Toomer

HOLIDAY, by Waldo Frank

HARMONIUM, by Wallace Stevens

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