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The Carolina Magazine

Literary Supplement to The Daily Tar Heel

Vol. 1

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No. 1

Eva Le Gallienne and the Civic Repertory Theatre

Jose Amezcua, Presbitero

An Interview With Miss Le Gallienne in Which She Discusses the Theatre and Her Plans for the future

By J. J. SLADE, JR.

By RICHARD A. CHACE

HOUGH I had had some slight trepidation at first from the prospect of my interview, as soon as I crossed the threshold and entered "back stage" of the suggestively personal little theatre on Fourteenth Street whatever apprehension there may have been quite disappeared. It would have been out of place. Having announced my mission to the doorman, he led me to the secretary. This woman, with a question or two, bade me be seated, saying that Miss Le Gallienne would arrive shortly to make up for the performance and I could talk with her in her dressing-room. As the evening's production was to be Glaspell's "Inheritors" and she was not to appear until the final act she was justified in being just a little late this evening—but I would have ample time after her arrival. I thanked the woman and sat comfortably to wait in the passage of the magic "in the wings." There was much activity. The sorting of mail. Whistling. Preparations for another performance and the waiting in costume for the curtain.

And so I sat, my eyes filled with the passing scene, so cogently unreal, before me, and my mind fixed in anticipation of the talk with this young lady who, single-handed, had taken upon herself the onerous task of organizing a new epoch in the theatre and who, through sheer work, had definitely set a new standard of living art through the inspiration of her own enthusiasm. So many times I had gone out of the Civic Repertory Theatre strangely excited with what I had experienced there, so many times my mind had been stirred by those performances, that I felt a little talk with Eva Le Gallienne, its director and general manager, would be more than a mere satisfaction of my curiosity, more than a tribute to her aims. I wished her to know what her work, if only as an example, had meant to an outsider, and I wanted, above all, to know how it had been created, inquire into the roots of the primary idea, to discuss the development. This decision became so fixed in my mind that now, after much patience and rather cheeky persistence, I found myself actually awaiting her arrival.

I have no idea how long I waited. It seemed brief, indeed, when she suddenly appeared in her short coat and little Russian toque, the quick air of responsibility, and the cool, clear voice I should have recognised anywhere. She saw me at once and said, smiling, "Just a moment and I can be with you."

I rose and waited and, in just the promised moment, I was sitting beside her in her small dressing-room, opening myself in preliminary explanation of my mission. She regarded me a moment with her grey eyes, smiled again, and I felt free to say whatever I wished. So, while she applied make-up and went through her general preparations, we talked.

My first question, because most important to me, was on the inception of the idea she had carried through to what her theatre now stands for. She said, "The desire to do this sort of work has always been in the back of my mind. It is hard to say when it began. Long runs in Broadway pieces simply seemed to grow more and more unsatisfactory. One can not grow, develop, playing the same monotonous role from one season to another. During the long run of "The Swan" I knew that I had had quite enough and decided at last to do something about it.

"Then came 'The Master Builder,' a play I have always believed in. Managers had warned me against making the step, feeling that I was taking too much upon myself. Still I gathered a company and put it on with little actual assurance but a great deal of belief that people would support it long enough to make the venture self-supporting. The demand, however, was even greater than I had expected and, buoyed by the prospect of a run, I put on, in addition, 'John Gabriel Borkman' for a series of special matinees and several morning performances. Was I right or were the managers? The house was filled and there were sixty people standing during an early morning performance of 'high-brow' Ibsen. Of course I was encouraged and it was during this period that my ambition formed. I would establish a repertory company and—since no one would finance me—I would strike out for myself—independently. It would be hard—at, first, but I was not afraid of that. This company should produce in a season eight—or nine—or ten plays—plays that have some weight—plays that I knew would give the public something. It was even harder than I had imagined—forming the company and locating the theatre, but selecting plays was a pleasure. There are so many I should love to give!"

"It was from the early production of 'The Master Builder' that I received my first suggestion for the repertory company. During its run at the Princess Theatre I discovered that the cheaper seats went first and were always the most in demand. It seems

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The first time that I went through Tecario was in the summer of 1920; it was in the days following the devastation of the country by the notorious bandit Inez García Chávez—may his soul never find eternal peace! The country was depopulated. My father, myself, and our two *mozos* seemed to be the only living people in the town through which we passed; not a dog yapped, not a child ran out to stare at our horses.

We possessed ourselves of the small plaza where we stretched out on the long benches while the *mozos* built a fire to heat the tortillas that we had for our lunch. The somnolent droning of the flies, the gentle brilliance of the sunshine, the benignity of the temperature, Nature's effortless fertility present everywhere from the overgrown plants in the plaza to the dark green things that densely covered the slopes of the surrounding mountains—all this made one feel that from that Limbus-like stupor there was, indeed, no salvation other than that darkly offered by the gaunt cross at the foot of the hill near the entrance to the town, across the black outstretched arms of which is the inscription: *Pensad, cristiano, que esta es tu única esperanza*—Think, O Christian, that this is thine only hope. Just think of it! This strikes me as a very ominous inscription; I always shudder when I pass that cross.

But on this drowsy day I could not think. My soul became synchronized to the droning of the insects. The blue sky and the green leaves and the yellow sour oranges that hung on the tree that shaded me were all becoming confused.

"*Buenos dias les dé Dios, señores,*" came a gentle voice from somewhere. My father and I sprang up simultaneously. Standing there before us, smiling benignly, was a small, shrivelled priest, one of those saintly *padres* who carry the sins of their parishioners so calmly and are ever ready with their salves and soul cures—one of those men of God whom you find here and there tenaciously doing His work.

I forget the name of the priest. He said that he was not quite alone in the town, but that the few people who remained had fled to the hill beyond the northern extremity of the place when they heard the clatter of our horses' hoofs. For a while we chatted pleasantly; then we parted.

* * *

Two years later we went to that town again. This time we were greeted by howling dogs, bewildered semi-naked children, and hiccupping

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The Carolina Magazine

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JOHN MEBANE Editor
M. R. ALEXANDER Business Mgr.

Sunday, October 6, 1929

Introducing Us

The student body of the University of North Carolina voted last year to convert THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE to a literary supplement to *The Daily Tar Heel*. This supplement was to appear twice monthly during the school year.

With this issue the first number of THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE in its new form makes its appearance. The stage is set; the audience squirms; critics chew nonchalantly erasers on their pencils; opponents of the new plan sit ready to wag their heads knowingly; advocates hold their eyebrows in suspense.

The student magazine has never been the most popular publication at the University. We have suspicions that for the past two or three years only a small percentage of the student body has read the entire contents. We attribute the fault to no one.

This year THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE will be published for the student body as a whole. In past years students, perhaps, have been afraid to submit contributions; and the magazine has been written by a few individuals interested in literature. In our mind these efforts made were the best, but there were not enough efforts. We invite every student in the University who can write to submit contributions. If we reject your efforts, we assure you that we will do so gracefully. There are no printed rejection slips.

We are not going to restrict contributions to the undergraduate student body. We will print material submitted by graduates and professors. Our aim is to create a *readable* publication. Carry on your experiments in writing; if we like them, we'll print them. This magazine is ours; it belongs to all of us. If you don't like what others write, draw up your typewriter, assume artistic preoccupation, and knock out a story. (It may be a knockout.) Send it to Box 710.

JOSE AMEZCUA

(Continued from page one)

bewhiskered men who came out of the corner stores long enough to attempt to focus their sight on the passing caravan. We dismounted at the curato, the priest's house, for not only did we want to greet our old friend, but we also had a utilitarian object in our call.

If you want something in a Michoacán village go to the priest. At present you may find him a bit hesitant; but I write about the time preceding the passage of the laws that so seriously have tampered with the Mexican's right to evade perdition in the manner best suited to his temperament (to the

Literary Chronicle

American Criticism by Norman Foerster, of this university, was given a place among the 40 books in the League of Nations list in 1928. Mr. Foerster's book has aroused much comment and favorable praise from prominent critics over the country. Lewis Mumford says in the *New Republic*: "Mr. Foerster has done an important service that long waited to be done. . . . I trust that no one interested in American literature will overlook this book." Jay B. Hubbell in the *South Atlantic Quarterly* hails the author as "an able critic, shrewd, searching, and just."

* * *

The Life of Miranda by William Spence Robertson, to be issued by the University of North Carolina Press the last of this month, deals with one of the most spectacular careers in history. Francisco de Miranda was a native of Venezuela who dedicated his life to the task of liberating the Spanish colonies from the rule of the Motherland. This romantic figure accumulated more than sixty volumes of private and other papers—splendid sources of historical information particularly on the progress of insurgent arms in South America. The years that span Miranda's career include an era which for revolutionary changes is unique in the history of the world. Among his journeys over the world looms important his tour of the United States. In this biography by Professor Robertson the full story is told for the first time; for it was only recently that important new documents concerning Miranda were uncovered. Robertson himself is one of the leading historians in the Latin-American field and has written a number of books on South America.

* * *

The following books are reported by "Books of the Month" as being the most popular demands throughout the country during the month:

All Quiet on the Western Front, by Erich Remarque (Little, Brown); *Roper's Row*, by Warwick Deeping (Knopf); *They Stooped to Folly*, by Ellen Glasgow (Doubleday, Doran); *The Galaxy*, by Susan Ertz (Appleton); *The Black Camel*, by Earl Derr (Bobbs-Merrill); *Scarlet Sister Mary*, by Julia Peterkin (Bobbs-Merrill).

delight of at least one of the Protestant (U. S.) Foreign Mission Boards).

This time we wanted something. I was going to be in that part of the country for a while and we wanted a house that I could use for headquarters.

We entered the curato and were told that the priest was taking a nap. We said that we'd wait in the plaza but Maria, a ourly headed, husky woman who seemed to be in charge insisted that we wait in the parlor; and having ushered us therein she went to wake the padre, heedless of our protests.

The room in which we waited was wholly unadorned. There were a dozen or so slender cane bottom chair lined up against the blank dingy walls, and an unsteady black table stood near the center of the bare, worn red tile floor. On the floor, leaning against the wall at one end of the room was a large picture of a roguish looking saint whom I did not recognize. The extremely high, painted ceiling beams barely showed through the gloom of the upper region of the chamber. But with a little care this house might have been a pleasant place; its two long windows opened out on the plaza, and

one of its doors, the one through which we had come in, opened on a cheerful patio.

We waited until we were shifting our weight restlessly on our not too steady chairs. Don Rafael, who accompanied us on this trip, recited an interminable tale in a half whispered monotone. Then we discerned muffled grunts and hoarse whispers which issued from an inner chamber, and the door next to the saint's picture opened, disclosing a most astounding sight.

Two hundred and fifty pounds of flesh on a frame of moderate height constituted the most prominent corporeal feature of the man who stood before us. Next in prominence came his whiskers; he had not shaved in a long time and hair on his face grew more densely than pines on the undulating Javalín. The man blinked, his features twisted as in anger on coming out into the light, and in his movements there was the sluggishness of an interrupted afternoon siesta.

"Ah, *Chilacates!*" exclaimed don Rafael in real surprise, but he covered it behind a creditable cough.

This was the priest of Tecario. His soutane, tight fitting over his bulging trunk and twisted from lying on it, proclaimed him. We introduced ourselves and sat; miraculously the slender chair stood up under the weight of our massive host. He seemed to be as dull as he was heavy, but as the dregs left by the frustrated slumber dissolved in his good nature he grew loquacious and jolly. He knew nothing of the other priest; he had been in Tecario only one week. When he learned our business he immediately summoned don Ramón (who was then the municipal chief) as though he owned him. This don Ramón, a pious man whose one dark cloud consisted in having an imbecil child by Chana the town idiot, rented us a very presentable house that belonged to his sister, doña Luisita, who had recently made her home in the nearby town of Tacámbaro. And in that, my Tecario house, I was to spend the greater part of five years. During that time I knew this padre, don José Amezcua, cura of Tecario; and here is some of his story the bits of which I gleaned as those things are wont to be gathered:

Of his antecedents before he found himself an inmate of the Jacona seminary, who can tell? But in the days before one thought of revolutions he found himself being transformed from whatever Nature intended that he should be into a servant of the Lord. At that same time the padre Guillén, who was later collector of tithes in Uruapan, my home, was pursuing his studies in that seminary. The Tecario cura remembered him well. "Yes, Guillén was good in the mathematics," he once told me, "but he couldn't touch me in dogma. Really, in that he fitted me quite loose."

José Amezcua must have been ordained shortly before the first trouble of 1911; anyway, before he could assimilate much of the tradition attached to his holy office he wandered down towards Coalcomán, which must have been his home, and somehow, while in the Carrizal region at the outbreak of hostilities, he became chaplain of the hosts of the famous Gordiano Guzmán, the third of a line that has held despotic sway over that segregated country.

While armies contested for honors and chieftains dallied with power and glory in the rest of the Republic, Gordiano controlled Coalcomán and the Carrizal region. Not once did an extraneous force hold anything in possession therein, though the feat

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The Measurement of the World

By J. J. SLADE, JR.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the first of a series of four articles that Mr. Slade is preparing for THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE on a subject which should prove of interest to all those who pretend to keep up with the times.)

Man is essentially curious and much of his best effort has been spent in investigating the nature of his surroundings. To explain the phenomena that he observes in a manner satisfactory to the development of his reason he builds elaborate theories on assumptions which he makes tacitly or, at times, deliberately. Entire eras of history are spent in the elaboration of intricate theoretical superstructures, but sometimes there are pauses in the process when the foundations are investigated and their solidity questioned. Then the systems totter and their bases must be reinforced; sometimes the structures fall and the tedious work of reconstruction on other ground must be begun.

Man, too, is utilitarian, and the hope that his findings will bring him greater ease has been a vital spur to his researches, but the efforts that have been inspired by his desire to reach some ultimate truth, the work which has been urged by his sublime curiosity, have always led to the peaks of civilization.

It has usually happened that when the man-made systems of the world have seemed most secure and have even met with the official approval of ecclesiastical authority, that when the path to the solution of the remaining few enigmas has appeared quite open, then some idle thinker has propounded a question or some investigator has made a startling discovery which has shaken all man's confidence in the structure that he had built and has sent him groping for securer ground to build on.

Today we are in the midst of a period of profound change—more subtle, more far reaching than at any other period of reconstruction. In this day of riotous discovery and unceasing change it might seem to be a vain undertaking to select one discovery more startling, more significant than the rest. Yet there is one which is altering all our views of the external world. It is this: that all that we know about the world we live in we obtain through the process of measurement.

The notion does not startle you; you think it trivial. It seems so trivial, in fact, that it took the highest type of thinking to think about it at all—that is what makes its realization so startling. This notion did not come as a stroke of genius to one man—it obruaded itself and took hold in scientific thought, and today it is here, demanding our consideration. And so extensive are its consequences that it has sent our best minds in quest of new foundations for our elaborate system of the world. Need I say that this revelation will not enable us to build better radios or highways? Nor does it give us the key (like Ouspensky's *Tertium Organum*) to all the enigmas of the world.

Let us see, then, what it is that we mean by *measurement*: Let us take distance, for example, as that is an easy quantity to measure. Say that we require the distance from Chapel Hill to Durham. A simple and pleasant way to find it is to get in a car and drive over; we can read the speedometer here and again when we arrive, and the difference in the two readings will give us the required distance. But since we are looking for a fundamental process let us try it in a simpler, if more tedious way.

Let us take a steel tape and let us apply it successively on the road from some point here to some point in Durham. We say that the distance is precisely eleven miles if we apply the tape 580 times between the two points and then have 80 more feet to go. Now, if we repeat the process from Durham back we find that it is no longer precisely eleven miles between the two points. There will be a discrepancy in the two measurements depending, among many other things, on who did the measuring. We may be satisfied to take the average of the two measurements and call that the distance, or we may hire an expert transitman to get us a more accurate result. We can add refinement on refinement, eliminate the effect of varying temperatures and uneven pulls on the length of the tape, do any number of things until we obtain a result within the degree of accuracy that we may require. In the end we know this: that between the two points one could, conceivably, lay end to end a certain number of units of length (the number being the result of our experiment); and I will ask you to notice that the points in our discussion are material particles and the units of length are material rods or tapes. And this, in all its crudity, is a fundamental process. For engineering usage one can ask no more, in the more precise sciences one can get no more.

Heretofore it has been assumed that the measured distance between two points of matter was a measure, also, of the *space* between them; to have thought any thing else would have been ridiculous. Now we are not certain what we mean by the *space* between them; we have no very good reason for being sure that there is any *distance* at all between the space in which Chapel Hill is immersed and that surrounding the star Arcturus, say. Chapel Hill and Arcturus are certainly very far from each other, many material tapes could, conceivably, be placed end to end between them, but do they necessarily occupy different parts of space? That depends on what we mean by space; we have had no doubt in the past as to the meaning of the word, but now doubt is entering our minds. We know this (and the record of how we know it is available to all who are curious enough to take the trouble to find out): that we cannot isolate two points in space and say, "this point is here, that one yon." We can say this only of two material particles, and that because we can lay, at least theoretically, the measuring rod between them.

A traditionally important question is that of the relation of matter to space. All philosophers have left us contributions towards the solution of the riddle, and up to our very day the recapitulation that the pessimistic Schopenhauer took the trouble to compile represented the epitome of our knowledge of matter, space, and time. Just now we are uncertain about the status of our knowledge; we know only matter, and that has been found to possess strange, unsuspected properties.

In our classical mechanics we have postulated *rigid systems* and built our theory of the universe on this assumption, and though we have long known that no rigid systems exist we have known the laws that govern their lack of rigidity, and we have retained confidence in our deductions. Now comes the knowledge that matter undergoes certain distortions which are independent of the classical laws which were assumed to control all change; and these distortions are such that we cannot possibly determine them experimentally. In any of the innumerable little popular treatises on "Relativity for Tiny Tots" you are sure to find, if nothing else,

a description of the famous Michelson-Morley experiment and the reasons why Fitzgerald arrived at the conclusion that matter contracts in the direction of motion. Now, this contraction of a matter is such that we cannot detect it, for when a distance along a certain direction changes, the material measuring rod will undergo a proportional change when turned in the given direction, so that it will enter precisely the same number of times into the distance before as after the change.

Strangely enough, the Fitzgerald contraction takes place due to relative motion—the only kind there is; and this leads us immediately to an apparent paradox, to a serious contradiction. Let me illustrate this point by a fantastic example:

Suppose that our earth undergoes a certain distortion due to the motion; say it contracts to half its size in a north-south direction. Now, every thing material in the world undergoes the same contraction. Before the change took place I had drawn a circle a foot in diameter on my drawing board and, the board as well as the pencil line being material, when the change took place the circle became an ellipse with its major axis east-west one foot long and its minor axis north-south six inches long. I shall prove it by measuring it with my foot rule—a very rigid instrument. I lay it on the major axis and find it to be just one foot, then I lay it on the minor axis and—what! it, too, is just one foot. But wasn't that to be expected? My rule being material shrinks to half its size when turned in a north-south direction. You object that the reason I could detect no change is that there has been none; you have been watching it closely and you have not seen the circle turn into an ellipse. Of course you have not, but you must take into account the fact that your eye, being material, is also subject to the change and that it is affected in such a manner that, turn which way you may, the anomaly produced in the retina is always just enough to compensate for the distortion, so that you will always see the figure that I drew as a circle.

Do you want me to tell you how I know that the distortion really occurred since no means at my disposal could possibly detect it? Well, ordinarily I would not have known, but it happens that just after I drew the circle an observer on a neighboring planet which passed close to us at a high rate of speed in a north-south direction communicated with me and said that we had shrunk to half our size in that direction. Since then, however, I have had another report which contradicts this. At the very same time that this planet was going by another planet whizzed past in an east-west direction and the observer on it reported that we had, indeed, shrunk but that the contraction had been in an east-west direction and not north-south. He could not be wrong; he measured us carefully and his instruments were just as perfect as those of any other observer.

Now, who is right; one of them or you who says that we have undergone no change at all? Will it be incompatible with all our pre-conceptions to say that the three are right? But such must be the case. To illustrate my point I have drawn an exaggerated picture, but it portrays the situation well. The paradox which appears to confront us disappears when we banish the notion that distance must be invariant and absolute.

In view of the way that modern research has outraged our cherished pre-conceptions it becomes

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Drama and the Arts



by
JULIAN JAMES

The aim of this column is to give the reader some of the current news about drama, the talkies, and the fine arts. Lack of space prohibits an expansive treatment of the subjects.

* * *

Ring Lardner, best known perhaps as a writer of the short story, is again turning to Broadway. His latest play is *June Moon*, a comedy prepared in collaboration with George S. Kaufman.

* * *

John L. Balderston who prepared the stage version of *Dracula* is the author of *Berkeley Square* in which Leslie Howard and Margalo Gillmore will be seen this fall. Mr. Balderston is also the London correspondent of the New York "World."

* * *

The new American opera which Clarence Toomiss has based on Cale Rice Young's poetic drama "Yolanda of Cypress" is now in the last stages of its rehearsal and will shortly start out on a tour of the United States. This opera is being sponsored by the American Opera Company.

* * *

The September issue of *Theatre* carried a picture of the Forest Theatre at this University, with the following caption: "The Forest Theatre at the University of North Carolina—a sylvan setting for their recent revival of 'Rip Van Winkle.' In this natural amphitheatre, cradled in the North Carolina Hills, the Carolina Playmakers have produced thirteen plays, representing the works of Shakespeare, Sheridan, Rostand, and present-day American playwrights."

* * *

"Blind Rafferty," one of the early successes of the late Donn Byrne, will come to the talking screen as a United Artist's special production, with Lupe Velez in the role of the Spanish wife. This is the third of Byrne's books to be adapted to the screen.

* * *

Ruth Chatterton is rapidly becoming one of the most sensational successes on the stage and screen. At the age of fourteen she ran away from school to go on the stage. Starting as a chorus girl, she rose rapidly, played her first dramatic role with Lowell Sherman and Lenore Ulric, and starred in "Come Out of the Kitchen." Her first screen role was with Emil Jannings in "Sins of the Fathers." Miss Chatterton's talking role is in "Madame X" in which picture she portrays the tragic heroine with remarkable talent. Her acting carries the entire picture along. "Madame X" is to be shown sometime in the near future at the Carolina Theatre.

"To spend too much time in studies is sloth; to use them too much for ornament is affectation; to make judgment only by their rules is the humor of a scholar."

—Francis Bacon.

A Poet Contemplates Death

By PHILIP DEVILBISS

*Imagine my embarrassment when I
Shall meet the ghost of Milton in the shades,
Or Pope reposed complacently on high,
Or Dante prowling through lugubrious glades.
What shall I say to these obdurate faces
From which the echoes of the earth have fled
And left the Puritanical grimaces
To match with aureoles upon the head?
Shall I inform them I have written verse
And felt the pangs of love gnaw at my heart
And walked Fifth Avenue with empty purse
And chipped off pounds of flesh for sake of art?
Or shall I genuflect in solemn awe
Before them on the grassy esplanades,
Then piously and silently withdraw
To take my place beside the lesser shades?*

Remembrance

By PHILIP DEVILBISS

*Was it here we heard a song
Rip a robin's throat and scatter
Bits of melody along,
And you said it didn't matter*

*If a robin did pretend
To burst into a flame of tune,
It could never hope to mend
A broken heart so soon?*

*That was summer long ago
On which the days have carved a seal:
Were you the lass who didn't know
That broken hearts would heal?*

EVA LE GALLIENE AND THE CIVIC REPERTORY THEATRE

(Continued from page one)

to me that the real intelligentsia generally are not those who buy the high priced orchestra seats. And surely," here she turned sharply to me once more, "you must admit that the price of seats in Broadway theatres is ridiculous!" I agreed.

While we were on the subject of Broadway I thought I should not miss the opportunity to ask a question I had been curious about. "Do you ever intend to return to Broadway?"

"I think, never. Not if I have to go into the country and grow tomatoes! Broadway conditions are not conducive to development, for individuality must become standardized and conform to commercial patterns. Machine-made entertainment reproduced automatically. That seems to be what our theatre has become. The people, you know, grow accustomed to that sort of thing and soon look for just that. It is all so easy—the people get light amusement that demands little intelligence to appreciate, the players enjoy long runs—and a numerous salary, while the manager sits in his office smoking cigars and counting the box-office receipts. But there are some—I know there are—who are not satisfied. This theatre is for those people."

She looked about and seemed to reflect a moment before she resumed in her full, low tone. "We are putting on the plays we believe in—not just one, but as many as the company are able to produce during the season. Of course we work—one must work for an ideal. But the Civic Repertory Theatre is only the symbol—the ideal itself is nothing tangible—or even final. It stands for individuality, freedom, development."

There was a slight pause. Then the conversation drifted for a moment to other subjects. We were discussing one of Broadway's more talented players, one in whom Miss Le Gallienne became very enthusiastic. "She is a remarkable actress, sensitive, subtle." The young lady in question had just resigned from a prominent theatrical association with the complaint that during the season she had not been given appropriate roles—which was quite obvious—and the roles she had desired were given other members of the company. Feelings reached a point when the lady in question, after conferences and discussions, definitely resigned, stating that hereafter she "would be free to make a damned fool of herself if she wanted to." Miss Le Gallienne told me that when she read of the incident in the newspaper she immediately called this actress, who was a friend of hers, on the phone and congratulated her. I was silent for a while, wondering. Then I asked, "You don't suppose she will make a damned fool of herself?"

Miss Le Gallienne turned, somewhat surprised. She looked directly at me. "What does it matter?" Suddenly I felt as if I knew Eva Le Gallienne better than I ever had before and my respect for her aims rose considerably.

Our talk turned to details on production, her personal methods. She had made no money during the past successful season, in fact had been rather hard pressed at times for ready cash, but her desire has always been to minimize prices and bring her art down to those who cannot afford expensive seats. "I have been economical and very careful. I really don't care whether I make money or not. That is not important. But I have not lost, so I have no reason to complain. In this repertory system I have found that the successes support those not so popular; that if I have put on a play that has no great demand I need not fear to lose if I have another on the list that has become solidly established."

I wondered at her unusual capacity for work—in her duties as director and actress, to say nothing of the dubious pleasures of producing. Not only does she give four or five productions in a single week, but she is always rehearsing a new play. Lately she has been giving special matinees. I remarked on her energy. She said, "It is true that this season I have had no private life. I have not been able to see people—I have not even had time for my friends. But I really don't care. In fact, I think I'm rather glad. It gives me an excuse not to see people. Some day, perhaps, I shall abandon acting altogether to confine all my activity to directing. At present, for economical reasons, I find myself obliged to direct and play important roles in all my productions, but next season I hope to have at least one production directed by some one else and hope to produce at least one play in which I will not appear."

We discussed her company. She told me that this season had been mainly for the purpose of weeding out and developing the ability of her strong organization into one interrelated and mutually dependent whole in which there is no star and no definite lead, but one in which all the performers "play up" to each other. That is the secret of the power I had so often sensed, but could not define. Mutual reciprocation keeps the great cast on edge, moving always ahead together.

I would have gone on, indefinitely querying, but the secretary came to the door with the announcement that it was nearly time for Miss Le Gallienne

(Continued on page eight)

Books

WINGS ON MY FEET. By Howard W. Odum. The Bobbs-Merrill Co.: Indianapolis. 309 pp. \$2.50.

"War an' me is buddies, fightin's my middle name. I'm bastard soldier of the Cross," says Tiger Gordon, ribald black hellion who goes to war in Dr. Odum's new book, *Wings On My Feet*. A sequel to *Rainbow Round My Shoulder*, which has made for itself an important place in modern American literature since its publication a little over a year ago, the book epitomizes all the wistful, pathetic charm of the black man.

Tiger Gordon laughs his way through the horrors of war with the happy-go-lucky resignation of the born rover.

"Well, war graveyard must be awful place,
Lay po' boy on his back, throw dirt in his face;
White hosses dead at head o' the branch,
Black crows whistle, buzzards dance,
Oh, my Lord, I ain't got long to stay here."

He turns from broken-hearted farewell to a dying comrade and proceeds to whoop it up with high browns, dice and gin. Women are his weakness, the galloping cubes his strength. But he is a philosopher, a translator of the complexities of life into terms of elemental simplicity. Dr. Odum has concentrated in one individual all the indefinable longings, the frustrated ambitions, the picturesque reactions of a simple and child-like race.

A monotonous rhythm pervades the book. On almost every page the hallelujah chorus of the negro spiritual mingles with the musical expression of reckless depravity common to revellers through life. It is a simple story, told in language that is more poetry than prose—and it makes good reading for the sake of the narrative alone.

Some readers will find that the style is wearying to them. The book is written in the first person throughout, in the language of an ignorant, primitive creature but little removed from savagery. No one will fail to find it interesting, however.

Dr. Odum does not intrude his own personality into the pages of the book. It is a simple tale of a simple soldier, without ornamentation or embellishment—and it is genuine art.

—GLENN HOLDER.

ZAL AND RUSTUM RIDE AGAIN

THE IVORY THRONE OF PERSIA. By Dorothy Coit. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. 1929. 235 pp. \$3.00.

This work may be considered a distinct contribution to the juvenile literature of the present day. It is a collection of the best tales from the Persian Epic, the Shah-Nameh, or "Book of Kings," adapted by Miss Coit to appeal to the child mind. Miss Coit, who is a co-director of the King-Coit Children's School of Acting and Design, has spent several years in directing the interests and artistic tastes of children. A part of her program was a story hour, and it is because of her success in that field that she was induced to compile in book form the best of her wealth of stories.

All the great heroes of Persia, Zal, Jamshid, mighty men, and rulers of a land of fabulous wonder, are made alive to the juvenile mind. The legendary throne upon which all the mythical power

Recontre

By RICHARD A. CHACE

*They met again one day. It was their last—
A meeting quite by chance, but pleasing each,
Who loved with secret tenderness the past
That both had lost—and hopes long out of reach.
But neither knew the other's hidden thought
When they, with faces wreathed in wooden smiles,
Banded the empty platitudes they ought
To mask their barrenness in common styles.*

*And all the boundless possibilities
Back ages built, the surge of life to be,
Were nothing in the incapacities
Oj hollow minds like theirs who could not see
The tragic love the other bore grow cold
And old ana useless, having lost its hold.*

of a once great land sat in their oriental splendor is made a magnificent symbol of "the Glory that shines only in the faces of the Persian Kings." "The land from Chin to Rum" becomes a stage whereon battles, and struggles with monsters, and the winning of fair maidens are enacted in rapid succession. Deeds of incredible strength and valor make glorious the lives of heroes who live on and on. Here the child reader sees vividly the mighty men whose memory Omar calls up, and whose deeds Arnold vigorously recounts. Here are fairy tales of first class interest, told in a simple manner certain to appeal to the imaginative child.

The numerous illustrations by pupils of the King-Coit School are an unusually attractive feature of the book. These youthful artists, inspired by the stories of Persia, have created drawings which, while of course lacking greatly in artistic finish, capture in a very real way the setting for the accompanying tales. They present an illuminating insight into the proportions and forms of a child's imaginative world. Taken as a whole *The Ivory Throne of Persia* is quite an attractive addition to any juvenile library.

—LOUISE V. BROOKS.

AMBITION

FULL MEASURE by Hans Otto Storm. New York City: The Macmillan Company. 1929. 387 pp. Price \$2.50.

Among the books of fiction published recently comes *Full Measure*, the theme and background of which departs from the usual run. Mr. Storm, himself a radio engineer as well as novelist, has depicted well the scientific background of the novel and the influence such a setting exerts over the lives of his characters.

The reader becomes aware of this background in no subtle fashion; science as a fetish—of the male characters, at least—so steeps the entire story in this unescapable influence that it becomes almost monotonous. Except for a few flashes of the exotic in the tropics and for one or two descriptions of the beautiful interiors of certain apartments, one visions the characters as walking, talking, eating, sleeping among dynamos, transmitters, giant engines, antennas, and esoteric electrical inventions promising only mystery to the uninitiated.

In one interpretation of the theme the reader can see the influence of O'Neill's drama *The Dynamo*. John Manley has an intense devotion to machinery after seeing his "hard-bought" years at Boston Tech., but his superior, the cold, ruthless, ambitions organizer, Hendrick Varden, is characterized by a more

controlled passion for all-embracing science. Next to himself Power is God. They all are consumed with ambition: Varden, Craig, ex-navy man and head of the great American National Telegraph, Clyde Aust, the barely mentioned radio technician who must "get ahead," Benson Peabody, the filthily servile blackmailer and embezzler,—even John Manley, the idealist who often sees life around him as a vulgarly mediocre procession of Main Street crowds, pursues the goddess Progress as zealously as any enthusiastic Babbitt. The women characters display a more adulterated form of this obsession: Janet Ervine is ambitious for Varden, her lover; Marion Porter seeks a niche in the world for her illegitimate son; but Barbara Tracy's love for Manley breeds a more selfish ambition for his welfare.

There are too many characters for a novel of this length. The work lacks space for adequate treatment of the many individuals whose lives and careers become intertwined with the American National Telegraphs, the huge corporation built by Craig and Varden, and the disastrous end of which brings tragedy into some of these lives. The reader obtains a clear cut picture of most of the people drawn, however, in spite of a somewhat stilted treatment here and there. The cleverest portions of the novel are in its philosophy; like Thackeray, the author occasionally steps down from the platform of the story to comment on life. It is the semi-naturalistic observations that are the most interesting—and the most modern.

—ROBERT HODGES.

CHILDHOOD'S MAGIC CHARM

MAGIC FOR MARIGOLD by L. M. Montgomery. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. 1929. \$2.00. 328 pp.

This book, designed especially for the adolescent reader, captures much of the charm, sweep, and idealization of childhood that can be felt only by a young reader. Most adults who have lost their illusions about childhood will find little pleasure in reading a story that has as its chief aim the creation of a halo that surrounds every young life.

The experiences of a child, and in many ways the experiences of every child, are recorded with a certain charm and zest that shows that power of good "yarn" telling. Marigold, born to the purple in the large clan of Lesleys in England, goes through the typical life of a temperamental, imaginative, alert child and emerges into womanhood with her dreams destroyed as the story ends. Her adventures, while interesting as pure narrative, are more appealing as the revelation of a universal childhood in every land and time. Her final escape, or refuge, from the magical world, her shattered religion and her rebuilt conception of conduct are periods through which every child passes.

Sylvia, the magical symbol of a dream world, is the finest bit of creation in the book. The author sketches in the background this figure in such a way as to catch the illusion and transparency of the conception. Marigold, while revealing the defects of a paper-created figure, is always human and, at moments, moves over into the world of reality. The adults of the story seem to be more or less puppets who move at the beck and call of the author.

Perhaps it is useless for those who have passed childhood ever to attempt to recapture the charm

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BOOKS

(Continued from page five)

and halo that surround it. Here is an example of a person who has tried to create from a distance the world in which we used to live, and has succeeded admirably.

Magic for Marigold is one more book to add to our long list of worth while juvenile literature. It will entertain many young readers.

—J. D. McNAIRY.

TRAVELING COMPANIONS

PARNASSUS EN ROUTE. Compiled by Kenneth Horan. New York: The MacMillan Co. 264 pp. \$2.50.

For the traveler who, while meandering through the book stalls on the Seine or staring in moonlight at the canals of Venice, recalls too vaguely something that someone once said about them, Mr. Horan has compiled an anthology of poems about places on the European continent with which the tourist may refresh his memory and view these places in the same light as did the poets who once visited them.

When one sees a famous place for the first time, one usually attempts to recall the things that others have said of the same place. The compiler suggests that "poets are the best traveling companions of all, for they discern so many things that are invisible to common eyes." This volume represents some of the best work that has been written about the well-traveled spots of the European continent. Pictures of London, Edinburgh, the Galleries of the Louvre, Notre Dame, Nuremberg, Florence, and numerous other places painted in verse by the poets are gathered into this book.

Mr. Horan has made a well-balanced selection of travel verse. *Parnassus En Route* includes poetry from Matthew Arnold, Burns, Yeats, Byron, Longfellow, Alfred Noyes and many others.

—JOHN MEBANE.

THE SOUTH IN CONFLICT

RIVER HOUSE. By Stark Young. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1929. 304 pp. \$2.50.

Mr. Young, himself a southern writer, presents in *River House* a story of conflict: conflict between a father of the old South and a son of the new. The principles and ideals of an older generation, embodied in Major Dandridge and his sisters, Rosa and Ellen, clash incessantly with those of the younger, exemplified by the son, John, and his bride, Evelyn—both products of the present era.

The author writes of a South which he knows, describing picturesquely scenes of transition in a growing section. Yet, Mr. Young, like too many other southern writers, cannot quite free himself of the supposition that the South is solely a land of insouciance, that the days are passed in dining and gossip, and that eternal inaction is its characterizing feature. Nothing happens in the story; the older generation lives in remembrance of past things, spends its time stirring indolently and wistfully smouldering coals of the past while the younger, listening peacefully at first, soon ruffles the calm of the household by its conflicting will. There is the clash of forces, the everlasting struggle of new ideas to subdue traditions.

The prevailing lack of action grows monotonous to the average reader, the story spills an exaggerated calm which fails to carry it along at the rate of speed which the modern era demands. The intri-

Foreword to the Prometheus Unbound
Of Shelley

By RICHARD A. CHACE

*O listen, let your heart breathe lightly, hark
A moment, hark, till silent notes grow strong;
Let music linger, swelling broad to mark
The modulations of a hydra song,
Tumultuous, breathless, like a bird, a lark.
Read on until your ravished spirit long
To wrest, Promethean-like, the glowing spark
Beneath the poetry of thoughts that throng
Unending, whirled along the maze of sense
To rouse, to wake some buried seed within
His speeding fingers reach and, reaching, touch,
Stirring forgotten forces; sources whence
Rise high wide phoenix-flights when dreams begin
To own new freedom never known as such.*

curities of family relationships, however, and the clash of forces are well presented by the author. *River House*, while establishing no landmark in southern literature, is, perhaps, of a quality somewhat above the level of the rapidly increasing number of stories written about the South.

—MARY MARSHALL DUNLAP.

JOSE AMEZCUA

(Continued from page two)

was essayed by many parties; and it was not till Obregón was declared President (the first time) and the show of peace paraded through the land that Guzmán gave his sanction to the establishment of a government post in Coalcomán.

During those many years of maneuvering, raiding, and resisting José Amezcua shouldered his gun and followed after the indomitable Gordiano whom he admired, nay, whom he worshipped; he delighted in the massacre of Gordiano's enemies, he heard the confessions of his men and absolved them, baptized their children, buried their dead.

But the days of the campaign came to an end, and Coalcomán opened its doors to the stranger. Few accepted the hospitality of that wilderness, but among those few there was a Bishop of Tecámbaro who went down to see the unknown regions of his diocese; and among the priests who ran wild over that land and whom he rounded up in his visit he caught the startled don José Amezcua. Him he considered more untamed than his brothers who for so long had not held communion with living agents of the Church of Rome, and he made him follow in his retinue.

It has always bewildered me mildly that José Amezcua consented to follow the Bishop out of his beloved haunts. There is probably a bit of pathos here: My cura used to speak of a brother, a rash and adventurous youngster who served under Guzmán. To this brother he seems to have been devoted; he spoke tenderly and proudly of his exploits. I think that the boy met a tragic end when peace reigned over the land once more, and that thereafter my cura had no bonds to hold him—but I do not know the story.

On the journey out of that country José Amezcua, in spite of the impediment of his corpulence, was the life of the party, to the great discomfiture of the Bishop. At don Dante's hacienda, where the travelers were feasted for several days, my cura made a big hit. But when he insisted on maintaining with a naïve wordly grin and a liquid drawl that it is not Heavenly recompense that we (including priests and bishops) seek but this—(here making

a sign with his fingers which is the nationally recognized symbol for gold) then the Bishop used all his energy to disband the gathering, and they proceeded on their journey to Tacámbaro.

Thus it was that José Amezcua was given charge of the little church of Tecario within ten kilometers of His Reverence's eye.

Having had little to do with progress he was a great admirer of it. He got out to Pátzcuaro once, and thence by train to Morelia; the train was a marvel to him though he knew it of old when he was a student at Jacona, and so were the motor cars of Morelia; this town he liked because of the pavement and the strange metropolitan aspect. He expressed childlike wonder at the money that a railroad company must make on fares: He counted the number of passengers in the second class coach in which he traveled, multiplied the result by the fare from Pátzcuaro to Morelia, and from this subtracted the probable wages of a conductor and an engineer together with the probable cost of a few bucketfuls of oil for fuel. Then, taking into account fares from Morelia to Acámbaro and other points and fares on other lines (but quite unable to go on with the computation) he came to the conclusion that the railroad was the most lucrative enterprise devised by the genius of man. He pondered over it long, and for many months it was the sole burden of his thoughts and his conversation.

His admiration for riches amounted to an obsession. He saw a great future in Coalcomán because there were "millions and millions of timber there, and millions and millions of ore."

His interest in aeroplanes was insatiable; he was given the thrill of seeing one when, during the de la Huerta trouble in 1924, a government plane flew over the dreamy village. How he yearned to fly among the clouds; how wide-eyed he listened to tales of aviator's feats; how his thick lips parted when listening to a description of the sensations of flying. Perhaps he thought that a plane could take him nearer Heaven than his discorporate spirit would ever go; for he was humble enough.

The years in Gordiano's company had impressed on him definitely what were to be considered manly attributes. Of some rich, ruthless *hacendado* he would say: "He may not be a good Christian, but, my! what an 'eagle'," and his features would flex into a most appreciative grin on thinking of that eagle-like sharpness of which there was no sign in his rotund being. He liked General Obregón. "He's sticking his foot into the affairs of the church, but he's got his drawers well tied up"—meaning by this that he considered him a man's man.

When the Señora de Segovia went down to the hacienda de Pedernales after things got back to normal for a while in 1925 she found the place in a shocking state of moral turpitude, so she laboriously rode to Tacámbaro and conferred with the Bishop who summoned the neighboring priests to go down to the hacienda to conduct a revival of righteous living. After much renegeing José Amezcua obeyed the summons and rode down to do his bit to uplift that fever pestered section of mankind.

Under a shady tamarind that grows near the big house sat the cura of Tecario to receive confessions. One after another, in quick succession, came the penitents to disgorge their sins into the padre's ear. But, alas! where the sins fell no one knows, for my cura was listening open-mouthed to the "eminent orators" who from a platform under the stone

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JOSE AMEZCUA

(Continued from page six)

arch aqueduct discoursed sweatily about hellfire and Heaven's awful wrath. With an impatient wave of his hand into which he had condensed the motions of a blessing the padre dismissed as quickly as he could every sinner who came before him. To this day, I believe, the Señora de Segovia has misgivings relative to the effacement of a particular set of sins of some of the Pedernales peones.

There was a woman, Maria (she who first admitted us to the curato)—his sister, he said—who followed my cura out of his hazy past. She cooked and cared for him and for two years seemed quite contented in Tecario; then, one day, she was seen running through the crooked street with a long knife in her hand after the butcher's winsome daughter; the butcher's girl was rescued and Maria disappeared, never to be seen again. Apparently, this incident caused not the slightest change in the padre.

José Amezcua liked Tecario. He was afraid that the Bishop intended to send him to one of the more or less nearby hot country towns, down in the sweltering valley below, for, he said, he knew that he did not stand well with His Reverence; but he was determined not to go. His balking would mean that he would have to give up the church job: well, he knew a curandero, a cure monger, who could teach him the art of medicine in a month. He'd become a doctor; he knew that doctors were highly respected and well paid—a lot better than priests; why, in Tecario, the people from the ranches brought offerings of vegetables and eggs; what sort of payment was that? He couldn't eat but a certain amount. Then they wanted to resume work on the large temple that had been started a few decades back (the barely rising walls of which already looked like nothing so much as an old, old ruin); that work could not go on with egg shells. Yes, he'd be a doctor.

Don José Gómez, owner of the large hacienda of Puruarán, took a fancy to this priest and offered him a good salary to be chaplain of the hacienda church, but my cura refused to go. "It was good of don José to offer that," he said, "but not even for a lot of money will I go to live in that devilish country. Why, the difference in salaries here and there will not buy pills to keep me in health in that infernal place."

José Amezcua was temperate was temperate. He smoked little because his lungs were weak, and drank less because his brain was weak, he said; he also said that women were the source of all evil. One habit remained with him from his Carrizal days: He generally wore a pair of much used leather leggings, not unlike those "chaps" that the movie cowboy so proudly displays, and, always, tied to his belt hung an old single action revolver. These objects of his pride his long soutane concealed fairly well.

My cura had a rare faculty for swearing lustily, but these oaths were the only exclamations that he knew; they were sincere, frank punctuations and modifiers—truly delicious. I think that it was this faculty, however, that, to a great extent, caused his downfall (though there was a little clandestine affair the details of which never reached my ears); for though he was an assiduous worker and got his Masses, marriages, baptisms, confessions and other duties through in most efficient manner (when these things did not interfere with his afternoon siesta and nightly repose, for only for a dying man would he let any one disturb him during those hours) some

of his parishoners began to suspect him of profane leanings, and it seems that complaints got about. It also seems that the most annoying group was the butcher family which included, besides the winsome daughter whom the padre's sister once tried to stab, a sturdy father and two grown sons.

It is not certain what happened, except that the storm brewed in grumbling silence; then one night while Tecario slumbered pistol shots resounded through the empty street and a lusty voice was heard to shout: "Come out, you ——! Here is José Amezcua without his soutane. All right, you ***! Let's see who is the best man in this —— town." But if the members of the butcher family heard they ignored the challenge.

My cura did not wait to have words with the Bishop. That night he left town without his soutane and journeyed as far as Pátzcuaro. It is to be supposed that he searched in vain for the cure monger who could make a doctor of medicine out of him in a month, or perhaps his taste in the matter of a profession changed, for he set up a tiny cobbler's establishment in the Pátzcuaro plaza and for a few months pegged away at his new trade.

It is also to be supposed that it was a none too prosperous enterprise, for in spite of his dread of the hot country fevers he readily accepted the offer of don José Gómez to be chaplain of the Puruarán chapel when this gentleman renewed it one day when he happened to be in Pátzcuaro. As to the little misunderstandings that might have had to be patched up, I mean with the Bishop—well, don José Gómez is a pretty powerful man in that quarter.

But my cura's new post was not to be enduring. He soon became ill, and all his large salary could not buy pills enough to bring back his health; and now in the small Campo Santo of Puruarán, at the base of an old scoriac flow, out of a little mound of black, gnarled rocks there protrudes a board which is quickly warping and greying under that relentless sun, and on it are the fast disappearing words:

José Amezcua, presbítero. Que en paz descanse su alma.

THE MEASUREMENT OF THE WORLD

(Continued from page three)

important to investigate the nature of distance. If possible we must find out what we mean by *distance in space*. To the Greek geometers this presented no problem; they considered distance an invariant property of space—it was axiomatic with them. And to our day the notion persists.

It is now nearly three hundred years since Desargues and Pascal laid the foundations of a pure geometry in which distance is not considered. In this geometry one cannot tell the difference between a circle and an ellipse, since such a difference is a material one. In this geometry the circle and the ellipse are treated as equivalent curves; both have the property that if they are cut by a line at all they are cut in at most two points—a property obviously independent of measurement. This pure geometry includes all the plane and space geometries—it treats of the properties common to all of them. When we assign metrical properties to its elements then we get, depending on what assumptions we make about these metrical properties, either the ordinary geometry of Euclid, the finite geometry of Reimann, or the hyper-infinite geometry of Bolyai and Lobachewski.

During the middle of the past century the great formalist, Arthur Cayley, conceived the idea of de-

fining distance in terms of the invariant elements of pure geometry. His work was clever and abstruse, and it was capable of great generality. In it he showed that geometry became Euclidean, Lobachewskian, or Reimannian depending on the nature of the elements in the infinitely distant region of space. By isolating various arbitrary real or imaginary elements of pure geometry Cayley's formulas for distance became those which give rise to one of the three types of geometry. His work was severely criticized by contemporary logicians; they pointed to apparent contradictions and said that at most it was a marvelous juggling of algebraic symbols. But the contradictions have disappeared long since and the "absolute" (as he named the elements of the infinite region of space) stands as a monument to the genius of the man.

It seems, then, that since pure geometry is not bothered by the question of distance, and that since distance is a logical consequence of pure geometry we have in Cayley's work the criterion we seek for the absolute measure of the world. But to use Cayley's criteria we must have *a priori* knowledge of the "absolute": that is, of the nature of the elements lying in the infinite region of the universe; and, alas! of these we know nothing.

Yet, with the realization that measurement is a fundamental process we can make some interesting deductions. Let us see what formulas our experimental measurements fit, let us see if we can reason backwards from the little that we know. Our measured formulas seem self-contradictory if we assume our old geometry, nor can we make them correspond to any combination that Cayley's general method makes available to us. But wait; let us modify Cayley's work slightly, let us extend it to the four dimensional domain. Now, if we consider time as a fourth element, homogeneous with the three spatial dimensions, we find that our measured formulas correspond to those of a four dimensional geometry in which Cayley's "absolute" is imaginary. An imaginary infinite region means that there is no infinite region, and we are led to the conclusion that the geometry of the world is the finite geometry of Reimann in four dimensions.

In this geometry our experimental measurements are consistent with each other. The queer, paradoxical contractions that we had noticed when we assumed Euclid's geometry are no longer evident; they are accounted for in the extra-spatial dimension that we have added to our theory of the universe, but this matter I must leave for another time.

Now comes a pertinent question. Just what have we learned about space after realizing that our knowledge of the universe is metrical? I believe that of space we have learned nothing. We can say that it is a field of relations, if we must say something. If by space we mean the domain of all conceivable *distance* measurements then we can say that it is finite and isomorphic with an ideal Reimannian space; however, it is significant to notice, I think, that it is the *domain of experimental measurement* which is isomorphic with Reimannian space, and that it is this domain alone with which we come in contact. Of space as the field of relations within which the domain of measurement is immersed we know nothing, nor are we likely to learn much about it since it seems to be quite beyond the reach of experiment.

This field is worthy of serious thought; it opens up new pastures for philosophers and theologians, and, certainly, for weavers of fairy tales.

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THE UNIVERSITY OF
NORTH CAROLINA PRESS

EVA LE GALLIENNE

(Continued from page four)

to appear and I was forced to say goodbye at last. She thrust an impulsive hand and said that she hoped I had been satisfied, that the discussion had been a pleasure to her. I left, feeling more than ever the force of that dominating personality through which the Civic Repertory Theatre of New York has built itself into the strong position it holds in the consideration of serious playgoers.

"Art, true Art, is the desire of man to express himself, to record the reactions of his personality to the world he lives in."

—Amy Lowell.

"A scholar writing for the scholarly, he will of course leave something to the willing intelligence of his reader."

—Walter Pater (*Essay on "Style"*).

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The Carolina Magazine

Literary Supplement to The Daily Tar Heel

Vol. 1

October 20, 1929

No. 2

Science or Literature?

An Article Based on Professor Foerster's
"The American Scholar"

By HARDEE CHAMBLISS, JR.

THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR. By Norman Foerster. Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press. 1929. 67 pp. \$1.00.

IT IS usual for the undergraduate to consider literary scholarship as so occult and mystifying that the methods which the scholars care to adopt are accepted as oracular. The first two years of his cultural training are spent in hasty surveys of the whole field of English literature while the problem of assimilating the spirit of any one age is studiously ignored. But at the beginning of the third year, when all the requirements are satisfied, there comes a sudden break. Those majoring in English are regularly turned over to literary historians who practice distinctly different methods and who profess to be above any fatuous interest in the humanities.

The minds which confront these professors are split into two well-defined camps. One of these, composed of future graduate minds, finds no objection to the methods which the professors employ and will admit, under duress, to finding in these methods a satisfying means of studying literature. But alongside this group there exists a smaller number of undergraduates who have reacted against the historical methods of their professors and who have found the scientific approach a weak excuse for literary scholarship.

It is this group which has gone to literature seeking humanism but has found only a baffling mass of historic facts. They have become aware, after passing their junior year, that while they had attempted to escape the mechanics of Science they have been knocked down by the very methods which the scientists employ.

No longer contented with the ecstasies of religion, they began looking around for something upon which they might fall. Without admitting it to themselves (an admission which would be kin to heresy) they unconsciously realized that they must have something on which to build a faith since they lacked the taste for theology or sock-manufacture. In seeking some sort of escape they wandered to literature but discovered that the stable door had been left open.

For a while they remained courageously undismayed. Taking the words of their professors as law, they worked on the assumption that after a while, after one has mastered all the necessary facts, it will then be time to think of humanism. It is impossible, the professors said, to appreciate

the emotional qualities of a poem without first being aware of the innumerable facts which surrounded its composition. The undergraduate accepted this: certainly, these men, these scholars, should know. But although he waited for the passing of the scientific epidemic, the methods developed to be far more permanent than he had ever suspected. The professors clung to their history and the undergraduate was left with a smattering of distorted science.

The charge is made that those students of literature who object to scientific methods are precisely the ones whom the scholarly world does not care to have around. The scholars are satisfied if they can continue the practice of their methods on apprentice minds, whatever the quality, as long as these minds are tractable and meek. It is exactly this type of mind which the American scholar is getting. It is absurd to think of a normal graduate student as doing anything more creative than echoing the opinions of his, or her, professor. They are seldom interested in anything which does not directly contribute to the passing of examinations or the retailing of a thesis. The greater number of them will never be anything more than the most useless sort of hack teacher, bursting with memorized facts. Their most conspicuous achievement will be an ability to count syllables.

The aspect of the professors is not much more cheerful. Although the most competent of them may profess to have the temperament of the medievalist or the spirit of the Elizabethan, they are, actually, nothing but the handmaidens of Science. While they boast of sharing the imaginative soarings of the Romanticists, they study these same Romanticists with the whole bundle of modern, scientific methods. Their attitude is too much of a paradox to allow their students to believe in its sincerity. They have abandoned literature in favor of history: they have double-crossed the naïve undergraduates.

I wish to recommend Mr. Foerster's book on the American scholar to those undergraduates who are dissatisfied with the methods of teaching English literature in this country. Because in this book Mr. Foerster has articulated, I believe, the feelings of many undergraduates who began the study of literature because of its humanizing qualities but who have found it throttled with the inappropriate methods of scientific research. It is not surprising that this book was written at this time. It is surprising that it was written by an American scholar.

II Cryptic Extensions

By J. J. SLADE, JR.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the second of a series of four articles which Mr. Slade is writing for the Carolina Magazine.)

The frenzied attack of bigots is the solvent through which the jems of man's creative genius pass to rid them of flaws, and controversy is the abrasive wherewith they lost their jagged imperfections; and though the hardest stones crumble in the mill yet great is the store of jewels man has that have survived through the ages—seldom a generation passes which does not leave a little sparkle as a memento of its efforts.

Formidable are the reactionary hosts arrayed against the inroads of Reason into the forbidden regions where ever retreating darkness dwells; but more persistent is the goad that impels man to explore the unknown.

A great storm of protest arose to confront Minkowski's four dimensional continuum, but now that the first gusts have subsided we begin to see how simple and natural an idea it is to accept, how necessary, in fact, this view of the universe which he revealed to us in the wake of Einstein's first announcement of his restricted theory of relativity. Nor is this concept an altogether radical departure from what used to be the orthodox view, for Lagrange, in his monumental *Mécanique Analytique*, treated the science of mechanics as a solid geometry of four dimensions; but at those points where the views depart the cleavage is sharp.

Although Lagrange treated his fourth variable, time, as mathematically equivalent to his three spatial variables, he nevertheless assumed that time was wholly independent of space, that only in the formulas, for mere convenience of deduction, could it be suggested that there was a connexion between the two. He also assumed the Galilei-Newton principle of relativity (oh yes, relativity goes back that far) in which only an infinite velocity is invariant for all frames of reference moving relative to each other, an assumption no longer justified since experiment has shown that a finite velocity (that of light) is invariant. Following Einstein's early work Minkowski deduced an entirely new world, one in which the t did not differ essentially from the x , y , and z , one in which the invariant relations were not to be sought in space and time separately for they are compounded of the two.

This first four dimensional world was still Euclidean (no one has really accused Euclid of extending geometry beyond the three dimensional realm; but geometry of any number of dimensions is called Euclidean if the *pons asinorum* serves as
(Continued on page four)

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CIRCULATION MGR.....G. W. THOMAS, JR.

Sunday, October 20, 1929

"Be not the first by whom the new are tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside."

—Alexander Pope (*Essay on Criticism*)

"Generally youth is like the first cogitations, not
so wise as the second."

—Francis Bacon.

LITERARY FANATICISM

In every college of any size throughout the country we find that the students automatically group themselves in cliques. These groups are arranged according to tastes, to likes and dislikes, to common interests. Not least among these cliques is that often termed the "intellegentsia," or the "literati"—radical fellows, usually, a bit untamed, rather wild or eccentric in appearance, manners and actions, with a leaning (or a pretentious leaning) to intellectual and literary pursuits.

The model for such groups is usually the radical thinker of the times, the unconventional literary artist—in this day, James Joyce, Gertrude Stein, Eugene Jolas. Quite often these fellows break into the literary world through college magazines and periodicals. Rather unfortunately, perhaps, these chaps (though perhaps they might resent the appellation of "chaps") usually direct their abilities to the channels (and there are many of them) of poetry. Unconventional free verse, lines that make one goggle-eyed to read, extraordinary word usage, anything extremely absurd "goes."

Now among these "literati" there are a number of talented people, people with genuine ideas, honest thoughts, and a great deal of literary ability. All they need to do is to forego the perversion of their vocabulary, grow discontent at the inanity of their "original" ideas, and adopt a more fitting and less elaborate costume for their work. *The Carolina Magazine* is willing to suffer the writings of the "literati"—yes, to publish them—if they are worth publishing), for it is an *experimental laboratory*. But we plead for a saner method of presenting ideas—and saner ideas.

Literary Chronicle

Quite a number of magazines with policies tending to the radical or modernistic in literature have begun to spring into existence. One of these, *Blues*, has listed among its writers: Gertrude Stein, Jacques Le Clercq, Eugene Jolas, Witter Bynner, Alfred Kreymborg, Ezra Pound, Mark Van Doren, William Carlos Williams, and others. In volume 1 of this publication appeared material from Joseph Mitchell, former university student and associate editor of *The Carolina Magazine* last year, and from Warren Taylor, a contributor last year to the Magazine.

* * *

Another new publication is *This Quarter*, listing among its writers: D. H. Lawrence, Ludwig Lewisohn, Aldous Huxley, Pierre Loving and others.

A magazine to be called *Pagany* has been announced for publication starting January 1930.

* * *

The first number of *Manuscripts* appeared in October. This publication, edited by Willis H. Kinnear, publishes and pays for student material. In the first issue appeared a poem by a University of North Carolina student. Norman Foerster, of the English department of this University and author of "The American Scholar," is an advisory editor.

* * *

Ernest Hemingway's "A Farewell to Arms," previously run in serial form in "Scribner's," has just been published in book form by the same publishing company. This story of Hemingway's has been the cause of quite a bit of discussion in literary circles. He is reviewed elsewhere in this issue.

* * *

The recent death of Donn Byrne cut short a literary career which, doubtless, would have obtained wide-spread recognition—even more wide-spread than it already has—in the reading circles of this country. The last novel he wrote, "Field of Honor" (Century), a story of the Napoleonic wars, has been described as the greatest book he ever wrote.

* * *

"All Quiet on the Western Front" has sold 852,000 copies in Germany, 300,000 in France, and a like number in England, and 260,000 in America.

* * *

In connection with the opening on October 14 of Walter Hampden's production, "Bonds of Interest," by Jacinto Benavente, Charles Scribner's Sons are bringing out a special edition of the play with a frontispiece portrait of Hampden.

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At Your Own Risk

While rambling around in a bookshop the other day I found an autographed copy of Alfred Kreymborg's book of poems, "Less Lonely." So I paid two dollars to see how my signature would look under his. "Man, the egregious egoist."

By the way, that last quotation is from Elinor Wylie's latest book of verse, "Black Armour." It's worth reading.

Some weeks ago I started keeping a scrapbook in which I jot down occasional thoughts which occasionally come to mind. Sometimes I think of a theme for a poem, a portion of a plot for a story, a pretty thought. And in order not to forget them, I make note of them in my book. When I give out of topics I refer to this book. It's proved quite a help to me.

I wrote the other day an appeal for copy for the magazine to an old friend of mine. His reply was quite vivacious and rather encouraging. He says: "About the tripe you want from me—I have a few things on hand but believe I shall sell them—get that—I have two short short stories that Liberty has had for two weeks but I've known editors to keep my stuff longer. It sometimes takes them months to revive and no one can send my stuff back until they do. You may get those stories yet. . . . If you just want fillers, either I can supply such trash or you can clip chapters from all's quiet on the western front or fanny hill."

I recently bought a Dictionary of American Slang from a friend of mine who professed not to use it. It is quite a delightful little book. Try some of these on your English professor: couch-beetle (amorous person); demi-monde (woman of questionable reputation); Irish confetti (bricks); jizzie (an antique dame); lord of creation (man's name for himself as opposed to women and other dumb beasts); Missouri hummingbird (a mule); sheepskin (College diploma. In American education, ranked far below the pigskin); sky-pilot (preacher, a guide to eternal bliss and from eternal blisters); stork (a long-legged bird purveying all babies in the U. S. The cabbage and rose bush methods have become slightly obscene; the biological is verboten. The stork, Santa Claus and Yahweh live in St. George Washington's cherry tree).

If any of you have a myriad of thoughts splashing about in your brain, I wish you would tilt your head in the direction of the editor's office. (Never mind if you dirty the table).

"But the highest thoughts are those which are least dependent on language."

—John Ruskin

Ghosts

By W. WADSWLEY ANDERSON

WE USUALLY turned the paper loose at 3:30 which is twenty minutes after the Eagle rolls. The reason is that we sometimes get a few re-writes on the stuff they have and we've missed. The Eagle must have had trouble that night because they were late and we had to go to press without giving their sheet a look.

Jim, who was city editor; Jack and Spot, reporters; and I were sitting around when the Eagle was brought in. Jim looked at it and yelled at Jack.

"What the hell," he growled. "Here's a story on your beat you didn't get and I bet they sent out engraved invitations about it."

Jack jerked up with a pained look because he had turned in a banner-one story the Eagle didn't have—Jim hadn't mentioned that—and the thing Jim was talking about didn't rate a fourteen point head.

"If somebody in Australia," said Jack, "saw a ghost and died the next minute you'd wonder why I didn't get it."

"In the first place there ain't no such thing as ghosts," said Jim.

"But there is," said Spot.

"If you believe it then you ought to write for the Youth's Companion," sneered Jim.

The phone rang and Jim answered. After a minute he said, "No, but bring in some nickles so we can pitch to the crack. And hurry, Spot has a ghost story." Turning around he said Brown had a ghost story to tell when he came in.

"Well," Spot continued, "I've never seen 'em but I've heard 'em and that's bad enough. It was when Jack and I went to Springdale to cover the Jensen case. We cleared it about supper time, filed our stories and then wondered what to do 'til next day as the last train had gone. We remembered a haunted house some of the yokels had talked about and decided to go there. It was Friday, 13. Yeah, grin."

Jim was smiling. "Brown's from Springdale," he said. "Maybe he's got the same story."

"Not a chance," said Spot. "Well, Jack and I decided there wasn't any such thing as ghosts so we went out. Haunted house and Friday, 13, was too good to miss. We didn't have anything but matches for light but about 11:30 we started. The house was back in a little wood off the road and had two entrances, one in front and one in back. We went around and went in the back. The front and back was partitioned off, looked like it had been nailed up but we didn't do much inspecting—nor after what happened.

"The night could have been worse. It was a bit hazy and the moon was shining the best it could and we could see where we were going. The place is over a mile from town and when we got there I was ready to say quits but Jack wanted to see it through. When we got to the back Jack lit a match. A few rats waked up, hugh gray things with beady eyes that shone like onyx. They were mangy and creepy, and I got the shivers as they rattled off to holes in the wall.

"In one corner of the room was a bed made down with a patched quilt. A pillow crouched at the head. There was a table with a clean cup, plate and knife and spoon. A few ashes were in the

fireplace and a jug was pushed up in one corner of the hearth. In a corner was a rusty old muzzle loader.

"The match went out and we decided to sit in the dark and wait for the spirits to move. I stood it about five minutes and then reached out for Jack. He wasn't there and I broke out in a sweat that froze as fast as it came to the surface. I thought of everything in and out of reason and got so weak I almost fell out of my chair. Finally I managed to call Jack and he answered. He just hadn't been where I felt.

"Then something moved on the roof. It wasn't anything heavy but was as plain as this." Spot scratched his nails on a desk. It made an eery sound. "Then it padded along to the end of the roof and walked out into air and the noise quit. I wouldn't have gone out to see what it was for a thousand dollars if I'd known it was only a squirrel. If I'd had the power of a king I couldn't have moved. Then we heard a murmur from the front of the house and every hair on my head seemed to change places. It sounded like voices but it wasn't human. It couldn't have been the wind because there wasn't any."

Brown came in with a handful of nickles. "I'm next," he said.

Spot continued. "I wished I'd never been in Springdale or heard of a haunted house or Friday, 13."

"That's my story," said Brown. "Where'd you get it?"

"Shut up," said Spot. "This never happened to you."

"Shup up," said Jim. I'd never seen him as interested before.

"The murmur continued and Jack grabbed my sleeve. I was too scared to grab anything. My houth went dry as a blast furnace and my legs turned to ice. A rat dragged out of a hole and scraped across my shoe. I was nearly wild. Then there was a crash and a low moan. I ran. Jack followed and I heard another crash. The next thing I knew I was at the hotel with Jack nursing his knee. He'd turned over a chair getting out. What the noise in front of the house was if it wasn't ghosts, I don't know."

"Make a Sunday feature of that," said Jim. "Brown, you needn't tell yours unless you saw the ghost and nobody'd believe you."

"The hell I won't," yelled Brown. "I was the ghost." He turned to Jack and Spot. "So you're the guys who made me and a friend damn near break our necks that night. Why we'd waited three months so we could go there on Friday, 13. We'd been up the road on dates and coming back stopped the car off a piece and went in the front. Didn't have a light and I almost broke my chin against a table and hollered. That crash in back of the house got us too scared to move and then we ran two miles up the road before we remembered we had a car."

"Ghosts," sneered Jim but not as disdainfully as he did at first. "I still insist, Spot, you ought to be on the Youth's Companion."

"There is nothing which more denotes a great mind, than the abhorrence of envy and detraction. This passion reigns more among bad poets, than among any other set of men."

—Joseph Addison (*Detraction Among Poets*)

Songs of Bitterness

By PHILIP DEVILBISS

LOVE

Love is a landlady. She houses you, provides shelter courteously. But when the rent comes due and you are unable to pay, she turns you out to stalk the streets with lean hunger in your heart.

INITIATE

Before Experience, you. Without safeguard. Frail fortress of belief. Parachutes of innocence will not unfold. Air castles spill over me; callow, chimeric fantasies! You, alone with my beliefs. . . . Afterwards. I drown my brain in a jug of bitterness.

THE OLD ORDER

The old order changeth. Coffee for me. And you? And Columbus left behind him the grey Azores and discovered America. When I was very young, I discovered America. Land of the free. When I was very young. Coffee for me. And you?

INTOXICATION

You say: "Love is a marvellous intoxication—Other intoxicants quickly wear off, but love—real love—is as enduring as a wad of gum or linoleum or Shakespeare's works." And I say: "Love is a wad of gum; you step upon it unavoidably, and remain stuck for the rest of life." And I say: "Love is linoleum; under that deceiving appearance of cleanliness and warmth is only hardness and cold." And I say: "Love is Shakespeare's works; A manuscript page of comedy and tragedy."

NO ESCAPE

Once you wrote: "You make my heaven and you alone hold the keys of it." I laughed and was glad. We were together in the ethereal. Our lake of happiness filled. Then thousands of drops buoying each other, crowding; the dam crashed. And I found myself locked in hell; and you held the keys—outside, alone.

YOUTH

When I was very young they told me that broken hearts would heal.

Each night I read a letter whose edges are frayed and whose surface is yellowed with tears.

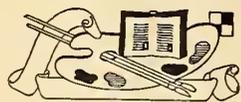
When I was very young they told me that broken hearts would heal.

Lunacy

By RICHARD A. CHACE

Your heart is moonlike, out of every reach
Whose touch would mint it to the currency
Of procreation, no capacity
To feel the hidden longing eyes beseech,
What words could not express in any speech.
You have no ears to listen, eyes to see
The mute despair, the barren misery
Pain makes articulate. You smile on each
A little, wryly, as to understand
The longing you will never, never know
And grant to those that ache for more the boon
Of bitter kisses, knowing sores may grow
Where lips have touched, and aching hearts expand
In moonstruck madness stretching for the moon.

Drama and the Arts



by

MILTON GREENBLATT

SOME CURRENT PLAYS

Of the many plays now in New York which I have seen, "Bird in Hand," by John Drinkwater is the best. It is the most delightful performance that I have seen in a long, long time. It is a fine play, exquisitely written, and of really remarkable merit. Like that of so many of the great English classical comedies, the plot is light, but the characterizations are superb. It is a rare thing, and the splendid performances of the English cast enhance it.

"Candle-Light," adapted by Wodehouse from the German, is as trivial and inconsequential a play as one can imagine. Yet it is so well written that its very lightness and emptiness are hardly noticeable.

"Let Us Be Gay," by Rachael Crothers is a fairly amusing comedy, and would have been much better if the author had not tried to make her characters act and speak like sophisticated English ladies and gentlemen.

"Journey's End" proved disappointing. It has practically no plot, and its episodic character makes it quite boring.

"Street Scene" is a well written piece of journalism, absorbing and grim in its realism.

"It's A Wise Child" is a vulgar, blatant farce, amusing in spots, with little to recommend it. . . . "Porgy" is an excellent scene of South Carolina negro life, and unusually interesting.

Of the new productions several seem to be of particular interest. Chekhov's "The Sea Gull," "The Criminal Code," by Martin Flavin, "Many Waters," "Abraham Lincoln," and "Rope's End" seem the best as a casual glance. This last must be interesting if only because Ernest Milton, distinguished Shakespearean actor of London is in it. He is, too, author of a very fine novel, "To Kiss the Crocodile."

MOVIE NOTES

Eleanor Boardman, who sars in "She Goes to War!," is an interior decorator and artist of recognized ability. John Holland, formerly of Greensboro, North Carolina, is taking the part of the hero. The screen version was taken from Rupert Hughes' novel of the same name. "She Goes to War!" will appear soon at the Carolina Theatre.

"The Trespasser" is Gloria Swanson's first all-talking picture. Miss Swanson is an actress of more than the average ability. She will be supported by Robert Ames, an actor of varied experience, and a well selected cast.

"One may be a poet without versing and a versifier without poetry."

—Sir Philip Sidney

Sonnet

By JAMES DAWSON

*My lady sleeps; her blue-eyed eyes
Just lately felt the gentle touch of death.
Last night her smiling glance traversed the skies
And faded with her sharp-intaken breath.
Last night maelstrom was mine, and acrid tears,
And saline, stinging spindrift in my face,
Until one laughing cried, what of the years?
Then Time resumed its maddening, casual grace.*

*There is ironic mockery in this balm,
This rhythmic breathing in my lungs again.
Whirlwinds of grief were better than this calm
Of mine. Give me hot-eyed, sarcastic pain,
And martyrdom, and all my old distress,
But not this tragic, stoic emptiness.*

Portrait of a Cigaret Lighter

By PHILIP DEVILBISS

*I offer her with gestures nicely coined
Across the tablecloth a cigaret,
And summon with ambitious etiquette
A silver-plated lighter I purloined.
Audaciously she smiles and towards me
A trifle forward leans to catch the light;
I press the button, then turn pale with fright;
"It's out of gas," I moan—and turn and flee.*

*In safer sanctum I begin to swear;
The lighter thuds against a marble vase
Appearing partially for my disgrace
(My countenance is marred beyond repair).
And with austerity I then dispatch
The butler for a silver-plated match!*

II CRYPTIC EXTENSIONS

(Continued from page one)

bridge from point to point in it—but more of this anon). Its usefulness was limited, for it was still not the geometry of our world. Einstein picked up the cue and labored, and in 1915 he announced a general theory which fared as well as it did because the turmoil of the War acted as an absorber for its shock.

I cannot strip this theory of its mathematical armor for you. Its coat of mail must be retained for the ground on which the theory treads is filled with dangers which only the severity of formal reasoning can overcome; but competent physicians have examined its body and their report is that it is sound. Without gaining a view of it we can still follow it through some of the safer ground. Let us view time in its rôle as a fourth dimension—a topic greatly abused.

Time retains its enigmatic character: We feel ourselves journeying through it, we know vaguely that we are "here-now," behind us is a past, ahead a future. We feel sure that two distinct events must occur either simultaneously or that one must precede the other, a feeling which turns out to be mistaken intuition. What do we know about time? "Here-now" is past and the future is "here-now." As in the case of distance, however, we can measure this "flow" of time; but unlike the former case we cannot select a unit of time for reference and go back to it for comparison. We notice certain events in nature which appeal to our senses as recurring in equal periods of time, and we postulate that equal times, indeed, elapse in the completion of such

cycles: any two complete revolutions of the earth around its axis, any two complete swings of the pendulum. This is our definition of time units and it serves admirably well, since we can get no other. We must, however, keep in mind that the numbers we use for describing time in our formulas we obtain by observing changes in the state of matter; we must include time in the domain of measurement. Thus only is it manifest to us, and in this respect it is on a par with distance.

The world presents itself to us in a state of constant motion, and in the classical concept of the universe our perception of it was divided: we said that matter moved in space and endured in time. Now we can make no such separation; the refinement to which science has carried measurement yields results which will not permit it. We are obliged to admit that the universe is a space-time continuum and that within a certain range, at least, time is homogeneous and perfectly interchangeable with the three spatial dimensions: that is, the world of measurement is four dimensional, the fourth extension being made manifest to us through the phenomenon of motion. Our formulas no longer are those of the *Principia* or the *Mécanique Analytique*.

If two events A and B occur at different places it is quite possible for you to decide that A and B occurred simultaneously, for me to decide that A happened before B, and for some one else to decide that A really came considerably after B; nor can we ever agree as to who is right so long as we cling to the Newtonian world, but if we let go of this world then we find that we are all equally right. The invariants of the world, the laws which we are ever seeking, are those relations which remain the same no matter from what system they are calculated. We have found that the length of a rod, say, appears to be a function of its relative velocity: that is, its length will be found different by different observers moving with unequal velocities relative to it; but if we accept Minkowski's world we can immediately find an invariant of the rod by bringing in the time element.

Everyone remembers the *pons asinorum*, the Pythagorean Theorem which states, though usually in different words, that the sum of the squares on any pair of orthographic projections of a line segment in a plane is equal to the square on the line segment. If you ventured into solid geometry you found that the extension of the theorem was immediate: the sum of the squares on *three* orthographic projections of a line segment in space is equal to the square on the line segment. And it is not necessary to stop here; admitting a space of any number of dimensions, say *n*, the theorem then holds for the sum of the squares on *n* orthographic projections. The geometry, whatever its dimensions may be, in which this theorem holds is called (by extension) Euclidean. (*Euclides ab omni naevo vindicatus!*) Minkowski assumed a Euclidean geometry of four dimensions for the universe and immediately found another invariant for the new theory. After making the proper mathematical transformations he found that the sum of the squares of the three spatial and the time separations of two events was constant for all observers. The square root of this quantity, this "word-line" segment, has been called the *separation* of the two events by Whitehead. On this four dimensional separation all observers will agree; it is one of the invariants.

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Books

CONTEMPORARY MYTHOLOGY

JOHN HENRY. TRACKING DOWN A NEGRO LEGEND: Guy B. Johnson. Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1929. 155pp. \$2.00.

The great folk hero of the Negro happens not to be Booker T. Washington but a man who may never have existed. Wherever Negroes work and sing is recounted the story of their idol, John Henry. Strange to say he is not some great bad man but a sober laborer, working on the railroad all the livelong day. This John Henry was a steel driving man who spent his days chiseling holes in rock that white men might blast out tunnels for big iron horses. But he had his hectic moments, and one was when he died with his hammer in his hand after a contest in which he beat down a great steam drill. And thereby, it may be, arose hammer songs and ballads which are sung all over these United States.

Dr. Guy B. Johnson of the local Institute for Research in Social Science has set himself a neat little problem in contemporary mythology. Was there a John Henry and did he beat the steam drill? From the standpoint of the folklorist Johnson has done a pretty bit of research in the problem of ballad origins. For the anthropologist this is a study in cultural diffusion, a glimpse of the folk mind in the process of creating, enriching, and diffusing a modern legend. The center of diffusion is the Big Bend Tunnel on the C. & O. Railroad through Summers county, West Virginia. Dr. Johnson himself is not sure whether John Henry ever lived. He has found plenty of *raconteurs* and correspondents who have seen John Henry or heard of the great steel driving meet but only one who witnessed it. Not the least agreeable part of the record are the naïve and sincere letters about John Henry from the common folk, some of whom have penitentiary addresses good indefinitely. One delightful contributor would write more but—"I am a busy race man from morn till night. I am now writing a mighty play entitled 'Tears of Regret' but my typewriter has struck on account it needs more blue ribbon and lighter fingers on the keys."

John Henry is the Paul Bunyan of the race, a symbol of the natural man, the labor hero of a labor group.

*They took John Henry to the White House
And buried him in the san'.*

*And every locomotive comes roarin' by
Says, "There lays that steel-drivin' man.*

There lays that steel-drivin' man.

"Cap'n," one pick-and-shovel man told Johnson, "I seen John Henry's statue cut out'n solid rock at the mouth o' Big Ben' Tunnel. Yes sir, there he stand with his hammer in his han'—in solid rock." Pity it is not true. Nevertheless he still stands, for a myth is valid not as it has objective basis in fact but foundation in belief. Like a prophecy a myth often brings about its own fulfillment by setting a Utopia forward in the future. It is a noteworthy tribute to the soundness of folk values in Negro culture in America to have created this hero of the proletariat. The book is appropriately dedicated

*To Every John Henry Who
Drives the Steel on Down.*

—RUPERT B. VANCE.

HEMINGWAY AGAIN

A FAREWELL TO ARMS by Ernest Hemingway. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1929. \$2.50.

The new Hemingway novel is out, and those who admire the author of *The Sun Also Rises* will find *A Farewell to Arms* the luscious pie for which they had been waiting. *Scribner's* began the novel as a serial in the May issue this year, and concluded it in the October issue. The book appears this month. The serial stimulated much favorable and unfavorable comment from readers of *Scribner's*.

Chief Crawley of the Boston Police banned the June *Scribner's* from the Boston news-stands because of "objectional passages" in the novel, on which action the New York *Herald Tribune* comments as follows:

"Until Chief Crawley acted, many readers had doubtless missed Mr. Hemingway's powerful story, and they will be grateful to the Chief for calling their attention to it; first impression will suggest to the reader that he has bought the wrong issue. For Mr. Hemingway is unusually gentle in these chapters."

A Farewell to Arms is indeed a very vivid story of a soldier's life during the World War. In short, accurate, piercing sentences, Hemingway, writing from the first person point of view, clearly exposes the life of Frederick Henry, an American who is an acting lieutenant in the Italian army. It is a story built around a love affair between Lieutenant Henry and Catherine Barkley, an English nurse. Henry meets Miss Barkley without any thought of falling in love with her. She resents the "nurse's day off" aspect of it at first, but finally changes her attitude and gives encouragement to his approaches. Lieutenant Henry is wounded and Catherine nurses him back to health in an American hospital in Milan. The story continues to progress with love and war, and is at times very poignant.

The language cannot be said to be very euphonious or very dignified; it is he-manish, brutal. Hemingway does not attempt to embellish the language of the characters whom he portrays as they are in real wartime life. He gives their thoughts and actions with stark clearness, free from reticence, which may be rather provoking to the more sophisticated reader who enjoys the milder types of literature.

Hemingway has a peculiarly charming style. He does not seek to penetrate into the souls of his characters, but gives their language and actions and lets the reader form his own opinion. He effects reality by dealing in slight detail rather than with a thing as a whole. Hemingway is a master of emphasis, and this he achieves by skillful repetition. His emphasis is like the continuous drop, drop, drop of a single drop of water. It burns itself into one's mind; it almost runs one frantic.

We predict that *A Farewell to Arms* will be one of the most popular novels this winter, because of the excellent dealing with that great emotion, love, and the deep poignancy that comes therefrom. Look it up in the Bull's Head Bookshop.

—JAY CURTIS.

"What leaves the artist's hand is not really finished until the eye of his neighbor sees and interprets it."

—Grant Showerman (*Art and Decency*).

"Beauty is its own excuse for being."

—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

A NEW TRANSLATION

LES LEONIDES by Romain Rolland translated by Eugene Lóhrke. Henry Holt & Company: New York. 201pp. \$2.00.

M. Rolland, who seems to be getting along famously with American publishers and readers, and who, incidentally, has just had one of his most recent plays, *The Game of Death and Love*, accepted for production by the Theatre Guild of New York City during the year of 1930, has written a very creditable piece of work in his *Les Léonides*. The play is of the conventional three acts in length and depends little upon action to put it over, it being a philosophical discourse on the subjects of patriotism, politics, revolutions, and brotherly love.

The actors of the piece are only ten, the most important being: the Prince de Courtenay; his son, the Duke of Avallon; Matthew Regnault, an exiled member of the Convention of France; his two children—Manon, a young woman of twenty years, and Jean-Jacques, a boy of fifteen years. The time of the action fills during the months of September, October, and November of 1797 in the canton of Soleure of Switzerland where the five emigres have sought refuge from the political storms of France, their native country.

Rolland distinguishes himself more as a poet and philosopher than as a playwright, and in this play he is as epigrammatic as Oscar Wilde in his palmiest days, and as philosophical as Jean-Jacques Rousseau, about whom he has one of his characters say, ". . . and as to the author, if he spoke nonsense, at least it was good French." *Les Léonides* is the climax of a series in a French Revolutionary Cycle of which *Palm Sunday*, *The Fourteenth of July*, and *The Game of Death and Love*, form the other parts. It is far more mild than any of the other three, in fact Rolland causes the Jacobin Regnault and the royalist Courtenay to lie down in the same journalistic bed together.

Because of its lack of action and its philosophical torn *Les Léonides* is better suited for reading than to stage production, and as such we recommend it to you as being entirely worth while, and easy reading.

As for its exactness the reader may feel with us that Rolland has stretched a point in putting such precocious phrases in the mouth of the fifteen year old Jean-Jacques as "I am nothing but a ball to be tossed about between two racquets—today and tomorrow," and, "The robe of life has slipped from my hips. How beautiful it will be when everything has slipped off. What calm!" Besides a rather poor portrayal of Napoleon we were also impressed with the poetical licence used by the author who introduces a rustic melody into the action of the plot played on a flute and apparently coming from nowhere at the unholy hour of one o'clock in the morning.

Some of the gems among Rolland's countless epigrams that you ought to become acquainted with are: "French men cannot live on bread alone; they have need of action." "You are like an unripe walnut, soft and at the same time bitter." "Life is like one of those women who have no use for the men who respect them." "Humanity is man's natural home."

—J. ELWIN DUNGAN.

The "Arabian Nights" was first translated in the eighteenth century.

ROYAL BUT UNLOYAL

TWELVE ROYAL LADIES. By Sidney Dark. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell. 1924. \$3.00.

The twelve ladies of Mr. Dark's book were royal, but hardly loyal. They are uniformly unhappy, unfortunate and misunderstood, and most of them unfaithful. Some of them, as Mary Stuart, Catherine of Russia, and Catherine de Medici are extremely interesting characters, but the author has treated them in such a way as to destroy much of their glamor and individuality. The main difficulty in these efforts, is, I think, that the author, in trying to evaluate these women's lives in terms of contemporaneous events, has usually become lost in a mass of historical facts. There are often several pages in each sketch in which the chief character is hardly mentioned. The contents as a whole, are greatly weakened because of this.

In writing these short lives, Mr. Dark has not tried to visualize and recreate them. His characters sometimes become subordinate to the history of the period. His greatest fault, however, is his lack of originality of treatment. He is constantly quoting other writers and historians, often to a point of boredom. Consequently his versions of the lives of these unfortunate ladies are not much more than a simple, pleasant, re-writing of history, done in ordinary journalistic style. The style of writing lacks distinction and has little variety. Taken as a whole, the book seems aimless, and the writer has done little more than to re-write and re-arrange what others have already written. He says, "I have written for the intelligent, but certainly not for the intelligentsia."

—MILTON GREENBLATT.

A SOUTHERN HEMINGWAY

RELICS AND ANGELS. By Hamilton Basso. New York: The Macaulay Co. 1929. 286 pp. \$2.50.

A new writer wanders about over the "Sahara of the Bozart," drops a seed into the sands, waters it carefully, and watches over it with parental care. Hamilton Basso is the name of this wanderer, and his seed takes root and sprouts into a plant which lessens a bit the barrenness of the southern desert. The South is expressing itself; new writers are springing into prominence; green oases are filling the desert.

Tony Clezac, scion of an old and cultured Creole family, is the central figure in *Relics and Angels*. The scene need not, necessarily, have been laid in the South; though it is the temperament of Clezac, his inability to adjust himself to the new machine civilization, with which this story is primarily concerned. There is no meticulously worked-out plot, no intricacies of superfluous situation. It is character in which Basso is chiefly interested. Tony has something of the artist in him; he is torn by conflicting emotions and desires. Machines work to crush him, to tear into tatters his creative abilities. Forced to return from Europe and take work in a large shoe factory which his grandfather had once owned, Tony finds that he cannot throttle the desires for his old freedom. Memories keep surging back.

Finally Tony is made a victim of circumstances; his future, the whole life to which he had been marching forward, his dreams, are destroyed, crushed under the huge mallet of fate.

There is quite a bit of Hemingway in Basso.

Captive

By RICHARD A. CHACE

*Ah, let me write. These words shall witness mine
You and the heart they prod, in every word
A fetter such that any one might gird
Eternity and force its own design
On unborn millions you could not define
Until you feel the wonder you have stirred
In me whose rolling voice shall yet be heard,
Till, hearing, men shall know themselves divine.*

*That I may grow, your heart will not be spared,
And you shall see the wisdom in the plea
I utter sterile pride could not have bared;
And though your eyes are closed my own can see
And read therein the duty which, if dared,
Shall build in seedy terms of destiny.*

His sentences are stubby, yet they have not the brutality of Hemingway's; his dialogue is straightforward and exact. At times, there is something remarkable in his simplicity, gems among pieces of glass. Here is a passage picked at random:

"On the vine-grown porch of a negro cabin, close to the path they tread, a mother nurses her child. She sits in a broken rocker and croons to him. Everything is very quiet. They hear only the crooning of the negro woman and the gentle rustle of the cabin.

"Tony forgets Helen. She is there but not there. He is not interested in her. Something has happened. It is not that he has ceased to love her. He loves her more than ever before. But the night and the earth have robbed her of her being.

"—Dream, brown mother, dream. Let your worshipping thoughts drift over the canefield, into the dusky sky. Let them become of the redness of the rising moon and of the rustle of leaves of cane. What your dreams are, I know not. That knowledge is denied me. But dream them, whatever they may be. Be drunk with them. . . ."

Often Basso becomes preoccupied with a single idea or thought, pursues it, and philosophizes. Take this fragment when Tony notices a workman's hands:

"Tony's eyes swam through the thunder and rested upon the workman's hands. His hands reminded him of the hands of the laborers on the levee. Although his body seemed only a part of the machine his hands were frantically alive.

"He's doing something," Tony thought. "He's doing something with his hands."

"Hands. In the moment of noise they became increasingly important. One of the mysteries was being explained."

This writer has a broad range. He finds beauties of style and subtleties of understanding which make the book highly attractive.

—JOHN MEBANE.

QUICK ON THE DRAW

WILD MEN OF THE WILD WEST by Edwin L. Sabin. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 1929. \$2.50. 363 pp.

In this book Mr. Sabin set out to give the stories of the most famous and notorious of the desperadoes that terrorized the Wild West in its frontier days. He draws his material from authentic sources, such as old newspaper accounts, state records, court records, and recollections. The author makes no claim to present a group of literary sketches, but rather presents a journalistic account of the lives of these men; the book will be good source material for stories and tales of the Wild West. If an O. Henry were to get hold of this book he might well write another "Gentle Grafter" from the adventures here recounted.

These sketches and stories are of the cold blooded, straight shooting, hard hitting, blood curdling, quick on the draw type. Murder, robbery, quick get-aways, death struggles—these stand out on every page. Too much is crammed in, however, for the pictures to be vivid or moving. A fast succession

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II CRYPTIC EXTENSIONS

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Perhaps I can make this clearer by an analogy which has a mathematical justification. Suppose that we go down below the Tropic of Cancer at noon so that we can get the sun directly overhead. On a level table top I lay my pencil. Suppose that for some reason you mistake the shadow of the pencil for the pencil itself, that you think that the pencil is complete contained in the plane of the table top. If you now raise one end of the pencil from the table the shadow will shrink (the sun being directly overhead), and it is clear that by tilting the pencil the proper amount I can make the shadow assume any length from that of the pencil to a mere point. If you insist in considering the shadow as the pencil itself, you may be unable to account for the contraction, but if you realize that the shadow is only the two dimensional representation of the pencil which lies in three dimensional space then you are able to calculate its true length; for if you square the length of the shadow and add to it the square of the distance that I have raised the end of the pencil from the table you will get the square of the true length of the pencil no matter how I tilt it. Perhaps you are still unable to see the pencil, but you are no longer justified in assuming that it has extension in the space above the table independent of its extension in the plane of the table top. This is one use of the famous Pythagorean Theorem, and this is the analogue, after a fashion, of the relation of the Fitzgerald contraction to the true length of a world-line segment.

This is the merest beginning; we have not yet attained the geometry of our world. We find that the *separation* of two events is not quite spanned by the *pons asinorum* but that we must go to the vastly more complicated relation of Reimann's geometry. It took the genius of Einstein to fit the proper geometry to our empirical formulas and to follow abstract reason whither it led; and this man's labor reveals more unity than was ever dreamed for the system of the world.

It is generally supposed that Newton discovered the law of universal gravitation; what he did was to postulate a universal force acting at a distance and to deduce the law which it obeyed. Within the limits of error of the measurements at his disposal the law fitted the observed facts—it almost does that now; only the great refinement of measurements which was attained at the end of last century showed up slight but definite inconsistencies.

Einstein is not obliged to assume gravitational force. The apparent pull of gravity is a logical consequence of the four dimensional Reimannian geometry which he deduces for the world from the empirical data at his disposal and the principle of the conservation of matter and energy which he assumes. This principle of conservation finds as its mathematical expression a certain Hamiltonian differential function in four independent variables which is equated to zero; and the condition that this function vanish: that is, that the conservation principle be not violated, yields immediately the path that a material particle must follow in space-time. This path called a geodesic or, by some, world-line is such that it gives the particle traversing it the maximum extension in time, for which reason Russell has called the law which yields it the Law of Cosmic Laziness. It is the law that

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Dummy

By JOHN McCANN

Dummy died a few weeks ago. They said it was pneumonia, but I don't know; you never can tell what disease an old negro might die of. But if that was it then the old fool must have caught cold one rainy Sunday. I remember his dirty coat was hanging behind the kitchen stove when I came down for breakfast that morning. The coat was steaming and making an awful stink, so I made him take it out to the garage. Anyhow, Dummy didn't show up the Thursday morning after that and I had to go down and wrestle with the furnace. He didn't come to work at all any more. On Sunday morning at eleven o'clock he died, when the church bells were ringing. Mama said that when he died he seemed to rise up and listen to the bells, but I can't see that, because he was deaf and dumb all his life. I was pretty mad that morning, because Mama made me get up out of bed and drive her over to Dummy's house across the river. Why she ever wanted to get up on Sunday morning and go see an old negro die is beyond me. But I went, after she'd given me five dollars for some new golf balls.

I sort of breathed a sigh of relief when I heard that the old negro was gone. That suited me, because we could have John wait on the table, instead of having Dummy slop around in his shirt sleeves. John is a snappy negro. He always wears a white coat when Mama lets him work in the house. He can drive a car, too. He brought us back from the Christmas dance in Washington in an hour flat, and it's sixty miles. John keeps the keg in my brother's closet filled with good whiskey, and he takes care of us when we drink a bit too much. So you can see that I was glad to have John wait on the table. My brother, Bob, seemed glad too. Bob spent a year at Harvard; and he knows all about servants. He said that up at Harvard they didn't have any old deaf and dumb negro servants waiting on the tables.

Before he died, Dummy worked for us about twenty years. It seems that Mama got him from the Waddells when I was a baby, to take care of me. Mr. Waddell had been working for Dad, and when he was transferred to Memphis, Dummy got wished on us. The Waddells had him ever since he was a boy and they raised him like he was one of the family. Why anybody would raise a negro like that is a mystery to me. If I had my way I'd kill off all of them, except perhaps John, who keeps my brother Bob's keg filled. Well, as I said, they got Dummy to look after me when I was a kid. It's a miracle that I ever lived through it. There's a picture in our parlor of the old fool pushing me around in a baby carriage. I wanted to take the thing down, because our crowd all laugh at it when we have dances at our house, but Mama made me leave it where it was. I took it down the other day, after Dummy died, but Mama seemed so mad that I stuck it back up again. She even looked like she was going to cry.

The worst thing about Dummy was that we couldn't get rid of him. Dad just had to take him when the Waddells left. As he was deaf and dumb, we couldn't fire him, so there was nothing to do but let him stay on. My brother asked Dad to get him a job in Uncle Abner's lumber yard,

but Dad refused. I honestly think that he was fond of the old negro. So Dummy never worked for anybody but the Waddells and us.

It was funny to see Dummy cry. Imagine an old negro, about fifty years old, weeping! I remember once, when I had the flu and got pretty sick, Mama's cousin, Dr. Gibbs, had a notion that I was going to die. I'm telling you, I was pretty scared for a day or two. But I believe that I began getting better when I saw Dummy standing at the foot of my bed, crying. The tears were running down his black cheeks like drops of water on heavy cylinder oil. It was so funny that I began to laugh. It was a pretty weak laugh, but it showed them that I still had some life in me. Well, after I got well the trained nurse left, and Dummy took her place. That made me pretty sore. The old fool would sit by my bed all day, staring at me like a setter stares at a man with a shotgun. I got pretty tired of this. There I was, laying up in bed weak as skimmed milk, and when I wanted anything I had to make signs at Dummy with my fingers. Usually, when I wanted something, he would be asleep in his chair. I would yell at him, but this didn't do any good, because he couldn't hear a gun if it were fired within an inch of his ear. So then I'd throw things at him, to wake him up. One day he didn't wake up when I hit him with a book, so I pitched a heavy glass tumbler at him. It cut a deep gash on his forehead, and the blood flowed out like tomato catsup poured on well-done hamburger. Mama got sort of mad, and if I hadn't been sick she'd probably

have gotten Dad to give me a few cuts with his razor strap. But it served old Dummy right, he had no business going to sleep. Anyway, he stayed awake after that.

Dummy was always getting in the way and hanging around when he wasn't wanted. Once when some of us were playing poker in my room Dummy came busting in, grabbed the chips and cards, and threw them out the window. This made me mad as hell. The old fool had the nerve to embarrass me before my friends. Well, I fixed him. He had an old linen coat that Dad gave him. On clear days he would wear it down the street, looking like a black horse with a white blanket. I took one of Bob's razor blades and ripped the coat up the back. When Dummy put it on he certainly was surprised. I was watching him and when he saw me laughing I was scared for a minute. That was a couple of years ago, and I was right much of a kid then. But for some reason the old fool didn't get mad; he took off the coat, folded it very cheerfully, and put it in the little cart he used to drag stuff across the river to his house. Next day, when he came to work, the coat was mended, but it never looked the same. After that he didn't wear it downtown in the afternoons.

Dummy lived in Frog Pond, a negro settlement across the river from town. As our house was quite a ways from the water he had to walk about five miles to work every day. He never failed to be at our place at seven in the morning, regardless of the weather. In summer, when the heat makes the tar in the street pop up in little bubbles, he was always on time. And in winter he didn't seem to mind the icy wind that shook the bridge, he was always there at seven. But I want to tell you how he caught the cold and died.

One Sunday morning, when a whining northeaster was flinging cold rain over the bridge, Dummy came walking along on his way to our house. It's an old wooden bridge, about a mile long. Right in the middle there it a draw, so big boats can go up the river. Well, this Sunday the strong winds had blown the draw away, and there was a gap in the bridge. It was early in the morning, and no boats were around, so Dummy swam across to the other side of the gap and walked to our house, about three miles away, with his clothes wringing wet. Why anybody, even a negro, would be fool enough to swim through icy water is beyond me. He could have turned around and gone back to Frog Pond. Anyhow, he got to our house that morning, fired the furnace and started a fire in the kitchen stove. When I came down to breakfast he was sitting behind the stove, shivering like a bowl of Jello. It certainly was unpleasant. It wouldn't have been so bad, except for the fact that his old coat was stinking and smoking so much. So I made him take it to the garage. I don't know what he wore home that afternoon.

Well, as you already know, Dummy died next Sunday, while the bells were ringing. It was a mild winter day, the sun shining and the sky clear and blue. I remember, because my brother Bob and I played golf that afternoon, and John drove us out to the country club and caddied for us. John is the best negro I ever knew.

The next day Dummy was buried. They planted him in a little negro cemetery over in the pine woods beyond Frog Pond. Mama made me drive

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The Writers

J. J. Slade, Jr., an instructor in the engineering school, wrote both stories and articles for the Magazine last year.

Hardee Chambliss, Jr., a senior, contributed book reviews to the Magazine last year. His article in this issue deals with a salient problem of the college today.

W. Wadsley Anderson, better known as "Andy" was editor of the *Buccaneer* two years ago. He is, at present, engaged in the field of journalistic endeavor.

James Dawson is the author of "Macawbre" which appeared in the Magazine some time ago.

Richard A. Chace, a sophomore, turns to poetry. Other verse by him appeared in last number.

John McCann is a timid senior who hides his identity under a pseudonym.

Milton Greenblatt, contributing here for the first time, wrote dramatic reviews for the *Tar Heel* last year. He will edit the column, "Drama and the Arts."

Rupert B. Vance, a member of the faculty of the department of Sociology, is the author of "Human Factors in Cotton Culture," recently issued by the University of North Carolina Press.

J. Elwin Dungan is assistant editor of the *Daily Tar Heel* and a member of the Publications Union Board.

J. D. McNairy, Jr., also an assistant editor of the student paper, contributed reviews last year.

Jay Curtis, the author of "Scars," a short story which appeared in the final issue of the *Carolina Magazine* last year, writes another story "Epicurean" which will be published in the next issue.

Philip DeVilbiss becomes sentimental and blushingly refuses to disclose his identity.

II CRYPTIC EXTENSIONS

(Continued from page six)

supplants Newton's gravitation hypothesis: it states that your world-line is such that the time that will elapse between your birth and death is the longest possible. Your life coincides precisely with your world-line segment.

Segregated from matter, space and time become meaningless, since it is the impression on our consciousness by the interrelations of matter that we interpret as space and time. There is no conceivable means at our disposal whereby we can become aware of anything else than this four dimensional world of measurement. Yet it is conceivable that it is immersed in a hyperspace whose extensions lie beyond the physical realm.

Mathematically we have the following situation: Reimannian geometry presents great difficulties of expression which to some extent may be avoided by a fairly simple trick. It can be shown that a Reimann four-space may be considered as a hypersurface immersed in a Euclidean space of ten dimensions. This expanded Euclidean space is easier to deal with than the space of the physical world; what is lost in simplicity by the addition of ten dimensions is gained in the simplification of the formulas. Consider, for example, plane and spherical geometries; the former is much the less formidable of the two, but if we consider the spherical surface as a sphere in ordinary Euclidean space, then we can regard it from above and from all sides, we can raise ourselves from the sphere and our work is simplified though we now have a new dimension to look after which is not of the surface of the sphere. The reason for the ten dimensions instead of nine or some number less is that a four dimensional hypersurface can curve fully in no less. It is somewhat analogous to the case of a fine wire (a one dimensional extent) which is bent into a circle so that it lies flat on a table top (a two dimensional extent). Now, if you warp the circle you cannot get it to lie flat on the table—it extends into the three dimensions of space. From this it appears that a one dimensional extent needs at least three dimensions in which to twist to its heart's content. A surface needs precisely three, an ordinary Reimann three-space needs six, and the universe of measurement needs ten.

Thus the mathematician considers our universe as a finite hypersolid included in a Euclidean space of ten dimensions. So far this appears as a mere convenience for the mathematician; I shall return later to the consideration of the reality of these six extensions which are certainly not of the physical world.

The geometry of the plane is a fascinating study; but by just adding one dimension to it the plane becomes a mere element in the geometry which up to now has been that of our world. Consider, then, the unexplored extensions that are suggested for the universe and marvel at what may be hidden therein.

Singing Sirens

By PAUL MICHAEL

*Singing sirens call to me
From lonely isles where waves are foaming;
Crooning songs, the reefs are combing
Sirens' hair from swelling seas,
Palms are nodding in the breeze;
Over sands at gloaming,
I am dreaming, I am roaming
Lonely isles and trackless seas.*

Parting

(Dusk)

By PHILIP DEVILBISS

*She: And you do not recall how in the west
We watched the lurid sky devour the sun?
Remember that we stood clung breast to breast
Our two lithe bodies merging into one?*

*He: Hush! Let us forget that which is past;
Slow Time cannot retrace its footsteps now,
And I have sworn this night shall be the last.
For you and I, we made a maudlin vow.*

*She: And we shall part because a single word
Was uttered carelessly? And you shall go
From me forever? Is your heart unstirred
By memory? (O, God, I love you so!)*

*He: Come, dust away the teardrops from your eyes,
They stain the beauty of your rubious cheeks—
Look! how restlessly the cool moon lies;
Perhaps there is a lover whom she seeks. . . .*

*She: O, that is not the moon that we watched sink
Into the night-stilled waters of the lake—
You promised then that you would never drink
Of other love than mine—(My heart shall
break!)*

*He: See! how the small stars glimmer and fade;
The sky at night is a fisherman's net. . . .
O, it is useless for you to persuade
Yourself you love me. You do not; and yet. . .*

*She: (I feel him moving closer. . . How his eyes
Are searching me. O, how I am afraid!)*

*He: Ah, surely there is beauty in these skies—
(She does not look; O why does she evade
My glance? Her soft lips tremble, and I know
Her cheeks are quivering; her eyes are wet
With tears. Why are my own lips trembling
so?
I know I do not love her still. And yet. . .*

“There can be no more useful help for discovering what poetry belongs to the class of the truly excellent, and can therefore do us the most good, than to have always in one's mind lines and expressions of the great masters, and to apply them as a touchstone to other poetry.”

—Matthew Arnold (*Touchstones for Poetry*)

Youth

By PHILIP DEVILBISS

I am young. I cry out with youth. I sing young songs. My laughter is hypergelastic. It tumbles over tables and chairs. I leap streams. I bend into them. I converse with ripples. Nights have no end. I walk into the darkness. I watch it spill itself into the sky. Dawn is my scroll; Day my quill; Night my pot of ink. Glass clinks; hands revolve madly; eyes stare into nothingness.

I feel my youth. I press it gently around the sides. I hold it before me and examine it. I toss it from me with a delirious joy. Poised before a mirror, I delight in the quivering of flesh. The room around me breathes vertiginous insanity.

I laugh; hurl my youth upon a shelf; cover it over. Age unfolds, staring into the colors of a prism.

“One may be a poet without versing and a versifier without poetry.”

Sir Philip Sidney.

DUMMY

(Continued from page seven)

her and for some reason Dad came along too. It was a fine afternoon. The river breeze rustled through the tall pines and you could hear a partridge way off in the woods calling, “Bob White, Bob White, Bob White.” I sat in the car, because there wasn't any reason for me to get out. But Mama and Dad went over and stood by the grave. I believe Mama was crying, but I was so far away that I could not be sure. Anyhow, Dad seemed to be supporting her, because he had his arm around her.

A big bunch of negroes turned out for Dummy's funeral. They stood around among the pine trees, sort of moaning to themselves. The women were crying, and the men looked kind of glum. Darkies all like a burying, so that's probably why they came to see Dummy planted. They had an old negro preacher there. I knew him, because he was the janitor in the bank. His hair was white; and he stood by the coffin in his black clothes mumbling some words. I especially noticed the coffin. It was a big, black one, with silver handles on it. I can't imagine where Dummy's people got it, but I've a notion that Dad bought it. It must have cost a hundred dollars at least. A waste of money, I think.

Well, the negro preacher got through his sermon and they lowered Dummy down into the hole by means of straps under the coffin. While a big negro man was throwing the dirt back into the hole the rest sang a low song about, “crossing the river.” Soon Mama and Dad came walking over to the car and then I knew for certain that she had been crying, because her eyes were red and she kept dabbing at them with Dad's handkerchief. I soon had them back to town and Dad got out at his office. But Mama went on home. She said something about not playing golf, but I managed to get in nine holes before dark.

BOOKS RECEIVED AND BOOKS TO BE REVIEWED

SCRAPS OF PAPER. By Marietta Minnigerode Andrews. New York: E. P. Dutton. \$5.00.

THE RAVEN, A Life Story of Sam Houston. Marquis James. Indianapolis, Ind.: Bobbs-Merrill Co. \$5.00.

MOUNTAIN MAN. By Harold Channing Wire. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. \$2.00.

RED ENDING. By Harry Hervey. New York: Horace Liveright. \$2.50.

THE UNWILLING GOD. By Percy Marks. New York: Harper Bros. \$2.50.

QUICK ON THE DRAW

(Continued from page six)

of incidents passes by and dazzles us with the utter disregard for human values.

Excellent wood cuts, an attractive binding, and good typography, are the most distinguishing features of the book. It is representative of the American trend—a good exterior with nothing inside.

These stories will thrill the class of readers just above the “dime novel age.” The smut and profanity are eliminated, and only the bare outline of what actually happened is left. The kid brother would enjoy this immensely, especially if he were reading it when he should be studying his lessons.

—J. D. McNAIRY.

The Carolina Magazine

Literary Supplement to The Daily Tar Heel

Volume 1

November 3, 1929

Number 3

Mencken and Sherman

By NORMAN FOERSTER

(Editor's Note: The following article Mr. Foerster has written for the Carolina Magazine and Manuscripts jointly.)

IN *The Bookman* for October, Mr. Seward Collins, the editor, records the fact that the influence of Mr. Mencken "has waned appreciably; even his most devoted admirers are heard to express concern and dissatisfaction. The evidence of weariness became unmistakable recently in his belated but inevitable counter-attack against the new humanists, which was grotesquely feeble." Mr. Collins goes on to suggest that "The subject is a fair test of Mencken: the group signified by the term humanists are his natural enemies—in fact they have, though Mencken does not know it, long ago blasted the foundations of every one of his pet doctrines. He and his followers have found joy for years in thinking that because the older critics did not pay much attention to them, the victory was theirs by default. Had they been able to read them intelligently they would have seen that when Mr. More and Mr. Babbitt, for instance, had finished with the earlier and abler champions of their confusions, there was no need to do it all over again with the contemporary small fry just because they echoed the same confusions. But recently the older men and their allies have made several references to Mencken. And now he has started to reply to this main source of the opposition to him that has been rapidly spreading. Characteristically, he avoids the direct issue—he leaves alone, for instance, Mr. More's *Demon of the Absolute* and Mr. Babbitt's *Forum* essay* which quietly annihilated him."

Perhaps *The Bookman* gives the humanists too much credit. If they are indeed the main source of opposition to Mencken in the realm of ideas, the main source of opposition in the realm of feeling is the public, which is suffering from a surfeit of Menckanism, aimless revolt and skepticism, and that "naturalistic fiction which makes its bed in the parlor window." No doubt a large part of the public is merely looking about for a new thrill, but an important part of it is looking rather for new philosophies and religions, a new and constructive outlook on modern life. This accounts for the present swing toward humanism, which Irving Babbitt anticipated about three decades ago.

Mencken was once a power in the land, more noxious, apparently, than beneficent. Only one writer of distinction entered the lists against him—Stuart P. Sherman, disciple of Irving Babbitt and Paul Elmer More, author of a book on Matthew

*"The Critic and American Life," *Forum*, January, 1928.

Macabre

By RICHARD A. CHASE

I, who have lived creating nothing well,
Foiling the purpose I was bred to feel,
Following instinct, choking pride to dwell
In barren ease, must die some day. More real
Than aught my lips, my foolish lips, have sung,
That summons to be still, more strong and sure
Than pleasure, or those careless words I flung
In pleasure, is the future silence, pure
As crystal, that will hide my fruitless name
As greater names than mine have long been hid.
I shall not fight it, for it's all the same!
Living or dying, I can never rid
My heart of mocking hopes, old doubts that sting,
And all this fear that forces me to sing.

Arnold and a humanistic collection of essays *On Contemporary Literature* (1917).

Sherman was beaten by Mencken because he chose the wrong issues. Swept away by Wilsonian idealism, he regarded Mencken as a Teutonic menace, subversive of the traditional ideals of America, and, abandoning his humanistic standards, he announced himself as the champion of Democracy and Puritanism. It seemed good tactics to oppose Mencken's Bohemian aristocracy with the democratic idea at a time when America was bent on making the world safe for democracy. But peace (of a sort) soon came, and with it considerable disillusionment regarding democracy. Presently we came to look upon it, at best, merely as a thing we shall always have with us, as people used to think of the poor and still do except in America. As for Puritanism, not even Sherman's unacademic rhetoric could make us warm to the alleged ancestors of the merciless kill-joys who have sought to uplift these United States. Incidentally, I suspect that he had his genealogy wrong—that our ruthless reformers are essentially humanitarians descended from Rousseau and Robespierre. However that may be, Sherman found that even his genuine Noble Puritan, said to be filled with "an urgent exploring and creative spirit," was as dead as *The Day of Doom* (that best seller of old New England) and utterly averse to resurrection.

When Sherman at length perceived that his issues were superficial and that he was out of touch with reality, he abandoned his academic watch tower and entered journalism in New York in order (as Mr. Canby has put it) "to establish living contacts with contemporary literature and with men and women and the typical life from which the new books were springing." His genial democracy led to an ever increasing open-mindedness and tolerance, till, in his last writing, his primary aim was simply a "report of what is going on." His final creed runs as fol-

(Continued on page two)

In Defence of Poetry

By RICHARD A. CHASE

Although well aware that poetry needs no defence, and believing, as I do, that no word of mine could serve to bolster a reality so confessedly weak as ignorance assumes this art to be, I am, however, moved to say a few words here in its defence because of the deplorable attitude taken by many on this campus in reference to it, due in large part to a popular misconception—by no means a suitable extenuation. I am, therefore, not so much concerned with the defence of poetry in itself as I am with its reputation, of secondary importance at best, but important for the better understanding of laymen in general and the student in particular.

Young people—and older people, too—of this day, so superficial in its sole development of the material, have missed a great deal that should have become their prized possession—a spiritual heritage. There is a remarkable, a blatant unconcern in the average mind with regard to matters so intangible as not to be readily grasped. Because the spirit does not fill the stomach, because the spirit demands a certain leisure, a certain apperceptive ability to develop and intensively to refine, the slovenly mentality that is such a common spectacle on the campus and in the office today has neglected its pursuit—and this lack of interest stems directly and solely from ignorance. It seems to me that the pleas of "no time" and "too many other things" are naive and just a bit transparent. Once a man has felt the impact of spirit, once a man has realized the practical benefit of listening to what it may be saying to him, no excuse will suffice to turn his mind away. He will "make" time.

Through art man comes closer to the essentials of life than through any other medium he has invented, including the machine. Lest I seem to deal too patiently in platitudes let me mention an instance of but a few weeks ago when, at the beginning of a course in English Poetry, a certain professor, who in ill-advised discretion shall be nameless, announced that his students would not approach the subject in any of "the old nineteenth century lyrical enthusiasm" but in a "hard-headed, matter-of-fact way." Thereafter his class resolved itself into just that threatened "matter-of-factness" and the result was that his students were bored and so derived nothing from a subject fundamentally inspired and alive, but choked by the stupid approach of one man who lacked the prerequisites of the nature of his duty, together with an appreciation of his subject that should have qualified his position. Amidst such circumstances as this it may be seen how the neophyte is too often checked before he enters upon the domain from which no hand, however callous, can

(Continued on page eight)

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CIRCULATION MGR..... G. W. THOMAS, JR.

Sunday, November 3, 1929

"A technique and vision are both absolutely necessary to poets, but these are of no value unless they are as much a part of the poet as his skin and bone."

—Edith Sitwell.

"America demands a poetry that is bold, modern, and all-surrounding and kosmical, as she is herself."

—Walt Whitman.

WHITHER YOUTH?

The lack of sympathy among literary men and professors for the younger writers, while tending somewhat to decline, is yet very marked. There has been in recent years an intense antagonistic attitude on the part of these men towards any new movement in which youth engaged itself. This unsympathetic attitude is to be deplored, especially in the colleges and universities of the country. Reverting to triteness, the youthful writers of today will be the makers of tomorrow's literature.

While younger writers with no ability whatsoever, no creative instincts should, perhaps, be tactfully discouraged, it is not only the privilege but it is the duty of many of the professors of our colleges to encourage those youths who have the ability and the desire to create literature. Particularly at the University of North Carolina is the trend of professors toward the encouraging of young writers noticeable. Three specialized courses are given in creative writing by professors with critical tact and sound judgment. These courses are given for the student who wishes to learn the fundamentals of writing and to improve his style. A particularly large number of students have been enrolling for the course in the short story. This, at least, is encouraging. A recently organized magazine, *Manuscripts*, has announced its aim to be the assisting of the student writer to gain recognition. This is one of the very few magazines which pay for student material.

Youth is bound to march. But in what direction? Trained professors and writers are the ones to point the way, to erect the detours, and to encourage the student in his efforts. If you kill talent by an unsympathetic attitude, you will have to pay for the burial of the dead.

Literary Chronicle

BEST SELLERS

(Fiction)

A FAREWELL TO ARMS, by Earnest Hemingway (Scribner).

EX-WIFE, by Ursula Parrott (Cape and Smith).

THE METHODIST FAUN, by Anne Parrish (Harper).

THE MAN WHO PRETENDED, by W. B. Maxwell (Doubleday, Doran).

SKETCH OF A SINNER, by Frank Swinnerton (Doubleday, Doran).

* * *

BEST SELLERS AT THE BULL'S HEAD

(The following is a list of the best sellers at the Bull's Head Bookshop, a branch of the University Book Exchange. The Bull's Head is located on the second floor of Murphey hall.)

FACTS AND BACKGROUNDS OF LITERATURE, by Reynolds and Greever.

THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR, by Norman Foerster.

ETHICS, by Spinoza.

PREFACE TO MORALS, by Walter Lipman.

WINGS ON MY FEET, by Howard Odum.

POETICS, by Aristotle.

THE NEW YORK WITS (Pamphlet poetry series).

THE TREE NAMED JOHN, by John B. Sale.

* * *

The November issue of *Manuscripts* has just made its appearance. Norman Foerster, of the English department and an advisory editor of the publication, is the author of the lead article, "Alma Mater and the Writer."

Manuscripts is a rather curious "affair." The book itself is extremely attractive and the typography is of the best. The material printed, however, fluctuates: some is very good and some is extremely bad. It is the aim of this magazine that I chiefly admire. It prints and pays for student material. It is so seldom in these days that people are in sympathy with the student writers—"young intellectuals" they are dubbed—that it rather freshens my hopes to see a magazine of this type catering to students. Bad writers, I think, should not be encouraged; but it is time, I believe, that the public gets over its antagonistic attitude toward the younger generation of literary "artists".

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At Your Own Risk

That a proof reader's life is quite all that it is "cracked up to be," I determined recently. A proof reader needs infinitely more than patience; he needs a bit of the spirit of forgiveness and the ability to check the torrents of words not yet accepted in the best families when they too often threaten to flow. Often the occasion for a merciless slaughter of the language is offered when the proof reader spills a galley of type, scattering the "slugs" across the floor, under the tables, and down in between every visible crack in the wall. My first experience with "pic'd" type was paradoxically both so overwhelmingly tragic and so hilariously humorous that I remember it yet. I picked up the scattered slugs of type and put them back in the "galley pan" in whatever fashion I recovered them. Then I pulled a "proof" of the galley, and here was what appeared on the proof sheet:

*light narrowed, broke into thin slits,
appeared round and yellow like an orange.
the mellowness of evening penetrated his
altogether disappearing. Far off the moon
thought of him. It was foolish to believe
There was a stillness in the air. And all
Thoughts flickered spasmodically in his
body, administered a sort of balm to him
brain. One word loomed into his conscious-
the while he wondered if she still, now,
in women. They were all silly, cruel,
ness; he struggled to free himself of it.*

* * *

Al Kahn and T. P. Harrison, alumni of the University, are at present playing in the New York theatres. Kahn is playing in "Lolly," by Fannie Heaslip Lea, and Harrison is playing in "The Silver Tassie," by O'Casey. Both of these boys while at the University took an active part in dramatics. Both took leading parts in a number of Playmaker productions; and Al Kahn directed last year the Wig and Masque production.

MENCKEN AND SHERMAN

(Continued from page one)

lows: "The wise critic attempts on all possible occasions to keep his theoretical and didactic mouth shut and all his other faculties open, here, there, and everywhere, for all the reports and rumors of positive charm and joy in things and people, as the most indubitable tokens that they are participators in some degree of that 'good life' which he is seeking" (*Critical Woodcuts*, xiii). In the end he even tolerated his old foe, writing an essay on "H. L. Mencken as Liberator," in which he professed "sincere admiration." There were reservations, but Mencken had beaten Sherman. Not long after, in 1925, Sherman met his untimely death.

Had he lived for four years more, he would have seen his belated gospel of Open-mindedness suspected of anarchy, and himself once more out of touch with reality. He would have seen that the true issue in his debate with Mr. Mencken had all along been Menckanism vs. humanism ("which might be defined briefly," says *The Bookman*, "as anti-Menckanism"). Unlike Mr. Mencken, unlike Mr. Babbitt, Sherman was never a leader.

Epicurean

By JAY CURTIS

BLUE, blue skies above, crystal clear. September—summer was growing old but still was faintly smiling, still the mountains were a flat green. Insects were droning in the stubble land and a quiet breeze was stirring from the south. Nature to-day was undisturbed, at peace. How unlike the foolish, restless hearts of men was she to-day! Soon summer would dream away into death as some day I wish to die. Soon would come autumn with a multitude of tints and withering of the leaves. Soon, too soon, would come winter with blasts of icy wind and chattering of the sleet among dead leaves and upon frozen roads. But to-day there was life; to-day there was pulsation.

I go to the mountains in late summer to dream and feel the mellow sunshine and read. I stay until the leaves turn to crimson and gold, and admire the glorious, cool picture that frost paints upon the hillside. I listen to the rhapsodies that a stronger breeze plays among the dying oak leaves. Sometimes I think. Sometimes I sit for hours and do not think at all. There are days when I climb to the summit of a higher hill and scan the ridges below, watching the blue streaks of smoke and hazy clouds that obscure the valleys. Sometimes there is a heavy fog. But to-day the air was warm and free from mist.

With a kodak and a leather-bound copy of *Schopenhauer* I set forth to climb. Perhaps I would kodak or read or whittle with my pocket-knife or laugh at something humorous I might happen to think of. Perhaps I would do anything I pleased. I might not even climb. I might eat a lot of apples, for I knew where a good tree of them was. If I should take the notion, I might hang my kodak upon the branch of a tree and forget where I hung it. I very probably would read some from *Schopenhauer*.

I left my cabin at mid-day, and scared up a bunch of butterflies that fluttered along the wagon road. I thought they were pretty. A path came into the road and wound up around a hillside in the shade of some trees. Phlox was blooming along the fence, and I saw two velvety, black butterflies fluttering around the phlox. One could not tell whether they were mates or not. A jar-fly was tearing away out there in some thistle bush, I guess. It made me think of a rattler, and I do not like to think of a rattler. The path continued to wind on up, up. I could hear my heart beat as if it was keeping time to jazz music, and feel the perspiration running off my forehead into my eyes. Somehow there came the sensation that a shade was the proper thing at such a time, for why should one ascend on such a day, such a balmy day! Why not cool and contemplate the beauty of the woods, or swear at the discomfort of climbing, or read *Schopenhauer*, or oh, damn, sleep! That was a very pleasant thought. A more inviting spot could not have been found than the mossy shade of a sugar-maple that stood not five steps from the path.

One reads on such a day if the heart is not trying to be unruly and if perspiration does not sting the eyes. One cools till the heart beats right again, then reads. One reads *Schopenhauer* under the branches of a sugar-maple if one wants to. I wanted to. I wondered if Schopenhauer was not a fool.

He said that an aesthetic experienced only fleeting, temporary happiness. I thought that an aesthetic experienced real, lasting happiness. He said that an ascetic experienced the real happiness. I thought an ascetic was abnormal, otherwise he would not be an ascetic. I read in the introduction: "Schopenhauer was at heart a cynical epicurean by became the spiritual ascetic." So! He was at heart a cynical epicurean! That was laughable, downright funny. I thought that, perhaps, I was a cynical epicurean. But what was this? "Schopenhauer's life was that of a rather vain recluse, haunted in his earlier years by sex, in his later ones, by lust for fame and an embittered contempt for academic contemporaries." I thought what could that mean. Here I was in the mountains, living the life of a recluse, perhaps vain. I could have no contempt for academic contemporaries, for I had no academic contemporaries. I probably had a lust for fame. But wait a minute. I was only twenty-one or twenty-two which should be my "earlier years." And what was all this jabbering about sex?

At any rate this was a little too strong material for the mossy shade of a sugar maple away up on the mountain and a youth of twenty-one or twenty-two. Hence what really occurred was enchanting and restful sleep.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Rip Van Winkle," came a voice from somewhere dangerously near where I had been sleeping for, hell, I do not know how long. There she sat all lovely, not two steps from me. She was smiling. Long blond hair came to her shoulders, and I saw her blue, laughing eyes. Across her knees lay my *Schopenhauer*, open at the place where I had been reading.

"Good afternoon," said I, rising and struggling to ascertain whether it was not all a dream. "Say, am I awake, or am I not dreaming?"

"You are very probably dreaming, Mr. Van Winkle. You were snoring terribly a short while ago. I don't see how you slept at all with all those flies swarming about your face. I have kept them scared away for at least a half hour."

"I swear," said I. "What is your name, age and address? And to what, may I ask, shall I attribute this heavenly visit? I'm puzzled. I still believe I'm dreaming."

"Perhaps you have arrived at Nirvana, the ascetic's reward."

"Truly, I can think of no sweeter reward than your presence, but let's not permit religion or philosophy to interfere with our conversation right now. There is something more important; for instance, your name."

"Carolyn Grayson. What is yours?"

"Charles Algerion Hughes. Have name enough to . . . Say, what brings you to this lonely mountain-side?"

"Oh, we are camping down by the brook. I resolved to reach the summit of the mountain this afternoon and have come thus far. The others were exhausted far down the ridge."

"How many are camping?"

"Six. Mother, brother, sister and two cousins. We are to be here four more days. And you are Mr. Hughes, the author? I have heard much of you."

"You needn't believe it, for it very probably isn't true"

She laughed.

We soon arose to return to camp. I gave her my hand to assist her to rise, and felt the not un-

pleasant sensation of the warm touch of her hand. I looked again into her blue eyes. They looked tired and sleepy now. She smiled. We went hand in hand down the mountain to her camp, and there I met the other members of the party. They were enjoying the atmosphere of the mountains, the clear nights, and stars. Soon I departed for my cabin which was a mile and a half farther around the hill, but I made, before I left, an engagement with Carolyn for the next afternoon. We were to go to the waterfalls.

At my cabin that night I scarcely slept. The exquisite charm of the girl haunted me. I could still feel the touch of her warm hand, still see her dreamy, blue eyes; and, when I would try to sleep, there still lingered in my mind the beauty of her shapely calves. I forgot Schopenhauer and his wild gibbering!

The next afternoon came and I was at Carolyn's camp. When I arrived she was ready and looking more beautiful than when I had seen her the evening before. Somehow she reminded me of spring, violets and bluebirds. She was loveliness itself. We soon set out for the falls, a bare half mile away, after an admonition from Carolyn's mother to return before dark.

I felt different, strange. I could not understand myself. Perhaps I was going mad over someone who would forget me in three days. Perhaps I was a fool anyway.

At the falls the sunshine was making rainbows in the mist. We sat on a rock and watched the water fall from a precipice above; fall, fall, with a continuous roar. Perhaps, if I had thought, I would have realized there that all ideas and opinions, philosophical or otherwise, that excluded Carolyn, were tumbling as the water from the cliff, for I had fallen in love with her.

"Carolyn, isn't it beautiful?"

"Grand!"

I put my arm around her and kissed her lips. She closed her eyes. I felt her heart beat as mine had done when I climbed the mountain the day before. I felt her breathe little short breaths. She put an arm around my shoulder. A hand was in my hair, grasping it, tight.

I said, "Carolyn, I love you so."

She said, "Charles." She probably thought I was a philosopher or something.

Again she closed her eyes and again I kissed her lips which were parted. I felt her teeth touch mine, felt her grasp my shoulder and tremble. I looked up and saw that the sun had set. It was time for the stars to begin their pale twinkling. The sky was blue, blue.

"Carolyn, we must go to camp."

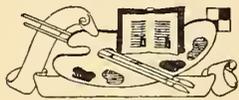
"Will you see me to-morrow?" she asked.

"Surely I will, darling, if I may."

We went back to camp. Another restless night I spent in my cabin. I wondered if Carolyn Grayson would marry me. I wondered if I would marry Carolyn Grayson. I wondered why I had ever been a recluse. But then I had never seen a girl like Carolyn until two days before. One seldom sees a girl like her anyway. It was dark. I closed my eyes like Carolyn had closed hers when I kissed her. I opened my eyes in the dark, but I could not think with them open. I tried to think what Carolyn could be thinking about. I loved her, That is right. I loved her eyes. I loved to kiss her lips when they

(Continued on page seven)

Drama and the Arts



by

MILTON GREENBLATT

By MILTON GREENBLATT

The Duncan Dancers provided a refreshing evening with their recital. Their choreography was very simple, and not greatly varied, but extremely interesting. And the artists themselves were eloquent in their various moods. The musical accompaniments were nicely chosen and well interpreted. The interpretations of the Russian folk songs were an almost perfect blending of the art of song and dance.

* * *

Victor Chenkin, one of the most interesting artists of the stage, is to give a series of folk song recitals in New York this month. His repertoire includes folk songs and ballads of several European nations. He has a rich, well modulated voice, combined with an extraordinary dramatic talent.

* * *

The Metropolitan Opera Company's season started Monday, October twenty-eighth with a performance of Puccini's *Manon Lescaut* in which Lucrezia Bori sings. On Wednesday *Die Meistersinger* was given with its usual cast consisting of Greta Stückgold, Messers. Laubenthal, Whitehill and Schützendorf. The other performances of the week were *Aida* with Elizabeth Rethberg and Margaret Matzenauer; *Norma*, with Rosa Ponselle; *Mignon*; and *The Girl of the Golden West*, by Puccini, with Maria Jeritza in the cast.

* * *

The Civic Repertory Theatre has for future productions, Tolstoy's *The Living Corpse*, with Jacob Ben-Ami in the main role; and *Romeo and Juliet*, with Mr. Ben-Ami and Miss Le Gallienne as the lovers. This latter will be of great interest since there have been no performances of the play recently. The last performances given in New York were several years ago. One was the famous one of Jane Cowl, and the other, the somewhat disastrous one by Ethel Barrymore.

* * *

In the *To-day and To-morrow* series published by Dutton is a very provocative little book by J. Y. T. Greig called, *Breaking Priscian's Head*, or English As She Will Be Spoke and Wrote. The author in a discussion of slang says:

"Good slang, that is virile and expressive slang, is irresistible. Sooner or later the best of it forces its way into received colloquial, and thence the very best passes into the literary speech, enriching and vitalizing it like a freshet. And since the slang coined from year to year in England is, most of it, dwiny, feeble stuff when compared with the output of America, it is to America that we must chiefly look in future for this replenishment and freshening of our language."

"Literature should be either instructive or amusing, and there is in many minds an impression that these artistic preoccupations, the search for form contribute to neither end, interfere, indeed, with both."

—Henry James.

III-Universal Finitude

(Editor's Note: This is the third of a series of four articles which Mr. Slade is writing for The Carolina Magazine.)

By J. J. SLADE, JR.

It is not such an important fact, *per se*, that the geometry of the world is Reimannian for it is certain that the extent of the world is so vast that it surpasses comprehension. To our minds it means exactly the same thing to say that the universe is infinite as it does to try to visualize the order of its magnitude if it is not. Nor does the discovery that, within a range, time is homogeneous with space in any way alter our lives, for nothing that we can conceivably do can make us experience time as space—psychologically there will always be a sharp distinction between *enduring* and *extending*. But the implications of these discoveries in other fields of thought are so important that our investigations will be rewarded even when we are not primarily interested in the results obtained through them.

If there is more to this life than the mere instinctive urge to populate to overflowing with our own kind this world in which we live, and most of us think there is, then we should like to see some goal towards which we are striving. The old fashioned Heavenly Reward is not, perhaps unfortunately, taken very seriously in this day; yet hardly anyone seriously thinks that our lives are a pure freak of Nature—aimless, doomed to eternal oblivion. The least that we hope for is that our age will live in our posterity, that in the generations to come there will remain vestiges of our generation. But if we have lost faith in a life to come and look forward to a future when our race must perish in a cold, dark, neutral universe then we see an empty struggle for humanity—our thoughts grow morbid, we lose our ideals and our interest in life. Then all investigation which throws light into our future history becomes of utmost importance.

We do not have to accept the empiricism of the behaviorist to realize that almost the entirety of our very consciousness is an inseparable part of the world of measurement. What little else there is is most uncertain. Those faint gleams from elsewhere—inspiration, rapture, foreboding—which the behaviorist glibly explains away, but which to many of us are lights into a region beyond the world of measurement are, at most, rare and elusive. A full appreciation of the physical universe becomes of primary importance—it is the world which we can *know*. Is there in it what we seek? We are certain that the sun will eventually grow cold so that the earth will be unable to support life; but this will happen after a lapse of perhaps millions of years. When we see what we have done in the past hundred years we realize that in the next ten million years the race may find a way to leave this system for a more hospitable one, there to reside a few more million years—the thing is conceivable. If this should happen then humanity would prolong its life indefinitely: until the end of the universe. But this is not enough for us; if the end must come, however far we may postpone it, it means the same as if the end were very near—the struggle will have been in vain. We seek eternity; nothing less will do.

The concept of infinity and the surprisingly closely allied problem of continuity have baffled philo-

sophers and theologians from the earliest times. The assumption of infinity: that is, of the existence of infinite aggregates has led to such strange problems and queer results that many thinkers have rejected the notion as self contradictory. The disagreements go back at least as far as Zeno's paradoxes. It is only very recently that, through the efforts of Dedekind and Cantor, the problem was finally raised from the realm of vague philosophical terminology to that of a precise, albeit slippery, mathematical science. If the mathematical expressions that lead to a comprehension of infinity and continuity are too abstract to point the way to everlasting life, they do place before us indubitable criteria by the aid of which, at least, are eliminated many directions in which we may search for the infinite; they do tell us where not to look for it.

The solution of the problem of infinity and continuity led Georg Cantor to his transfinite arithmetic the validity of which is questioned because only two of its numbers are known to exist, even theoretically: the first and smallest, called Aleph, is the number of elements in a set which can be expressed as a series having a first member, no last member, and such that every member has an immediate successor. The simplest example is the series of integers arranged in the order of ascending magnitude: the number of such numbers is Aleph. The second number, whose place in the series of transfinite numbers has not been definitely identified (except that it is not Aleph) is called the number of the continuum. An example of this is given by the number of points on a line: there is more than Aleph of them.

Now, through the spectacular work in the last few years of Heisenberg, Schrödinger, Dirac, and others, following the experimental verification of Planck's Quantum Theory, we are driven to the conclusion that in the world of measurement there is no continuity, either in matter, space, or time. In a discreet universe Cantor's second transfinite number has no existence: there is a little known but easily established theorem which says that in a discreet universe of any number of dimensions the number of its individuals is, at most, Aleph. I take seriously the search for continuity because I believe that if we find a single instance of an infinite aggregate in our world, even when this aggregate is composed of the generating elements of a very small continuous quantity, then, potentially, we have an eternity—infinite aggregates possess queer properties. But we have vastly more grounds for believing the universe discontinuous than not—a succession of flickering existences which in the aggregate appear continuous. So we can confine our efforts to the search for Aleph.

In a finite universe the number of individuals together with all their possible combinations—all experience—is finite. In our space there is no place for Aleph; but the geometry which fits our world of measurement apparently lets time go on forever. It is like an endless tube—if you measure around it you will soon get back to your starting point; so with space. But if you measure in the other direction you can go on measuring forever without returning; and so, apparently, with time. Further refinements in our methods of measurement may show that there is a slight curvature in the time direction: then it will be like a huge doughnut, coming back into itself eventually—but of this we are not aware. If there exists the number Aleph in

(Continued on page six)

Books

INTELLECTUAL HALFBACKS

THE UNWILLING GOD. By Percy Marks. New York: Harper and Brothers, 1929. \$2.50. 338 pps.

While the collegiate world is still smoking from the controversies over the findings of the impartial survey into college athletic subsidies conducted by the Carnegie Foundation, Percy Marks the author of *The Plastic Age* brings out *The Unwilling God*, a searching study of college football and its effect upon an intelligent player. Mr. Marks does not undertake to condemn the present practices in college sports, but rather chooses to show the effect of these conditions upon the undergraduate world and the athletes who have some intellectual ability as well as football sense. Yet the book is not so much an indictment of college football as an outcry against the prevailing undergraduate practice of putting activities and "college life" above any consideration of an education.

Being a graduate of California, the biggest "whoopce" university in the country, having studied at Harvard, and having taught at Brown and Massachusetts Tech, Percy Marks is adequately equipped to write of the football-mad, hero-worshipping college population. He is enough of a craftsman to give a good performance while he unleashes his attack upon undergraduate life in general and college administrators in particular. His story is splendid entertainment, like a good moving picture, and will make any dull evening pass quickly. The style is simple, smooth, swift, and to the point; it is reminiscent of college jazz orchestras and snappy football games; the glorified "pep" of American college life is present in full regalia.

Bill Royce, the unwilling god of our story who repels all sophomoric adulation, is a thoroughly admirable and almost ideal type of man; he has a splendid physique, good looks, and an intelligent mind; his is the ideal combination of physical and intellectual prowess. Bill earns his way through college by playing football of which he says, "I like to play football, but I'll be damned if I can take it as a holy mission." While in college he makes himself unpopular with the students and the faculty by his scorn of honors, awards, fraternities, activities, and admirers; he says he has come to college to study and plays football only as a means of financing his education. Like all young healthy animals, he falls in love. The girl is beautiful and rich, the embodiment of all his dreams and ideals; there ensues the moving picture love affair with the winning, the estrangement, the losing, and finally the one big game that wins the girl, the plaudits of the mob, the respect and admiration of the faculty and lands our hero a big job after graduation; for all we know he lives happily ever after.

The story reeks with quotable epigrams, apt phrases, and typical college slang. This characterization strikes one particularly: "A regular fellow around this college is about the stupidest, dullest, gin-swilling conformist God ever made. He comes to college to drink and dance and pet and bull and make an idiot of himself at football games."

Mr. Marks, we fear, is a little unfair in dealing with the college administrators. His dean of Raleigh is a bit repulsive to us who know university men of a different type. President Staunton is al-

Orpheus In Hades

By RICHARD A. CHACE

*And up they flew and on—impatient now,
The bitter past forgotten—and the toil—
Now it was past. That pain could scarcely spoil
The brilliant future. And he wondered how
He lived or breathed without her. Then, acute
To deep emotion, taking up his lyre,
He plucked wild notes as though he must expire
With joy . . . Eurydice still followed, mute.*

*And so they flew, he, mindful of his vow
And prudent—though his eager spirits yearned
To see her face . . . And all at once a light—
The world! He seemed to feel his freedom now.
And, careless in his joy, he quickly turned.
She was not there . . . He stared on empty night.*

together too suave a rotary man of the type H. L. Mencken and Sinclair Lewis glory in deriding to be truly representative. All the professors are not quite as dumb and boring as Mr. Marks would have us believe; there are some professors who are really intelligent.

—J. D. McNAIRY.

THE THIRD CARAVAN

THE NEW AMERICAN CARAVAN. Edited by Alfred Kreymborg, Lewis Mumford and Paul Rosenfeld. Macauley Co.: New York. 1929. 465 pps. \$3.50.

Of especial interest to the University readers of the *New American Caravan* is that it carries material by two alumni of this university, Paul Green and Joseph Mitchell. The book contains Paul Green's play, "Tread the Green Grass," which, incidentally, will be produced by the Povicetown Theatre during the year; and Joseph Mitchell's "Cool Swamp and Field Woman," a short story. Green is a professor of philosophy here and Mitchell was last year assistant editor of *The Carolina Magazine* to which he contributed a number of stories similar in style to that which the *Caravan* carries.

This third annual edition is smaller than its predecessors, and Van Wyck Brooks is absent from the editorial board. It is interesting that the dominant note of the yearbook changes somewhat in this edition. In the first two *Caravans* the reader was forced to witness quite a number of clownish literary capers crude and but slightly humorous. The trend in this volume seems to be toward taking the creation of a "new" literature a bit more seriously. Many of the younger writers have their first published work printed herein. And it is in the work of these younger writers that a note which seems more likely to become permanent is established.

There are also authors with established reputations—Marjorie Allen Seiffert, John Gould Fletcher, Evelyn Scott, Wallace Gould, Isidor Schneider, Matthew Josephson and others. Stanley J. Kunitz offers really good poetry; E. E. Cummings loses all of his cleverness in a piece unentitled; Robert Cantwell, Erskine Caldwell, and S. Guy Endore have written stories well above the average. It is also interesting to note that the poetry is escaping from the talons of fanaticism in form and tends to be more sane—and infinitely more readable.

The *New American Caravan* should reach a larger audience than either of its predecessors, not merely

YOUNG REVOLT

AGAINST THE WALL. by Kathleen Millay, New York: The Macauley Company. 422 pps. \$2.50.

Against The Wall is a novel of revolt in the most radical sense of the word, revolt against the smug wall convention, hypocrisy, and supercilious stupidity. Laid at "Matthew College," which is another name for any one of the "Big Three" schools for girls in New England: Smith, Vassar, and Wellesley, the work chronicles, in terse, crisp sentences, impressions of a sensitive and brilliant iconoclast during her existence at the institution for two and a half years.

Rebecca Brewster, of a middle class family in a small Maine town, loathes her surroundings; her dreary home life, the "Main Street" environment of the little town, the provincial and complacently commonplace people all infuse her with a contempt for life as she knows it. Through her brilliant high school record she obtains a scholarship to Matthew; eagerly anticipative and at last free from the dragging shackles of home, she goes almost reverentially to college. . . Sad awakening! She discovers a "nunnery," a nest of stupid fools as standardized as Fords and as wretchedly commonplace as the people back home. Bitterly disappointed she stays on, beating herself with impotent rage against the enveloping, crushing wall of deans, wardens, instructors, all coldly chaste and uncompromising, and the background of students, correct, conventional, ignorant, molded to form and turned out every year "Matthew girls," about as capable of true thinking as robots.

Rebecca cannot and will not merge into the collegiate pattern; she persists in remaining individualistic. Her uncompromising stand makes her a marked figure among faculty and students; she is a "caleb" to the undergraduates, and a great source of annoyance to the authorities, who find her advanced tastes, her mental clarity, and her intellectual perspicacity, unfathomable.

Against The Wall is literary propaganda which is very effective. As a narrative the entire work centers around Rebecca and interest prevails throughout. The sensitive, highly intelligent girl forms an extremely interesting study; with scornful eyes she views the sham and insincerity of college, of diluted knowledge, of modern schooling methods. She has moments of pity and compassion, then moods of stormy rebellion and days of bitter hatred of life; she is weary, at times, and old,—then life is presented as sordid and dreary and ugly. Her few moments of happiness are treasured by the adolescent girl; in the woods with a volume of poetry, among the flowers, at the opera.

As a college novel *Against The Wall* should be acclaimed for its excellent worth; it offers a deep and penetrating study of the modern formula of education, the system which is worse than useless when practiced on true individuality.

—ROBERT HODGES.

because it contains better writing than ever but because its editors are interested in the production of literature more lasting and more readable.

—JOHN MEBANE.

"The only proper method of testing the merits of a poem is by measuring its capabilities of exciting the poetic sentiment in others."

BROKEN DREAMS

RED ENDING. By Harry Hervey. New York: Horace Liveright. 1929. 315 pp. \$2.50.

In *Red Ending*, Harry Hervey's latest book, the author trends to the "stream-of-consciousness" method. The novel is more or less concerned with the thoughts and inner reactions of the four principal characters—so concerned, in fact, that, at times, the reading becomes monotonous. Yet, it is none the less interesting from a standpoint of development.

Red Ending is the story of a boy who, all his life, has been dominated by his older brother. He is, in truth, so completely in bondage that, even after the elder brother's death, he cannot escape the cruel influence which embodies itself in his brother's friend. It is the story of a mother who hovers over her oldest son until he, in order to escape the continuous attention and the monotony of it, is forced to sever all ties binding him to his home and join the Foreign Legion—the story of a mother who loves her oldest son because he is strong, and hates the younger because he is a weakling and a dreamer—the story of a boy who after dreaming of freedom all of his life, obtains it only for a brief moment by resorting to violence. With the girl he loves he is happy for a time, until another formidable antagonist shatters his patched hopes.

Harry Hervey, a native of Texas, has all his life been a wanderer. He has traveled over Asia, Africa, Europe, and South America and has written a number of books and stories with an oriental background, his principal novels of this type being *Ethan Quest*, *Where Strange Gods Call*, and *The Black Parrot*.

Red Ending, however, has its setting in Charleston, a Charleston which the author seems to know and love. The opening chapters are like a bus trip through the city in which the author remarks on points of interest from the wealthy homes to the homely Negro huts along the waterfront. The reader meets the entire populace—the aristocrat, the soldier and sailor, the Negro—all types of people, and all of them so necessary. He makes his story vibrant with life.

The "stream-of-consciousness" novel seems to be gaining in popularity since James Joyce so effectively developed it, and Harry Hervey uses the method to excellent advantage.

—MARY MARSHALL DUNLAP.

WAR-TIME LETTERS

SCRAPS OF PAPER. By Marietta Minnigerode Andrews. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 1929. 381 pp. \$5.00.

From two generations of soldiers, separated by fifty years, Marietta Minnigerode Andrews has gathered a wealth of letters which she publishes under the appropriate title "Scraps of Paper." Many of the letters are from her father while as a boy of nineteen he served as aide-de-camp of General Fitz Lee in the Confederate Army. In contrast to these, and yet in many respects strikingly similar, are the letters of Mrs. Andrews' son, who served as an ambulance driver in the Great War. Interspersed throughout the book are excerpts from various diaries, and letters from others who saw at first hand the two conflicts which form a background for the work.

"Scraps of Paper" gives the reader very little that he has not had many times before, nor does it pres-

Experience

By DOROTHY MUMFORD

*Though I might call you on a windless night
With the tall sky above me free of stars,
And desperate with wanting you, stretch white,
Impotent arms to pierce the opaque bars
Of shadow—and though I might cry aloud
Your name, unknowing, in the certain pain
Of knowing only a dull silence bowed
And scraped before my inarticulate brain—
Though I might stand mind-taut, upon this hill
And make god-like demand of earth and sky
That space be set at naught and so fulfill
The entity that still is you and I,*

*The silence, yet, slow-brooding in the dusk
Would sheath me drily in its bitter husk.*

ent these memoirs and vignettes of war-time existences in any unusually striking style, yet the sincerity, and realism of the book give it a distinct charm, and the reader is again attracted by a story which never grows too old so long as men understand love, and tenderness, and the passionate loyalty for a cause which makes them willingly accept misery and death in its name.

The book is written with careful restraint even though its contents are of an intimately personal nature to the author. There are times when the reader grows a little weary of the sameness of the pages, each carrying its letter or fragment from a war-time diary, yet always there comes a freshening of interest, and the reader follows eagerly on. Perhaps more of Mrs. Andrews' delicately written comments on the material would not be amiss, for the book is almost entirely a collection of excerpts and letters. Those pages that are the author's own creation give the reader a strong desire for more of this descriptive style.

When viewed as a whole "Scraps of Paper" is not only pleasant reading, but is a genuine treasure to those who particularly enshrine the memory of Lee and Jackson, and the men in gray. As record of patience, and faith, and strong endeavor under bitter circumstances it is splendidly executed. To the reader are faithfully revealed things which belonged not to one man, or to a few men, but to a multitude who fought for the same banner, and gave for the same hope. Taking here and there letters of camp life, letters of tenderness for home, and friends, and mothers, letters jokingly written in the face of danger, and letters accepting with calm dignity the inevitable toll of death, Mrs. Andrews has welded together from these "scraps of paper" a simple, interesting record of the battles fought in men's hearts even as they themselves fought on the field of war.

—LOUIS V. BROOKS.

UNIVERSAL FINITUDE

(Continued from page four)

the world of measurement then we must seek for it only in time.

The geometry of the world, however, is not all that determines the extent of time; there is a law which does not let it go on forever: this is the law of entropy, the second law of thermodynamics. The fundamental laws of Nature are very few and simple; it is quite easy for an ultimate particle of matter to be a good citizen of the universe. First it must satisfy a certain differential Hamiltonian function;

this tells it which way to move and what path to take. Then if it bumps into a fellow particle it pays a fine, a certain amount of energy which it can never recover is taken away from it. The rest of its history is left to pure chance. Pure Chance, however, is an orderly master. When a great number of individuals are left in its care it manages to herd them and their actions into aggregates which, as a whole, appear well drilled (however erratic the actions of each individual may be). But the orderliness into which Chance subjects its captives is also subject to the fine which the individual members pay. That law is unsparing; the universe is being impoverished by it, and it is killing time.

This law of entropy plays a very curious role among the ultimate particles of matter. Besides being a robber of their energy it is to them what memory is to us. Assume there to be two particles of matter moving with respect to one another. The laws of dynamics would require that they move in orbits. One of these particles could keep time (assuming that such a thing were not absurd) by just letting each of its revolutions around the other count as a unit and then keeping count of these units: that is the way we keep time. But this particle would find itself in a dilemma. It would be quite unable to tell whether the interval it was just recording was the interval which had just passed or the one about to begin. Its "memory" would work both ways—the orbital motion is a perfectly reversible process. In terms of it time has no more direction than ordinary space has an absolute up and down. But here comes the law of entropy to the rescue. It says this: that if two sections in time be taken, that section comes *after* at which the disorder of the world is greater (or at which the internal energy of the particle is less).

Let me use a very apt illustration from Eddington's *The Nature of the Physical World*, a book which you must try to read, if you have not already done so. A perfectly ordered deck of cards is shuffled once. The shuffling disarranges its order. The next shuffle will cause a greater disorder, and so will the next. Knowing two states of order of the cards one will say, in general, that the state of greater disorder came *after* the shuffling. The shuffling will proceed until a stage is reached when the cards will be so disordered that further shuffling can not increase their disorder. It will then be quite impossible to tell which of two states came before a shuffle, which after. So in the world. Its energy is ordered; and the law of entropy is like the shuffling which ever increases the disorder.

If we had an infinite amount of energy, or if energy were a continuous quantity so that we could take fractions of it to any degree of minuteness, then we could not say that eventually the second law of thermodynamics would lead to a completely disordered state; but energy, too, is atomic and in a finite universe there can only be a finite amount of it. Continued shuffling can lead but to a state of utter disorder; unless something happens—now let us see what can take place. We can follow up our analogy of the cards a little farther still, for the same law of chance that rules the particles of matter decides which card should turn up next: we keep on shuffling. It may be that by pure chance a shuffle will bring some order to the pack—there is a probability of this; then it may happen that a second shuffle will bring on further order. The

(Continued on page eight)

Incident Revised

By PHILIP DEVILBISS

THE train speeds audaciously. Trees leap by with the ferocity of entrapped tigers. There is no smoothness; they jerk past the window and are gone. Wind curls through my hair like the ocean at high tide curls through the myriad of pebbles along a shore. Houses loom and fade; odor of damp corn lends itself to my nostrils, whisks by like perfume. Fields: hills swerve to the right, bend into distance; telegraph poles click into din. Cotton fields: darkies picking white bolls with the slowness of run-down victrolas; vultures falling through thin silences.

I am happy—pleased with a happiness that exists only for those who, having been gashed by life, find solace in the commonplace. I am like a tall god who watches the panorama of beauty he has created. I watch the other passengers on the car, stare into their faces like a palmist gazes into the shadow-streaked face of one seeking discovery in her mystic powers. Cinders patter multisonously upon the window pane as the train curves like a sea-gull sweeping into a semi-circle. The train is a gargantuan snake curling and twisting, writhing through valleys and over hills. Black smoke from its distorted nostril belches past my window. Shriill screams cut into my consciousness like agony lashing my brain. Dirt roads slide by into oblivion. Streams caper by the tracks, huge minnows frolicking through fertile fields. No more cotton. Fruit trees peep into existence. Lemons, oranges, tangerines. A consciousness of Florida seeps into my mind. I smile with a vagabond content. I finger the coins in my pockets: no bills. I am amused that I will step into this land, helplessly, hopelessly. Perhaps not hopelessly—Florida, land of opportunity.

Across from me a baby wails tearfully. The mother strokes its hair. Tiny kid. Its wails scratch at my heart. I watch the mother stroke it patronizingly as one might stroke a great white cat. She gathers it close to her, whispers to it consolingly. I look at her. I see that she is pretty—pretty with the charm of swiftly-ageing youth. I watch a tear trail from her eye to the corner of her lips. She is weeping, weeping noiselessly as the old weep. She is weeping bravely, hiding her tears in the yellow curls of the child's hair. There is a pathetic beauty about her weeping. It fascinates me; it charms me like the last strain of a symphony dying in an orchestra pit charms. I want to look at her. I want to find her sorrow, to mingle it in my bruised dreams. I pity her as only they can pity who have been swept by an oninous wind from a pinnacle of hope to musty corners of despair. She weeps, hiding her tears. The child's wails stop; he sobs softly, whimperingly. Its tiny arms clutch around its mother's throat. A deep voice strikes me with a whip-lash. A conductor hurries through the corridor, touching lightly the backs of seats to maintain balance.

The woman is looking at me. I can feel it. I glance away. I see an old man in front of me with a tangled grey beard. His beard is like seaweed mounting the sides of his face, curling under his chin. I feel the woman's eyes upon my face. There is something satisfying about the way I feel. I do not dare to turn my head. I sit here looking at the old man, feeling *her* eyes searching me, searching as if they seek a lost memory in me, searching for

a lost dead. I breathe the dusty air, finger my chin, feel hundreds of eyes pricking my flesh. Now: they are gone; relief flushes across me. I turn slowly. She is looking at her baby.

Lifting her head silently, she looks about the car, looks first at the backs of the seats, then at the occupants, down the corridor, across through my window. Our eyes meet. I cannot explain the feeling that comes over me. I am very hot. Watery drops trickle uncomfortably down my forehead. I feel like one who has been caught in a treacherous act. I shift nervously. I watch her smile magnificently. I hear her asking if I will hold her baby for a moment. I feel my arms reaching out to it, clasping around its body tenderly. Then *she* is gone. Tiny white fingers clutch at my throat softly, like darkness clutches at the last wisp of light. And I am here on the car, rocking that tiny child on my knee, trailing my hand through its hair contentedly.

An hour passes and *she* does not come back. The train rolls on into twilight. The child is asleep, peaceful. Darkness bites gingerly into the twilight, gulps down a heavy mouthful, pours itself into the sky. I wait. The conductor calls my stop. I listen to the wheels rumbling and grating to slowness. In the seat across from me there is no baggage. I had not noticed it before. I look at the child, yellow hair tumbling across its head, lips shaped to a pout. The train jerks to a stop. With my free hand I pick up my bag cautiously: I must not wake the child. Down the narrow corridor I tread, down the steps softly so as not to disturb its sleep.

The Writers

Norman Foerster, member of the English department of this university and recognized as one of the outstanding critics in the country, has contributed to numerous magazines and is the author of several books, his latest being *The American Scholar*.

Richard A. Chace, a member of the Magazine staff, writing on the appreciation of poetry proves that he has an aesthetic sense and a critical tact as well as an ear for rhythm and beauty.

Jay Curtis, also a member of the Magazine staff and a junior in the University, published a short story last year.

J. J. Slade, Jr., a member of the instructing staff of the department of Engineering, writes the third of a series of four articles for the Magazine. He published a number of stories last year.

Dorothy Mumford contributes for the first time to the Magazine. She is a co-ed at this university.

Mary Marshall Dunlap is the other element of the fair sex represented in this issue. She attended Greensboro College last year.

J. C. Williams is an assistant editor of *The Daily Tar Heel* and president of the Debate Council.

Robert Hodges, a sophomore and a member of *The Daily Tar Heel* staff, again contributes reviews.

Milton Greenblatt, who obtained both fame and notoriety for his column appearing in the last issue of this magazine, comes back strong.

J. Elwin Dungan is an assistant editor of *The Daily Tar Heel* and a member of the Publications Union Board.

J. D. McNairy has a reputation of having written several excellent editorials for *The Daily Tar Heel*.

Philip DeVilbiss, writing about "choo-choos" and "yellow-haired children" insists that a blank space be left opposite his name.

EPICUREAN

(Continued from page three)

were parted. I loved to feel the pressure of her body against mine. I loved to see her beautiful hair. I went to sleep, thinking that perhaps I could find out something the next day.

Back again with Carolyn. She was irresistible. We would take a walk somewhere, anywhere, she said, that I wanted to go. We walked down by the stream. The day was beautiful, warm. We walked peacefully. I felt the harmony of our two souls. I wondered if she felt the harmony. I remarked to her about the beauty of the landscape, about the troubled water that went raging down among the stones, how it eddied and whirled and finally became a smooth, placid pool, bordered on either side by tall willows. I thought how like youth was the water among the rocks, and how like old age was the peaceful pool. Carolyn said she would like to swim in that quiet pool. I said I would too. She said we would if we had our swimming suits. I said we could anyhow.

"No, darling, we mustn't," she said.

"Yes," I said, "we love each other. There is no harm."

"But will you love me then?"

"Surely I will, darling, always."

"All right, sweetheart. I want to please you."

We went down to the smooth pool and pulled off our shoes on the white sand. I saw her tiny feet. She came and stepped on my foot, but she did not hurt. She bore her whole weight on my foot, but she did not hurt. She looked into my eyes and smiled. I felt the touch of her warm body against mine. I had Carolyn in my arms, pure as the mountain air. We were in the cool pool, sinking. I could hear the water gurgling in my ears, and feel Carolyn's long hair wash against my face. I felt her clinging fast to keep from falling away in the water. But I would not let her fall away in the water from me. She was not afraid, because she was a good swimmer. She could hold her breath a long time, I knew. We came to the top and I saw great drops of water roll off her face. She did not laugh. I could not see why she did not laugh.

When we were on the white sand again, I mentioned something about our wet hair. She looked frightened. I laughed. I said we could sit there on the sand till our hair dried out, then we could return to camp and no one would ever know it had been wet. We both laughed. When we were ready to return to camp, I took her in my arms and kissed her and felt her quiver and said to her,

"It has been great!"

"Charles, it is youth and love, and that is *all* of life!"

The leaves have turned to crimson and gold. Frost has painted the mountains a vari-colored canvas. A more vigorous wind blows now from the north. Chestnuts are falling in the woods. In the morning I sit by the fireplace where blazes crackle around sticks of green oak wood. I read; read anything; read *Schopenhauer*.

When Carolyn went away, I told her I would write; but she did not leave me her address. I do not know where to write. Tomorrow I am leaving for the coast of the sea where I can see the billows toss and foam, surge and gnaw at the cliffs, recede. But it will be winter there just the same. Yes, it will be winter there just the same.

IN DEFENCE OF POETRY

(Continued from page one)

ever eject him once entered.

Must I forfeit interest if I remark that poetry has been a major factor in my life? Do I seem an alien in your midst? Then it is because you have not yet grasped its function. Even minds the least refined must stir to the simple rhythms of a Kipling and a Service. Think, then, what awaits your graduation into such polyrhythmic masters as Swinburne, Keats, and Shelley!

Lyrical poetry, like music, through its appeal to the emotions has the power to rouse a sentient force that, in happiest instances, in examples of the purest poetry, may illumine like a flash remote places in the mind too seldom approached, may even, in fact, resolve doubts long held in abeyance. Poetry is a germ that can only be developed through individual consciousness. There are certain conditions of life the suggestive key to which is retained by poetry alone—or music; certain sensitive situations, crises of the spirits, are realised and developed best through this most sensitive of all human arts. Not prose can speak to the soul of things words may not mention. No bald statement of facts are these that buoy its farthest flight and provide the stimulus for its genuine expression. Suggestion, more powerful than any mere statement, more stirring to the mind than the cut-and-dried construction of any prose, however gifted, provides the wings and the mind that reads can soar where it will, hampered only by its individual limitations.

Poetry and music (essentially the two may not be separated) are the most personal of the arts. They are for you to master, you, alone, to enjoy; their message is to you. In the moral nature of things such a piece, if readily apprehended, as Wordsworth's "Ode on Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood" can carry the mind deeper into the buried heart of things, if only sensuously through the inspiration of its melodic structure, than any exhaustive treatise on evolution, can imbue the mind with an almost religious pride, a well-nigh overmastering realisation of innate power, and, above all, that essential sense of ingrained godhead poetry and music offer.

From earliest periods, among earliest peoples, poetry has dwelt nearest the heart. Primitive expression was through poetry—and the most living expression today is still that same poetry—the word that breathes its message through the ages. Can the grandeur of Homer ever diminish? It still thrills. What, to speak of more recent times, of Shakespeare? Could Dante have pierced hell and soared through purgatory to paradise without the stimulation of the poetry through which it has been expressed? Even our Christian religion comes down to us in noble terms of poetry—for the Bible is a very treasure-house of lyrical expression which has inspired many of our greatest poets from Milton to Whitman. Could religion have been so close to the hearts of the many if its appeal had not been essentially poetic? And people shun it, pleading the frayed excuse of "no time"!

There are certain elements of spiritual development that poetry alone can express—by an inspired suggestion. If I may be allowed to quote, let me give, in illustration, Rupert Brooke's sonnet, "The Hill":

"Breathless, we flung us on the windy hill,

*Laughed in the sun, and kissed the lovely grass.
You said, 'Through glory and ecstasy we pass;
Wind, sun, and earth remain, the birds sing still,
When we are old, are old . . . "And when we die
All's over that is ours; and life burns on
Through other lovers, other lips,' said I,
—'Heart of my heart, our heaven is now, is won!"*

*'We are Earth's best, that learnt her lesson here.
Life is our cry. We have kept the faith!' we said;
'We shall go down with unreluctant tread
Rose-crowned into the darkness!' . . . Proud we were,
And laughed, that had such brave true things to say.
—And then you suddenly cried, and turned away."*

How can language more concisely pack depth and meaning than in fourteen lines of such living poetry where the mind is forced, as it were, out of itself in a tragic contemplation of life's realities? But no description can suffice. Its beauty may not be transposed.

Let Keats give you a few images from "Endymion" to best illustrate his sensuous grasp of natural phenomena, his love of the thing in itself:

*"Strange ministrant of undescribed sounds,
That come a swooning over hollow grounds,
And wither drearily on barren moors:"*

*"The floral pride
In a long whispering birth enchanted grew
Before his footsteps; as when heaved anew
Old ocean rolls a lengthen'd wave to the shore,
Down whose green back the short-lived foam, all
hoar
Bursts gradual with a wayward indolence."*

Do you not feel here a love for life as it appears, a joy in its expression?

Let Whitman speak, the voice of an American we are too apt to overlook, of his inborn pride. Let him share with you the common spirit he has expressed, both in his life and in his work.

*"To be at all—what is better than that?
I think if there were nothing more developed, the
clam in its callous shell in the sand were august
enough.*

*I am not in any callous shell;
I am cased with supple conductors, all over,
They take every object by the hand, and lead it
within me;
They are thousands, each one with his entry to him-
self;
They are always watching with their little eyes,
from my head to my feet;
One no more than a point lets in and out of me such
bliss and magnitude,
I think I could lift the girder of the house away if
it lay between me and whatever I wanted."*

Has he not also said, among his "Songs of Parting?"

*"Camerado, this is no book,
Who touches this touches a man,
(Is it night? are we here together alone?)
It is I you hold and who holds you,
I spring from the pages into your arms—decease
calls me forth.*

*"Dear friend whoever you are take this kiss,
I give it especially to you, do not forget me,
I feel like one who has done work for the day to
retire awhile,
I receive now again of my many translations, from*

*my avatars ascending, while others doubtless
await me,
An unknown sphere more real than I dream'd,
more direct, darts awakening rays about me, SO
LONG!
Remember my words, I may again return,
I love you, I depart from materials,
I am as one disembodied, triumphant, dead."*

Ah, the poet's appeal is personal, to you, my friend, and comes close to the heart and soul of every one of us. He has called us comrade. Shall we not heed the call and take to ourselves the love and friendship offered to all who will only listen?

"The only reason for the existence of a novel is that it does attempt to represent life."

—Henry James.

UNIVERSAL FINITUDE

(Continued from page six)

chances are against it, but it may happen. Now, in the deck there are only 52 cards, and the different possible combinations of them are not beyond comprehension. But if you set yourself the problem of calculating the probability that a certain combination of the cards will occur after a random shuffle the magnitude of the improbability that that combination will occur will appal you.

The chances that the second law of thermodynamics will fail are subject to the same analysis is that which we used on the cards. Only keep this in mind: that whereas the deck has 52 cards, Nature has an uncountable number of infra-atoms, finite though it may be, which are yielding their order to the law of entropy. In the case of Nature probability becomes so close to certainty that we cannot conceive the smallness of the magnitude of the difference between the two. There is a chance that the available energy of the world will increase, but that chance is nearer nil than we can imagine a quantity being. Everything in the physical universe must obey that law; we know no greater certainty.

Then we must fail in our search for Aleph. The geometry which lets time go on forever is independent of the law of entropy. This law which gives time its forward direction, which probably accounts for our psychological interpretation of the time extension, which gives to time its unique status among the dimensions of the universe—this same law decrees that time shall end. Its end will not be geometrical. In the future, very far ahead but a finite distance off, the universe will be a neutral mass of complete disorder—a timeless extension. Were an intelligence to find itself in that chaos through some misfortune it would be quite unable to tell its future from its past, an instant from an eternity. Can order come again out of it?

Eons of prosperity await the human race; then there is oblivion. Eternity is not of the world of measurement.

"Any art is, in essence, artistic, proud, free from the cheapness of the mob; and now the mob, like a turbid and dead sea, is over all the land."

—Joseph Hergesheimer.

"To put down "love those that revile you" is nothing more than a vain display of ink."

—Joseph Hergesheimer.

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IV Probabilities

(Editor's Note: This is the last of a series of four articles which Mr. Slade has written for The Carolina Magazine).

IN CONSIDERING the world in which we live there are essentially two attitudes that one may take: there is, in the first place the Great Hallucination theory. Those who hold this view (if any really do) say that all is a dream, that there is no reality. I am all, with my end ends all. There can be no logical objection to this view; but it is very fruitless. It is a particularly vain enterprise to try to win others to it, for, according to it, there are no others. *La Vida Es Sueño* may be a fit subject for an extravagant poem, but a serious theory of the universe requires another theme. I can adduce no logical objections to it, but it is not my view; if it were I would have despaired of life long ago, I would not be filling this dream space now.

The other attitude is the more usual: aside from me there is an exterior world which is not necessarily dependent on me; on which, in fact, I may be wholly dependent. It is not a very definite world, and, certainly, vastly different from what it appears to be. From here one may branch off in many directions, but the essential feature of the second view is the recognition of the external world. The strongest and most fertile branch of this view is the realm of scientific thought which includes a field ranging from the sub-atomic structure to the dynamics of the star clusters. Branches opposed to, or not concurring with the scientific development may be based on logically tenable but not generally accepted hypotheses. Here we meet our first problem: What is a *reasonable* hypothesis? Here the philosophers disagree; admitting the existence of an exterior world there is yet great doubt about what the admission implies, what is the real nature of the physical world.

You can tell me that there by the side of the path grows an oak; you are certain of it, for you can see it and feel it and smell it, and everyone who passes by it can do the same. That proves it. Yet that great pink elephant which I see charging towards us, which I can see more clearly than ever you saw the oak—that, you say, is a creature of my mind: you argue that you do not see it, and that others do not see it, and that, furthermore, there are no such beasts romping about the Carolina campus. But if when I shrieked you had turned and seen the mad pink beast rushing down the path and all the people scattering before it, then you would not have stopped to consider the possibility of the existence of such things; your best leap would have placed you safe within the walls of the nearest building.

Repeated verification of a phenomenon we call reality. What is recorded by but a few is doubted by the rest. Observation and confirmation are funda-

The Letter

By JAMES DAWSON

*He writes, and in his frenzy of despair,
The words come streaking from his reeking brain;
He pauses, reads, and scratches on again,
His vehemence shaking down his straggly hair.
He sprawls a flourish with a rampant flare
For signature, a chiographic strain
Across the page; a brakeman for his train
Of thought. He thumps the stamp down with
an air.*

*And now, returning from the corner post,
Misgivings and black doubt assail his thinking,
And fear rolls through him in a shivering tide
As he recalls his strongly-worded boast;
And at the thought he feels his courage shrinking;
His death-note mailed, he dares not suicide!*

mental processes in our knowledge of the world. If we accept them as such there follows, as a logical consequence, not only the scientific attitude but also the powerful Doctrine and Reasonableness which, though often unconsciously invoked, has never been formulated. The basis for this doctrine is the mathematical theory of probability. *Reasonableness*, too, may be raised from its vague status to a definitely measurable, analyzable quantity. Those who would refute the scientific attitude and the Doctrine of Reasonableness must begin by denying the validity of observation as a means of knowing the world, perhaps further back; beyond this point I think there is no legitimate departure.

By observation and the exercise of deduction and induction (the validity of which is established by the theory of probability) we arrive at our knowledge of the world of measurement. I have said that the laws which we find controlling the actions of the ultimate particles of matter are very simple; those laws with which we come in contact most often, which appear so intricate—they are the resultants of the actions of innumerable particles herded together by Chance. Consider, for instance, an inflated tire. If I drive a nail into it I know that it will get flat; I know this because every time that a tire has got punctured in the past it has invariably got flat. I set this as a law arrived at by induction, but I feel apologetic about it. It is certainly *reasonable* to accept this law but I have not yet a way to measure this *reasonableness*; I must first know what else could happen. Let us skip several steps and start with the knowledge that science gives us the air within the tire. There are unaccountable particles colliding against each other and also colliding against the walls which confine them; some hit the wall head-on with great force, others merely graze the surface, yet the resultant of the aggregates is the very uniform thing we call the air pressure. Now, when I drive the nail

(Continued on page three)

Heaven and Then

By JAY CURTIS

TOGETHER we studied the arts, she and I. Together we worked, carving images from stone, and executing the dance; and in the evening, among pale roses, we played queer, tremulous strains of music. It was the music of two kindred spirits, sometimes as plaintive as the last sad note of taps that a soldier sends toward the setting sun over the body of a dead comrade, sometimes as frisky as fairy dances. She played the guitar, I the violin, and when the last notes would die away in the breeze, the music of our souls would not die. It would continue to tinkle with sweet ecstasy in our nerves, to vibrate in the tissues of our bodies, tying us together, making us one. We were the music itself; our bodies were the pulsation and the rhythm. Sometimes we were in the mood of a symphony, sometimes a rhapsody, sometimes a lullaby. We were music in the evening's dusky twilight, among tulips and roses, under elm trees, on a grassy lawn.

The full moon and an audience of stars would come to listen, showering us with a host of diamonds all among the dewdrops on the grass. We would smile back our thanks with upturned faces and perfect understanding, for music is the language of spirits, an expression of the essence of God.

Sometimes there was deep grief in our beings. But grief is beautiful, and we would understand. We would understand and pour forth our heart-aches in troubled, piercing wails, she with her guitar and I with my violin. The last note would echo faintly into death and there would be a sepulchral silence. Whereupon the mellow voice of our dancing master would call from the studio and the spell would be broken.

"Come, *mes petits*, from your music; you must dance."

Then together we would enter the studio and prepare for the dance. Before a mirror which was as large as a wall she would comb her long, blond hair. She would comb her hair and smile a deep, wistful smile. Sometimes she would drape her slender, white body with a silk mantle; sometimes there was no mantle at all, only light sandals on her feet and a bracelet on her arm. Our master, who was as good as God to us, did not wish us to be handicapped with costumes. Always he preferred the free, light grace of our bodies unhampered with fabrics. He would never permit me more costume than sandals for my feet and elastic for a girdle. Often when we were beginning a new and very delicate dance he would permit us nothing at all. His was a belief in the freedom that God had given us. His was a constant, patient effort to inspire in us a spiritual mastery, something that is deeper and fuller than a fleeting appreciation. In us he was beginning to see his dream come true; in us he

(Continued on page four)

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CIRCULATION MGR.....G. W. THOMAS, JR.

Sunday, November 17, 1929

It is a sore thing to have labored along and scaled
the arduous hilltops, and when all is done, to find
humanity indifferent to your achievement.

—R. L. Stevenson

No good work whatsoever can be perfect, and the
demand for perfection is always a sign of misunder-
standing of the ends of art.

—John Ruskin

Let such teach others who themselves excel,
And censure freely who have written well.

—Alexander Pope

ONCE UPON A TIME

THERE was once a man who taught
himself to read Portuguese. He
thought that he would like to read
Portuguese books in the original. Day after
day he studied until he had finally mas-
tered the language. Then he read Portu-
guese poetry and translated it for his own
pleasure. One day a professor told him
that he had better study something worth
while. So he stopped reading; and now
he has forgotten all about it.

There was once a student who sat up
at night writing poetry. He imitated
Byron and Rossetti and Swinburne. He
wrote poetry for three years and no one
knew. One night another student saw
him writing and laughed at him. He told
him that he was wasting his time. After
that he didn't write any more. When he
graduated, he took a job keeping books in
a department store. He has been keeping
books for two years.

Once a boy was learning to play a violin.
He practised long hours by himself. One
day a neighbor told him to "cut out that
damn fuss." He locked his violin up in
his trunk and never took it out again.

There was once a youth who used to
take books with him on sunny afternoons
and walk out into the woods and sit down
under a tree and read. "Don't you ever
have any fun?" a friend asked him one
day. He looked down and didn't know
what to say. But no one ever saw him
walking with books under his arms again.

O, the weakness of mortals has caused
many tears.

We shall never lack vanity, even in the completest
absence of any reason for having it.

—de Stendhal

Literary Chronicle

BEST SELLERS

ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT, by
Erich Remarque (Little, Brown).

A FAREWELL TO ARMS, by Earnest Hemingway
(Scribners).

FIGHTING CARAVANS, by Zane Grey (Harper).

THE UNCERTAIN TRUMPET, by A. S. M.
Hutchinson (Little, Brown).

KEPT WOMAN, by Vina Delmar (Harcourt
Brace).

BEST SELLERS AT THE BULL'S HEAD

(*The Bull's Head is a branch of the Book Ex-
change and is located on the second floor of Mur-
phey Hall*).

WINGS ON MY FEET, by Howard W. Odum
(Bobbs-Merrill).

HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE, by
Moody and Lovett (Scribners).

LOOK HOMEWARD ANGEL, by Thomas Wolfe
(Scribners).

THE TREE NAMED JOHN, by John B. Sale
(U. of N. C. Press).

A FAREWELL TO ARMS, by Ernest Heming-
way (Scribners).

* * *

The Bull's Head Bookshop is going to conduct
on December 4 an auction of books. There will be
around one hundred books auctioned off to the
highest bidders. That the book-keeper has an eye
for business is evinced by the fact that the auction
will take place on the Wednesday after the Caro-
lina-Virginia game.

* * *

At this time when the findings of the Carnegie
Foundation are inciting comment in the colleges all
over the country (this University not excepted)
Percy Marks, author of "The Plastic Age" and
"Whither Parnassus," brings out his new novel,
"The Unwilling God," in which he discloses the
same conditions that the Carnegie report shows are
existing in the larger college and universities.

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Books

At Your Own Risk

It was two years ago that I found in
drawer in the room to which I had been
assigned several written pages from
loose-leaf notebook. Presumably these
pages were from the diary of a former
occupant. They contained no marks of
identification; and I have taken the liberty
of printing several of them here.

Tues., December 8.—Missed class
today. Lay awake in bed all morning
dreaming. Walked all afternoon. The
trees are frightfully bare. There was
fire at the house tonight. The fire was
beautiful. I could watch myself in it.
I saw images loom and disappear. The fire
hurt my eyes. It made me sleepy. I
could not go away. It died out like
dreams. Charred wood is ugly; it has
bad smell.

Wed., December 9.—Went to two
classes. George Eliot was a leader of
positivism. Every novel must have an
irreducible subject. Never contradict
professors. What is art? The afternoon
was gray. Clouds are huge shadows steal-
ing across the heart of the sky. What is
truth? Bare walls of small rooms are
cold. The walls of small hearts. . . .?

Tues., December 15.—Tonight I walked
out to a hill in the starlight. I kept think-
ing. I have forgotten her hair, her lip
her eyes, things that we did. But I kept
reaching for a hand that wasn't there.
I am lonely. I want to go away. Some-
where. Anywhere. I can't study. I
would like to be an artist. Artists are
never happy. I am never happy. Some-
times I wish I could be happy—for an
hour perhaps. I wish I could forget
everything.

Thurs., December 17.—Bought a copy
of Baudelaire's Prose Poems this after-
noon. I like Baudelaire. If I could have
known him! He took his revenge on life
by glorifying sorrowful things. One
cannot forget sad things. They linger in
memories.

Tues., January 11.—I am a failure.
I can do nothing. I do not even understand
the things I read. I wish I could get
away. I am tired of looking at bare trees.

Sat., January 15.—I met a boy today.
He comes from Ohio. He tried to tell me
something about art. I do not know what
art is. I do not want to know. I only
want to get away. I might pray tonight.
Why do people pray on their knees?
I shall pray on my knees—pray that I am
taken away somewhere.

Sun., January 16.—Praying doesn't do
any good. God can't hear. He doesn't
want to hear. I can't stand it here any
longer. I am going to leave someday.
I don't know where I can go. Anywhere
better than this. Classes and lessons are
books. It is getting colder. I don't like
winter. Cold purples my lips and makes
me shiver. The room is cold. I wish
I had a cigarette.

BOOK CHAT

By ROBERT HODGES

A second edition of *Look Homeward, Angel*, first novel of Thomas Wolfe, Asheville man and Carolina graduate, has already been published. The novel has been on sale for less than three weeks.

* * *

Among the recent flood of war novels, distinguished by Remarque's *All Quiet On The Western Front*, come two prize novels the authors of which divided the American Legion award of \$25,000 between them: *God Have Mercy On Us*, by Mm. T. Scanlon, and *It's A Great War*, by Mary Lee. Houghton-Mifflin are the publishers.

* * *

Those who find their interest in Shakespeare on the wane should pick up Norman Hapgood's *Why Janet Should Read Shakespeare*. This stimulating volume points out the beauty and genius of "The Bard of Avon" in an original and entertaining fashion, and the reader sees an interpretation of Shakespeare's works through an entirely modern viewpoint.

* * *

Century has published a biography of Donn Byrne, whose recent death was a cause of great sorrow to his thousands of readers. The volume, *Donn Byrne, Bard of Armagh*, is by Thurston Macauley, a prominent journalistic figure both here and abroad.

Donn Byrne's *Ireland: The Rock Whence I Was Hewn* is his own account of the tale.

* * *

Princeton comes in for a good share of attention this fall, especially in Day Edgar's *In Princeton Town*, a collection of short stories each one about a different undergraduate and all reminding one of F. Scott Fitzgerald's *This Side Of Paradise*.

* * *

There are among the other college novels *The Unwilling God* by Percy Marks, and *Against The Wall* by Kathleen Millay. Both of these contain propaganda, some of it bitter, but they bring out into the spotlight evident and deplorable evils current in our institutions of higher education.

* * *

Another literary figure from Princeton (and the most distinguished of all) speaks in *Penrod Jashber*, Booth Tarkington's latest contribution to fiction about children but of interest to everyone. The famous creator of Penrod, Sam, Herman, Verman, and Marj'ry breaks the silence that has bound them for so long and introduces again these small but particularly animate characters.

* * *

John Galsworthy, following his example of *The Forsyte Saga*, has again made three of his novels into one volume, forming a "saga of the younger Forsytes" called *A Modern Comedy*. Readers of *The Forsyte Saga* should in this work composed of *The Silver Spoon*, *The White Monkey*, and *Swan Song*, chronicling the closing years of the life of that "man of property," Soames Forsyte.

* * *

For all those who used to feed with avid delight upon the tales of the "wild and woolly west," with Indians, cowboys, stampedes, robbers, vice rampant, and excitement galore, there comes a work by Edmund Pearson entitled *Dime Novels*. This is an entertaining story of the history of this type of fiction and contains many excerpts and illustrations from the lurid, paper-backed volumes themselves.

THE ROMAN CAMPAGNA: MIDSUMMER

By RICHARD A. CHACE

*A wide and silent emptiness of space,
A void of breath, a taste of woes to come,
Surrounding Roman pride to mock it dumb,
Extends about in isolated waste.*

*It sprawls, a clumsy, tortured mass of dust,
Choking beneath a sun whose brazen glare
Has stilled all hopeful life and stripped it bare
Of hope, and superposed a crumbled crust.*

*For nothing lives in this unhealthy spot.
Shimmering waves of dancing death alone,
Beneath the fitful gusts that slowly moan,
Can move and be in atmosphere so hot.*

*But when the twilight brings repose to pain
The gasping, tortured earth, outstretched by heat,
Returns, relieved, to primal state. The beat
Of purple hazes sweeps across the plain.*

*As shades appear from out the ground and sky
And penetrate the land, illusion grows
And peoples all that plain with all its woes,
Its centuries of conflict long gone by.*

*And strong is felt that supernatural awe
That darkness brings to vast, unpeopled spots
Shrouded by shadows hiding that which rots,
Which waits for dawn, misunderstanding law.*

IV. PROBABILITIES

(Continued from page one)

through I leave a place on the wall through which a moving molecule may leave the interior of the tire, but also it is a place through which a molecule of the air outside may go into the space within the tire. Whether the tire goes flat or whether it gains pressure depends on which molecules happen to hit the hole more often; those from within or those of the outside air.

It may happen that the outside molecules get in faster than the more crowded inside ones go out, since it is pure Chance that makes any molecule be in any particular place. But the probability is in favor of the crowded molecules hitting the hole more often; we can then state our law with more confidence: that a gas will flow from the side of greater pressure to that of less. There is a probability that the tire will not go flat, or even that it will gain pressure, but it is so small that we may neglect it. Though realizing fully that our physical laws may fail we feel certain that they will not because we have such great odds in their favor.

In terms of the law of averages we can formulate many traditional philosophical inquiries in a concise way. This afternoon I was in Kenan Stadium; now I am in my study. I propose myself the question: Does Kenan Stadium exist? that is, it existed this afternoon, for I was there and saw it (and this is what I mean by the existence of Kenan Stadium), but what I want to know now is whether the stadium is still there in my absence. This is an old, old question, and the answers to it are varied and, to a large extent, puerile and studiously equivocal. The Doctrine of Reasonableness tells me that it is quite possible that Kenan Stadium is there no longer; during the week many people will tell me that they have been there and have found it as I left it, but I choose to doubt their testimony—it is quite possible that they are all deceiving me. The next time that I go there I will

probably find the stadium just as I left it, but that is no valid proof that it was there during the interval when I did not see it. If I suffer from the Great Hallucination then I am hopeless, if not then I may still choose to be *unreasonable* and refuse to believe anything that you tell me about the stadium—and you can find no logical objections to my stand. You cannot refute Voliva's view of the shape of the earth if he is clever enough to start at the right plan in his departure from your view.

But behold the power of our Doctrine: whereas it is possible that one of the persons I interview is deceiving me about the existence of the stadium—possible that every one of the hundred whom I question is lying, it is quite improbable; the magnitude of the improbability increases with the increase of the number of people who assure me that the stadium is there. Whereas it is quite possible that the stadium goes away when I am not there and comes back whenever I return (for any one of the uncountable molecules that make up the stadium may leave it and wander off into space; all may leave it) the chances are against this happening. The Doctrine of Reasonableness merely tells me to be on the long end of the odds. So to the question of the existence of the stadium in my absence I have the answer that the chances are nearly one to zero that it is there: that is, it is practically certain that it exists, and my Doctrine tells me to be on the side nearer certainty.

Suppose that you see a blue chip on the floor; it is a chip which you have never seen before, and you would like to know if it is blue on both sides. Suppose that for some reason you cannot pick it up but that by kicking a loose board or something you can send it spinning in the air. When it comes down you inspect it and find it blue. You are uncertain whether the side that turned up is the same side you saw first or the one which you wanted to see; the chances are equally divided. So you send it spinning again; and again you find it blue. Still you are uncertain so that you repeat the process a hundred times. Now it is true that there is nothing to keep the chip from falling on the same side each time—only the magnitude of improbability. Out of a hundred tosses you would expect to get fifty blues and fifty reds (assuming there to be a red); but you may get a run of blues: in fact, you may get one hundred blues, but the chances of this are slim. There is only about one chance in a thousand that you'll get a run of ten blues. You can get as close to certainty as you please by increasing the number of trials. Our Doctrine requires, then, for you to believe that the chip is blue all over. If you still doubt that you have seen both sides of the chip I can have no valid objection to your view, but the chance that you are right is very small.

What I believe of reality I believe because of the long odds. I admit all the possibilities to which I can adduce no logical objection; then, as far as possible, I estimate their respective probabilities, and bet accordingly. If it is a football game or the stock market I may lose, but the laws of Nature fall too near the certainty limit (zero against to one for) to give me qualms. The world of measurement—the world of reality—that offers little chance for speculation. We can still squabble about its ultimate make-up, we can disagree on a great many things; but that oak is that oak for 'a that and 'a

(Continued on page six)

P. O. B.

By PHILIPP KLEMENS KAUFMANN

Strolling along that ever-trodden path of Broadway, one might distinguish quite dexterously two shuffling feet materially amplifying the turbulence which greets the already over-burdened ear; two feet on which are a slovenly pair of shoes, lustreless, and for the most part ill-fitting—scarcely lifting themselves from the pavement in an attempt to keep pace with the promenading gaiety of corybants during those prodigal hours of luminous night, or merely to wander down that placative way—so vast and disquieting—when the dextrorse light of Heaven descends in that dust-settling period of early morn.

These servile incubi veer with the vacillating mind of the possessor—P. O. B., or Monk, his most frequent appellation. He is a man heavy with years, full of spasmodic laughter contagiously emanating from a kind mouth. Decrepitude marks his entire frame; his countenance, desiccated and furrowed, is brought a bit nearer for scrutiny by his drooping shoulders.

"I cannot bear the country, with everything so clean and pure and shining; better that a crashing wheel have my flesh than a thrilling bird my soul; for Nature brings me to near God and makes me realize what a failure I am, a failure who has achieved nothing but age; and I await that day when the Shepherd of the Dead shall lead me into that land 'where the hailstones do not reach, and the heaviest-laden wayfarer at length lays down his burden, and rests!'"

P. O. B. left Europe when a lad and came alone to New York. There he became one of the many newsboys who delve into the night with an armful of papers and a raucous shout. He prospered at first, but his resentment toward the delusions of life frustrated any further advancement. He was quite zealous, but his refusal to mitigate his theorizing drew him into the squalor of lower New York.

Thus, in this environment did he pass what is thought to be the most vigorous years of one's life. He could not but be averse to lying, at night, on a wooden floor in a dilapidated tenement, and he bitterly resented his treatment by the world. Often, a nightly walk with papers thrust under his weary arms was his meagre consolation—so now he no longer aspires, seeing its futility, and the imperious mind has become attenuated by despair.

He has become obsequious to the will of others, for there is no means of existence other than selling papers, as age is rapidly overcoming him.

I have known him for many months; I have discerned him often outlined in the distance under the failing twilight with a gaunt shadow on his trail; I have seen him gaze reverently at the grandest of all spectacles—sunset—following an apocalyptic thunderstorm, where the aureous hue of the paling sky, surrounded by streaks of immutable clouds and darkening bars of gorgeous blue, slowly disappears into the maelstrom.

How that scene comes back to me!—P. O. B. ingloriously in the furthest corner, sipping coffee from a saucer and utterly unconscious of his surroundings. There, many a time has he sat, thoughtful and solitary, drinking one steaming cup after another, being obsessed by a prodigious love for that paregoric draught which is but an egis for the perennial struggle with sleep. An intrusion here would see almost a transgression. At times his countenance reveals sorrow—that indescribable sor-

Bacchanal

By RICHARD A. CHACE

*Voluptuous, dance-mad, drunk with joy—
And Grapes—
Uneasy shapes
Against the glimmer of a torch—
Perhaps two torches—and a fire—
Distort their gleaming bodies,
Winding wild in restless rhythm
Towards the night, then to the light,
Backwards, forwards, in and out,
Orgy-driven and orgy-mad,
Gladly believing joy is nearer God
Than fasts or praise or prayer
Or peace—
Or what you will . . .*

*The crazy dance grows wilder
Till the brain can hold no more
And the mind reels . . .
Falling, rising again, and falling,
Filling the fleeting moments, filling the needs
of the senses,
Feeling too keenly how soon it must end . . .
And then—at the last—
Close to the earth,
Pressed in the stupor of frenzy,
Fulfillment.*

row of age and despair; he has faith in nothing now except a glow of warmth, a few hot buns, and another cup of coffee; but this lapse into despondency is often evanescent and that luminous smile of contentment reappears.

"—one's day will be an everlasting time-clock; towering structures will reach the heavens; the starry sky will remain unseen and the nightly smile of God will waste its sweetness on the desert air. So I am content that I have lived, knowing the path of those poor souls who are to come—who are to endure the hearaches of living."

Again; "What use is sleep. It is but a deeply-colored glass through which, now and again, you see a land of glittering gold; descend—and with each step approach Idealism; yield—and sink further into its arms; thus you carouse till dawn, then dash from its enticing charms and unwillingly pick up your tools of toil."

There he was, on the grey streets, one intensely cold night last winter—a night so cold that one's breath was converted seemingly into a film of ice—as ever, with misfit clothes (which varied with the vagaries of his colleagues), the lapel of his coat upturned as further protection against the biting wind, vigorously stamping his feet, laborously lighting a cigarette, wheezing out a stream of curling smoke, desultorily discussing 'if I were president,' vehemently debating the imparity of the world, interrupting himself only to cup his hands and blow through them; and then—the impecunious P. O. B. reventied into wealth.

"Make the most of time; it glides away so fast"—and a gust of wind carried his weather-beaten cap away, revealing a dislevelled mass of stone-grey hair. He gratefully received his cap from the retriever, maneuvered, and it was replaced in that apathetic posture, the peak resting on a protruding patch of the grey mass. It was then that one realized how inseparable his cap was; for were P. O. B. ever to appear in public capless, he would not be recognized by his compeers—unless one scrutinized—and then—"That's him!—approximately."

HEAVEN AND THEN—

(Continued from page one)

was beginning to see fulfilled his fondest hope—someone to understand and keep the faith.

The music for our dance would begin. Our master, with the whitest of all white hair and deep blue eyes that seemed always to search for something in space, would seat himself by his harp and begin the music that only he could play. At first it was always only a whisper, a caution; now it became a smooth, cooling, moist south wind; now a terrific thunder and an awful gale; now a lull, and it was entirely lost somewhere among the glass walls of the studio. Again it would revive; then our master's fingers were motionless, and the score was finished. But we never danced by his first number. Always we would remain reclining on a soft couch until our master was ready for his next composition. Sometimes, during the first rendition, our fingers were twining among the other's hair. Often my lips would be closely pressed to hers. Always we were together, touching each other, understanding.

As our master's fingers would become still at the end of his first rendition, his hands resting motionless upon his harp, his snow-white head bowed forward as if in a trance, in the silent hall, his eyes closed in perfect understanding of something the world knows not, she would place a perfect hand on mine and softly whisper,

"My Rodrigue, we are as one; our spirits are the same."

I would gently press her to me, her soft, warm breasts against me, a part of me, transforming me into an unreality; her wavy, blond hair streaming over my shoulders; her delicate blue eyes seeming almost as much my eyes as hers. I would whisper back to her,

"Dear Marna, we are an entity; our spirits are the same."

Then began the dance.

We loved the dance. We loved to feel our muscles respond to the live pull of the music that floated from our master's harp. The first tinkling, incoherent notes drew us tipping on the velvet carpet. We were as silent as the stealth with which night creeps upon day. We were as skillful as our master's fingers. Perfectly we felt the mood of the music, and perfectly we interpreted its every phase. Often there were tigers and demons of the deep, clutching and raging. There were terror-stricken fauns, chased by yelping dogs; and meek, innocent lambs with their heads severed from their bodies. There were women in the throes of child-birth; and there were children lost in a storm. There was death, birth, beauty, innocence; there was ugliness and shame, tragedy. And this all makes life; this all makes music; this all makes the dance.

After a while the master's music would cease, and we would trip away for the night, leaving him to the thing dearest to his heart next to us—his harp. Away to a night of cool, quiet rest we would go, to dream and sleep, exist and exist not, conscious and unconscious.

Sometimes the cool dawn would find us locked in each other's arms, and often my lip would be pressed to Marna's forehead. Then the south would send a rustling whisp of wind to rustle Marna's hair with mine, and I would awake and feel her gentle breathing against my body, feel her heart's rhythmic beat like poetry, feel her warm breath against my neck. The grey would leave the morning and

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Books

YELLOW BROTHERS

A SHORT HISTORY OF CHINA by Edward Thomas Williams. Harper and Brothers: New York. 651 pp. \$5.00.

China from ancient times has had a fascination for the Western world. The short, neat, non-committal, ever-polite, yellow-skinned Oriental has always aroused interest—has always been the subject of the great curiosity, wherever he has wandered from his native land. And yet, what do we know of China or its people? That they eat rice with chopsticks; that they control the laundries of the United States; that they bind their daughters' feet; that they multiply like rabbits; that their God is Confucius or Buddha; that they're damn clever, these Chinese; and that, when not smoking opium or attacking a "velle pletty, Amelican gel," they are continuously engaged in tong wars. This summary is not false, nor is it exaggerated. True, there are some who know that "Spanish" shawls are made in China or that printing, gunpowder and the compass were known to the Chinese long before we "invented" them, but to the average westerner, the stimulus "China" brings forth "revolution, disorder, famine, almond-shaped eyes and yellow skins, perhaps pigtailed" and no more.

But Dr. Williams, Professor Emeritus of Oriental Languages and Literature at the University of California, and for over thirty years with the American Foreign Service in China, has set down the long chronicle of Chinese History, covering more than four thousand years, in a manner that is interesting to the Western student and will undoubtedly awaken him to the further study of China. He has based his momentous work upon the lectures that he used for so many years in the teaching of Chinese history.

The book is not so much a history of dynasties and battles as it is a story of the development of the people. It has been divided into periods which were marked by some distinguishing feature. The author concerns himself not with the policies of the innumerable prime ministers but rather with the conditions of the people, the taxation, the art and luxury, the religion, women and marriage relations, costumes, foods, amusements, philosophy and letters, and political institutions.

An interesting feature of the book, and one that makes it doubly vital to us, is that more than half of the volume is devoted to the history of recent China, beginning with the Manchu dynasty of 1876. This aids considerably in straightening out the apparent chaotic impression that most of us have of China.

And throughout the book, Professor Williams has inserted little paragraphs, more or less unimportant in themselves but serving as a delightful method of warding off possible boredom and creating pleasant diversissements for those who find it difficult to read history. To know that in the 22nd century B. C., one Iti invented intoxicating liquor and that the then ruler of China, Yu, immediately forbade its manufacture and banished the inventor with these words, "It's good, but it would ruin the state," prompts one to buttonhole the first acquaintance one encounters and impart the information.

DISRUPTION

By PHILIP DEVILBISS

*If I should find immortal souls
Encased within the tombs
Where, planted underneath small knolls,
Decaying flesh still blooms;*

*If I should enter Paradise
To find it all forsaken,
Could I embody sacrifice
And leave your faith unshaken?*

*Though revelation make me dumb,
I would forego my trust
To hold the world upon a thumb
And scatter it to dust.*

And little lines, such as the following, quoted from old and new poems, "A wise man builds a city wall; a woman lays it low," cause the reader to lay the book down, at times, and revel in the ancient truisms.

Professor Williams has most emphatically achieved his aim. He has made the book—well, to say informative would be weak. He has certainly aroused the reader's interest in China and has given him a knowledge not only of the origin and past of China but an excellent comprehensive idea of the entire trend and development of the Chinese. And, perhaps, "A Short History of China" has added to the ever-increasing demand that the study of the Orient be included as part of the regular curriculum of American universities.

—FRANK J MANHEIM.

WESTERNER

MOUNTAIN MAN by Harold Channing Wire. The Thomas Y. Crowell Company: New York. 305 pp. \$2.00.

Judging *Mountain Man* by the literary standards of Harold Bell Wright, Zane Gray and others of their class, it is a better than average novel. The plot, however, is this book's sole reason for being. *Mountain Man* is a fast-moving western tale of the lives lived by forest rangers detailed to protect the forests of the Sierra Nevadas, to control the grazing of the cattle of that district, and to hunt down whatever incendiaries or other law breakers with which their district may abound.

The sub plot deals with the hero's love affair with a cattle rancher's daughter, Louise Temple, who has had an education in art but who has forsaken her real interest to please a crippled father. The hero, Gordon Breck, enlists in the ranger service for the purpose of "getting" one of a gang of desperados who has murdered the last ranger on their beat—a war Buddy of Breck's. Of course, Breck "gets" his man, the girl, and the congratulations of the entire ranger service.

Without wanting to appear snobbish, probably the reason why Wire fails to write finished adventure stories is because he lacks any formal or disciplined education. Conrad and countless other writers have been too far above formal education for me to say much here, but while Wire has the ability to create plots he is unable to manipulate them smoothly. He has had a rather interesting life, having lived in the Mojave Desert, been in the United States Geological Survey, in the World War, on Keith's Vaudeville Circuit where he played an accordion, and having been an assistant editor of the *Adventure* magazine. He has had courses at

Pomona College, Dartmouth, and Columbia University. At present, he alternates between the forest ranger service and writing.

Color description is about the limit of the author's ability. Now, to our mind it is hardly essential to know whether the hero has brown eyes and black hair, because we believe that a brown-eyed, black-haired hero could be just as "ornery" as any villain. What we are interested in, is what the characters think, how they react mentally to type situations with which we are acquainted so that we can pass judgment upon them, and so that in the end we may see why a definite result has been brought about, which result could not have been influenced by brown eyes and black hair. Typical examples of this style are: "Mount Whitney flung its black pinnacle upward against a red fan of sunset. As Cook watched, blue eyes beneath gray brows squinted thoughtfully." "He towered blackly in the dusk, filling the opening, tall-figured, with close bronze hair . . ."

There have been many writers of quality who have dealt with the West but whose work is both polished and original. I'm sure a Bret Harte or a Mark Twain would never have filled a book with such stereotyped phrases as "He dropped into a seat . . . and narrowed his eyes." "That's settled," said Breck swiftly gripping the table edge." "Cow boys clumped along the walk."

From the standpoint of a college man, Wire's knowledge of fraternities is rather amusing. He speaks of Breck's having "three small blue dots" on the underside of his wrist which is supposedly a fraternity mark, the meaning of which is a very dark secret. We may be mistaken but such slips as this seem to kill naturalness.

All in all, however, you can read *Mountain Man*, if you like adventure stories, and you'll probably like it despite its faults.

—J. ELWIN DUNGAN.

DUBOSE HEYWARD

THE HALF PINT FLASK by DuBose Heyward. Farrar and Rhinehart. 55pps.

Heyward after a mediocre success with *Angel* comes back again as master of negro life in his very short but highly satisfactory *Half Pint Flask*.

Heyward vividly shows the obsession with which the negro mind holds superstition; and the result of this superstition on the minds of the white men who live amongst them.

He graphically brings out in this story the illusive and intriguing superstition known among the negroes of the South Carolina coast as Plat-eye. Plat-eye comes bringing with him insomnia to people who disregard their superstitions or who interfere with their sacred beliefs. Plat-eye lures his victims away into the woods, and after stealing their wits away, leaves them to die alone.

The old negro superstition of placing old bottles, crockery and the like on the graves of their dead is violated by Barksdale, a scientist who is attempting to write a book on the negro. The negroes, because of the taboo of harming white people, do not lay violent hands on Barksdale as a result of his theft of an old bottle from a grave for his glass collection. Rather, they achieve what they wish—the return of the half pint flask to the grave—by conjuring up their mystic powers in prolonged ceremonies until the mind of the white man becomes obsessed. He is attacked with insomnia which

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Drama and the Arts



by

MILTON GREENBLATT

QUEER WORDS

AN ENGLISH PRONOUNCING DICTIONARY, On Strictly Phonetic Principles, by Daniel Jones of the University of London is a thoroughly fascinating volume. It contains the pronunciations of over fifty thousand words, all in international phonetic transcription. In his introduction, Mr. Jones says: the object of the present dictionary is to record the pronunciation used by the educated families of England in ordinary conversation. The author emphatically states that the book is not one of theories, but simply a record of facts, the majority of which were ascertained by his personal observation.

Upon first sight, the book appears to be written in hieroglyphics. But careful attention will show that these strange, extraordinary marks are only the alphabet of the International Phonetic Association, used, with modifications, in several languages.

The phonetic symbols are really very simple in character, once they are known, and they are much easier to read than the clumsy, vague, signs used in most ordinary dictionaries.

It would be a wise thing, if many of our American scholars could be dissuaded from pursuing their masses of futile research work, and turn their attention to the more practical and useful field of phonetics. For in America a general standard of pronunciation is an absolute necessity. The English standard can not be followed exactly. Some of their usages are as bad as those in America, but on the whole they are vastly superior. There is certainly some advantage in having a distinct American standard of speech as opposed to the English standard. Some of their pronunciations would be barbaric in this country. For instance, take such common words as *schedule*, pronounced *shedule*; or, *lieutenant*, pronounced *lefftenant*; and *laboratory*, accented on the second syllable.

It is startling to discover how many common words are mispronounced. (According to most American dictionaries, as well as Mr. James'). Can't, ask, grass, should all be pronounced with a broad 'a' sound. There is as yet no authority for these words being pronounced with the *a* as in fat. Although it is quite probable that popular usage (pronounced with a *z* sound) will make them acceptable in the future.

This system of the International Phonetic Association should be adopted in American schools and colleges, in teaching English. (It is used to some extent in the teaching of French). For it is simple, accurate, and universal. And it would go far in helping to create a standard American pronunciation which is so greatly needed.

* * *

A stirring and vigorous performance of Haydn's Clock Symphony has been recorded recently by the Victor Co. It is played by the Philharmonic-symphony Orchestra of New York, under the direction of Arturo Toscanini. . . . One of the most interesting of the old recordings is the "Don Juan" of Richard Strauss, played by The Royal Philharmonic Orchestra under Bruno Walter.

Sonnet

By PHILIP DEVILBISS

*Is it because I love you that I find
A painful meaning in your sudden eyes—
A passing glimmer telling stark surprise;
Or do I misinterpret?—Love is blind,
And lovers, though not knowing, are unkind.
It hurts to think your merest words are lies
And that your love is but a rose that dies*

*Upon the bush—yet lingers in my mind.
You are not cruel; yet I find no peace.
And if by chance I watch your glance at me
With eyes aflame, deep as the soundless sea,
This empty thumping of my heart will cease
And leave me burning on a cross of fire.
Why must love's bed be too its funeral pyre?*

IV. PROBABILITIES

(Continued from page three)

that. Call it what we may, it is a pretty solid thing.

From the finitude of energy and matter we were obliged to deduce the finitude of time. There is one aspect of this deduction which seems to have escaped the recent writers on the subject perhaps because it goes so obviously against the dictates of the scientific tyranny which sways the twentieth century; it is this, that the finitude of time works both ways. At some time in the past, a long way back, but only a finite time back, there was a creation. We cannot escape this deduction, discomforting as it may be to those who are militantly unwilling to conceive extra-natural sources for the phenomena of the physical world. Scientists point back to a primeval attenuated homogeneous mass from which all sprang; but this was not the beginning, it was closer to the end. This early stage in the development of the universe already carries the world of measurement in its womb. Its energy is perfectly ordered, the second law of thermodynamics is already working the changes that we call the world of reality today. This attenuated mass is not the inheritance of eternity; the law of entropy requires that at some time it was brought spontaneously into being.

How was time brought into existence—how was our universe born? Potentially the attenuated primeval mass of the scientist is the world of measurement; before it we see a timeless void, impotent—then time begins. How can it have happened? In shuffling a perfectly shuffled deck of cards it may happen that order is restored; that the four suits become segregated and placed in their right order; but it is not probable. So with the pre-universal void: it is perfectly possible that by pure accident order and the potential universe sprang out of the chaos—but this possibility is uncountably small. Not for this, however, do I discard it since however small it may be, it is one of the explanations of our existence; we are here—something surely happened. There is nothing more obviously relative than two magnitudes. My Doctrine deals only with the relative magnitudes of alternative probabilities. It only requires that we take the long end of the bet; if we have two choices we must take the more probable, however improbable it may be when taken by itself.

For the beginning of time I have at least one other possibility left: In the beginning . . . the earth was without form and void . . . And God said, Let there be *time*; this is enough, the law of entropy

and the much abused principle of evolution account for the subsequent developments. The probability of the Great Accident is almost a null probability; the probability of the Deliberate Creation entails the probability of the existence of extra-universal extensions: close to a fifty-fifty proposition. For my part I do not hesitate; I discard the theory of the Great Accident.

The scientist is not concerned with extra-universal extensions, for they are forever beyond the range of his laboratory; the mathematician finds them convenient tools in the analysis of lower spaces, but their reality does not concern him. Our Doctrine demands their existence. There are regions completely independent of the world of measurement within which the life of our universe may be but a cyclic phenomenon. The nature of this transcendent world will be revealed to us, if at all, only by means of pure and rigorous thought. At present the obstacles in the way of its discovery appear insurmountable. Adventure awaits the thinker who can turn his head from the lure of Fantasy.

Every great poet with a lively imagination is timid, he is afraid of men, that is to say, for the interruptions and troubles with which they can invade the delight of his dreams.

—de Stendhal

BOOKS TO BE REVIEWED

THE RAVEN, by Marquis James (Bobbs-Merrill).
THE TREE NAMED JOHN, by John B. Sale
(U. of N. C. Press).

THE WAY OF ECBEN, by James Branch Cabell
(Robert M. McBride).

SINCERITY, by John Erskine (Bobbs-Merrill).
FREDERICK THE GREAT, by Margaret Goldsmith
(Boni Paper Books).

Music resembles poetry, in each
Are nameless graces which no methods teach,
And which a master-hand alone can reach.

—Alexander Pope

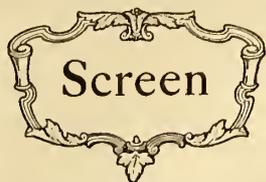
We Ask This One

(Answers will be found elsewhere in this magazine.)

1. For what is Griff House noted?
2. What was the Bread-and-Cheese Club?
3. What poet selected his own burial-place and designed his own sepulchre?
4. Who was the originator of the first circulating library?
5. Who was "the poet of the blue-grass country"?
6. What and where is "Crazy Castle"?
7. Who was termed "the tenth Muse"?
8. Who wrote "The Hoosier Schoolmaster"?
9. To whom was Longfellow's poem "Santa Filomena" a tribute?
10. Who wrote under the signature "H. H."?

'Tis more to guide than spur the Muse's steed;
Restrain his fury than provoke his speed;
The winged courses, like a generous horse,
Shows most true mettle when you check his course.

—Alexander Pope



(A column of brief notes on the latest pictures).

COCK EYED WORLD

Based on the story by Laurence Stallings and Maxwell Anderson, who co-authored "What Price Glory," this picture features Victor McLaglen, Edmund Lowe, and Lily Damita.

The trend of the story takes McLaglen and Lowe, again fighting marines, to Russia, to the tropics, and to Coney Island. The girl of the tropics is Lily Damita; their Russian girl is Lelia Karnelly; and Jean Bary is their New York girl. The only actual battling is done while quelling an uprising in the tropics; the rest of the fighting is done over the ladies. McLaglen and Lowe are an excellent combination. Joe Brown does good comedy.

HOLLYWOOD REVUE

Jazz and jazz. Arthur Lange, musical director of the production, arranges and orchestrates twenty songs, and conducts a forty-piece orchestra for the occasion. Excellent cast, including John Gilbert, Marion Davies, Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford, William Haines, Conrad Nagel, Buster Keaton, and Karl Dane. Pretty spectacle. Good dancing and singing.

THEY HAD TO SEE PARIS

Will Rogers and Irene Rich. A newly-rich family sees Paris. Moral: Stick to your God-given elevation: breaking into society is bad business, even if it does furnish your audience with a bit of highly amusing comedy.

WHY BRING THAT UP?—Moran and Mack, the original Black Crows, are still funny.

THE VIRGINIANS—With Gary Cooper. Based on the novel. Cooper is always dependable.

THE UNTAMED—Joan Crawford is still wild.

HEAVEN AND THEN—

(Continued from page four)

all would be bright outside. I would call to her.

"Sweet Marna, we must rise and work."

She would move and open her eyes. She would close them again and her lips would open and she would speak.

"My Rodrigue, I want never to leave your arms. I want nothing to sever me from you. We are as one. You are my own heart."

And the day would find me carving images from marble—carving, chizeling, carving an image of Marna. There she sat posed for me. She never tired. She never complained of weariness. Forever I was happy to be carving an image of Marna. I could carve an image of her as she was, so beautiful in her white drapery, half reclining, her wavy hair falling loosely about her shoulders. Yes, I could carve her as she was, for she was a part of me.

But there came a day when we danced no more in our master's studio, when we played no more music among the roses, when I carved no more images of Marna. There came a day when our master, weeping, said that he could teach us no more. He had seen us grow to grasp the Thing as he understood it, and he was satisfied. He wanted us to go into the world and teach others. We were his pupils no longer.

So with many tears and grief we played one even-

THE GRAVE OF RUPERT BROOKE

By JAY CURTIS

*In the distant isle of Scyros,
Under clear Aegean skies,
There sleeps a bit of England—
English blood and hair and eyes.*

*That spot is ever England,
For the youth that's buried there
Was born of England's freshness
And was blushed by English air.*

*The greenish blue Aegean
And the sunny, crystal clime
Now keep that bit of England
Among poppies and the thyme.*

ing for our last time on the grassy lawn. We played a low, sobbing farewell to the elm trees, to the quiet, soothing wind. Next day we went away.

How could I bear to have my Marna away from me! How could I ever work in a studio of my own if she could not be there! But it was our master's wishes that she go as an instructor to the Krayal schools. My studio and apartment was to be high up in a sky-scraper of Manhattan. Duty was calling us apart, estranging us, cutting our heart strings. She who said that she wanted to be always in my arms must leave me now.

For a year I worked in the studio to which my master had sent me. I would look out at the skyline, down at the streets filled with poor, soulless humanity, and I would curse the wretched hand of fate. Curse it! Curse it! Then I would remember my master's teaching, and begin again my work.

A year wearied by, and one day a messenger boy handed me a telegram. My Marna was dying in a hospital. Her breast had been crushed by an automobile driven by a fiend of hell.

Away I hastened to the hospital. Was Marna dead! Was she! Was she dead! Yes, she was dead. I felt it. I felt the cruel hand of chance, miserable chance, godless, ghastly chance had killed my heart, had dragged away my all. When I reached the hospital, a nurse informed me that Marna would not die, that she had been bruised in her side and that tears were streaming down her face on to her pillow. The nurse said she was calling for me.

True wit is nature to advantage dressed . . .

—Alexander Pope

Memory

By JOHN W. WARDLAW

*When I hear the works love wrought,
Since the days of ancient Greece,
I laugh.—This world is run by thought,
Emotions never stir my peace.*

*We met where half-moon's mellow magic
Charmed the sands and soothed the sea;
Then we parted; it is tragic
What that parting did to me.*

*Who are you to laugh at yearning,
You who never felt the woe
Of a hopeless, desperate longing
For a love of long ago.*

*Fleeting moments, joy and madness,
But we didn't realize then
Separation would bring sadness
Will we never meet again?*

DUBOSE HAYWOOD

(Continued from page five)

leads to a very weakened condition of mind and body. It is natural for Barksdale under this influence to leave the house in chase of a phantom person of his imagination from past years. This is what the negroes wish and have been waiting for. They enter the house and loot it until they find the flask which they return to the grave.

Heyward's style, filled as it is with suspended emotion, adequately portrays the feelings of the white man; and at the same time he impressively interprets the superstitious make-up of the negro race.

Joseph E. Sanford has done three excellent symbolic black and white illustrations. The first one, of a negro grave yard with the tilted wooden crosses and broken crockery on the graves, is the finest bit of realistic symbolism I have ever seen.

G. L. S.

AN INSIDE FOOTBALL STORY

MUD AND GLORY by James M. Neville. New York: Duffield and Company, 1929. 304 pps. \$2.00.

In *Mud and Glory* James M. Neville, himself a college athlete, has woven a parallel of the famous run to the wrong goal line as performed by Roy Riegels in the California-Georgia Tech game of last year. The story revolves about a personal situation known to have existed on a certain Yale football squad. The author draws his material from personal experience and interviews with numerous coaches. The story is set in colorful football rivalry between Yale and Princeton. Into this situation Mr. Neville very tactfully weaves a love affair—the rivalry between two members of the Princeton backfield for the daughter of a wealthy sportsman and Princeton alumnus.

Terry Malone is the central figure in *Mud and Glory*. When Terry makes his first appearance on the freshman football field at Princeton as a candidate for the quarterback berth he meets Red Thomas, son of a wealthy manufacturer and leading fullback candidate. The unassuming Irish lad develops a hatred for the bragging, brutal Thomas. Red also hates Terry from the first. Fuel is added to the flame of their hatred by mutual rivalry for the affections of Margot Blair, beautiful daughter of Duke Blair, a wealthy sportsman and Princeton alumnus. Soon the inevitable happens—a fight. Red breaks Terry's arm, causing him to withdraw for the rest of the year. The next Fall he enters again and captains the freshman eleven. But while Terry is playing with the yearling eleven Thomas gains national recognition as a sophomore fullback.

The following year Red Thomas is expelled for six months on a charge of drunkenness and Terry Malone wins a regular quarterback berth on the varsity eleven.

Now they are juniors the same year, members of the same backfield, seeking the affections of the same girl, and avoiding a second fight only because both aspire to the captaincy in their senior year. The rest of the book is concerned with intense rivalry between the two.

On the whole, the novel is an inside football story told in an interesting way by an author who knows football from start to finish.

—J. C. WILLIAMS.

To One Who Does Not Write

By DOROTHY MUMFORD

Do you remember
 One day
 When the blue surf slid quietly
 Into the quiet spray
 Along the sand—
 Dancing, hand in hand,
 We accepted all the sea
 And the tall sea grass, and the sky, and the land,
 Held there?

Do you remember
 The fair,
 Low sweep of gulls dipping,
 Wing-stretched, where the waves ran free,
 And a white sail tipping
 To the blue sea?

Do you remember
 You said—
 "Life may bind me with dark ropes,
 But I am well-fed
 Today, with sea and tall sea-grass and sky,
 And you and I;
 Life may rend my certain hopes,
 Sneering, 'Shortly you shall be dead,'
 Yet though tonight I die,
 Today, I have been well-fed."

Do you remember
 That day,
 And other days?
 Or is it a cold ember
 You cannot raise
 To fire
 With desire
 Stolen quietly away?

SPECIAL NUMBERS

The Carolina Magazine is planning to publish after Christmas an issue devoted primarily to contributions from alumni of the University. All former students are extended an invitation to contribute. Material should be sent the editor as soon as possible.

Sometime during the school year the annual Negro Number will also be issued. During past years this issue has attracted considerable praise and comment. Numerous requests have been received for copies of the Negro Numbers.

All material should be sent to the editor of *The Carolina Magazine*, Box 710, Chapel Hill, N. C.

And the entire object of true education is to make people not merely do the right things, but enjoy the right things.

—John Ruskin

N'Importe

By PHILIP DEVILBISS

Red petals spilled
 Upon a vine;
 My heart is filled
 With rubious wine.

Petals scatter
 In the wind;
 Does it matter
 If I've sinned?

The Writers

Jay Curtis is a junior at the University. The other day he took back a poem that he had given the editor because he didn't believe that it was very good. Heaven bless him!

J. J. Slade, Jr., an instructor in engineering, contributes the last of a series of four articles that he has been writing for this Magazine.

Richard A. Chace forsakes the milk of contemporary poets to dip into the wine of the ancients. He is a sophomore.

Julian James is a senior at the university. He contributed to the first issue of the Magazine. That isn't his real name.

John Wardlaw is the director of Jack Wardlaw's orchestra and has composed songs.

J. Elwin Dungan is a sophomore and a frequent contributor of book reviews.

Robert Hodges, a sophomore, will edit the column, "Books and Authors." He is a member of the *Tar Heel* staff.

G. L. S. is a member of the *Tar Heel* staff. This is his first contribution to the Magazine.

Frank Manheim has written a number of feature articles for the *Tar Heel*. This is his first contribution.

J. C. Williams is president of the Debate Council and has represented the University in a number of intercollegiate forensic contests.

J. D. McNairy is a consistent contributor of book reviews.

Dorothy Mumford is a student here.

Margaret Beaufort Miller was last year a student at the University of Tennessee.

Philip DeVilbiss doesn't want the editor to make fun of him.

Milton Greenblatt is a regular contributor to the Magazine.

Philipp Klemens Kaufmann is a first-time contributor.

What we like determines what we are, and is the sign of what we are; and to teach taste is inevitably to form character.

—John Ruskin

Wandrer's Nachlied

GOETHE

*Über allen Gipfeln
 Ist Ruh',
 In allen Wipfeln
 Spürest du
 Kaum einen Hauch;
 Die Bäumelein schweigen im Walde.
 Warte nur, balde
 Ruhest du auch.*

Wanderer's Night Song

GOETHE

(Freely translated by Margaret Beaufort Miller.)

*On all the hill-tops
 Deep lies peace.
 In all the tree-tops
 Birds' cries cease.
 Night wind through the forest
 Breathes scarcely a sigh.
 Soon to thee, wanderer
 Rest cometh nigh.*

Flirt

By PHILIP DEVILBISS

*What if I pen these feeble lines that you
 May witness now your spiteful task complete,
 And watch me stumble to a shamed defeat,
 Or hold me puppet-like that all my view
 The broken patterns of my shattered dream,
 The heart I pawned that I may not redeem?*

*And what if your malicious victory
 Is heightened by my sorrow and my tears?
 What if you hurl a myriad of jeers
 Into my consciousness? Your mockery
 Is but an endless, dull, unseasoned pain
 That throbs against the tatters of my brain.*

*I grant you victor; I am overthrown.
 I do not mind your caustic afterthrust.
 Soon all this heartbreak and this pain will rust
 Into oblivion, and I shall own
 Myself a callow fool that dared to place
 My loose-worn heart before a pretty face.*

We Ask This One

(Answers)

1. Griff House was the childhood home of "George Eliot."
2. Old Washington Hall, New York City, was the meeting place of a coterie of literary men, among whom were Cooper, Bryant, Sands, Halleck, and others, known as "The Bread-and-Cheese Club," because in their voting for membership, bread was used for the affirmative and cheese for negative ballots.
3. Walt Whitman.
4. Benjamin Franklin.
5. Madison Cawein.
6. Skelton Castle was the home of John Hall Stevenson, author of "Crazy Tales." Here Sterne visited him and wrote his famous letters from "Crazy Castle."
7. Anne Bradstreet, the first American woman of letters.
8. Edward Eggleston.
9. To Florence Nightingale.
10. Helen Hunt Jackson.

Perspective

By PHILIP DEVILBISS

*I stood upon a mountain peak at dawn
 And watched the pale designs in argent clouds
 Swerve and sway.
 I saw the mellow darkness cringe and fawn
 Before the soft, elastic mist that shrouds
 The day.*

*I saw a lazy city far beneath
 Arouse itself and bathe its heavy eyes
 And stare
 Upon the waking world, and brush its teeth
 And raise its laughing face toward the skies
 In prayer.*

*And as the last thin patch of dark cried out
 And fled before the slaughter of the morn,
 I heard
 A clock ransack the quietness about,
 And saw a distant field of yellow corn
 Still blurred.*

The Carolina Magazine

Literary Supplement to The Daily Tar Heel

Volume 1

December 8, 1929

Number 5

The Function of Art

A Discussion Of The Possible Origins And The Functions Of Art, And Of The Deep And Significant Influence Which In Its Various Forms It Has Had On Life.

(By RICHARD A. CHACE)

ALTHOUGH aware of the presumption involved in all generalities, particularly regarding what may or may not prompt the artist to the embodiment of his concepts of life into distinct art-forms, I am moved to look into the possible origins, if only to better clarify the popular reaction to an essentially intangible expression, however definite the mode of that expression may have seemed. Nor can abstraction be totally ignored. In many cases pure abstraction has been the germ of an art-form whose bewildering reality it is useless to try to pierce without a counter sense of abstraction and an authentic feel for moods and sensations that have no body and cannot be adequately expressed by recognizable rhythm or contour.

One cannot approach all art in the same spirit. It is best that one's mind remain always open and free from the distracting prejudice gained, only too possibly, from an appreciation of some other expression. It is useless to approach music, for example, with the same quality of appreciation as that with which one would witness a splendid stage production, even of such purely aesthetic proportions as was "The Miracle."

But it is easy to be superficial and note discrepancies in seeming dissimilarities. The question of appearance takes one too far afield where one becomes almost automatically lost in the rich varieties possible for spontaneous expression—which tangible expression is no more than the embodiment of some hidden, overmastering desire, vague, subtle, dangerous. The art-form is excrement of impulse, discharged with a prudent spontaneity into what we, too, as unconscious participators, can see and feel and hear. The definite form this expression takes, as music or painting or literature, is fundamentally negligible to the purpose of reproduction. It must take form—abortive impulse is as dangerous to the mind as childbirth can be to the body—but the individual form by which it appears finally visible has no particular bearing on the impulse involved. Desire—and all art springs ultimately from some unanswerable desire—can be contained in the liquid plea of music as conformably as over the plastic contours of some splendid nude or between the covers of a little book of verse. How can da Vinci's profound unrest be measured even by the mocking smile of La Gioconda in the Louvre? Do we, too, not feel a surging will flow through us at the eternal sweep of the draperies over the austere curves of the Winged Victory? The essence of divinity is reflected from such as these and through their vicarious stimulation we are brought nearer to a final, more true understanding of our own innate powers, our unexplored depths, and our essential possibilities.

Iconoclasm

(By DOROTHY MUMFORD)

*I cannot live within dark walls, today,
For I would walk upon the steep brown hills
Alone, and ramble where the bright wind fills
The sunlit hollows with a sudden spray
Of wine-red oaken leaves; I cannot stay
To read old volumes when the cardinal spills
His low, full-throated call in beckoning trills
Out where the hillpath points its steeper way.*

*For I would be a scholar, not of books
And musty pages foxed with yellowed stain,
Of theories, made within a dim walled room
By men grown old upon its quiet gloom,
But of the wind stir in singing brooks
Or whirling free in gusts of autumn rain.*

Through the medium of music, we, too, share Beethoven's superabundant exuberance in his tremendous Ninth Symphony; we, too, feel, almost painfully, that excessive lust for life, that piercing joy.

Individuality, confronted by genius, is lost, merged in a mutual unity with life. Man, one man, is not a thing unto himself. He is a symbolic expression of the universe, and, inasmuch as this absorbing reality can be expressed, by just that much does he—and we—come closer to origin, and purpose opens out before humbled eyes. Then comes a counter surge of passionate desire that can never be adequately expressed, however talented genius may have become, however apt with the tools impulse has put into its hands. Impetuously, though subconsciously, grateful, the artist, obsessed with sudden illumination and holding in his grasp the microscopic secret of his entity, proceeds to give utterance to his emotion and, as though impelled by some daemonic urge, constructs a symphony or builds a Laocoon, articulate and complete, through whose symbolism the alien element of external personalities can enter his subjective contemplation and feel a mutual emotion, although necessarily weakened by the more limited understanding the individual may bring to bear.

Gradually art becomes absorbed by the general consciousness, and what was once a single, spontaneous realization becomes a definite possession of the race and grows into its culture, adding to its concept of life, increasing its heritage of thought and feeling, and lending some more developed future heightened possibilities of suggestive insight. If it were not for the tremendous urge that lies behind all art-forms, if it were not for the overmastering necessity for adequate expression under which great natures

(Continued on page four)

Cracked Mirror

By PHILIP DEVILBISS

THE MAN stood looking out of the window. His long, pointed fingers, yellow-tipped, made grooves through his hair. Strings of smoke released from his cigaret sought out crevices at the corners of the ceiling, peered cautiously under the mantelpiece. The room was blue with smoke. It stifled. It curled under his chin and fingered his collar button. The man moved. He paced the untidy chamber. His eyes narrowed as if he wanted to say something. There were rings under his eyes, harsh blueblack streaks. In the middle of the room he stopped to stare at his hands. Impulsively they felt their way into his pockets, jingled two coins together. They clinked like dimes. They made a ringing noise. More leisurely he paced again. The stream of light coming in at the window narrowed into a crepuscular ray. The man stared vacantly at his fingertips.

Over in the corner of the room the sleeve of a shirt hung out of the drawer of a wooden dresser. There was a mirror over the dresser. It had a great crack across it that looked like the bare branch of an oak tree. There were smaller cracks running out from it. It was a peculiar mirror. When you looked into it, your face was distorted and looked as if it needed washing. Your ears looked like undersized flapjacks. The light faltered across the wooden top caressing the scars. The man walked to the window.

The moon rose slowly from her stream dripping stars. He looked at it. It was large and soft. From his window it looked as if it were resting on the edge of a distant building. A low wind dragged the pavements, tossing scraps of paper into the air, dusting the corners of tall structures. The air came in through the window warmly. Below bareheaded youths darted carelessly through hurrying mobs. Lights began to blink as if just awakening from restless sleep. Sleek, lean automobiles promenaded the wide avenues. A trolley car rumbled along iron rails. Curtains were lowered in shop windows; doors locked; keys pocketed. The spasmodic flicker of matches cut through the semi-darkness at intervals. Silverware clinked in cafes below. Wet glasses left rings on tablecloths.

The man walked to the mirror and tried to straighten his tie. He did not know whether it was straight or not. It was too dark. No lights. He had no money to pay his rent. He picked up a felt hat out of a chair. He should be wearing a straw; but there was no money. Damn money anyway. It was the root of all evil. But poverty was the source of all pain and unpleasantness. A man can't go hungry always—and live. As if reminded of that, his stomach made a rumbling noise.—Damn it!—he said, and opened the door. On the outside was a card bearing his name: *Julian Guerrant*. He had no middle name. His parents must have forgotten it. It didn't matter. He slammed the door.

Down three creaking flights of steps. Near the

(Continued on page three)

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CIRCULATION MGR. G. W. THOMAS, JR.

Sunday, December 8, 1929

"The best teachers are the aged."

—R. L. Stevenson.

But what is beauty? It is the appearance of an
aptitude for giving you pleasure.

—de Stendhal

INSPIRATION—

THOSE of an older generation who adhered to "The Doctrine of Original Genius" believed that in the soul of the genius was a demon or spirit who was master of him, causing his actions to be unpredictable and his conduct irrational. Many of the modern generation cling to a parallel belief, one closely associated with and arising out of the older doctrine: a doctrine of creative inspiration. An artist, they hold, cannot create until divinely inspired; he must wait for a beam of light, a divine idea to strike him suddenly and lift him off his feet. Composition they claim is of little matter: it is the idea. When one is inspired, all is mechanical and automatic.

It is this inane belief which accounts for much of the absurd writing perpetrated particularly by the younger generation (which includes college students and aspiring journalists). The entire situation is rather comical, especially if one creates in the imagination a picture of the young artist seated with pen (or typewriter) in hand, staring quite vacantly into space, patiently and silently waiting for a divine spark of inspiration. The view is yet more comical when one pictures the inspiration striking the artist in the midst of a traffic jam or in the center of a very cold night.

Good writing is the result of earnest and concentrated effort; it is the reward of long, and often dreary, hours of work and practice. The creative urge is quite often a slave-driver; its lashes are pages of worthless writing—writing due to be consigned to the editor's waste basket. One is often keenly hurt by the lash of rejection slips. Yet, rejection slips prove the salvation of both the editor and the writer.

This idea of creative inspiration has proved rather much of a curse to literature—and particularly to poetry. It is time to realize that inspiration at midnight results usually in chills and fever, and that masterpieces are wrought by hard work and constant effort.

—JOHN MEBANE.

Literary Chronicle

COLLEGE LITERARY MAGAZINES

Colleges and universities, particularly those in the South, are making this year remarkable progress and improvement in their literary publications. Better make-up and better material prevail over the magazines of several years ago.

Judging from the first issue of *The Coraddi* (North Carolina College for Women), this magazine bids fair to become one of the best of those published by girls' colleges in the South. The make-up and typography of this publication are excellent. The salient fault is the lack of long prose to set off an over-abundance of poetry. I find, however, that this abundance of poetry is usually the case in initial issues of college magazines. Almost everyone (and this is unfortunate) aspires at some time during their life to become a poet. Jean Louise Hewitt does for this issue a couple of excellent poems. A unity of theme is carried out throughout the number.

The Archive (Duke University), despite insufficient space for the material that it should be able to acquire, is one of the leading college magazines in the state. The editor has made in the October issue a judicious selection of material; and I particularly commend the book review section. An attractive frontispiece drawing does credit to the book.

Voices of Peace (Peace Institute, Raleigh, N. C.) bids to improve with future issues. A humor section in a literary publication seems a little out of tune. Much of the material is localized, but the sketches are, as a whole, well done. An improvement might be made by having the editorials to pertain a little more to literary matters.

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At Your Own Risk

For enamored youths, especially those who wish to quote poetry in secret, or whisper delicately into the ears of their beloved, I suggest that some of the following poems be read: Richard Aldington's *Images*; Maxwell Bodenheim's *A Poet to His Love*; Mary Carolyn Davies' *Rust*; Sara Teasdale's *Let it Be Forgotten*; Eunice Tietjen's *Parting After a Quarrel*; John V. A. Weaver's *Two Ways*; William Carlos Williams' *Love Song*; and D. H. Lawrence's *Fireflies in the Corn*.

Whenever, either by adroit suggestion or by unveiled picturization, the art of writing reproduces "the fleshy facts of life," it will probably offend the moralist. One should not so injudiciously limit art as to proclaim that pornography cannot be true art or that it is inevitably and solely an outlet for the licentiousness and indelicacies stored in the brains of authors. True art, I believe, should be determined by the skill and dexterity with which a work is handled. Pornography cannot be alluded to as an invention of the present day. It has travelled through dusty centuries and has established a place in the literature of our age. Pornography has probably existed since the introduction of writing for audiences.

If the moralists (should there be any who read this column) will forgive me, I shall list a few of the pornographic masterpieces of literature. Some of these I should even recommend to the intelligent reader.

There is, to be sure, Ovid whose *The Loves*, *The Art of Love*, and *Remedies for Love* have been termed purely pornographic. The poet himself warned respectable people to have nothing to do with his *The Art of Love*. Then, we come to Juvenal who depicts in his satires the riotous life of the Roman people and of the Empire. Petronius satirized in the *Satiricon* the licentious life of the upper class of Italians in the same manner as did Juvenal. Likewise, Apuleius in the *Metamorphoses* satirized the vice of his age, especially that of the priesthood and quacks. I need only mention the names *Arabian Nights*, *Fabliaux*, *Decameron*, *Gargantua and Pantagruel*, *Casanova's Memoirs*, and *Balzac's Droll Stories*.

Then we find Gustave Flaubert and Emile Zola, and Guy de Maupassant. And, of course, there is Gabrielle d'Annunzio reminding us of the beauty of sensations—sensations of pain, of pleasure, and of love. There is the greatest of all aesthetes, Oscar Wilde with his *The Picture of Dorian Gray*, *Salome*, and *De Profundis*.

More modern, we find James Joyce with his *Ulysses*; James Branch Cabell and *Jurgen*; Theodore Dreiser with *Sister Carrie*; Sherwood Anderson's *Many Marriages*; the Frenchman Victor Margueritte, with *La Garconne*; the Germans, Schnitzler and Toller.

LITTLE POEMS IN PROSE

(By CHARLES BAUDELAIRE)

(Translated by Milton Greenblatt)

THE DOG AND THE PHIAL

(Le Chien et le Flacon)

"My pretty dog, good dog, dear doggy,—come, and smell this wonderful perfume, bought of the best perfumer in the city."

And the dog, wagging its tail, (which is, I think, the laughter and the smile of these poor creatures), approaches, and curiously places his damp nose near the uncorked flacon; then, recoiling suddenly, frightened, he barks at me reproachfully.

"Ah, wretched cur, if I had offered you a mass of excrement you would have smelled it delightedly, and perhaps devoured it. Thus, unworthy companion of my sad life, you yourself resemble the public, to whom delicate perfumes which exasperate must never be presented, but only carefully gathered sweepings."

THE MIRROR

(Le Miroir)

A hideous man enters and looks at himself in the mirror.

"Why do you look at yourself in the mirror, since you can hardly look at yourself without displeasure?"

The ugly man answers me:—"Sir, after the universal precepts of '89, all men have equal rights, then I too possess the right to mirror myself, with pleasure or displeasure; that concerns only my conscience."

In the name of common sense, I was without doubt right; but, from the point of view of the law, he was not wrong.

THE OLD WOMAN'S LAMENT

(Le Desespair de la vieille)

The little old lady feels quite happy seeing this pretty baby whom every one welcomes, and whom everyone wishes to please; this pretty creature, as delicate as herself, little old lady, and, like her, without teeth and without hair.

And she approaches the babe, trying to smile and make pretty faces at him.

But the frightened infant struggles under the caresses of the little old woman, and fills the room with its screams.

Then the good old lady withdraws into her everlasting solitude, and she weeps, in a corner, saying to herself: "Ah, for us, unfortunate old creatures, the age of pleasing even infants is passed, and we terrify the little children whom we wish to love."

THE STRANGER

(L'Etranger)

—Whom do you love best, oh enigmatic man; tell me? your father, your mother, your sister, or your brother?

—I have neither father nor mother; sister nor brother.

—Your friends?

—To this day I have never known the meaning of the word you use.

—Your country?

—I am ignorant even of its latitude.

—Beauty?

—Gladly should I love it, goddess, and immortal.

—Gold?

—I hate it as you hate God.

—What then do you love, you extraordinary stranger?

—I love the clouds . . . the clouds which pass . . . over there . . . the marvelous clouds. . .

Dictum

(By RICHARD A. CHACE)

*It is not right. We can not build our life
Of helter-skelter fragments here and there,
Hoping, somehow, it hold a meaning where
No meaning was intended, though in strife.*

*There must be plans, some plan in general, based
On what we aim for, and the distance great
Between becoming, though we reach it late,
Or never know just where our hopes were placed*

*How can we dissipate a strength not ours
In little pleasures, hold to empty hearts,
Bereft of passion, instinct which imparts
Unused directions to the higher powers?*

*Ah, no, it is not right. We have life
To live, so be it well, and face the strife.*

CRACKED MIRROR

(Continued from page one)

bottom he smelled onions and steak. His nostrils twitched slightly. Onions. Outside the air was warm and sweeter. The stars were like poems. To him each night they were different poems. Once he had started to write a novel that he wanted to call *Star Dust*. But he couldn't write, just couldn't concentrate. Too much noise. Roars of omnibuses, clash of steel against steel, hammers, beam striking beam. Great God, how could a man write with a noise like that! He was nervous.

Perhaps he was unfair at times. He could see the faults of the universe, but he could not forgive them. The world was a cup of gold which refused to tilt his way. His mother had used to tell him that he shouldn't find fault with everything. But it seemed as if the filth of the world stood on its tiptoes to reach higher and higher. His mother had once said:—My son, you cannot grasp those stars above.—That was a long time ago. Queer that he remembered it. Pessimistic old mother!

Julian walked slowly down the avenue. People brushed by, laughing, chattering, drifting along the streets like dull wind-blown petals. He stared at the cracks in the walk. There were cracks in his mirror. They looked like the bare branch of an oak tree. The cracks in the walk were different. They were left there to keep the pavement from cracking and crumpling when the weather contracted or expanded the cement. When you looked in his mirror your ears looked like undersized flapjacks. A clock boomed in the distance, shrieking into the blue thinness. Seven-thirty. On a corner he gave a news-boy a dime for a paper and told him to keep the change. The boy's mouth twisted grotesquely. Julian dragged on. What had he given him the dime for? He was a fool. He wanted to go back and ask for the change; but he was afraid. He walked faster. Hurrying mobs grew thicker. They would look like pygmies from the top of a high building. Pygmies dressed in light coats and straw hats. That would be queer. Pygmies with straw hats. His hat was felt. He had worn it for two years. It was warped around the brim. It looked like an antique. A car splashed through a puddle of water in front of him. A woman had a queer look as she brushed down her dress with her hands. She looked as if she wanted to say:—If I weren't a lady.

The shop windows were lighted. Julian glanced into them as he passed by. Here was a jeweler's. There were mirrors in the window. Clear, polished mirrors. He looked at himself. His face was clean,

but his tie wasn't straight. Damn that mirror of his! He walked on. At a lunch counter he spent a dime. God, he was hungry! The food smelled good. On again. His feet dragged heavily. The air was hot.

Home again. It was good to be in bed. He wished that his bed were larger. He didn't like the way his feet protruded beyond the rail at the bottom. The bed was too small. You could hardly turn over in it without falling out. The room was small too. Everything was small. Julian didn't like the dingy curtain over his window. It got in the way when the moon tried to creep in. Darkness pored over the room. Everything was quiet. He wished that he had something to eat. He felt very hungry. Outside far off he could see a tall tree pointing efflorescent fingers through the moon. God, it was dark! He wanted to poke his finger through the blackness. It seemed solid. He could hear the night creeping about in the room; it explored the walls, sprayed itself over his bed in splintery streams. It cried out like the roar of a city after the last light has been extinguished. The quiet hurt him. It gulped him down and ground its teeth on his flesh. He closed his eyes and tried to go to sleep. But it was too hot. The room behaved improperly before his dancing brain. The moon stared in through the curtain. Outside an alleycat offered an atrocious serenade with gratuitous willingness. Down at the foot of the bed his toes were sticking out. He wiggled them, drew them back under the cover. His eyes wandered about the room. He distinguished the old rocker—one arm broken off. There was the dresser with the mirror at the top. The mirror with the cracks across it. Why had they put that mirror in his room? All you could see in it was an animal distorted with pain. Your ears looked like flapjacks. You looked like hell. Hell. Hell! Damn that mirror! He had seen enough of it. He wanted to get up and hurl it out the window. He wanted to smash it into a million tiny pieces. Night hung heavily. Sleep clutched at his throat.

* * *

Julian opened his eyes. Dawn. This would be another day of fruitless searching for work. His stomach felt very hollow. He dressed and went to the mirror to straighten his tie. In the mirror he stared at his hair. It looked as if it were parted in two places. His face was grotesque. Damn that mirror! He hurled himself at it. The glass cut his hand. He tied a handkerchief about the cut. Then he picked the glass splinters off the floor, held them in his palm, stared at them.

* * *

With a parcel under his arm Julian entered a store on Logan street. At the counter he set the package down.—How much?—he queried of the old Jew who ambled towards him. After scrutiny the Jew placed two one-dollar bills on the counter. Julian did not protest. Slowly he walked out and turned into the avenue. There was a lunch counter just ahead. Two dollars. He crinkled the bills in his pocket. Across the street was a second-hand department store. The bills were crisp. New bills. He hesitated, crossed the street and entered the store. A tall man twisted a small moustache with admirable gesures. He bowed to Julian. Preliminary inquiries led Julian to the second floor; further ones led him out of the store with a nicely-wrapped parcel under his arm. Somewhat wistfully he fingered the coins in his pocket. At the lunch counter he dis-

(Continued on page four)

Original Genius

By CHAMP WINSTEAD

Among many people there is a firm belief that a true poet and genius is no other than a being God-inspired and that his works are created during fits of transient insanity when the voice of the Gods (and sometimes the devils) articulates through him in pure translucent phrases. This belief was commonly held by many Greek writers. Plato, particularly, held that poetry was a thing inspired and that those who did not possess the inspiration were not true poets. In the *Apology* Plato says: "Not by wisdom do poets write poetry but by a sort of genius and inspiration; they are like diviners and soothsayers who also say many fine things, but do not understand the meaning of them." For this and other reasons he is inimical to poets and excludes them from his ideal Greek state. Socrates was led through life, as he says, by a sort of demon, or inner spirit that pointed out to him the way to truth. Longinus in the *Sublime* likewise views the works of a true poet as being little of this earth, containing rather the essence of the Godlike. Aristotle recognizes in a poet a sort of divine madness but at the same time he emphasizes the deliberate method that the poet must follow.

In the eighteenth century the Original Genius plays a very small role. This art was the art of imitation when to be original was to imitate that which was best and original in the classical writers. Yet from out of the eighteenth century comes one of the most important documents on this subject. It is Young's *Conjectures on Original Composition* and is a strong reaction against the imitativeness of the writers of his own period and the hard and fast rules by which they wrote. In this document Young declares that "Genius is not so rare as it commonly supposed, and it is only by minute personal observation of the subject to be treated, only by the expression of personal feelings and beliefs, that it can fittingly unfold itself." Young insists that "no imitation, however great, can reach the height of an original." "They must imitate, not Homer or Shakespeare, but the independent way in which these men studied and portrayed both nature and man." In Young we leave the old madness and in its stead we have a plea for originality, for individuality and uniqueness in writing.

In Coleridge's critical theories we have an echo of Young. Like Young, Coleridge held that any work of a genius, if it be original and an organic unity, is as great as any other work. He intended to believe that the quality of any original composition is the same. He failed to see (apparently in his criticisms he did) that the richness, the quality of some works is far greater than that of others however unique or original they may be. As a result we find him conferring the same praise on some of Shakespeare's poorer works as he conferred on his greatest. Coleridge, however, abandoned the idea that a poet is merely the passive agent of the gods, realizing that in as much as the poet combines pure spontaneity with deliberate method does he create a truly great poem.

THE FUNCTION OF ART

(Continued from page one)

have always labored, civilization would scarcely have been possible and man would not be the highly organized animal he has gradually made of himself.

Da Capo

By JAMES DAWSON

*After Time's whirligig
Sings to a fall;
When the last coda makes
Mutes of us all;
You'll not have courage to
Sing it again,
Recant the song to its
Last slow refrain;
Tasting its melody,
Carrying on—
Knowing the Death Angel
Holds the baton.*

CRACKED MIRROR

(Continued from page three)

posed of them. The last nickel went for the second cup of coffee, black. Clutching his parcel tightly, he left the counter travestied under a smile. People looked cheerfully back at him. A young girl pressed close by him, touched him. She was haggard looking. Dull fire burned in her eyes, eagerness. Nymphomaniac, probably. He drew the package tighter, hugged it close against his ribs. He felt sorry for the girl. Once he had been in love. He didn't know exactly what love was; but he had given a girl his heart to keep. She had crumpled it in the alleyways of her mind. He used to write poems to her. All fools write poetry. He hadn't meant the things that he had said. They were merely things pretty and fragile like a rose petal or a Ragged Robin. He missed the curb and stumbled—down on his knees—the package was safe. He stood up carefully, brushed his trousers. Three blocks from home. He walked faster. Boys and girls were strolling down the paths in the park across the block. He remembered a night he had walked in a garden somewhere with a girl. The night had been beautiful. It was Spring. He remembered it clearly. The air had smelled of the lavender scent of iris. He remembered the tall trellis that had stood at the entrance and the yellow roses that had clambered up it. He recalled how he had watched the moon hanging low in the branches of an old red cedar. Damn! What was he thinking about? Silly, absurd fantasies. Remembrances of things past. Marcel Proust was French. Proust was concerned with the time element. Time was a flow like a river. His novels were symphonies, magnificent structures. He had liked Proust. Too many women were like Odette. Women again! A car nearly struck him. He closed his eyes and hugged his bundle. The driver shouted something back. He crossed the street and entered the door that led to his apartment. Up three flights of steps. Before he reached the top he had nearly become saurian. The door to his room was unlocked. He went in and closed it behind him. Carefully he placed the package on his bed, untied the strings, removed the brown covering. Caressingly he lifted his purchase, carried it over to his dresser and placed it on top. He stepped back and stared at it. An image gazed back. He smiled. The image smiled. He closed one eye. The image followed suit. He opened wide his mouth and laughed. Suddenly the lips of the image compressed. A hand felt its way to the forehead, stroked the head again. The crack remained. It looked like lightning.

Julian picked up his hat. It was felt. He didn't have the money to buy a straw. He hoped he would find work today.

Drama and the Arts



by

MILTON GREENBLATT

The New York theatre offers many interesting things for December. "Berkeley Square," a fantasy by John Balderston; "Bird in Hand," by John Drinkwater, and "The Pelican," by August Strindberg, seem to be best. ("The Pelican" is the only Strindberg play in New York since a brief production of "The Father," about two years ago.) The Civic Repertory Theatre has a superb collection of good plays in its repertoire. Its most recent production is that of Tolstoy's "The Living Corpse," also known as "Redemption." "Strictly Dishonorable," "Many Waters," "Rope's End," and Martin Flavin's "The Criminal Code" seem to be among the best of the season.

For December there are scheduled productions of a new comedy by Rachael Crothers; "Michael and Mary," by A. A. Milne; "Meteor," by S. Behrman; and possibly a series of productions by Rollo Peters. The production of "Rosmerholm" by Miss Blanche Yurka for The Actor's Theatre seems to have been abandoned, most unfortunately.

Miss Ruth Draper commences a series of character sketches at the Comedy Theatre on December the twenty-sixth . . . The Isadora Duncan Dancers are scheduled for a single recital at Carnegie Hall on December twenty-eighth.

The most interesting production of this season's repertoire at the Metropolitan Opera House is a revival of Mozart's "Don Giovanni." It will be unfortunate if their perfect production of "Cosi Fan Tutte" is omitted this year.

Mr. Leopold Stokowski has suggested installing individual, single cells in concert auditoriums in order to keep the audiences from speaking during performances. It would be admirable, and probably efficacious. As for its use in theatres, it would seem impractical because it will take more than mere separation or isolation to make a woman stop talking—and women, unfortunately, comprise a very large proportion of theatre audiences.

BEST SELLERS AT THE BULL'S HEAD

THE TREE NAMED JOHN, by John B. Sale (University of North Carolina Press).

THE LYRIC SOUTH, by Addison Hibbard (Macmillan).

LOOK HOMEWARD ANGEL, by Thomas Wolfe (Scribner's).

WINGS ON MY FEET, by Howard W. Odum (Bobbs-Merrill).

OUTLINE OF HISTORY, by H. G. Wells—\$1.00 edition (Garden-City).

THE BROTHERS KARMAZOV, by Dostoevsky (Modern Library).

A HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE, by Moody and Lovett (Scribner's).

"One of the oddest peculiarities of this world is that men always think they know whatever it is clearly necessary for them to know."

—Henri Beyle.

Coleridge and Poe: A Comparison

A Discussion Of The Means Employed By These Poets To Create Poetic Effects Peculiar To Them, And Resemblances In Their Verse.

By JOHN MEBANE

That the poetry of Poe, the melancholy, and that of Coleridge, the mystical, may, with some degree of justice, be compared, I believe true. Poe prefer commencing with the consideration of an effect. . . . Having chosen a novel, first, and secondly a vivid effect, I consider whether it can be best wrought by incident or tone—whether by ordinary incidents and peculiar tone, or the converse, or by peculiarity both of incident and tone—afterward looking about me (or rather within) for such combinations of events, or tone, as shall best aid me in the construction of the effect." We find that Poe further says that Beauty is the sole legitimate province of a poem, and that by Beauty he means not a quality but an effect. Truth, he maintains, demands a precision which is antagonistic to that Beauty which is "the excitement or pleasurable elevation of the soul." Again, he says, "Melancholy is the most legitimate of all the poetical tones."

Now, let us look at Coleridge's "Kubla Khan." We find that effect, that Beauty, upon which Poe is so insistent. And do we not also find the tone of melancholy? Let us examine a part of the poem:

*"In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure dome decree;
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea.*

*So twice five miles of sunless ground
With walls and towers were girdled round;
And here were gradens bright with sinuous rills,
Where blossomed many an inèense-bearing tree;
And here were forests ancient as the hills,
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.*

*But oh! that deep romantic chasm which slanted
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover!
A savage place! as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon lover!"*

What do we find? Every line goes toward the creation of a particular effect. Consider the tone. What superb melancholy in these last lines! Read again the three final lines of the above passage. Note how the words are consciously chosen for effect—melancholy, harsh words. Note the kindred sounds, the excellent choice of his words: "holy and enchanted"; "beneath a waning moon"; "haunted by woman wailing for her demon lover." Now, compare these lines from Poe's "The Raven:"
*"Ghastly grim and ancient Raven wandering from
the nightly shore—
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's
Plutonian shore!*

Quoth the Raven 'Nevermore.'"

Here we find a parallel effect created by tone, a conscious selection of syllables. That neither of the poets makes an effort to discern any degree of Truth is obvious. The imaginative faculties are called into play; for the precision demanded by Truth is antagonistic to the effect.

Compare the originality of the stanza versification of these two poems. The combination of the lines of "The Raven" into the stanza form is a combination which had not been attempted before Poe. We also find this same originality or com-

bination in "Kubla Khan." Coleridge's rhythms and measures often run a close parallel to Poe's. Who does not think of Poe when he reads these lines from Coleridge:

*"Shall the Chanters sad and saintly
Yellow tapers burning faintly. . . ."*

One immediately thinks of:

*"Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered
weak and weary. . . ."*

The feminine rhyme is a favorite device of Poe's. Poe's.

There is this same element of Melancholy with an added bit of mysticism in "Christabel." It is again evinced in "The Ancient Mariner." Death, which Poe declares to be the most melancholy of all melancholy topics, is treated in this poem of Coleridge's. Which of the two is the superior artist in displaying creations of the imagination, I hesitate to say. Yet, surely, there is a close parallel in their treatment of imaginative subjects.

* From "Song of Osorio."

Sonnet for B. G.

By PHILIP DEVILBISS

*Will you, I wonder, yet go on with me,
Content to hold my hand, to trust my eyes,
To smile upon my aggravating lies,
Leaving your pleasantries and evening tea?
I've plucked a ragged robin for you, see?
And in this hand I have two butterflies:
But you, I see, will not evince surprise—
You shrug your unaccustomed shoulders at my
plea!*

*Come then, let's dance awhile; I'll change these
shoes*

*All muddy from the meadow where I ran
To gather ragged robins for my ruse
(It was unkind of you to spoil my plan).*

*O, come! go change those foolish clothes; let's try
To run and snatch a rainbow from the sky!*

WE ASK YOU THIS ONE:

(Answers are to be found elsewhere in this issue.)

1. What American writer was born deaf, dumb and blind?
2. What American novelist is famous for his pictures of Creole life in New Orleans?
3. Who was termed "the sweet swan of Avon"?
4. Who was called "the genial Charles"?
5. Who was termed "Scotia's bard"?
6. What American poet was the son of an actress?
7. What three sisters all wrote novels?
8. What English poet died insane?
9. What poet has been termed "the father of epigram"?
10. Who wrote "Fable for Critics"?

"While others are filling their memory with a lumber of words, one-half of which they will forget before the week be out, your truant may learn some really useful art: to play the fiddle, to know a good cigar, or to speak with ease and opportunity to all varieties of men."

—R. L. Stevenson.

Books

FLESH AND BLOOD NEGROES

THE TREE NAMED JOHN. By John B. Sale. Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press. 1929. \$2.00.

Professor Sale's book is not the cut-and-dried work of the folklorist. It is rather a book built around flesh-and-blood Negroes, with their dialect, tales, superstitions, and daily activities skillfully woven into the whole pattern. The boy John is Sale himself, for the sketches are built upon the experiences of the author during his childhood on a Mississippi plantation. The name of the book arises from the custom, followed by Negroes in some parts of the South to this day, of planting a tree at the birth of a baby and naming the tree for the baby.

Sale's education in folklore was first hand. He grew up with Negro playmates, talked as they talked, and became steeped in their way of thinking. He bit the head off of a butterfly in the belief that it would bring him a new suit of clothes. He swallowed the raw bladder of a fish because he was told that this was the only way he could hope to be able to swim. When he killed a toad he let Aunt Betsey anoint his hands with a salt-pepper-onion-china berry potion for fear they would be covered with warts.

Besides folklore of this sort there are quite a few animal stories, such as "Brer Mole Swaps His Eyes fer Brer Frawg's Tail," "Why Elefunts is Skeered uv Mices," and that inimitable tale which tells how Brer Rabbit conquered Brer Lion by getting the beast to plunge at his own reflection in the well. Sale has worked carefully on the dialect, and it rings true for the most part, but it could have been further simplified without injury to its phonetic values.

It is interesting to note the reaction of the Negro press to *The Tree Named John*. The conservative publications take the book for what it is intended to be and give praise accordingly. But the more radical-minded reviewers cannot see, in the first place, why such a book is published in this day of enlightenment and New Negroes. One of these, W. E. B. DuBois, editor of the *Crisis*, bordered on the ungracious when he remarked that the book is about "a little prig of a white boy." Perhaps he dislikes to admit that there still live Negroes like those pictured in the book, or, admitting it, believes that the less said about them the better. Be that as it may, *The Tree Named John* should take its place along with Uncle Remus as a faithful and sincere portrayal of a type of Southern Negro life that is rapidly passing.

—GUY B. JOHNSON.

PRIZE NOVEL

IT'S A GREAT WAR. By Mary Lee. Houghton Mifflin Company: New York. 575 pp. \$3.00.

It's A Great War, Houghton Mifflin Company's prize novel, is something new in the way of war stories. It shows the World War not through the usual method of the experiences of men in the frenzy of meeting the foe, but chiefly through the lives of the vast group toiling behind the lines. In her preface Mary Lee says, "For every day spent at the front, some three or four days were spent be-

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hind the lines. For every man at the front, some seven or eight men were occupied in other sorts of positions at the rear. To tell of the one man at the front is to tell only one eighth of the story of War." Mary Lee does not seek to make War heroic beyond its real heroism, nor romantic beyond its actual romance. She is not telling a love story, nor recounting a narrative of glorious deeds; she is depicting War in direct, journalistic manner.

As secretary to various army units, as canteen worker in the Zone of Advance, and finally, with the Army of Occupation in Germany, Mary Lee saw enough of the War to grasp its significance, to understand its waste and its waiting. A war is for those in it exceedingly long, and the author of *It's A Great War* believes that a book about War should be long. Likewise, such a book should not stop with the Armistice, for to many the War lasted long after the signing of peace, and for all it included the pain of coming again into the world of existence they had known before.

It's A Great War is not an organized narrative except that life and war are both continuous narratives. The book presents in journalistic style many incidents in the lives of many people. Through the whole story is woven the life of Anne Wentworth, who presumably experiences those things that the author experienced, feels those reactions that the author felt. Anne is the nucleus of the narrative; about her revolve the lives of many soldiers, and officers, and nurses, and Y. M. C. A. workers. It is of Anne's daily life, and of the daily lives of these others, that the reader is told, rather than of high adventure, and thrilling deeds. It is a story of War, of pain, and waiting, and fear, and love, and hate, and monotony, and courage. And always, because of the courage, and the acceptance of the inevitable, "it is a great War!"

There have been many books about the World War, but from the standpoint of interest, of vigorous and beautiful style, from the standpoint of scope, and realism, *It's A Great War* is among those which should endure, and remain a record for future generations. There is about it a thoughtfulness, a completeness of idea, a force of background, which makes it a great novel of the Great War.

—LOUIS V. BROOKS

LYRICS

THE VEILED DOOR. By Caroline Giltinan. New York: The Macmillan Co. 101 pp. \$1.50.

Caroline Giltinan in her second book of verse in which she presents a number of lyrics sings of sorrow, faith, and love. Her poems are brief and written with the utmost simplicity of style and manner.

The clarity and simplicity of thought provides somewhat of a relief from the anfractuous complexity and abstruse verbosity of the verse of so many contemporary poets. The themes as a whole are the conventional ones—such themes as are generated by longing, ambitions, and dreams. Several of her shorter poems are exceptionally well done. Such, for example, as her four lines titled *Duration*:

*He who says that Life is short
Has never suffered pain.
A night can hold eternity—
And night returns again!*

Miss Giltinan's poems, while by no means epochal

Dubio

By RICHARD A. CHACE

*Though strive we may, though strain to higher be
Than we were born or could have been if free—
As, born without inheritance of thought,
We well might claim self-pride if all self-
taught*

*We cannot rise above the inner Me
Donated from without through birth, our fee
For separate life and mind—for liberty—
That we might stand alone and feel us naught,
Though strive we may.*

*Perhaps it may be well 'tis so that we,
New units born when life and time agree,
Still struggle on with what was former fought,
Continue seeking what our fathers sought,
Abandon egos that we cannot free
Though strive we may.*

or extraordinary, will provide the reader with a pleasant evening of reading.

—MARY MARSHALL DUNLAP.

TRUE TO LIFE

DECLINE AND FALL. By Evelyn Waugh. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 279 pp. \$2.50.

Decline and Fall is, according to the strictest interpretation, a good sense novel. Its author has a sense of humor which cannot help but appeal to even the most careful of readers. She has had the happy inspiration to take nothing seriously, not even herself. The result is a story which is second to none in point of witty and entertaining statements. The author draws her material largely from personal experience and careful observation of the manifestations of human nature.

Paul Pennyfeather, the simple-minded hero, is studying at Oxford for holy orders when he unfortunately runs into the members of an aristocratic club, full of drink and the English sense of humor. He is promptly "debaggged" (ousted from his trousers), and as promptly expelled by the college authorities for disgraceful and disorderly conduct.

His subsequent adventures include school-teaching at a far from model institution; a love affair with a beautiful lady; and prison, to which he is very properly consigned for being mixed up in shady business. Through all of these trials and vicissitudes he keeps his simple-minded rectitude.

Miss Waugh makes the reader snicker more often than she makes him laugh, but it is not her fault that she was born an Englishman. On the whole, the book is a true-to-life novel told by an author who is an ardent student of human nature.

—J. C. WILLIAMS.

Parting

By JAMES DAWSON

*Give me your lips, that parting we may know
That this means something more than just goodbye.
A pledge I do not ask. I could not go
So far from you that every starless sky*

*Would not recall the darkness of your eyes.
Thrice twenty things I've cherished through the years
To say, but in this throat a demon cries,
And tangles with my words these useless tears.*

*Give me your lips. Now lay your tender palm
Against my ludicrous, tear-bedevelled cheek
And send me off. Already I am calm,
For now I've nothing more to lose or seek.*

A COMEDIETTA

THE WAY OF ECBEN. By James Branch Cabell. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. 209 pp. \$2.50.

The southern gentleman Cabell who presents with *The Way of Ecben* the last volume of a trilogy of stories concerned with Ettarre, the witch-woman brought by Madoc from "the gray Waste Beyond the Moon," and three attitudes towards human life, commemorates with this same volume his eternal leave-taking of the younger generation in life and letters; for Mr. Cabell has passed the fiftieth milestone—the monument which he declares marks (or should mark) the death of the creative artist, the final graduation from a world of activity and ideas into one of literary staleness.

Mr. Cabell's "commedietta involving a gentleman" is the story of a king of Ecben who, hearing "the music from behind the moon" the music that attends the passing of Ettarre, is constrained to forgo his kingship and his power and enter upon a life-long quest after the witch-woman. The allegory is a delightful one: the weary, torturing, life-long questing after an ideal, an unseen goal; the absurd and blind faith of mortals.

Cabell's style has lost nothing of its beauty and but little of its cleverness. One sees comedy in the tragedy and truth in the comedy. Subtle philosophy meanders through the tale, delighting the reader by its poignancy and irritating him because he finds a man who has re-discovered "what fools we mortals be."

The last fifty pages of the book Mr. Cabell fills (presumably to give the reader enough pages for his money) with a discussion of his credo as an artist. He has encouragement for the younger generation. Of them he says: "I incline, in short, to think that in human economy the younger generation has always remained a tolerably staple product. Its language varies, as does also perhaps, at times, the pitch of its voice; but its theme does not vary. Its age-old theme is, always, a restatement of the truism that its elders have lied about most matters, and have mismanaged all matters, beyond human endurance. And its mistake is—always—to believe that the lying and the mismanagement may by and by be remedied."

The book is beautifully bound and charmingly decorated with drawings by Frank C. Pape on the title page of each chapter.

—JOHN MEBANE

FREDERICK THE GREAT

FREDERICK THE GREAT. By Margaret Goldsmith. Charles Boni: New York. 218 pp. \$.75.

They who seek to acquaint themselves with the life of this eighteenth-century Prussian autocrat will turn to Miss Goldsmith's biography of Frederick the Great for reasons other than that of obtaining information. The six volumes of Carlyle, the volumes of Reddaway, of Longman, and of Young remain the English repositories of easily accessible material pertaining to Frederick. Miss Goldsmith's *Frederick* is not primarily concerned with detailing his policies of domestic economic and political reform, with relating Frederick to the European governmental practice of his age, with estimating Frederick's role in the evolution of Prussia or his influence on his contemporaries.

But although the book contributes nothing to our

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knowledge, it does provide a picture of a very living Frederick without resorting to sensationalism. Frederick is given the traditional characterization of seeking throughout his life to compensate for the frustrations of his youth at the hands of his father. His desire to assert himself becomes identified with the establishment of Prussia as a first-rate European power. The attitudes taken by Frederick toward the events of his life are interestingly portrayed by means of quotations selected from his letters and writings. A ruler whose famous wars were fought against three women, Elizabeth of Russia, Maria Theresa of Austria, Mme. de Pompadour of France, developed a "pathological contempt" for women. "We have so many examples," writes Frederick, "of the foolishness to which men and rulers are reduced by women. . . ." Miss Goldsmith very neatly suggests Frederick's spiritual callousness, bitterness and cynicism. "One must love nothing too much" is a dictum of the Prussian monarch. Frederick appears in the pages of this volume as a human being whom we can understand, though his motivation, which Miss Goldsmith is at pains to dramatize, might better be less dogmatically stated.

Miss Goldsmith adds the light and entertaining touch of her diplomatic narrative, which is permeated by a quiet irony. Referring to the death of the pro-Prussian Peter of Russia, she writes:

"When Peter was murdered in July (1762), Catherine the Great immediately declared war on Frederick again. She sent General Tchernicheff orders to fight with the Austrians in Silesia against Frederick. With the help of fifteen thousand ducats and a diamond-studded dagger, Frederick persuaded Tchernicheff to remain with the Prussian army three days longer, and to be silent about Catherine's orders until these days had passed."

There is a curious resentment on the part of the woman author towards Frederick's unfriendly attitude toward women, and perhaps a failure to appreciate the extraordinary determination and energy of Frederick as a man and as a ruler. One of the most original aspects of the volume is its total lack of an attempt critically to appraise Frederick's greatness or to eulogize or to defame him. In Miss Goldsmith's hands Frederick's life is a narrative, not an interpretation; he is not an embodiment of such moral virtues as courage, energy, resource or determination. The book is decidedly impartial, excellent reading, and on the whole, one of the superior sort of popular biographical writing.

The book physically is embellished by a good specimen of the printer's art and by a number of eighteenth century wood-cuts.

—SHERMAN B. BARNES.

A GERMAN LUMINARY

ROBBER BAND. Translated from German of Leonhard Frank by Cyrus Brooks. New York: Jonathan Cape and Harrison. 313 pp. \$2.50:

With the surcease of the anti-Germanic hysteria which followed the late lamented War For Democracy, Americans have begun to recognize the importance of certain German literary figures which are now looming into view as European and World figures. Last week Thomas Mann was awarded the coveted Nobel Prize in Literature (an award which an American writer has yet to receive); Erich Maria Remarque is still the visiting literary lion as a re-

Winter Bird

By JAMES DAWSON

*Moon is a spear of gold,
Star is a dart;
Snow is a cloak to fold
Low in its heart*

*Earth-mounds that cover
Lips and a smile,
A love and a lover,
Faith and a guile.*

*Star is an arrow dark,
Moon-shaft is gold;
I am a sparrow, stark
Mad in the cold.*

sult of his *All Quiet On The Western Front*; Emil Ludwig has made a fortune in America alone with his biographies. It is surprising not that these writers of the younger German school should win recognition and world acclaim, but that we should have withheld it so long, even taking into consideration the enmity stirred up by the war.

Now, Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith have had translated a novel—*Robber Band*—by Leonhard Frank, who has just been voted into membership by the German Academy of Letters, and is a very strong and significant German writer.

Robber Band is the chronicle of a group of working-boys under the age of fourteen at the beginning of the book, which group is influenced by reading the ten pfenning stories of American cowboys and Indians which were commonly sold to young German boys during the nineties. They give each other names of prominent heroes in these blood and thunder tales, and are known by such titles as Old-Hammerfist, Pale Captain, Creeping Snake, Winnetou, etc. Their ultimate aim is to escape to America and to live a life of lawlessness. In the interim they employ their talents in terrorizing their native city of Wurzburg by the pranks they pull.

Gradually all of the band reform in one way or another with the exception of Michael Vierkant, the Old-Hammerfist of the band. Vierkant runs away from home with the intention of reaching America, but gives up his plan to become successively a factory worker, an attendant in a hospital laboratory, and an art student. Worn out by his struggle against life and his jealous confreres who almost prevent him from succeeding, Vierkant commits suicide before he learns that he has been awarded a valuable prize by the Art Academy at Munich for his work.

It is not the plot that makes the book original and commanding, although it never lags; it is the method by which Herr Frank tells his story. It is the same earthy style employed by Sigrid Undset and Knute Hamsun but infinitely less "stubby." The plot and the treatment remind one a great deal of Somerset Maugham and his *Of Human Bondage*, but Frank in painting a smaller canvas has painted a better picture.

Frank has the same fatalism which bothered Hardy, but his chance and fate seem genuine and not just mis-chance as do so much of Hardy's. It is a living and real story which Frank tells, and one is never irritated by his naturalism. In fact, *Robber Band* presents a true picture of bourgeois and peasant life in Germany during the 1890's.

As much as I let myself be carried away with enthusiasm for a writer whom I believe will come in

BEST SELLERS

A Farewell to Arms, by Ernest Hemingway (Scribner).

All Quiet on the Western Front, by Erich Remarque (Little, Brown).

The Prodigal Girl, by Grace Livingston Hill (Lippincott).

Sincerity, by John Erskine (Bobbs-Merrill).

Hudson River Bracketed, by Edith Wharton (Appleton).

The Way of Eben, by James Branch Cabell (McBride).

time to be considered as one of the greatest German writers of our time, I can not help regretting, in his case as in so many other realists, that he lacks reserve and an indefinable something sometimes referred to as taste. It does not seem necessary for any author, for the sake of realism or otherwise, to introduce into the action of one of his minor characters the seduction of his younger sister aged twelve by himself and his friends.

Robber Band is easily one of the best books which I have read.

—J. ELWIN DUNCAN

THE SENSITIVE WILDE

HARLOT'S HOUSE AND OTHER POEMS. By Oscar Wilde. (Interpretations by John Vassos). New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 104 pp. \$3.50.

John Vassos interprets some of the most delicate of the sensitive Wilde's poems in his charming symbolic manner. Vassos is a powerful artist, and in *Harlot's House* he displays a remarkable ability to interpret the mood and spirit of Wilde's poems, creating in his series of pictures the fantastic scenes which Wilde portrayed in poetry.

The poems selected have almost an excess of beauty and delicacy. Among the selections appear the beloved *Requiescat* and his invective *On the Recent Sale by Auction of Keat's Love Letters*. Vassos's interpretation of the latter is one of the finest in the edition.

John Vassos has that vision peculiar to so few artists—the ability to see into the very life of the poem and to draw out of it a significance accessible to only the more finely gifted and the sensitive. The same artist also interpreted Wilde's *The Ballad of Reading Gaol* and *Salome*.

Among the other poems appearing in this beautiful edition are "Madonna Mia," "Panthea," "Athanasia" and "Canzonet."

—PHILIP DEVILBISS

THE GIVING COMPLEX

MAGNIFICENT OBSESSION. By Lloyd C. Douglas. Chicago: Willett, Clark and Colby. 1929. 330 pp. \$2.50.

In this story of a great surgeon, and of a rounder who succeeded to the great surgeon's fame and position, the author attempts to lead the reader into the realms of the mystical and the fantastic. Reading of the sublime effects accruing from the semi-divine experiments in philanthropy conducted by Randolph, the half-mad painter (who immediately conjures up a picture of William Blake), and the successful practice of this theory by the surgeon and his successor, one begins to think of Christ and his miracles,

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BOOKS

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of Pythagoras and the transmiration of souls, of Egyptian black magic, even. For it is evidently the author's intention to play upon the strings of the fantastic and the obscure and call forth for his characters a "magnificent obsession" leading them to Olympian heights.

Dr. Wayne Hudson, famous brain specialist, is drowned at a vacation resort at the same time that the pulmotor, which would have saved his life, is being used to save Robert Merrick, wealthy rake and idler, across the lake. Merrick learns of the odd coincidence (after his recovery) and becomes obsessed with the idea that he must turn over a new leaf and follow in the footsteps of the deceased surgeon. After reading Dr. Hudson's diary, the code of which he finally translates, the embryonic surgeon is imbued with the desire to follow the program of mysterious and half-mystical philanthropy which characterized Dr. Hudson's career and which, by its diffusion of personality, its strengthening of will and moral fibre, and its soul-cleansing properties, was the source of the renowned surgeon's genius.

The novel, in its sketchy story and loosely woven technique, reveals the unfortunate effect of the cinema. There seems to be no definite cohesion and little compactness. In true scenario fashion Robert Merrick (whom the author insists upon calling "Bobby"!) forgoes his life of idle dissipation to throw himself into an ascetic career of confinement and hard work, varied occasionally by the philanthropy which composes the "magnificent obsession" in accord with the theory of his idolized predecessor. In an unbelievably short time Dr. Merrick has surmounted all obstacles and is astride the world, already at the top of his profession. He is a most becomingly modest celebrity although his fan mail seems to equal that of the well known Rudy Vallee.

If the reader does not look for the artistry of realism or for elaboration of consistent character development, he may well be satisfied. Several scenes of dramatic value occur, and these work up to a sufficiently skillful climax; the author is clever in creating the element of suspense.

—ROBERT HODGES

NOTES

The recent death of Donn Byrne caused lament among literary people over the entire country. His "Messer March Polo" was accounted by critics one of the most delightful things that he ever did. He called himself "The last of the traditional Irish story-tellers." Over his grave is the characteristic inscription: "I Am In My Sleeping and Don't Waken Me."

* * *

A complete collection of John Masefield's poetry has been made and brought together in one complete volume, published by The Macmillan Company. From the same publishing house comes *Collected Poems* of Edwin Arlington Robinson, containing "Tristram," his most popular work, and "Cavender's House," his latest poem.

* * *

James Branch Cabell brings out a new novel, *The Way of Eben*, published by Robert M. McBride. The work contains an epilogue by the author the personal note of which savors of the famous essays of George Bernard Shaw, prefacing some of his plays. There is a large paper, special limited edition of 831 copies, signed by the author.

Ah, Columbine!

(By RICHARD A. CHACE)

*Perhaps you were amused at all I said,
Although for yours my heart beat sure and strong.
Perhaps my protestations won instead
Of counter love the knowledge faith was wrong
To trust to you its single, slender flame,
And hope that, vestal-like, you'd tend its glow,
Lest faith, by truth stamped out at last, in shame
Might never resurrect its pristine flow.
I do not know what things you may have thought
That night I bared my aching heart to you,
When one soul sateless for another's sought
To complement its struggle, hope imbue.
I only know that as your lips denied
You pensive sat—then groped and turned aside.*

The Writers

Richard A. Chace is a consistent contributor to the Magazine and a poet of no mean ability.

Guy B. Johnson, author of *John Henry* recently published by the University of North Carolina Press, is a member of the department of Sociology.

Sherman B. Barnes is an instructor in History, at this University.

Dorothy Mumford, at present doing graduate work here, was formerly a student at Adelphi College, Brooklyn, N. Y., where she was literary editor of *Footlights*.

James Dawson has contributed other verse to the Magazine.

J. C. Williams is an assistant editor of the *Daily Tar Heel* and president of the Debate Council.

J. Elwin Dungan, Robert Hodges, Louis Brooks, and Mary Marshall Dunlap are all members of the book review department of this Magazine.

Philip DeVilbiss is the pseudonym of an amazingly modest youth.

Jackson Williams is the pen-name of a student of this University.

Champ Winstead is a senior and a student of the classics. This is his first contribution.

WE ASK YOU THIS ONE (Answers)

1. Helen Keller.
2. George Washington Cable.
3. Shakespeare.
4. Charles Lamb.
5. Robert Burns.
6. Edgar Allan Poe.
8. Charlotte, Anne, and Emily Bronte.
8. William Cowper.
9. Alexander Pope.
10. James Russell Lowell.

Visitor

(By JACKSON WILLIAMS)

*This morning
A bit of autumn chill, russet tinged,
Slipped noiselessly through my part-open window.
It hesitated, shuddering slightly.
Then, with a timid glance about my room,
It tip-toed toward my chair.
I gazed at it a moment
And piled another log upon the smouldering fire.*

"Words are like leaves; and where they most abound,
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found."

—Alexander Pope.

Book Chat

By ROBERT HODGES

Of the special editions coming out recently those of unusual interest are Oscar Wilde's *Harlot's House*, illustrated by John Vassos, whose illustrations in the edition of *The Ballad of Reading Gaol* published some time ago attracted wide attention.

An interesting special edition is offered also by Dutton. This is a reprint of *Alice in Wonderland* illustrated very cleverly by Willis Pogany. As a companion volume with this is *Through the Looking Glass*, in the same edition and with illustrations by the same artist.

* * *

The third and fourth selections of the Paper Books, offered by Charles Boni are *Dewey Rides*, whose popularity in England placed L. A. G. Strong, its young English author, in the literary front rank, and *Prosperity—Fact or Myth*, Stuart Chase's new book, which predicted the recent collapse of Wall Street with unerring accuracy.

* * *

As an excellent picture of the "married gold-digger," of especial interest in the light of the recent Wall Street panic the brunt of which was sustained by the husbands of many of this type, comes *The Caddis* by Marjorie Paradis. The title was chosen from the reference to the caddis-worms in Kingsley's "Water Babies," "the very fanciful ladies" who "could not keep the same materials for a day."

* * *

Evans Wall, a new writer from Mississippi, has written as his first novel *The No-Nation Girl*, portraying life in the dank, dark, and damnable swamps of Mississippi and Louisiana. When interviewed Wall admitted that, in spite of the grimness and enervating quality of life in that section, he had never been able to tear himself away from it; its elusive romance and mysterious fascination has woven a spell around him.

* * *

Donn Byrne's most famous book *Messer Marco Polo* was introduced to a new and tremendous audience last week when a dramatic version of his story was presented over the entire red network of the National Broadcasting Company on the Everready hour. Booksellers throughout the country reported a new "run" on this popular title almost immediately.

* * *

It seems that Ambrose Bierce is about to outdistance Herman Melville in posthumous recognition. To the two biographies that appeared almost simultaneously this summer can be added one that appeared November 30. Alfred and Charles Boni are publishing this one: the biographer is Carey McWilliams.

AN ANNOUNCEMENT

The Carolina Magazine wishes to announce that Lewis Alexander, one of the foremost of the younger Negro poets, has offered his services in co-editing the annual Negro Issue of this magazine. Mr. Alexander has proved a valuable asset in previous years in securing the material for this particular number; and the editors look forward to this issue to be one of the best of the year.

The Negro Number will probably be published early in the spring quarter.

The Carolina Magazine

Literary Supplement to The Daily Tar Heel

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January 19, 1930

Number 6

Ancient Humor And Modern Comic Spirit

A Discussion Of The Trends Of Humor Throughout The Ages, And A Comparison Of The Humor Of The Greeks With That Of Today

By CHAMP WINSTEAD

(AUTHOR'S NOTE: I have attempted to show in this article wherein what we know as humor was unknown to the Greeks; that what constitutes our comedy finds no parallel in true Greek comedy; and that the high seriousness of the Greek epic is a fair indication of the Greek view of life.)

ARISTOPHANES, the foremost Greek comic writer was essentially a pure satirist. Almost all his comedies are moral agents, and Aristophanes might be termed a statesman in the guise of comic poet. He was deeply interested in the state and nearly always a destructive critic. In the *Clouds* he attacks the new form of education; in the *Wasps*, the jury system; in the *Frogs* he pictures a contest between Aeschylus and Euripides in which Aeschylus wins. Aristophanes hated an innovation and clung to what was old, the old political system, the old education, and the old poetry. Socrates he abhorred and the entire school of sophists. It is clear, then, that while he attacked by making his victims appear ridiculous, his comedy is not the humorous farce that we see today. He ridiculed individuals and not society, for even to Aristophanes man and society in general were almost sacred. One field for comedy was lacking in the early comedies of Aristophanes. Women played little part in the life of Athens. Consequently he could not make use of this favorite theme of the comic writers, a woman active in the life of the state. Among the last of his plays, however, when women were proclaiming their rights and advancing to the front in all phases of life, we have a direct satire written against them, the *Ecclesiazusae*, or *Women in Parliament*. Most of Aristophanes's works belong to the class of *Old Comedy*. In the new Comedy of Manners, from which the French, German and English comedy is derived, there was little place for the intensely personal satire that the old demanded. Thus we find the greatest exponent of ancient comedy in a class quite distinct from the school as we know it. Of course the influence of Aristophanes on all comedy is great, but the character of his works exemplifies, I think, the difference in the modern and ancient concept of humor, as I shall attempt to show in contrast.

This New Comedy is of intrigue, adventure, and love. The situations as well as the characters are ridiculous and laughable. We have example of this type of comedy in classical Greek literature, particularly in the comic poet Menander. Menander belongs to this new school, and although an ancient in point of time (and an excellent poet) I do not believe that he exemplifies the Greek idea of the laughable. I believe that the spirit of Menander's

Consonant

By RICHARD A. CHACE

And if I tell you, whispering to your heart
Prompt echoes from my own, roused quick by you,
That you are dreamlike, dear one, it is true:
A phantasy of loveliness, no part
More vital than the mind in which it lives;
For you would not exist without the sense
That builds you—mine and others!—form less
dense
Than tangible. Imagination gives
A well-nigh perfect you as bland reward
To fill the dormant need of abstinence
Created by unconscious innocence
My soul was fostered in. Oh, I would hoard
My vision, keep it mine, forever mine,
And disregard what love may not confine.

comedy corresponds primarily with the modern conception.

The Epic, which, I think, is the best exponent of Greek thought and life, in a sense exemplifies the Greek attitude toward humor. Some will say that since the Epic is for the most part serious in tone one could hardly expect to find in it any humor. This is true, but as an exponent of life the epic presents a legitimate means of understanding what the ancient idea of humor was. Just as the Epic contains little that we moderns would find humorous, just so, in the daily lives of those ancients, there was little that they themselves recognized as the humor we know. I do not wish it to be construed that the Greeks were always serious people. If such were the case their generation would take on a melancholy aspect, and it is hardly likely that we would find in their civilization what we now think of as beauty, happiness, and indeed, a sort of carefreeness. In comparison with our humor the Greeks' was more wholesome, for in seeking their humor they were not compelled to search out the faults and weaknesses in mankind.

Epics developed when men and Gods held the earth in a sort of joint partnership; when a man could be almost a god and reversely a god could be, on occasion, merely a man. Worship did not take on the awe which our modern religion has acquired. The ancients' idea of Zeus was derived from such statues as the one by Phidias at Olympia which presented their greatest divinity as nothing more than a supernatural mortal. It is only natural, then, that, in epic literature, because it was of national import, and *per se* the epitome of all literary manifestations, involving deeds of superhuman valor and men of divine splendor, there is rarely any intentional humor. Humor, as a legitimate component of art, is comparatively a modern thing. The best Greek writings generally possess a high seriousness because men took themselves more seriously than

(Continued on page five)

Jaures

By PHILIPP KLEMENS KAUFMANN

TEN THOUSAND different shapes were appearing on the window pane with frosted likeness to those stately trees of nature amidst robust-looking elms, each one strangely reflecting its own harmonious hue. Mid-winter: the fire at the hearth danced brightly, heartily devouring each log thrown upon it. Each leap, each pointed bit of flame, distorted the image on the glass, and the shallow shapes glittered—until the golden light filled the very room, and the mirage, in full bloom, attained its gorgeous dignity.

Attracted by the sweet music within, a child peered through the wide window. A most melancholy group had formed about the fireplace. The melodious strains of the violin pleased the child, but the cold of the evening and the vision of a warm supper prompted him to hasten home. But his hot breath had pierced the frozen figures, they staggered, and the tottering scene was one of ghastliness—pitifully some strange current grasped those stray crystals, remoulded them, and a more wondrous configuration appeared.

The child's barrenness of mind prevented him from perceiving an atmosphere immersed in clouds of thought. One would be strangely attracted to the silvery hair and stern face of the man who was playing the violin so beautifully—and be horrified when one saw that he was blind, that his eyes were insensitive to the beauty of the wondrous mirage on the glass. Yet one would find it impossible not to find some depth of soul in those long dark lashes, beyond which human eyes saw nothing save blackness and despair, and one could pierce deep down into the abyss of a tortured soul.

The sombre, melancholy tone of his music caused a calm to pass over Jaures, and he seemed to slip into deep thought. It was when in this mood that his apparition took shape—and now Jaures stared and watched him slowly lead the scenes of youth before his weary mind. . . .

Jaures was ostentatiously sitting atop a pony, cantering along the dusty path. The wind had blown his blond curls about, and the rush of youthful blood had colored his cheeks a rosy red. On alighting he ran to his father, his childish legs stumping along at a reckless gait. He shouted a greeting, and his father, reclining in a leather-lined chair, responded by grasping the child and swinging his frail body toward him. Jaures, ever happy resting against his chest, was but faintly conscious of asking, "But why don't you see like everybody else?" The father, patient with the inquisitive lad, answered as always, "God has taken my sight from me, son," and his sombre smile drew a tiny tear from the child's eyes.

His father, happy only when teaching Jaures the
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CIRCULATION MGR.....G. W. THOMAS, JR.

Sunday, January 19, 1930

CULTURE AND HYPOCRISY

HERE is something very amusing about the word *culture*. It suggests a variety of meanings; it has a panorama of shades and colours. There is also of shades and colours. There is also something very tragic in the manner in which men point out to one another a "cultured person." The manner suggests a certain longing. Defining the word Websterianly, culture is "the enlightenment and discipline acquired by mental and moral training." But we are not content to leave the word alone. With our absurd modern ambiguity we apply it in a myriad of ways, nag at it, stretch it into a hundred different shapes, weave it into our mental carpets; and yet, never becoming disgusted with it, we only grow a bit discouraged.

Our ambition is to become a cultured person without realizing what culture is. With frantic haste we read the classics, dash through portrait galleries, dabble at verse, acquire fragile etiquette, and assume professional expressions and gestures. We do not comprehend the true worth of the classics; we see no real merit in paintings; we will never be able to write verse; our etiquette makes us quite absurd; and our gestures might be better applied by a clown. Yet we find it all there in the mad race to attain the eminence of the great god Culture.

One may easily waste a lifetime trying to become a cultured person. One does not have to like Shelley in order to live a comfortable and complete life. Neither does one need to appreciate classical music in order to please his acquaintances. If a man lives the "good life" without an appreciation of painting, let him do so in peace. Take your culture and bury it without ceremony. It leads to hypocrisy, and to narrow-mindedness it is the pronogator of lies. The assumption of culture is a feeble defence.

JOHN MEBANE

At Your Own Risk

The holidays furnished ample time for reading, among various other things. I literally consumed G. R. Elliott's *The Cycle of Modern Poetry*, one of the most satisfying books dealing with the modern poetic dilemma that I have noticed in a long while. The author treats the history of the modern poetic movement from the time of Wordsworth, Keats, and Shelley to the present. The book is a series of essays dealing with the various greater poets with regard to their relationships to the present-day predicament. Elliott, in addition to being a profound thinker and logical reasoner, is a sound and clever writer.

* * *

Alfred Kreymborg's *Our Singing Strength* is a copious book tracing the development of American poetry from the colonial and Revolutionary periods to the present-day. Mr. Kreymborg covers an extensive field; however, he allots more than its share to a discussion of present-day poetry. The volume is quite interesting and well worth looking in to.

* * *

I remember that Abraham Lincoln is reputed to have read by firelight in his youth; but the other night I met a youth who seemed as anxious as the famous emancipator to gain knowledge: he was sitting under a street light on the curb of the one of the main streets in a town in this state reading a book on philosophy. In my mind I genuflected softly and reverently; then I passed on with hope in my heart for the future of mankind.

* * *

Say what you will about reading in bed, but it's a great habit. If you have an interesting book, you are comfortable for the night; if the book happens to possess the qualities of bromidia, you are saved the trouble of undressing in a bad humor. Smoking in bed is quite a different matter: I had to explain at home that we have very large moths at Chapel Hill.

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Literary Chronicle

Wilbur Daniel Steele, well known writer of short stories, will spend the winter at Chapel Hill, it is reported. Mr. Steele's new book, *TOWER OF SAND*, will be reviewed in the next issue of this magazine... The *Forum* for January carries a debate between Howard Mumford Jones of this University and Will Durant on the subject, "Are the Cultural ABC's Softening Our Brains?" The affirmative is supported by Mr. Jones... Joseph Mitchell and Lionel Abelson, both formerly of this University and contributors to *The Carolina Magazine*, have a short story and a poem, respectively, in the current issue of *The New World Monthly*, a new literary publication issued in New York... Andre Gide, dean of French letters, recently celebrated his sixtieth birthday. In honor of this anniversary his drama, *Saul*, will be produced in Berlin this month. Gide's novel, *The Immoralist*, will be published by Knopf next month.

Remarque's *All Quiet On the Western Front* has now been translated into a number of languages including the Chinese and the Japanese. More than 300,000 copies have now been sold in the United States, and the sale of all editions is in excess of two million copies.

* * *

BEST SELLERS AT THE BULL'S HEAD

Smaller Classical Dictionary, edited by Smith (Everymans).

Handbook of Classical Mythology, by Howe and Harrer (Crofts).

Moll Flanders, by Daniel Defoe (Modern Library).

Memoirs, by Jacques Casanova (Modern Library).

Odyssey, by Homer (Houghton-Mifflin).

BOOKS RECEIVED

OUR SINGING STRENGTH, by Alfred Kreymborg. (Coward-McCann) \$5.

MORROW'S ALMANACK, compiled by Thayer Hobson. (Morrow) \$2.50.

HIGH FALCON (and other poems), by Leonie Adams. (John Day Co.) \$2.50.

TOWER OF SAND, by Wilbur Daniel Steele. (Harper) \$2.50.

THE BLACK CHRIST (and other poems), by Countee Cullen. (Harper) \$2.

LOOK HOMEWARD, ANGEL, by Thomas Wolfe. (Scribners) \$2.

TWENTIETH CENTURY POETRY, edited by Drinkwater, Canby, and Benét. (Houghton-Mifflin) \$4.

SELECTED POEMS, by Conrad Aiken. (Scribners) \$3.50.

"... for natural abilities are like natural plants that need pruning by study; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience."

—Francis Bacon

Old Place

By JACKSON WILLIAMS

IT WAS one of those bright mornings in the latter part of June when the sun beats down in an almost blinding glare, pouring dazzling whiteness over the landscape. Ahead of us the concrete road stretched away, narrowing in the distance into a tortuous ribbon of white, and at length disappearing altogether around the foot of a green hill.

The motor sang steadily; the hot wind rushed past our faces. At intervals the red tank and tin roof of a filling station leaped swiftly to meet us, then fell away to our rear. We spun past miles of orchards, filled with ripening peaches; past fields where men were plowing. Down grades, across clear streams sparkling over white sand and pebbles, then up, up, and around, on to the level again.

My Mother, at my side, touched my arm. "Turn off to the right, just past those two sycamores," she said.

Through squinting eyes I saw the spot, and nodded. Then I turned the car, brakes creaking, off the highway into a narrow, rut-serried road that wandered off quite aimlessly across the fields. Through the heat waves, the distant line of woods seemed to shimmer and dance. The grass along the road was parched, and as I glanced back I saw a thick, yellow cloud of dust hanging listlessly over the bushes.

Twelve years. A long time, I thought, as I eased the car over a dilapidated bridge. Yes, a long time since I had seen the place. I was glad that Mother had suggested the trip. Of course it was natural that she should wish to see her old home again, and I, curious to see what changes had taken place, was glad to come too. My memories of the old place were pleasant indeed: walks in the deep, cool woods with Grandfather; fishing along Horner's Creek with Hugh, one of the colored boys; and riding Colonel up and down the river road. Then there was the time . . .

"There it is," said Mother.

I looked up. Across the cotton fields to the right, I could see the house sitting back in the grove of oaks. I told Mother that it looked now, at a distance, just as it had looked to me twelve years ago, when I had first seen it from Grandfather's buggy. She nodded and said: "Yes, I suppose it does—at a distance."

I turned the car abruptly to the right, and drove along a mere suggestion of a road that straggled away through the cotton. The old road, which had been wide and straight, had been abandoned, and was now a part of the field. The cotton grew on both sides. Mother remarked that it looked unusually good. Soon we reached the grove of old oaks, and then the house, resting in the shade.

The house, a large, roomy structure of colonial architecture, had been built before the Civil War. My Grandfather, after living in it for about fifteen years, closed the house and took his family to a nearby town (the "county seat") to live, in order to give his children more advantages. He still kept the farm, however, and, by careful management, made it pay. With the death of my Grandfather, the disposal of the place had presented quite a problem to my Mother and Aunt, neither of whom lived near it. For a year or two, the farm was left untenanted, and the old house shut up. It was at this time that a neighboring farmer, taking advantage of the situation, planted some of his cotton

CREED

By DOROTHY MUMFORD

*If you would know before what altar I
Have knelt, and still do kneel in quiet prayer,
If you would see the linen white and fair
That I have spread in homage where its high,
Quaint-figured panels, darkly cut, do lie,
Or see within the dusk the tall slim flare
Of candles pointing in the steady air
Two whitely burning flames that may not die,
I only ask that still within your heart
You have a quiet joy in dark pines slung
Against the twilight sky, or berries hung
On winter hills in a swift, scarlet dart
Of fire—for beauty is the offering
That one who purely worships here must bring.*

over the line on our land. Mother had a surveyor run the line again, but some of the land was never recovered. This incident made Mother realize that the place must be looked after, and she was pleased when a stranger came to see her about renting the place. Terms were soon reached, and Mr. Hawkins, as the man was named, moved in with his family of eight. It transpired, before many months, that Mr. Hawkins was more interested in liquor traffic than in farming, and he was asked to vacate. After his unwilling departure (for he had run a profitable business through a filling station on the nearby highway), the old house had again been closed. Some of the land (about thirty acres) was rented to Tom Cagle, son of Uncle Ben Cagle, who had been one of my Grandfather's best negroes. Tom had been raised in a cabin near the place, and took an interest in it. One of our reasons for making the trip had been to see how Tom was getting along with the farming.

I parked the car under one of the trees, and we got out, somewhat stiff after our long ride. We walked down the long, shaded path toward the front door. The trees, with their knotty roots planted firmly in the level, white sand, offered a delightful coolness after our hot trip. Then I saw the house clearly. I was pained to see how much it had deteriorated, even since I had last been there. I could imagine Mother's feelings. The paint was nearly gone; many of the window panes were broken. The house had a haggard, gaunt appearance. But in spite of its faded aspect, it seemed to stand proud and straight.

We went around to the back. Mother pointed out the old well, the garden, the barn . . . landmarks that I remembered well. As we turned a corner of the house, we heard someone singing. I looked in the direction of the voice, out in the patch of cotton to the rear of the house, a negro plowing. I called him. With a "Whoa-ha-a," he stopped his mule and came toward us. He was a man of about medium height, and rather lean. I saw an amiable looking black face, streaming with sweat. He was barefooted, and the legs of his faded blue overalls were rolled up to his knees. He approached deferentially, dusty black hat in hand, and mopping his brow with his shirtsleeve. Ahead of him ran a black and yellow hound, all curiosity. He called it: "Come hyar, Dan. Be still."

"Hello Tom, how are you?" Mother asked.

"Law, ef it ain't Miss Bessie," the negro replied, grinning broadly. "I'm sho' glad tuh see you. You lookin' well."

We talked to Tom for some time. He seemed

to be one of those rare negroes whose bearing invites trust. He showed us about the place, pointing out the changes. The cellar had filled with water. The foundations were insecure; the sills under the porches were rotten. It seemed as if each turn showed something new in need of repair.

We asked Tom about the crop. With a smile, he took us through the trees to the edge of the field. The sunshine was intense after we had been in the shade. I looked out, past the barn. In the blue haze, at the bottom of the hill, the yellow Pee Dee crawled between its green banks. The bees droned monotonously about some wild flowers near the garden fence. Tom pointed down the rows of cotton. They were tall, green, healthy looking. He told us that everything pointed toward a good crop. The long spell of dry weather had "pestered" the weevil, he said.

"Tom," Mother asked, "what do you do to fight the weevil?"

"Nuthin', Ma'am, Miss Bessie. It seems like de more you fight de more de weevil spread, so I jst leave 'em alone."

He seemed happy, confident. Mother seemed happy to be there, and yet sad. The time came for us to go. Tom showed me one of the trees in which, he said with an uproarious laugh, my Mother used to climb as a girl. We were glad to feel, with Tom, that the crop would be good. Everything seemed bright under the cloudless sky. We told Tom to take care of things. Emphatically he assured us that he would, and as I turned away, I heard him again singing gaily. Dan, head cocked to one side, looked out from between his two big ears and seemed to ask: "Why are you leaving so soon?"

* * * * *

It was Fall before we had an opportunity to make another visit to the place. The day was clear and still; and the sun tinted things with that mellow, soft light seen only in Autumn. The leaves were turning. Some of them had fallen, and rustled softly as we walked over the ground. The house looked dark and sombre. We walked out past the barn to the old grape vine. We found a few of the grapes. They were fine and sweet. Thomas grapes, I think my Mother told me. I looked out to the river. It was yellow and slow as ever. There was no sign of Tom. We turned back.

We had come to see how the cotton was, and how much Tom would probably get. But we did not need him to tell us after we had looked at the fields. There had been too much rain; the boll weevil had thrived; the cotton was poor indeed. We went slowly back toward the car.

A shout stopped us. It was Tom. He emerged from the woods and came toward us, walking slowly up the old wagon road that ran from the house to the negro cabins, one of which was his. He soon reached us and greeted us cordially, but with a lack of his usual spontaneity of feeling, I thought. He wore an old gray sweater under his coat; and his hands were in the pockets of his everlasting faded overalls. He seemed dejected.

Tom divined our thoughts. "Weevils got it, Miss Bessie. A nigger sho' has a hard pull dese days. I'll be plum' lucky to be able to pay you-all the rent, this time, even ef you did give me easy terms." We nodded. "You know, Miss Bessie, the farm ain't like it wuz when Marse Jim wuz here, is it? I'm kinder glad Marse Jim cain't see the place now, it bein' all run down like." He scratched his head

(Continued on page eight)

Private

Anderson 29th April 1865

My dear Gov

I have been confined for nearly three weeks to my bed with an attack of typhoid fever. I am now clear of fever but find my strength greatly impaired.

I recd. one of your letters at Richmond but it was only a day or two before all mail arrangements were broken up and consequently I did not answer it.

Events have crowded with great rapidity upon us within the last forty days. The surrender of Lee's Army—the only real army we ever had—is the capstone of all our reverses and misfortunes, and seals the overthrow of the Confederacy.

The negotiations which are now said to be progressing during the armistice I trust may secure to the people of the south the least degradation possible, that we

are in possession of the enemy and hence a further effort to prosecute the war can only result in devastating the country & bringing ruin on the people who have not yet been overrun or entirely destroyed. I was anxious last winter that negotiations should have been opened with the enemy to ascertain upon what terms the war could be closed—Davis as usual was too obstinate and supercilious to entertain the proposition. I fear now that we will not be allowed to retain slavery—if at all it will only be temporary, but even with the great loss & humiliation it is to be preferred to a hopeless and desperate prosecution of an impossible war.

My decided conviction is that (4) we have failed through the egotism the obstinacy and the imbecility of Jeff Davis. You will remember the opinions I expressed to you of his want of administrative capacity in the fall of '61 on Sullivan Island. The sequel has fully justified my judgement of his incapacity but still we can but lament deeply aye most profoundly his failure and the deep disgrace which he has been instrumental solely in bringing on a brave confiding & patriotic people.

This letter is for your own eye. I shall prepare for publication some views as soon as I am able to prepare them

I write now with great difficulty and at some hazard.

Your friend
JAMES L. ORR

Gov Pickens
Edgfield

(*Numbers represent the letter pages.)

JAURES

(Continued from page one)

violin, saw his efforts rewarded by the child's inherent sensitiveness to the beauty of sound, which was so admirably expressed by his playing. But his few moments of joy were overshadowed by frequent illness and long, suffering confinements to bed, which caused misery in the child's heart.

And then, the last siege of sickness. Jaures saw his mother come from his father's room. He had been teasing the twins and was joyously laughing—but now his cheerful smile vanished, and a trace of

Pages one and four of the original letter sent by James L. Orr to Governor Pickens.

On The Civil War

(Editor's note: The following letter addressed to Francis Wilkerson Pickens, governor of South Carolina during the Civil War, was written by James L. Orr, who succeeded Pickens as governor during the Reconstruction period. It is an interesting sidelight on the close of the war. This letter has not been published before and is printed here with the permission of the owner, R. W. Linker.)

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Events have crowded with great rapidity upon us within the last forty days. The surrender of Lee's army—the only real army we ever had—is the capstone of all our reverses and misfortunes, and seals the overthrow of the Confederacy. The negotiations which are now said to be progressing during the armistice I trust may secure to the people of the south the least degradation possible. That we (2)* will be compelled to return to the union is in my judgement a fact unalterably fixed. Our armies are broken up—our soldiers (the great majority) are heartily sick and tired of the war—Our supplies of ordnance are entirely cut off. Our only lead mines this side of the Miss are in S. W. Va and now in possession of the enemy. Our sea-ports are all closed and we can get neither powder nor lead from abroad, and for the same reason if we had an army we could not shoe or clothe it—for two years past more than half of all the shoes and clothes issued to the army have run the blockade. Our lines of rail road are broken up and we could not feed an army if we had it.

Ky, Md, Tenn, Missouri, all of Va, much of NC & SC, Georgia, Ala, (3) Miss, Arkansas, & La

fear was in his eyes. He looked at his mother. Her arms hung limply; a tear-stained note was loosely held; her face had faded to a dead white. Unsteadily she walked to the window, raised it, and the cool morning breeze drifted in. She raised her eyes skyward, and a tired, worn voice murmured a prayer and a thanks to God. Jaures did not weep, for he saw a weary smile appear on her aged countenance as she turned toward him and kissed his brow. Marion and Luther chattered on unconcernedly.

In the years that followed, the loss and sorrow of the struggling family consecrated that old stone house. That inherent trace of blindness had furthered its grasp on Jaures soon after his father's death—and the indelible smile which remained was but meagre consolation to the poor mother, who never recovered from that intense grief she suffered.

His sister, Marion, was then betrothed to a wealthy southerner, and the wedding was to be the day following Christmas. He was stunned when he realized that Marion, she who had always cared for him, she who was in his everyday scenes of life, was to leave him.

How vainly she had tried to persuade him to come with her; how ardently she had pictured autumn in the south—with that wind that blows so vigorously through the wavering leaves, the echoes that are distinguished through the darkness, the weird whistling, the sprightly swinging of the trees, and the cool, cool air swirling about one—that glorious sway of the south whirling through one's soul, where one chats away the sunny day and listens to those delicate sounds which one might fancy come from the tiny bells which ride with reverie.

Then she bitterly spoke of the harsh and poignant blasts which dash and swerve about the narrow streets of the ugly city—where one cannot revel in the glories of a sweet smelling breeze when the smiling moon soothes the forests, but must ward off the foul and unhealthy air.

But Luther slowly answered. "So dense is the solitude, so great the quiet that surrounds the place, that it would make an ugly world for Jaures. There, one is lost in the meadow of life, and one's footsteps tread on a carpet of the softest moss which does not respond. A blind man does not want leisure to enjoy the sense of life—he wants tumultuous existence, new people, new voices, new sounds. All this is found where pompous and incessant life hastens by."

Calmly from Marion, "He is a creature of God and shall see His works rather than this spurious world; although he cannot see, he can feel the majesty of nature." She paused, and Jaures knew that tears were trickling down her cheeks, and he looked up—and two great dark eyes gazed mutely, mournfully into hers. He moved toward his violin and again he began to play. Luther rose and walked to the corner of the small room, where could be seen a row of worn books, well-thumbed by Jaures in his moments of yearning, as well as by Luther, who would read well into the night.

It was now that the child peered in and saw Jaures playing, Luther reading, and Marion gazing intently into the fire, watching the pale blue flame slowly descend and coat the hearth with dying embers.

From the gloom of the evening came the voice of Jaures, "My life has been like the wave which laps the ocean; I surged and danced and shouted—

(Continued on page eight)

Southey, The Ballads

By JOHN GLENN

"I shall hardly be satisfied," Southey wrote to his friend, Wynn, in January 1799, "'til I have got the ballad as good as *Lenora*." *Lenora a Ballad from Bürger* translated by William Taylor, had appeared in *The Monthly Magazine* for March 1796; and another of Taylor's translations from Bürger, *The Loss of Fair Wone*, was printed the following month. Southey saw these and "suspected they were by Sayers." He began his own ballad work by composing *Mary the Maid of the Inn* and *Rudiger* while at Bristol in the same year. The following year his only ballad was *King Charlemain*. But in 1798 and 1799 he was in correspondence with Taylor, who awakened in him a keen interest in Ballads and German poetry; and during this period he produced most of his important ballad work.

Southey's success in swift, direct narration has been adequately praised. Further, his grotesque effects are not always ridiculous. But he does not seem to have any real talent for ballads. He says in a note, "This line ('She stared me in the face') is one of the most beautiful passages in our ballads, so full of beauty"; and as an illustration he quotes an "imperfect copy from memory" of some commonplace verses about *Old Poulter's Mare*, which is certainly not one of our beautiful old ballads.

Southey's ballad meters vary: besides the usual ballad meter, he uses the meter of Lewis's *Alonzo and Imogen*, blank verse, and his own irregular stanzas. His sense of rhythm is not always true, and often he purposely substitutes two or even three syllables for the usual sound of one. This sometimes gains a curious effect, but it suggests a lightness and casualness different from the earnest spirit of the true ballads.

The Southey ballads seem to be of three kinds: the "Wordsworthian" ballads, the ballads of "Grotesquerie and diablerie," and the quaintly humorous ballads. The first are didactic in spirit, tending to preach sermons round the moral lesson of uncontaminated nature. They often imitate Wordsworth's worst verse,—

*He bent his back against a post,
His feet the brook ran by;
And there were water-cresses growing,
And pleasant was the water's flowing
For he was hot and dry.*

And they even surpass Wordsworth in the simplicity of the explanations,—"A person who was present at the funeral told me the story and the particulars of the interment, as I have versified it"; or, "The story of the following ballad was related to me, when a schoolboy, as a fact which had really happened in the north of England." These resemble the introductions to our own amateur folk plays.

The gruesome, grotesque ballads are often real "thrillers." But they are fantastic and unreal without gaining for themselves a suspension of disbelief. They have none of that naturalness of the supernatural which one finds in the old ballads—say, in *The Wife of Usher's Well*. Southey's ballads seem "put together." "If you should meet with a ghost, a witch, or a devil, pray send them to me," he wrote to a friend, and the request illustrates the half-humorous, half-superior spirit in which the ballads were composed.

Ballads such as *Well of St. Keyne*, *St. Romauld*, *St. Michael's Chair*—the ballads of simple, lively humour and of "real metrical fun" (Symons)—

Apollo Wept

("Beauty is Truth, Truth Beauty")

By PHILIP DEVILBISS

*Tall hours have toppled into dusk since he
Who wrote these words with an immortal pen
Azareal met and kissed his lips, and then
Loosed Beauty on the world to set it free.
Through all his sphere the breath of Truth had
crept,
Pulsed through his soul to buoy high his hopes;
And when cold Death, who like a child that
gropes
In darkness, touched his hand, Apollo wept.*

*If we who chant the name of Beauty knew
What Beauty was, had felt its calming touch
But we have lost our faith and only clutch
At shadowed emptiness that Fancy drew.*

*Singer of Beauty, take us by the hand
And point our way, that we may understand.*

seem to me to be the best. As someone told Southey, his genius was all for comedy. But he was misled by too many books and ethical purposes, and wasted himself on correct prose and empty epics. The noble laurate might have contributed more as a writer of Limericks. "There was an old man breaking stones," he begins one ballad; and there is a jolly, nonsensical rhythm in many of them. Here, I feel, is a perfect subject,—

*But if the Wife should drink of it first,—
God help the Husband then!"*

*The stranger stoop'd to the Well of St. Keyne,
And drank of the water again.*

*"You drank of the Well, I warrant, betimes?"
He to the Cornishman said;*

*But the Cornishman smiled as the Stranger spake,
And sheepishly shook his head.*

*"I hater'd as soon as the wedding was done,
And left my Wife in the porch;*

*But ' faith she had been wiser than me,
For she took a bottle to church."*

Sources

Holler: *The Early Life of Robert Southey*.

Symons: *The Romantic Movement in English Poetry*.

ANCIENT AND MODERN HUMOR

(Continued from page one)

than they do now, and with justice, for in those days they could claim kinship with the gods. This business of pride, of glorying in human existence, in human endeavor, triumph, and tragedy is all a matter of sublime ignorance. Once one knows what it is to be human, how small a possession it is, with all the qualities of the foulest beasts and the cursed consciousness of those qualities, one finds little about the possession of humanity that prompts an intelligent pride. All that is great arises from the tormenting awareness of human bestiality and the consequent endeavor to escape it. Humor is escape; rather it is a defense. Tragedy sublimates existence; comedy insinuates and capitalizes upon its inherent and inescapable bestiality. Paradoxically enough, comedy is more mature, the more civilized of the two, for comedy involves a scourging recognition of the shame of life and is ultimately a protective device that seeks consolation in bold confession—a sort of metaphrastic prayer for deliverance from the shame of shame. Comedy represents man laughing at man, thereby gaining a momentary sense of superiority and abstraction. It is the device that enables

Drama and the Arts



by

MILTON GREENBLATT

Random glances at New York disclose little of the city's luxuriousness or charm, but rather its garishness, and the vulgarity of its scenes and its people. New York has much to recommend it, despite its ugliness. It is the most cosmopolitan city in America; it has a wealth of art works, and many other beautiful things from Europe, Asia, and even Africa. But all these charms seem to disappear when one sees the masses of people who swarm the city. These masses consist mainly of salesmen and bootleggers; housewives and shopgirls who make the city almost unendurable at times. Their bad taste and stupidity dominate in the city. They frequent the theatres in great numbers, encouraging and supporting all that is worst in the commercial theater, from musical comedy on.

The theaters in New York too, are representative of the worst classes of people. The audiences are not intelligent, cultured people in search of good drama. But for the greater part, ignorant and prurient people whose only desire is trite enough entertainment.

This season, for example, is a conventional one. And although there are several plays that offer intelligent entertainment, there are almost none of any great literary or dramatic merit. (Always, of course, excepting the Civic Repertory Theater). Nor have there been many of the classical plays revived, since their existence is a rather precarious one in New York. The Theater Guild can no longer claim to be an organization with artistic ideals. Their productions are always mounted superbly, but their choice of plays is never particularly good. Their merit lies in the fact that it is a good business organization with a little better taste than the average commercial producer. But it has pretentiousness. And therefore it is admired.

The Metropolitan Opera Company, too, can not claim to be primarily a musical organization. For it is, at heart, and in policy, a social and business affair. For an opera company with great wealth behind it would surely not produce operas as cheaply and tawdrily as the Metropolitan does, if business interests did not predominate. The costumes, the stage settings, and the entire staff of singers is utterly inadequate for the repertoire. And the opera house itself is an atrocity, satisfying none but the vulgar, extravagant box-holders, who are given splendid opportunity for all sorts of spectacular display, thereby fulfilling the primary purpose of the opera company. (It is significant that there is not one musician, or artist of any sort, in the board of directors of the organization).

the sophisticated man to feel just a trifle less a man. It is a subtle comparison that men make in relegating their scale of departure from primal slime.

The Greeks were aware neither of the necessity of departure nor of the primal stinch. As I have said they felt themselves to be lesser divinities and as such important. They were not a part of the universe; their lives, their deeds and misdeeds were in the universe. Their literature, particularly their

(Continued on page eight)

Books

On A Sour Apple Tree

JOHN BROWN: THE MAKING OF A MARTYR. By Robert Penn Warren. New York: Payson & Clarke, Ltd. 474 pps. \$5.

Though John Brown's body "lies a mouldering in the grave," even now the mention of his deeds fascinates some and causes unearthly chills to crawl the spines of others of more timid nature. Of that fanatic abolitionist, murderer, terrorist, conspirator and grim fighter for his sacred cause, Robert Penn Warren has written a comprehensive and wholly readable biography. Mr. Warren emphasizes the emotional side of John Brown's life, bringing to the surface all of his egotism and that gloomy fanaticism inherent in him.

Intensely religious in his nature, John Brown possessed the conviction that his was the divine commission to destroy slavery; and slavery, he believed, could be brought to an end only by the shedding of blood. "Letters of marque from God" justified to his own mind the violent methods—the shedding of blood, the storming of the Federal arsenal at Harper's Ferry, the disastrous raids—which he used in his endeavor to accomplish his divine task. Old John Brown was intensely fanatic and irrefragably courageous.

Warren writes of Brown with a scientific interest in the man's emotional motives and his mental sinuosity. He traces the life of this enigmatic character from its birth to the episode of the sour apple tree, stressing the influences which moulded and developed him into a visionary zealot. Old Brown said of himself that he "acknowledged no master in human form." He was religious and bloodthirsty, crafty and childish, a poor business man and a clever schemer.

Numerous biographies of John Brown have been written, the most exhaustive of which is generally conceded to be Oswald Garrison Villard's *John Brown: A Biography Fifty Years After*, which Warren follows closely in his work. Little has been added to the information brought out in Villard's book, and Warren's biography differs chiefly in questions of interpretation.

PHILIP DE VILBISS.

SUCCESSOR TO GALAHAD

SINCERITY. By John Erskine. The Bobbs-Merrill Company: Indianapolis. 1929. \$2.50.

Let me be quite frank about this: I found Mr. Erskine's new novel incredibly dull (I had really enjoyed *Helen of Troy* and, less enthusiastically, *Galahad*), and finished it only because I had agreed to review it for this journal. I found myself wondering why it had been written, wondering if the author were not writing with one eye on Hollywood (as DuBose Heyward perhaps wrote *Angel*) and one eye on the women's clubs out in Iowa. Or perhaps it was written on a wager to show that Mary Allerton and Isabel and Winthrop Beauvel, friends of the Babbitts and the Dodsworths, are susceptible to the same treatment as Helen and Galahad and Eve. Perhaps.

The plot of this yarn is as artificial as a movie snow-storm, and far less convincing. Setting is treated as something that has been quite overdone

LINES TO A LOVER

By RICHARD A. CHACE

*And now the time has come for you to go.
Leave bravely, proudly; you have much to do.
Whatever else there is, I feel it true
That you have powers of which you do not know
Our peace and love might hide—and they must
grow.
And what if, meanwhile, you should suffer, too,
Struggling, alone? Ah, what, my dear, are you,
That you should care for peace? . . . I love you so!
But I'll not let my passion make you weak,
Nor stoop to bind you with a kiss, ah, no,
For I can feel the something you must seek
Bigger than love; for this I bid you go.
But then—come back to me, I'll still be here,
Hoping, praying—and waiting for you, dear.*

by Bennett, Galsworthy, and Company. Character is a matter of word order on the page. The puppets drift, drawn into one complication after another by circumstance. But no tragic pity is aroused, for they are only puppets after all and from time to time one hears the stage machinery creak protestingly as the author pulls the strings. As, for example, when he moves the clock ahead eight years on Isabel's life in Bourge; as when he brings Isabel back to Winthrop at the 'pat' moment. One has a moment of hope at the very end of the book when the husband indicates that at long last he has an idea of his own in his head.

Now, of course, one can put up with artificiality of plot, sketchy settings, and mechanical characters if the novel is on the plane of the comedy of manners; if it is a *South Wind* or an *Antic Hay*. One would even forgive a novelist much if he shows that he has something interesting or profound to say (how much we forgive Thomas Hardy!). But Mr. Erskine says nothing here which he has not already said much better in his essays. There is not that hard surface sparkle that one liked in *Helen*, nor the undercurrent of irony that one rather enjoyed in *Galahad*. The following sentences, chosen quite at random, will illustrate the flatness of the style and the triteness of what is said: "The difficulty about the cynical vein, she found, was that you have to increase the emphasis as you go along." "He was persuaded that it's easier to start being sincere than to stop afterward, when one has had enough." She walked toward the choir (of the cathedral) and feasted her eyes for the hundredth time on the gorgeous windows of the chapels."

Oh, of course the book as a whole has a meaning, what John Galsworthy calls the "spire of meaning." But even that is sadly uninteresting and frayed by much handling. It is simply that to tell the whole truth is to shame the devil—and one's husband, and one's friends, and oneself.

(Note: There is a much better review of *Sincerity* in *The Saturday Review of Literature* for December 21. Mr. Purdy, the deviewer, is much better than I at damning with faint praise.)

R. P.

D. H. Lawrence's poems have all been collected in two volumes, boxed, published by Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. This collection includes certain of Lawrence's poems censored in England and hitherto unpublished.

POETRY OF IMPORTANCE

FIREHEAD. By Lola Ridge. New York: Payson & Clarke. 218 pps. \$2.50.

Lola Ridge has added a new beauty to contemporary poetry. In *Firehead*, her fourth book of verse, Miss Ridge handles one of the most poetic subjects in the world, the Crucifixion—a subject which most modern poets are dubious about approaching—with a power and delicacy which harmonize far more superbly than the elements which so many contemporary versifiers have an exaggerated fondness for attempting to blend.

In *Firehead* the poetess looks at the scene of the Crucifixion through the eyes of certain of the witnesses, including Christ himself, Peter, John, Judas, Mary the mother, and Mary Magdalene, and reproduces the events of the day with remarkable fervor and delicate beauty. It would be difficult to select a phrase which might properly characterize Miss Ridge's imagery. She penetrates into the psychology of her characters with splendid insight and portrays their emotions with perspicacity. Her grasp of significant detail is commendable far above that of the average poet. Describing Mary as she stared at the figure of Christ on the cross, Miss Ridge says:

*Tears flowing through the long night
Had washed away the violet markings of her eyes,
staring one way;
At the arcs, diminished to points in the blue irises,
there swam minute,
Yet complete unto each curve of agony, the gleaming
figure on the cross.*

Throughout the poem Miss Ridge uses a variety of meters which change with the mood of the piece and of its characters. It resembles in this respect Tennyson's *Maud* in which successive phases of passion in one person take the place of successive persons. The poetess changes from one meter to another with a skill which denotes a precise knowledge of the rising and ebbing passions of her characters. The poem rises to a high pitch of dramatic power at times—in Part I, for example, where:

*He crushed the night like a blue grape
In his clenched spirit; thirstily
He drank deep of the heady brew
Of purple juice that ebbed from it.
Through emptied arteries he drew
A dark transfusion in each vein,
Till loosed in a submerging flood
The bloodied waters of his brain
Flowed in on him and a cry
Hurtled from his lips,
A cry that was the light's eclipse
And pealed against the desolate sky,
Making a gray void in space
Of the bright thing He was,
Speeding on the day oblivion
And darkness where a flame had shone.*

The most powerful scene in the poem, however, is the section wherein the poetess describes the madness of Judas. The section is vibrant with drama.

I do not propose to state that *Firehead* should rank among the greatest of our poems; this is by no means so. But I do mean that in the present-day of the poet's absorption in himself that Miss Ridge's poem, appearing as a work of art outside the egocentric pale, may contribute to help us to find the way out of our present poetic dilemma.

JOHN MEBANE.

(Continued on page seven)

BOOKS

(Continued from page six)

MACHINE AMERICA

THE IMPERIAL DOLLAR. By Hiram Motherwell. New York: Bretano's. 310 pages. \$3.50.

This new and contradictory America of ours—grasping and seemingly generous, self-assertive and timid—is again the subject of a book broadly thought out and thoroughly interesting. The industrial machine, of which so much has been said and written of late, is the starting point of the study contained in *The Imperial Dollar*. But, whereas other writers for the most part have been concerned with what the machine is doing to America, Mr. Motherwell deals with the effect which America, by virtue of the machine, is having on the rest of the world. This effect is manifold, and can be seen alike in American credits to European peoples and in the manners of American tourists.

The author limits his field to economic phenomena which can be weighed and measured, but not to the neglect of the social and cultural implications of America's new power on the Earth.

There is, of course, nothing startlingly novel in the author's conception that the United States since the World War has become an empire by the might of the dollar. But Mr. Motherwell has brought together a formidable mass of information on how the empire was created, what it is doing at the present time, and what it is likely to do in the future. He accounts for the fact that the influence of the United States extends over both powerful and weak nations in terms of the might of the American dollar.

The author believes that the basis of this new pecuniary empire of ours is the machine, which, by sending its products out beyond the boundaries of the United States, has created a surplus of wealth which must be put to work in foreign countries. He contends that the machine has waxed greatest in the United States because there is within her own boundaries a wide and prosperous market, unimpeded by the customs barriers which clutter Europe.

In a very interesting and intelligent manner Mr. Motherwell points out the dangers and difficulties which an unscrupulous and unchecked sway of the imperial dollar holds in store for the United States and those countries to which the influence of American industry and finance extends.

J. C. WILLIAMS.

A MODERN ARTIST

CONTEMPO. By John Vassos (text by Ruth Vassos). New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$5.

John Vassos, a young Greek artist, who so delightfully illustrated the *Salome*, *The Harlot's House* and *The Ballad of Reading Goal* of Oscar Wilde, does a fourth book of interpretations in his characteristic symbolic fashion. In twenty-three interpretations done in the modern manner Mr. Vassos satirizes many of the dynamic forces in the American life of today. The prose text is poorly done: the satire is over-obvious and weak; but the interpretations themselves are brilliant.

In sharp staccato-like sketches the artist interprets the powerful forces which are proving both beneficial and threatening to American civilization. A peculiar modernistic rhythm pervades through John Vassos' work. It tends to coincide with the modern temper, with the hurried, groping growth of a new country, carefree, reckless and wild in youthful efflorescence. Vassos portrays the subway, skyscrap-

Two Sonnets

(for C. M. D.)

By JAMES DAWSON

I

When I was newly clad, I knew no sleep,
So laden with her loveliness was I.
There was no night I did not vigil keep
To see her head cut sharp against the sky
Of star-bespattered blueness. Just to see
Her dress sway gently in a sudden gust
Sent ghostly twistings through the mists of me,
As though a wind had stirred my scattered dust.

And I remember how I cried, that death
Could touch my self but not my memory.
The planets must have smiled to see me run
Across the world 'til I was out of breath,
Still sobbing to myself, despairingly,
That long eternity had scarce begun.

II

Then one dear night her rounded fingertips
Were softer than the quiet of despair,
And cool as fern-fronds faintly brushing lips,
And lovely with the fragrance of her hair.
That night they drew across my fretful eyes
Forgetfulness, and utter recompense
For sordidness, and tender balm for lies,
And certainty, and velvet somnolence.

Weaving a fragile thread across the looms
Of sleep; a twisted strand of golden moods,
Of halting words and broken phrasody;
A reverie of dimly lighted rooms,
Tall candle flames, and dully glowing woods,
And fragmentary, haunting melody.

ers, advertising, the movies, the tabloids, prohibition and many of the other forces which are exerting a tremendous influence in this country.

In a foreword to his book the artist says: "We are a country of extremes. Our expressions range from the sublime to the ridiculous. We are capable of buffoonery, which is healthy—our anthropologists and scientists enjoy Coney Island and hot-dogs. We are capable of appreciation of beauty in the abstract—our tall buildings would never have gone up had not a subconscious desire for them existed." Perhaps America is a land of extremes. It lends itself excellently as the object of satire in its various forms. Mr. Vassos in selecting as a last satirical interpretation *Modern Art* exhibits a nice sense of humor: modern art, while vastly appreciated by American audiences, is by them, I fear, but seldom understood.

JOHN MEBANE.

SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST

THE DAY OF THE BROWN HORDE. By Richard Tooker. New York: Payson & Clark, Ltd. 276 pps. \$2.50.

It is a story of the jungle, the stinking swamps filled with poisonous snakes; the slimy rivers, and the fastness of the wilderness where death lurks in every form, and where only the strong survive. Out of this loathsome stagnation Richard Tooker has lifted the crude, primitive savage and portrayed him, not as he appears to the civilized world, but as he really is—human. He has done for the black man what Cooper did for the Indian, but with less of the dramatic atmosphere, and with a less elaborate

(Continued on page eight)

BOOKS I HAVE LIKED

(Certain members of the faculty and books published within the last few years which have interested them.)

NORMAN FOERSTER: *The Demon of the Absolute*, by P. E. More; *The Cycle of Modern Poetry*, by G. R. Elliott; *The Noble Savage*, by A. H. Fairchild; *La Trahison des Clercs*, by Julien Benda; *A Preface to Morals*, by Walter Lippmann.

ADDISON HIBBARD: *They Stood to Folly*, by Ellen Glasgow; *Porgy*, by DuBose Heyward; *Mr. Hodge and Mr. Hazard*, by Elinor Wylie; *The Time of Man*, by Elizabeth Madox Roberts; *Falmouth for Orders*, by A. J. Villiers.

FREDERICK H. KOCH: *All Quiet on the Western Front*, by Erich Remarque; *A Farewell to Arms*, by Ernest Hemingway; *Look Homeward Angel*, by Thomas Wolfe; *Porgy*, by DuBose Heyward; *The Happy Mountain*, by Maristan Chapman.

HOWARD M. JONES: *The Tragic Era*, by Claude Bowers; *They Stood to Folly*, by Ellen Glasgow; *What the Negro Thinks*, by R. R. Moton; *The Raven*, by Marquis James; *John Brown's Body*, by Stephen Benét.

RUSSELL R. POTTER: *All Quiet on the Western Front*, by Erich Remarque; *Journey's End*, by Sheriff; *Street Scene*, by Rice; *Francois Villon*, by D. B. Wyndham Lewis; *Poems*, by T. S. Eliot.

MRS. H. M. JONES: *The Time of Man*, by Elizabeth Madox Roberts; *They Stood to Folly*, by Ellen Glasgow; *John Brown's Body*, by Stephen Benét; *The Case of Sergeant Grisha*, by Zweig; *My Life*, by Isadora Duncan.

ARCHIBALD HENDERSON: *The Nature of the Physical World*, by A. S. Eddington; *The Universe Around Us*, by Sir James Jeans; *An Intelligent Woman's View of Capitalism and Socialism*, by Bernard Shaw; *A la Recherche du Temps Perdu*, by Marcel Proust; *Henry VIII*, by Francis Hackett.

JOHN M. BOOKER: *The Forsythe Saga*, by John Galsworthy; *Riceyman's Steps*, by Arnold Bennett; *Babbitt*, by Sinclair Lewis; *Mary Adams*, by Booth Tarkington; *Short Stories*, by Wilbur Daniel Steele.

GEORGE MCKIE: *A Preface to Morals*, by Walter Lippmann; *The Tragic Era*, by Claude Bowers; *The Golden Day*, by Lewis Mumford; *Strange Interlude*, by Eugene O'Neill; *Kristin Lavransdatter*, by Sigfried Undset.

O. J. COFFIN: *Scarlet Sister Mary*, by Julia Peterkin; *All Quiet on the Western Front*, by Erich Remarque; *The Tragic Era*, by Claude Bowers; *The Happy Mountain*, by Maristan Chapman; *They Stood to Folly*, by Ellen Glasgow.

HOWARD W. ODUM: *The Tragic Era*, by Claude Bowers; *Scarlet Sister Mary*, by Julia Peterkin; *All Quiet on the Western Front*, by Erich Remarque; *The Decline of the West*, by Oswald Spengler; *Dark Star*, by Lorna Moon.

"Virtue is like a rich stone, best plain set. . ."

—Francis Bacon

BOOKS

Survival of the Fittest

(Continued from page seven)

display of emotion. Nevertheless, *The Day of the Broken Horde* does not lack in impressiveness or vividness. As a characterization of human nature, it reveals a deeper insight than might be exposed in our own realm of modern civilization.

A mother's love for her firstborn, who must pay the penalty for being a weakling according to the laws of the tribe; the defiance of the father who dies in defense of his mate and child; the fight through the jungle, preferring to face the dangers of the wild rather than the old man of the tribe; years of watching and waiting for revenge; and then death and devastation: around these impulses of human emotion, Tooker has woven a story that is beautiful in its simplicity and tragic in its consequence.

The story is plainly told, and does not need any stress of the imagination to give it emphasis. There is created unconsciously in the mind of the reader an impression that lasts. It is a story in which the characters themselves give it life and not the author, and one that can be read over and over again.

SHERMAN SHORE.

POETRY AND THE DANCE

EVERY SOUL IS A CIRCUS. By Vachel Lindsay. New York: The Macmillan Co. 120 pps. \$2.75.

Vachel Lindsay, the evangelistic chanter, has written a rather unusual book of verse in which he proclaims that "poetry carefully read and set to dancing is recreated, made social and troubadourish, raised from the dead golden treasuries into life again." Mr. Lindsay believes that whatsoever seems to a reader to be poetry can be danced by while it is read to him; but all musical instruments and singing must be omitted, proclaims the author, for the setting of poetry to music is the destruction of poetry. The poems in *Every Soul is a Circus* bring the reader back to Lindsay's "The Congo" with its repetitions and refrains. "Poem games" are what the author is creating. The poems are to be chanted and offer ample opportunity for expression and gesture.

Many of the poems must be read with a bardic and troubadour chanting, a chanting resembling that of the preaching of our old-fashioned parsons; there are passages which must be whispered; certain refrains are to be chanted antiphonally with an audience.

Before completing the book the reader will raise the question of whether or not these pieces are really poetry, and the answer is difficult to give. Quite a long time ago poets seemed to know what they were about; at least, they wrote numerous essays defining their art. Philip Sidney, Pope, Wordsworth Coleridge, Arnold and others created able definitions of poetry. But today the prevalent belief is that something disastrous has happened to verse. The anfractuositics through which our versifiers go in order to create their masterpieces call forth admiration for the stamina and physical abilities of the poet but little for his mental capacity. Certainly most of our present-day poetry cannot be defined in terms of the classicist or the romanticist, but we must remake our definitions to fit modern poetry. The poets themselves have not done it (most of them are apparently so involved in their own efflorescences that they have little time for other matters): numerous others have attempted

The Writers

Champ Winstead, a senior and a major in the Classics, contributes his second article to the MAGAZINE. . . . Philipp Klemens Kaufmann, a first year student with the vocabulary of a graduate, recently published his first contribution, *P. O. B.*, a sketch in the MAGAZINE. . . . Jackson Williams is the pseudonym of a University student who publishes his first contribution. . . . Richard A. Chace, by virtue of consistent and excellent work, has been made an associate editor of the MAGAZINE.

R. P. is a member of the faculty. . . . Sherman Shore attended school here last quarter but has not returned because of illness. . . . J. C. Williams is assistant editor of *The Daily Tar Heel* and columnist on the same publication. . . . Robert Hodges and Milton Greenblatt are both contributing editors to the MAGAZINE. . . . Philip De Vilbiss is contemplating a change of the "D" in his pen-name to lower case. . . . James Dawson and Dorothy Mumford have been awarded places on the editorial staff of the MAGAZINE.

John Glenn is a member of the Senior Class of this institution and is a first-time contributor.

definitions, but none of them seem to fit all emanations described as *poetry*. Poetry has been called "a criticism of life in terms of beauty," "a creation of word painting by a genius," and a myriad of other things, most of which draw no line between verse and good prose. So if I should attempt to determine how far Vachel Lindsay's *Every Soul Is a Circus* is really poetry, I would become so involved that I would forget the book entirely. Certainly Mr. Lindsay is turning to something a bit different from that which is being done by our moderns—not to something never done before, but to something a bit new in the present-day.

Many of the poems in the book have no meaning. That is, they make no appeal to the intellectual faculties. It is the ear to which they make appeal. They have the complexion of primitive dances and tribal songs, some deep and moaning, others airy and light. The poem entitled "Twenty Years Ago" is autobiographical. There are trivial bits such as the one called "Friend Forest-Horse":

*Friend Forest-horse is bold,
Sagacious and serene,
Walking through the rainbow,
And the gold,
And taking in the scene*

The book is illustrated with whimsical decorations by the author and George M. Richards.

JOHN MEBANE.

JAURES

(Continued from page four)

but some giant struck me, blinded me, took from me that gayness, that eternal spray of life. Now I wander aimlessly, clinging, restraining others, painfully keeping step on the restless trail to land—where we burst upon the shore and spread our weary form among the sands—to shape other ripples of that endless stream. I shall choose a simpler path and let the rest rush on. But come, it grows late, and another day approaches."

Jaures rose and went to his room. Faint sounds of music were heard. Luther and Marion sighed, glanced at the dying flame, then turned to their rooms.

The morning dawned brightly and the sun peered joyously over the distant crest of the bright

sky. The gayness and the joy of life was in the very air, in the very room. Luther rose, and boyishly shouted across the hall for Jaures and Marion to awake. Light rhythmic tapping revealed that Marion had risen and was also enjoying the refreshing morning. There was no greeting from Jaures, no sound from his room, then suddenly the death-like silence flung a wave of fear through the occupants of the stone house—Jaures would never answer.

ANCIENT AND MODERN HUMOR

(Continued from page five)

Epics, was a proud boast, pregnant with the meaning of their own importance. It was an affirmation of existence, a bold parade of life rather than a sickened negation. Therefore comedy has not real place in it, for comedy never affirms anything; it is always denial.

How then, you will ask, can Aristophanes be allowed to remain in my ideal Greek state? I reply that Aristophanes, though called a comic writer was at the same time unconscious of the shame of shame, and that, as a true Greek, he always had before him the true ideal to which Greek civilization was striving, and his comedies were not a recognition of the futility of the strife, but an attempt to eliminate such malformations as, he thought, would encumber them in their pursuit.

OLD PLACE

(Continued from page three)

and kicked absently at a piece of wire grass. "Mebbe better luck nex' time." We told him we were sorry things had turned out as they had.

It was getting late, and Tom said that he must go home and feed his stock and get in some wood. After saying good-bye, we watched him shamble back down the road which he had come. Dan moped after him. They entered the woods and merged into the dusk; we could trace their progress only when, at times, lone rays of the sun, slipping gently through the trees, played for a moment on Tom's head and shoulders.

We faced about and looked at the house. It created in us that same feeling of sadness which old, worn-out objects often cause those who see them. For a while, neither of us spoke. Then, Mother broke the silence.

"I've made up my mind. Your Aunt Mary gave me permission to do as I should think best about the place. Of course you know that we haven't been making anything on the farm, and the taxes are terribly high. But it isn't that. The house is going to ruin. I can't bear to look at it. It hurts me to think that there is no one here to keep it up. We don't live near enough. I want someone to have it who will take care of it. I'm—I'm going to sell the place."

The crisp chill of evening was in the air. Off in the woods by the negro cabins, I could hear the whack, whack of an axe, accompanied by a slow, mournful song. The smell of the smoke from the chimneys filled the air. The chill increased perceptibly. The whack, whack of the axe rang clear. We drove away as dark shadows were settling, cloak-like over the house, and as a deepening gloom pervaded the grove.

"Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be."

—Alexander Pope.

The Carolina Magazine

Literary Supplement to The Daily Tar Heel

Volume 1

February 2, 1930

Number 7

The Cocksure Intelligentsia

An Article In Which The Author Flails The Intelligentsia Who Offer The Greatest Handicap To The Development Of A Representative Literature For The United States.

By J. E. DUNGAN

PARADOXICALLY enough, it is the intelligentsia who offer the greatest handicap to the development of an indigenous and representative literature for the United States. The arts demand the warmth of friendliness.

Rich in the lore of a heterogeneous population still distinctly divided by dialect and customs into at least five colorful districts, the America of today presents the woof and warp of a literature that could become lasting. There lack now only the artisans to create the design and pattern.

There have been men so bold as to raise the standard of a new day, but our American scholars and our dilettantes have, for the most part, until these latter years, ignored them. The first have been too busy enervating their energies in a bustling search after facts and dates in the literary histories, while the dilettantes have been worshipping at the altars of foreign gods.

Our history, it is said, has been too short to have produced anything worth while. It is forgotten that the great Greek poets lived almost contemporaneously, producing their masterpieces within a century. Genius makes her nest in whichever tree appears the most inviting. Literature depends little upon time, but largely upon condition and opportunity. Those who deplore the state of American letters and are sure that we have produced nothing significant or who fail to see the quite ominous signs of approaching greatness, are either blind through over application to the reading of the ancients or so ignorant that it makes little difference what they think.

The age-old battle between the ancients and the moderns will ever be fought and never won. Proportionately, the cultures of the ages of Pericles and Augustus probably are the most valuable of the structure for which they serve as a foundation, but logically creative genius does ill to imitate the classics; the best has already been done in the strictly classic form; it cannot be improved upon. Pragmatics teach that self-indulgence is both the joy and the privilege of man. Life being as short as it is, and humanity being as ignorant as it is, it is our duty to continue the building of man's most noble structure. Culture should be accumulative, and so should literature. American civilization having advanced to its present stage, and the country standing at the height of political and financial power, the time is fully ripe for the development of our wing in the international edifice. No nation beset by wars or pioneering at its frontiers is capable of producing a genuine literature. Borrowing from the ancients, to whom I acknowledge the debt of mankind, the modern motto should

Moonstalker

By MARGARET BEAUFORT MILLER

*The mind stalks stars with mirrors
And thrusts with argent glance
Bright wounds upon the Galaxy's
Celestial contradance.*

*She spears Selene with spars of light
And wracks her shifting shade
That through the darkling shallows
A pale moondeer may wade.*

*She rides down astral valleys
And roves sidereal fens
To glimpse past silver forests
Subliminal green glens.*

*Her hounds and hawks go hunting
By many a starry sphere
And only on earth her quarry
Forever flies in fear.*

be—*Carpe Diem*. It is now America's turn.

Scholarship and criticism in America, both learned and superficial have degenerated into fact finding, cataloging, and pedantic operations which remind one of a man who, desiring to build a house, spends his whole life-time collecting materials but lays not a single stone.

Long and varied has been the search after the Great American Novel, and, discouraged in the failure of the enterprise, the intelligentsia have added still another reason why Americana has amounted to little. These scholars and dilettantes, by this Great Novel Attitude, have condemned to poverty and obscurity the creators of accurate and excellent pictures from the panorama of American life. Finding a novel which would be so representative as to encompass the whole of American life and customs would be as impossible as finding the much sought for philosopher's stone. To point out the Russian novel, the English novel, or the French novel is easy enough, as each of these countries has a comparatively homogeneous population. Americans will have to be satisfied with a literature which is a true representation of phases of their life. The Great American Novel, having so vast a picture to portray, could not be written in twenty volumes or five million words.

Unheralded and unknown to the vast majority, however, competent literary work has been done and is being done in America. In the novel—that field much deplored by the intelligentsia—foreigners point with appreciation to Nathaniel Haw-

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The Mask of Tragedy

Being The Exposure Of A Common Fallacy On The Tragic Attitude Wherein The Muse Is Cleared.

By RICHARD A. CHACE

THE MAN who feels that the quality of sorrow pervades a great tragedy is that man whose simplicity is equalled only by his innate lack of perception, however many men may die and women suffer in the tragic course of events. The austere visage of Melpomene is not altered by the sigh of any victim; oblivious to tears, her unbending gaze is fixed on some ultimate point far beyond the current protagonist, whose symbolic conflict with elemental forces has a properly universal application. If the muse were to melt for one compassionate moment, life would lose just that much of its latent significance and man himself, that naive spectator of events, would be less than he might otherwise have been.

Let us look, for a moment, into the obscure derivation of this commonly misapplied term. It comes, as do all of our terms relating to the functions of the theatre, from the Greek, in whose hands it had begun as a purely religious rite at the altar of the god Dionysos, gradually evolving from the original altar of the god and the hands of the priest—although always retaining, in the main, its basic religious significance. This dramatic expression was closely allied to the other arts and its original power was primarily due to the inherent spirit of music, through whose emotional appeal, surging freely through the poetic structure of the play, was largely due its cathartic quality. This early dependence on music must not be overlooked and can scarcely be too strongly emphasised. It is only insofar as later-day tragedy has remained true to the unexpressed spirit of that same elemental music—for principles, however seemingly remote, are static—that we can recognize in our own tragic expression the abiding dignity and power so definitely evoked by the Greek.

In the properly tragic expression, in its sublime atmosphere of impersonal contemplation, its almost brutal indifference to the suffering individual, we find the most profound approach to a broad and pure concept of life of which any art, except that of its antecedent, music, is capable. The sufferer is symbol of man. Tragedy treats this symbol almost with levity, as if to show that man is only one manifestation of nature and of no essential significance in himself. Only insofar as he is consonant with certain fixed laws can he prosper and progress. Only insofar as he grasps his own dependent position in the scheme of things can he be said to live—and death, however approached, is only a phase. Death ends nothing, however many sentimental tears it may momentarily call forth.

Nature can not tolerate a weakling and every flaw
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CIRCULATION MGR.....G. W. THOMAS, JR.

Sunday, February 2, 1930

FOR YOU AND ME

THIS IS your publication as much as the editor's. Every story, every article, every poem, every bit of writing in the publication belongs as much to the lowliest, knee-trousered freshman in the student body as it does to the slaves of the muse who entangle themselves all the more in the mesh of her intricate garment by profuse offerings of prose and poesy. The aim of the MAGAZINE has been to select material which will prove pleasing to the various types of readers in the University and, at the same time, approach a high-type of literary standard.

Departments have been instituted to help the reader keep abreast of the current literary news. A column on Drama and the Arts is being published. The MAGAZINE does not, however, attempt to print every type of article and story which, it realizes, is in existence. Certain fields are left to *Home and Garden*, *Movie Magazine*, the *Buccaneer*, and *The Daily Tar Heel*.

As this magazine is published for the student body, if there are types of material which you would like to see appear, the editor would appreciate a letter suggesting changes. If you are anxious to break into print for the sake of publicity, please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your contributions to this publication. If you are interested in *art pour l'art*, in writing for its own sake, in earnestly trying to create, we solicit your contribution. It is impossible for the editors to use all of the material which they are submitted: they attempt to select the best.

An annual award for the best sonnet published in the MAGAZINE has been made possible through the courtesy of a certain individual who requests that his name be withheld. This is expected to stimulate the writing of better poetry. The University of North Carolina has been a training ground for Hatcher Hughes, Thomas Wolfe, Paul Green, and others of like calibre. Genius never withers where there is nourishment and light: it seeks the dark in which to die.

J. M.

At Your Own Risk

THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE is planning to issue in the early part of next quarter a special number which will be contributed to by former writers for the MAGAZINE and alumni of this University who are now successfully engaged in writing. There will also be issued sometime during the same quarter the annual Negro Number of this publication. Lewis Alexander, one of the foremost of the younger Negro poets, has promised his assistance in editing the issue. Over thirty requests have been received this year from public libraries, colleges and universities, and individuals for copies of the Negro issues published in 1928 and 1929.

* * *

From the *Carolinian*, N.C.C.W.: "We always enjoy the CAROLINA MAGAZINE because it seems to contain worthwhile material of a more serious nature than other college publications even though this number (Jan. 18) had a discussion of ancient humor as its main article. Every man to his humor. If you want ancient humor, you read the magazine, and if it is modern humor that you crave, we refer you to the *Buccaneer!* There's no limit to the number of accommodations offered by colleges today."

* * *

Quite a battle is being carried on between defenders of the modern school of writing and the opponents of it. As long as the warfare is restricted to paper this publication is highly interested in it. We shall be glad for denizens of either camp to submit their beliefs to the MAGAZINE. In this issue appears an article written by an antagonist to the modern school. A future issue will carry an answer to this article.

* * *

The editor of this magazine, having been accused of being the figure behind all of the pseudonyms used in the preceding issues, takes this opportunity to refuse kinship with a dozen of them and, at the same time, thank his friends for their kindness.

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Books	

Literary Chronicle

D. H. Lawrence has written a small book entitled "Pornography and Obscenity," which will be published by Alfred A. Knopf late this month. Mr. Lawrence has his own ideas about this matter of pornography and holds that certain books with lily-white reputations are, in reality obscene, and that other books, usually considered obscene, are quite decent and modest. * * * *Retreat*, the new war novel by C. R. Benstead which Century will publish this month, is the subject of much publicity in London. * * * Dorothy Heyward's first novel, *Hot Water*, will be published in the Spring by the Century Company. The author is the wife of Dugrose Heyward and collaborated on the stage version of *Porgy*. * * * Book Clubs in Berlin are numerous and of almost every sort, size and variety. These German clubs have achieved a popularity which is not even approached by American Book Clubs. * * * Ernest Hemingway's *A Farewell to Arms* is the cause of much dissension among literary men and women over the entire country. It continues to remain on the Best Seller's lists; and a great number of critics have proclaimed it one of the great novels of the modern era. On the other hand, opponents of the modern school of writing have designated it as worthless sentimentality. * * * Wilbur Daniel Steele, well-known writer of short stories, has arrived in Chapel Hill where he will spend the winter. Mr. Steele's recently published book, *Tower of Sand*, is reviewed in this issue of the Magazine.

BEST SELLERS AT THE BULL'S HEAD

Fielding: *Tom Jones* (Everymans).
 Walter Scott: *Quentin Durward* (Everymans).
 Daniel Defoe: *Moll Flanders* (Modern Library).
 Nathaniel Hawthorne: *The Scarlet Letter* (different editions).
 Thomas Wolfe: *Look Homeward, Angel* (Scribners).

Thomas Wolfe, University of North Carolina graduate, has aroused the praise of many of the country's great critics with his first novel, *Look Homeward, Angel*. Hugh Walpole says: "I don't know Wolfe or who he is, but he has written one of the most remarkable first novels I have ever seen. It is as near perfect as a novel can be. Let America awake to him, for he has the making of greatness." Mr. Wolfe's novel is reviewed in this issue of the MAGAZINE.

The Boston College Stylus (Boston College, Lynn, Mass.) is an interesting publication. The make-up is the best of any college magazine that comes to us; and a remarkable balance of verse and prose has been obtained. Several special departments add to its attractiveness.

Embers of the Gleam

By JAY CURTIS

I AM THINKING today of a winding road that stretches away into the hills, how it leads from a foothill village where I dwelt and curves up a sleepy valley to the beautiful home of a girl I loved. Many were the summer evenings that I hurried away up that beckoning road as the last bits of gold faded from the hilltops and early twilight brought labourers home from work. Those were light-hearted days, and many were the lilting tunes I sang—ecstatic tunes, redolent of happy hours spent in the cool shades of rhododendrons where an Angel's voice read from books I loved. We knew only laughter and sunshine. Never was there a tear which kisses could not drive away; and every heart-ache would flee from the softest words we whispered.

Love was all. I was King and she my Queen. We were supreme in our kingdom. The blue skies above we possessed; the rolling thunderclouds were ours; horizons were no bounds. Who could take from us the wide expanse of meadow land, or the fields of yellow wheat? They were ours; everything was ours; Nature was ours. We laughed when we contemplated our wealth—the things we saw, the sounds we heard, the mild wind blowing against our faces and bare arms, the perfume from the lilac, thrills of many kisses, strong clasp of arms that bound us flesh to flesh. All these were ours and more. And we were strong.

A mild, green summer it was. Fields of red clover were in bloom, and all along the roadside were honeysuckles and the sweet-scented shrub. Bees hummed drowsily in the clover. Catbirds quarreled in the mimosa trees. The wide valley smiled and slept in the warm sunshine, nursing the chattering insects. Woodlands dreamed away to the music of the song-sparrows. We talked and laughed in the sunshine, in the cool woodlands, in babbling brooks, upon the breezy hills. Our bodies were fresh. Our blood was red with health. We were the chosen of the earth.

I remember one evening of this bright summer—one balmy evening that called me at sunset. I set out up the dusty road, free, laughing, with a song on my lips. Down the road came wagons jolting home for the night. Great horses pulled steadily in the collar. They were sweating. I saw their muscles draw up in huge knots. I felt my own muscles draw up in knots. A pleasant ejaculation, a banter, and a good-humored jest greeted me from the drivers. They knew where I was going. They loved a lover.

Twilight deepened and the evening star began to twinkle faintly. I hastened my step for I knew who was waiting for me under an elm on a lawn. I wanted to arrive at nightfall. Bareheaded, shirt unbuttoned at the front, sleeves rolled up, I felt the blood tingle in my veins in the cool evening. I thought of golden hair, seen in the moonlight, lips, crimsoned with pure health, eyes, bluer than the deep heavens. The thought was like a rich wine, aged, and of rare vintage, invigorating, glorious. It was like the cool breeze that blew from the north against my bare chest. It was like the perfume from the grapevines.

Three more curves of the road to make, a brooklet to cross by the edge of a lake, a hill to climb, and there was I at a large white house, set in a grove of trees—oaks, elms, tamaracs, balsams and arborvitae. A flagstone walk led to a seat under

Victory

By JAMES DAWSON

*At end of all that timeless, sanded waste,
The spires of Moscow stabbed a leaden sky;
Then from the wearied ranks there rose a cry
As of a man who long had lost the taste
Of wine. They babbled to themselves "Make
haste!"*

*And great, thick-bodied Auvergnats flung high
A song. They laughed who only thought to die
Before. Grinned at old hungers long embraced.*

*But how they shuddered at the silent shells
Of that ghoul-ridden city of the flames.*

*Ghost laughter mocked them from the
Kremlin domes,*

And echoed in the muted golden bells,

*Til at long last they fled the haunting names,
And dragged snow-weighted hearts toward
distant homes.*

an elm, and there sat my Ruth, dressed in white. She had a book, but she was not reading.

Night had just fallen, many stars appeared, and a harvest-moon began to peep up behind the hills and laugh. It cast a pale, mellow light over the gardens and the lawn. A myriad moonbeams sought their way down through the foliage of the elm trees to the ground. I saw them sparkle in a bracelet on Ruth's white, slender arm as I approached. I saw them flash upon her teeth as she smiled. I saw them kiss her crimson lips and I was envious. I saw them add a luster to her dreamy, sleepy eyes that made my heart beat fast. I spoke to her.

"Dear Ruth, I am here with the nightfall, almost before the evening star, almost before the harvest-moon came up from behind those pines and began to tease and steal my kisses from your lips. I am jealous of those moonbeams, for I want those kisses all for myself."

We laughed. I sat by her on the bench. We were close together, touching each other. She rested her head upon my shoulder. Moonbeams were striking her full in the face. She said to me,

"Heart of my heart, another soft evening, another moon-lit night, moments of heaven, cooing turtle-doves, happiness. Not even the moonbeams can take away your kisses. All of them are yours.

And with two white hands she drew my face down to hers and placed two parted lips against two parted lips. She made my lips moist with kisses. She placed my hand against her heart and whispered to me.

"Dear Paul, this heart is yours. These lips and these eyes are yours. My hair is yours. I want

Past Portrait

By MARGARET BEAUFORT MILLER

Still roses hide beneath the floating veil

*That softens gold-brown hair drawn smooth and
straight*

To frame an antique forehead, gently pale

Against a gilded square, carved and ornate

With garlands muting hoops of pendent gold

At either ear, and jeweled brooch at breast.

Dark shawl caught round still shoulders falls to fold

Calm hands; and grave unsmiling lips at rest

Belie the silken smiling of her dress.

*Grey gown upon grey background, lace on lace,
She lifts her head above such stateliness—*

Brown eyes serene: serene the silent face.

*This lady's pride met sorrow, love and death;
Surrendered life, and softly yielded breath.*

you to take them—all of me—for your own, and all I ask in return is your love. Give my hungry heart your love and my heaven will be now!"

Slender fingers caressed my face. Lips quivered. Blue eyes became wet with tears. She could hardly talk.

"I am afraid you are becoming tired of my kisses. Why have you suddenly become so sad. Is there something worrying you? Speak! Call me your Ruth and drive away this fear!"

"Dear heart, I am sad tonight. I tried to be gay but it is useless. I must tell you. Tomorrow I am going away. I am going to the Canadian north-west, going to write a book about the tall trees, trappers' cabins, snow, dog teams—back to those wilds that I left six years ago I shall return, to listen to the lonesome howl of the wolf and the sighing of the wind in the redwood trees. I must work. I must repay my father for these years of college, and the publishers are giving me an opportunity. If I do not succeed I shall not come back."

As I finished talking, Ruth rested her head against my shoulder and wept. She did not speak. A path of silver traversed the rippling lake. The mountain beyond the lake loomed up in a silhouette. It was a wooded mountain, and there were pine and fir and hemlock. Leaves stirred on the elm trees in the lawn—they were playing a nocturne. The valley was light. It grew late.

"Paul, it is getting late, but I shall not let you leave now. Go to the foot of the hill, around by the lake and come up the back way to my window. I shall be there."

Soon I was back, seeking my way through the shadows of the trees. I saw her sitting in the window. She arose and I entered quietly. Moonlight streaming through another window lighted the room, fell upon Ruth's yellow hair, turned it to a halo of silver, lighted a tear stained face. It streamed upon the blue cover of the bed. A choking voice said to me,

"Paul I cannot dissuade you from your purpose, as badly as it hurts to see you leave, but tonight I shall keep you. Four summers we have loved. We have been happy. We have been rich. Ours has been the wealth of clover blossoms, of the honey-bees, of the field larks. Life has been wafted to us on every breeze. We have been as turtle doves. But we have had no nest. We have had no nest. Tonight you are mine and I shall keep you till gray dawn glimmers in the east. Soon we shall be quiet. We shall be quiet. We shall rest."

So the night began—the night of all nights.

Just as the last moonbeam crept off the blue cover, painting a last, dim, fantastic picture on the wall, Ruth whispered to me,

"Dear Paul, we have found our nest, but you must go away and leave it."

She fell asleep in my arms, and I kept her until a faint suggestion of day broke in the east. Gently I kissed her forehead and left her lying under the blue cover. I went away down the road. That was the last time I saw Ruth.

Next day with my baggage I went away. I went toward the land of the sunset. I went to seek gold at the foot of a rainbow. I went to the land of the tall pines where the beaver builds his dams. I went toward the country of night. Behind me I left the smouldering embers of a gleam of love—left them in the heart of a girl. Before me there arose a new flame, a new gleam. Perhaps it was only hope, forlorn. But I followed a gleam. I followed a gleam.

An Essay On Being Young

A Query By A Gentleman Who Does Not Understand Certain Things About Contemporary Writing

By NAT BROWDER

AN ESSAY is not an easy form of composition. The writing of it presents difficulty. There is the matter of the Hero. He must have a name. Names are devilishly difficult to hit upon. That is, names which are at once suggestive of poetic and other forms of emotional association and significance. (Here the writer presses the lever on a Ronson lighter and thereby produces a light for his Lucky.) Aha, Inspiration thy name is Mud. Well, well, fancy that! The cigarette becomes an instrument of Fate, and from a natural and legitimate association of ideas the Hero emerges with a radiant smile and the newly gotten name Mud. It is of this bright child the writer would beg permission to speak and later introduce in better circles.

Mud (So be it.) was twenty-four years gone in this sinful world. In those eventful years he had done many things, seen many sights, righted some few wrongs, and, it must be confessed, committed a goodly number of indiscretions. Above all, Mud was artistic;—rather he was content to call himself an artist. Mud had traveled, read, and loved. Draw five lines across the map of the United States, and his path would cross twice any of the ten extremes; and would cross once any meridian you elected to name. He had read the Bible from cover to cover; he had a reading acquaintance with Aiken, Balzac, Baudelaire, Cabell, D'Annunzio, Daudet, Dreiser, Ellis, France, Gautier, Hern, Hecht, Hardy, Ibsen, James, Huxley, Maeterlinck, Meredith, Moliere, Nietzsche, O'neal, Pater, Paine, Russell, Saftus, Schnitzler, Shaw, Sterne, Swinburne, Toystoy, Whitman, Wilde, and (To leave the Modern Library series.) Wassermann, Bedle, Croce, Bergson, Darwin, Spenser, Ficke, Powys, Volkelt, DeGourmont, Lemaitre, Proust, Huneker, Williams (who writes so fetchingly of the elusive and confessedly quaint *Begrif.*), Jeans, Certain Books for Boys (Occasionally one for Girls.), Schopenhauer, and Greeks and Romans too numerous to mention.

Pray do not get the idea that Mud was literary or that he found his greatest solace in books. Books were a point of departure. He read D'Annunzio's "Child of Pleasure" and like Albert, the sweet, little hero, he went in search of a suitable mistress, and having found one he became a male Ulrika in the Wassermann depths of her being. So it came about that Mud was infinitely skilled in matters of sex. Add to this the fact that he had read a vast amount of literature on the matter of Perverts and the various phases of abnormal psychology.

Mud had ideas about Art, and Life, and Literature, and Love, and Philosophy, and Metaphysics. He had for his own purposes definite notions about illusion and reality; about symbolism and allegory,—in fact, there was scarcely any limit to his imagination.

We come now to a more intimate picture of Mud,—to his human side, if you please. He read the CAROLINA MAGAZINE. In fact, he had been reading the Magazine for a matter of three years. He felt it growing on him. Some strange attrac-

Award Offered

The courtesy of a certain individual has made it possible for THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE to offer an annual award for the best sonnet submitted to this publication during the year. This award will be the form of a cup to be kept permanently in the library with the winner's name engraved upon it each year. A committee of faculty members will act as judges. Undergraduate and graduate students are eligible for the award.

tion. It was like a drug. He analyzed the matter, and found that the fascination grew out of a critical element in his makeup. For months he considered the wisdom of speaking his comments. Would it be the Open Forum of the Tar Heel? He had tried writing to the Open Forum, and had felt all the disgust of a conscientious writer who looks upon his mutilated periods and lost subtleties. The Open Forum would not do. He cast about. He grew bold. "Bull" Gardner, the colossus of literary prehension, and onetime editor of the MAGAZINE, had long since departed, for better or worse. "Bull" was out of the question, as a matter of fact, because there was a genuine quality of literalness about "Bull," which left it open to doubt whether he could gain from him any satisfactory explanation of the Nature and Purpose and Worth of that Remarkable Tone that pervaded the MAGAZINE. He grew bold. Meeting John Mebane face to face on the street he blurted out the whole of his problem. Putting it as a purely personal question. "Joe Mitchell, J. J. Slade, and Jay Curtis write peculiar things. What is the meaning? What is the answer?" John grew stiff and became aloof. That wouldn't do. He reflected that John was probably the only person on the campus who had read James Joyce's *Ulysses*. He reflected further that Mebane, himself, had written some fairly questionable bits of prose or poetry (There was no telling.). For instance, J. M. had a habit of writing poems thoroughly unintelligible to a lay reader, and as if he were castigating himself, returned to flay the indiscretion with a satire not one whit less bizarre. In desperation, he turned to Jay Curtis, who in the November 3d CAROLINA MAGAZINE had written a sketch under the title "Epicurean."

"Now I shall get to the bottom of this matter," he said. "Here is a piece that typifies the usual thing, and couched in simple phrases. It is an exaggeration downward of the sort of thing that Mebane and Mitchell and Slade indulge their prolific minds in. Here is a simple hero who loves to chase butterflies—and on occasion is unable to tell whether 'two black, velvety butterflies fluttering around the Phlox were mates or not'. He wonders if 'Schopenhauer was not a fool'. He was twenty-one; which important comment is followed by the question, 'What is all this jabbering about sex?' Regardless of hell, he is awakened from a physical sleep some little time later to find a beautiful, seductive Heroine scaring the flies from his face (Doubtless his mouth was open.), and recognizing Charles Algerion Hughes as an author. (I shall have to observe the civilities of polite conversation, and only wonder why an author is

asking himself the significance of a lot of jabbering about sex. It is not for me to be sure *sex* is a fundamental rudiment of an author's indispensable knowledge, and without which he cannot look far into the mysteries of life and death, and makes of his metaphysics a mere depravity.). And I shall certainly not mention the fact that I found unbearable the lines, 'and, when I would try to sleep, there still lingered in my mind the beauty of her shapely calves! No, I must stick to my point or I shall get nowhere! 'I closed my eyes like Carolyn had closed hers when I kissed her'. They go swimming in a pool, which the romantic Hughes has likened to Old Age, and he discovers that she is a good swimmer,—'she could hold her breath a long time, I knew'. 'When Carolyn went away I told her I would write; but she did not leave me her address'. The hero then reflects that he is going to the coast of the sea, and he is smitten to the heart with the knowledge that 'it will be winter there just the same'. Quite a simple story, yes. But, just the same, it would be pleasurable to know what the writer was trying to convey; is it a mood, a sentiment, a reflection, an atmosphere, an incident, a relation,—is the writer trying to amuse, teach, (Kindly.) find self-expression, edify, uplift, give pleasure to the reader, write artistic prose, put on airs, be poetic, make a confession,—is it the story, the form, the delicacy, the characters,—is the writer talking about himself or the world or what? What is it?" These things Mud deliberated in the time it took him to find Mr. Curtis, which was short.

The conversation was likewise short. We have Mud's soliloquy in the presence of Curtis:

"Mr. Curtis, I have at your tender solicitation read your skit called "Epicurean," and I am here to demand an explanation. But first I shall preface the demand with the proper apology. I have read James Joyce, Henry James, Conrad Aiken, and certain other writers, including James Branch Cabell, who do not at all times appear to be explicit. And yet, I hold that I am a capable reader of these,—further I do not complain or ask questions. For instance, I can point out in Cabell's Biography his simple and very explicit views. I am ready to defend them against my literal self. Again, allow me to point out to you that I am aware of that temperamental element in artists of the Roderick Hudson type which forbids them to show any interest in what the *hoi polloi* thinks or does not think of their work. I know the artistic repugnance of the artist to explaining his work. I know that very well! It is in the hopes that I have caught you young, before you have had a chance to take on Art too seriously, that I appeal to you. I have a few civil questions to ask, if you will condescend to give me a few minutes of your time." . . . Mud, here, enumerated fifteen or twenty questions.

Mr. Curtis, as if he were growing steadily weaker, sank to the running-board of the nearest motor car. In reply to the question "What purpose glory?" his only words were, "For effect." (Weakly.). Here the conversation took a more humanistic turn. Mud had the good grace to wish the budding, young author a happy Christmas and a Better New Year.

It was then Mud resolved to write a rather lengthy letter to the editor of the CAROLINA MAGAZINE, hoping in this quiet, unpretentious manner to win some sort of answer to the question of Professors who run around in the rain, and of all the

(Continued on page eight)

Little Poems in Prose

By CHARLES BAUDELAIRE

(Translated by Milton Greenblatt)

APOTHEOSIS

(*Enivrez-vous*)*

Always one must be drunk. That is all; it is the sole matter. Not to feel the horrible weight of time which crushes your shoulders and bows you toward the ground, you must be drunk incessantly.

But with what? Wine, poetry, or virtue. To your taste. But be drunken.

And if sometimes, on the stairs of a palace, on the green grass of a cemetery, in the sad solitude of your chamber, you awaken, the intoxication already diminished or disappearing, ask of the wind, of space, of a star, a bird, a clock, of all that flies, of all that sighs, of all that passes away, of all that sings, of all that speaks,—ask the time; and the wind, space, the star, the bird, the clock, will answer you: 'It is the hour for intoxication! Not to be the martyred slave of time, intoxicate yourself; be drunk forever! With wine, with poetry, or chastity, as you please.'

*It is interesting to note Byron's similar idea: "The best of life is but intoxication."

* * *

THE ARTIST'S CONFESSION

(*Le Confiteur de L'Artiste*)

How penetrating is the end of an autumn day! Ah, sorrowfully penetrating! For there are certain delightful sensations whose vagueness does not exclude their being intensive; and there is nothing of greater keenness than the infinite.

What greater delight than that of losing one's self in gazing at the immensity of the sky and the sea! Solitude, silence, the incomparable pureness of the sky, a little sail fluttering across the horizon, and which, by its smallness and isolation, resembles my irretrievable existence, the monotonous melody of the billows,—all these things reflect me, or I reflect them (for in the grandeur of the dream the ego loses itself quickly!); they reflect, say I, but musically, and picturesquely, without subtleties, without syllogisms, without deductions.

Always, these thoughts, which escape from me, or spring forth from things, soon become too intense. Energy in voluptuousness creates a malady and a positive torture. My nerves, too strained, no longer yield anything but sad, discordant, vibrations.

And now, the depth of the sky dismays me; its limpidness exasperates me. The unfeelingness of the sea, the unchangeableness of the spectacle, repulse me. . . Ah, is it necessary to suffer eternally, or to flee from the beautiful? Nature, merciless enchantress, ever-victorious rival, free me! Cease tempting my desires and my pride! The study of the beautiful is a duel in which the artist cries with fright before being conquered.

* * *

A JESTER

(*Un Plaisant*)

It was the eve of the new year: masses of mud and snow, traversed by a thousand coaches, gleaming with toys and bon-bons, stirring with hopes and despairs, the official frenzy of a large city, made to disturb the mind of the most solitary.

In the midst of this hurly-burly and this tumult a donkey trots rapidly, tormented by a lout armed with a whip.

As the donkey went to turn the corner of a street, a handsome gentleman, gloved, polished,

Moses: A Study

By RICHARD A. CIACE

*Stark mouthpiece of Jehovah, patriarch
Of all the errant tribes of Israel,
One single man against the fiery hell
That spoke on Horeb words that split the rock
And well-nigh stunned the swooning brain that
dared*

*Approach while God-head blared reverberate,
Fumbled the splintered blocks—a mighty weight
For one so old—tracing the truth they bared.*

*Unruly locks of grizzled hair streamed free,
Whipping the wind grown eery with the sound
Of sudden silence . . . Calm infinity,
The smothered sense of things that have no
bound,*

*Took back the mount, and, standing gaunt and
tall,*

His hoary figure loomed before it all.

neatly cravated, embarrassed with very new clothes, bends ceremoniously before the humble beast, and says to him, removing his hat: "I wish you a good and happy new year!", then he turned toward I know not what companions with an air of fatuity, as if to ask them to add their approbation to his contentment.

The ass did not see this handsome jester, and continued running furiously where his duty called him.

As for me, I was taken suddenly with an incomprehensible rage against this magnificent imbecile, who appeared to embody in him the whole spirit of France.

* * *

THE PORT

(*Le Port*)

A port is a charming place for a soul weary with the struggles of life. The immensity of the sky, the mobile texture of the clouds, the changing colors of the sea, the flashing of the beacons, are a marvellous prism for delighting the eyes without tiring them. The slender forms of the ships, with complicated rigging, over which the billows make harmonious vibrations, help to keep in the soul a feeling of rhythm and beauty. And then, above all, there is a kind of mysterious and aristocratic pleasure for one who has neither curiosity nor ambition, to contemplate, lying hidden in the turret or leaning on the pier, all these movements of those who go away and of those who return; of those who still have the power of will, the desire to travel, or to enrich themselves.

The Cocksure Intelligentsia

(Continued from page one)

thorne and his *Scarlet Letter*. It is significant that Hawthorne rather sadly regretted in one of his tales (*Rappaccini's Daughter*) that he had had to work for art's sake alone. Henry James, the modern developer of the psychological novel, was quite American. Then there are William Dean Howells, the Puritan hangover; the undervalued Herman Melville; Jack London, the novelist of the American proletariat; and that youthful and promising genius Frank Norris, author of such powerful novels as *McTeague* and *The Octopus*. They were all American in spirit and nationality, and, what is more, produced works that will last for some time to come.

Getting off to a late start, due to the strangling influence of Puritanism, the country has at last be-

come the home of such minds as Theodore Dreiser, a fit candidate for a Nobel award, who delves deeply into human emotions and who has lately produced *An American Tragedy*; Sinclair Lewis, America's most important satirist; Sherwood Anderson the sensual mystic, half poet and half neurotic; James Branch Cabell, the scholar of genealogy and allegory; and Mrs. Edith Wharton polished psychological novelist of the upper crust.

Washington Irving, Hamlin Garland, Bret Harte, and Mark Twain are literary figures who can not be dismissed with a wave of the hand. Few there are who claim that they are extraordinary, but, on the other hand, they produced accurate and representative pictures of American life, something the intelligentsia denies to any American writer.

In poetry the giant Walt Whitman, crucified by the intelligentsia of his day, wrote for America. He and Edgar Allen Poe are practically the only two American poets to have influence abroad. It seems platitudinous to say that they have produced poetry fully as good as the best, but the statement stands. Amy Lowell and Carl Sandburg have carried on the Whitman tradition of freedom of expression and form.

To Eugene O'Neill deservedly belongs the credit of giving America its first representative drama. *Anna Christie*, *Strange Interlude*, *The Hairy Ape*, *The Great God Brown*, and *The Fountain* are even now being recognized in some quarters as the best drama being written today. Alan Mickle, Australian journalist and writer, goes so far in his admiration of O'Neill as to predict that, when future generations come to appreciate the lasting qualities of O'Neill, he will rank with Ibsen and Shakespeare. Shaw, Galsworthy, Barrie, and Pirandello are intellectuals; their drama is mental and therefore shallow. It is quite true, on the other hand, that O'Neill is elemental and plunges deep into human emotions. This quality alone should make for permanency.

American humor, based on exaggeration, reached a rough height under Mark Twain. Will Rogers, the untutored and unlettered illiterate, and the satirical Ring Lardner are carrying on the tradition today in quite admirable fashion.

John Dewey has been doing in the realm of philosophy what Dean Inge and Bertrand Russell have been doing in England.

American criticism under the pyrotechnics of Henry Mencken and George Jean Nathan has pulled hard away from the mutual admiration order of the nineteenth century. Dr. Henry S. Canby and Stuart P. Sherman as well as Van Wyck Brooks have been giving us a more virile and perspective criticism than we have ever enjoyed before, and with the advance of time we can hopefully expect a great deal in this department, although being unable to boast a single name to compare with Taine or Saint-Beuve at the present time.

The Greeks and the French, in their golden ages, aimed to portray man in his international characteristics according to a limited classic mode; American literature can best be creative, as opposed to imitative, by painting the native scene in its fullest nationalism.

No one with a sense of perspective would dare claim for American prose or poesis polished form, perfection, or a very erudite scholarship. These things cannot come, however, under the present attitude of the intelligentsia. *Les Belles Lettres*, unable to secure subsidies from royalty, must,

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Books

A HISTORY OF OUR POETRY

OUR SINGING STRENGTH. By Alfred Kreymborg. New York: Coward McCann. 643 pps. \$5.

In *Our Singing Strength* Alfred Kreymborg undertakes a tremendous task, and in a splendid survey covers the entire field of American poetry from its primitive and feeble beginnings in the colonies to the present day. Kreymborg is primarily interested in tracing the historical development of poetry in this country, its gradual evolution, and its influence on the people through the generations. Through a study of America's poetry, he presents a study of America's thought and its vacillating trends. With critical tact Mr. Kreymborg gives estimates of the work of these American versifiers; though, at times, one suspects that he shows a bit of gentleness towards his favorites.

Before Bryant there were but puny attempts at verse in the colonies. The publication in 1821 of a pamphlet containing eight poems by "Forefather Bryant" marks the real birth of American poetry. Poe, "the Weary Wayworn Wanderer," the author treats in a friendly fashion, although he voices a complaint against the restriction of Beauty to "a strait-jacket of which melancholia must be the sole occupant."

But when Kreymborg comes to Ralph Waldo Emerson, he becomes ecstatic and calls the poet "the Intoxicated Emerson." Though Emerson the man may have been reticent, his poems are not cold—far from it. Emerson is one of his favorites writing before the present century. There were two other intoxicated poets for the author in this period, two other wild singing creatures: Emily Dickinson, "The Tippler Leaning Against the Sun," and the "good gray poet," Walt Whitman. Of Emily Dickinson he says, ". . . she took liberties with grammar, syntax, metre and rhyme, made verbs play the part of nouns and adverbs of adjectives, divorced subjects from their predicates, embraced audacious ellipses and other scandalous non-conformities. Then one gives in to the drunken girl and goes drunken with her." Then he says, "Walt and Emily, along with Forefather Emerson, are the great American rebels. . ." Whitman he sets upon a pedestal as the builder of the "grandest monolith" to the democratic faith.

The Southern reader will be pleased to find that Kreymborg is not so slighting of its writers as have been many other critics, including Henry L. Mencken who entitled the South "the Sahara of the Beaux Arts." Of this section Kreymborg says, "Southern material, with its vast store of ideals, actions, customs, memories, is as rich as any other American material, and Southern writers are shaping it to an ever-growing gallery of notable poems, plays and novels."

Amy Lowell, Robert Frost, Carl Sandburg, Edgar Arlington Robinson, Edgar Lee Masters, Ezra Pound and the Imagists form the advance guard of the national renaissance in poetry. The author compliments Anna Hempstead Branch, saying that "Nimrod" is the most remarkable dramatic narrative in American poetry. In Robinson "there is always light, the magic by which an owl sees through the darkness." The lyrics of Frost entitle him to a high place in American poetry. To T. S. Eliot, the great intellectual poet, Kreymborg

Arachne's House

By MARGARET BEAUFORT MILLER

*Arachne's poised dewflowers bloom
Beneath the anarchistic broom.*

*She weaves her body's warp and woof
Into an apprehensive roof.*

*Her flying buttress subtly made
Sublimes the Gothic accolade.*

*But patterned webs of gallant lace
Become a parlous resting place.*

*When conscience wracks her lodge of weft
Our lady's jointure lies bereft.*

*Her pennons propped to heaven's dome
Depart this earth a hecatomb,*

*From Hades' House the shadowed rafter
Reverberates Arachne's laughter.*

devotes an entire chapter. Eliot is a powerful poet, but we must look among the younger men for the next step ahead. Eliot is the leader of most of the later poetry and criticism in this country, although the author sees his power over the younger poets on the wane.

In other chapters Kreymborg discusses the Free Verse revolt, the women poets of America, the originals and eccentric group, and the youngest of the contemporary writers. It is noticeable that he devotes over two-thirds of his great book to discussions of the modern poets. Kreymborg himself is a poet, and it is quite natural that he should be interested in the contemporary writers and the future of American poetry. He is a sound critic, somewhat of an optimist, and in *Our Singing Strength* has done a great piece of work.

JOHN MEBANE.

WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

TOWER OF SAND, collection of short stories. By Wilbur Daniel Steele. Harper & Brothers: New York. 326 pp. \$2.50.

Wilbur Daniel Steele has collected eight of his short stories into another volume—*Tower of Sand*—which collection is his third, I believe. The stories in *Tower of Sand* date from 1920; "Footfalls" first published in *Pictorial Review* in the November 1920 issue, I believe is the oldest in point of time.

Steele's reputation as a master of the contemporary short story has been made. He is a prize protegee of Edward J. O'Brien, who has included Steele stories in practically every issue of his yearly anthology, and has received the O'Henry Memorial Award. He has done much toward bringing the American short story to its present development.

Steele chooses his characters from primitive people, usually a class of Portugese fisher-folk living in New England, so that he can portray a variety of simple emotions, which characters chosen from more sophisticated classes would inhibit or dissemble. When he adheres to the elemental he has no peer in American short story telling, but he flounders many times when he gets away from his medium.

The writer of the collection is a strange blending of realist and artist, probably accounted for by his having studied under that Muse in both New York and Paris. He is a romantic-realist. His best stories, however, are his most realistic. As long as he can hold his story-telling to photographing

"slices of life" and retaining them for posterity in his crisp energetic English, and refrain from flights of fancy he is admirable.

Chief of his qualities is his utter economy of language. He writes in a dynamic moving brevity. The scene, atmosphere, and character are all affected in a minimum of words. He has coupled with this a splendid power of suggestion.

In this collection "Footfalls" vies with "Mary Blake and Will Todd" for our favor. The first is a detective story in which a blind cobbler plays the sleuth in order to vindicate the name of his son who has been murdered then destroyed by fire, the stigma of a theft having been left on his name. It is a study in the sensations of the blind. "Mary Blake and Will Todd" is the tale of community pride and has as its chief character a proletarian poet (Will Todd) who rips the society of his little New England island town up the back. It is one of the best things that Steele has ever done.

Again in "For They Know Not What They Do" the writer handles deep emotion with unusual dexterity and finesse. Christopher Kain, a great 'celloist, tells with dry tears how his mother saves him from the knowledge that he is the descendant of a psychotic male line by besmirching her own reputation.

In "Tower of Sand" Steele displays his knowledge of the sea and seafarers. It is a tale of a retired seaman who has charted a dangerous reef off the Atlantic coast but is unable to cause the United States Geodetic Survey to accept his chart. He becomes estranged from his best friend over the incident, but dramatically saves that friend, now become a captain of a liner, because of his knowledge of this dangerous reef. "Tower of Sand" is not the best story of the collection and it is a puzzle why the author chose the tale for the title piece. It is, however, an interesting study of duty.

"For Where Is Your Fortune Now" is an amusing picture of a loafing wanderer. Here also is simplicity of emotion and life. Ben Ring returns home after an eight years' desertion to find his wife living with a Portugee. Ring and the Portugee play pitch for several days while they talk things over. The deserter decides that he doesn't deserve such a good wife when his bills about town begin to annoy him, but agrees to take his son along with him to hunt his fortune when he leaves. Young Ben spurred by his father's neglect and nostalgia for his familiar scene returns to his sorrowing mother.

In the other three "Never Anything That Fades," "The Mad," and "A Life" the author deals with love, imbecility, and the sensations of a racing yacht.

Only Anzia Yezierska, and Achmed Abdullah rank with Steele in the portrayal of human emotions in American short story form.

Wilbur Daniel Steele was born in Greensboro, North Carolina, March 17, 1886. He moved to Colorado while a child, being graduated from the University of Denver in Colorado in 1907, later studying art in New York and Paris. At present he is wintering in Chapel Hill.

J. E. DUNGAN.

"Perfect taste is the faculty of receiving the greatest possible pleasure from those material sources which are attractive to our moral nature in its purity and perfection."

—John Ruskin

BOOKS

NEW POETRY

THE BLACK CHRIST (and other poems). By Countee Cullen. New York: Harper & Bros. 110 pps. \$2.

The title poem in this volume is one of the poorest pieces of work that Cullen has done in a long while. The story is that of a young Negro who, filled with bitterness because of the too-heavy yoke which he is forced to bear, comes to the point where he doubts the very existence of God. Roused to intense passion when a white man insults a Negro woman, he loses control of himself and kills the man. A white mob, incited to fury and disregard of the law, tracks the young Negro to his home with the intention of lynching him; but he is restored to his family when Christ intervenes and takes his punishment for him. It is but seldom that Cullen gets across the full intensity of bitterness and despair that he would like to portray. Frequent poor lines and faulty meter pervade throughout. For example take these lines picked at random: "When Rome was a suckling, when Greece was

young,

Then there were Gods fit to be sung,
Who paid the loyal devotee
For service rendered zealously,
In coin a man might feel and spend,
Not marked 'Deferred to Journey's End'."

It is rather surprising that Cullen should do work quite this bad. He is essentially a lyric poet. His first book, *Color* (1925), was enthusiastically received and contained excellent poems. "The Black Christ" falls far beneath them.

Fortunately, however, the other poems in the book are not as bad as the title poem. It is noticeable that Cullen does not indulge in dialect poems, whose only two qualities are humor and pathos. He is an excellent sonneteer. "Little Sonnet to Little Friends," "Mood," and "Counter Mood" are pieces worthy of praise. In them the reader finds nothing forced, no awkward lines, and no faulty rhymes. The six-line "A Wish" expresses an admirable sentiment:

I hope when I have sung my rounds
Of song, I shall have strength to slay
The wish to chirp on any grounds,
Content that silence hold her sway,
My tongue not rolling futile sounds
After my heart has had its say.

One regrets that this young poet does not seem to be rising back again to the level of the poetry in *Color* and *Copper Sun*.

PHILIP DEVILBISS.

A SOLDIER'S PRAYER

GOD HAVE MERCY ON US!. By William T. Scanlon. New York: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1929. 338 pp. \$2.50.

Like the majority of war books that have streamed from the presses in the last few years, *God Have Mercy on Us* has a predominant realistic tone. In a matter of fact way the writer tells the story of his six months with the marines in the great war. No romance or chivalry or glory fill his picture of war; he rather illustrates Sherman's famous saying.

William T. Scanlon, author of *God Have Mercy on Us*, and Mary Lee, author of *It's a Great War*, were awarded jointly the \$25,000 prize offered by Houghton Mifflin Co. and the American Legion Monthly for the best war novel. Mr. Scanlon served six months with the marines of the 97th company

Love Not

By JOHN MEBANE

"Love not," they cried to me, "for love will end
In pain and bitterness. All young loves die
And leave the warm lips parted with a cry
That echoes ever in the heart. O, friend,
Love not, for though the broken heart may mend,
The scars remain; and though the eyes be dry,
Those self-same scars bear witness to the lie.
Heed this: before it is too late unbend."

I listened with the eagerness of youth
And bound my heart with dictates of the head.
—Stark summers born of emptiness have fled
Since first they cried to me "love not!" And
truth
Came late, and with it came a dull regret.
"Love not." I heard. My arms are empty yet.

of the second division of the A. E. F. and saw action in Verdun and the Bois de Belleau. At the end of the war he left the ranks of the ranks of the privates to enter an officers' training school. This is the first novel from his pen. He writes without literary pretensions, with none of the "God and the marines won the war" spirit, with with simplicity, directness, and sincerity.

While this story is classed as a novel it has no plot. It narrates in a chronological order the events in the daily life of a company of men fighting. At times the story seems to be a stenographic report of what happened, and never do we feel that the author is weaving a story out of his imagination. The seriousness of the war picture and the sincerity of the writer never become dull; both are set off by a keen sense of fun and humor that runs throughout the story. The humor is a transcription of amusing incidents that must occur in the life of a group of men engaged in the serious business of killing each other. The title of the book comes from the prayer that was unconsciously on the lips of many of the fighters.

The elements of a great novel that make *All Quiet on the Western Front* such a success are not present in this story. It lacks the powerful and gripping atmosphere of the German story. As propaganda for peace, as an accurate picture of the war, and as entertaining reading *God Have Mercy on Us* is tremendously successful.

J. D. McNAIRY.

A COUNTRY FAIR

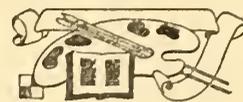
MORROW'S ALMANACK FOR 1930. Compiled by Thayer Hobson. New York: Wm. Morrow & Co. 268 pps. \$2.50.

"To chasten the ribald and corrupt the serious"—this is an aim which *Morrow's Almanack* achieves with brilliant success. There are masterpieces of humor in the book. The writers, ranging from Ahmed Abdullah to Richardson Wright, include Richard Aldington, James Branch Cabell, Louis Untermeyer, Rupert Hughes, Alfred Kreymborg, Donald Ogden Stewart, George M. Cohan, Burton Rascoe, and a score of others. These writers almost compose a Who's Who.

Wisdom and Folly are delightfully combined. One finds stories, poetry, calendars, recipes, forecasts, zodiacal information, epigrams, and weather prophecies. The book is illustrated throughout by a number of well-known artists. John Macy, critic, editor, and author, provides as a monthly feature

(Continued on page eight)

Drama and the Arts



by

MILTON GREENBLATT

RUSSIAN FOLK-SONGS

The field of the Russian folk-song is an immense one, large and varied as the land from whence it originates. From the western borders of the country to the eastern ends exists such a large number of songs, and so many different types, that one might say they cover the realm of human emotions.

It is difficult to make classifications. But one can notice some very marked characteristics of these folk-songs. They are extraordinarily emotional, ranging from tunes most lugubrious to others utterly joyful. As a whole they display power, and utter lack of restraint. For, when the Russian is happy he is elated. But when sadness overtakes him—and often his life is little but grief and pain—he sinks to the depths of despair.

I have attempted to give here some interesting examples of the Russian folk-song. In some of them the themes and the mode of expression are as interesting and beautiful as the music itself. In others much less so. But it is difficult to relate the music to the words, for many times they do not correspond, and one may find a hauntingly sad melody with very commonplace, prosaic words, or a poor melody with beautifully poetic words.

These songs I have translated from an excellent collection of Russian folk-songs published in Germany. The texts are both in German and Russian, and the translations have been made from the German texts. I trust that in the process of dual translations the original has not been much distorted. I have tried to follow the German closely, and to present the themes as faithfully as possible.

STENKA RAZIN

(This is one of the most popular of the Russian folk songs and is known all through Russia. It is purely balladic, and flawless in its simplicity and economy of detail. Its accompanying music is a stirring, march-like tune.)

On the Volga's broad waters, through the narrow island gate, Stenka Razin's band breaks forth in gaily colored boats. In the first, with the Princess, his pretty Persian, he sails away to a festive banquet, in gay mood.

And among the Don Cossack's ranks there appears slight resentment: "Shall our need be forgotten for a wife's pleasures?" And they jeer: "He himself in marrying has made her the Hero!" Stenka hears this—and the old warrior in him is roused.

Gloom draws about his brows; wild storms appear there—Ha, now, Stenka, you are again the Cossack-Ottoman! "Yes—as a sacrifice will I take what to me is dearest in the world!" He calls loudly with a thunderous voice that resounds on the banks.

About the slender waist of his beauty he lays his arm; inquiringly she glances at her beloved: "Does Joy or Sorrow beckon me?" Stenka is silent—she seeks his eyes. "You, my Volga,—dear little Mother; Volga, most beautiful of all rivers, never was such a jewel yours."

(Continuation in next issue)

BOOKS

A Country Fair

(Continued from page seven)

a "Book of the Week Club," suggesting a reading list that is exceptionally well chosen.

It will be of interest to local readers to know that Pat Pretlow, one-time student at this University and prominent in publications work here, is included among the contributors. Pretlow is the inventor of the "Graphotone Poem," picture verses. In an introduction this young genius says of his work: "The graphotone poems catch the spirit of the age. If the spirit of the age is to fly, they catch that spirit—that fly."

There are monthly articles by Burton Rascoe, *philomenus* (editor) of the preceding two volumes of the *Almanack*, "Heart and Health Talks," by Edward Hope, "Western News Notes," by Joseph Jackson. The reader finds it prophesied that during 1930 *Pilgrim's Progress* will be banned in Boston; "William Randolph Hearst will be sued for libel;" "there will be more marriages than divorces in South Carolina;" and "Calvin Coolidge will add another mite to his savings."

The entire book is overflowing with the cream of humor.

JULIAN JAMES.

LAUGHTER AND TEARS

LOOK HOMEWARD, ANGEL. By Thomas Wolfe. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 626 pps. \$2.50.

Look Homeward, Angel is a brilliant piece of work. All the artistic talents of a man are combined in a harmonious blending to produce a novel as nearly perfect as has been written in this country in many years. Mr. Wolfe is the true artist: he sees, he feels, he hears, and he is completely aware of his theme. The book is the product of an author, a poet, a human being of deep understanding and profound feeling. It is vibrant with colour, with passion, with originality.

Thomas Wolfe weaves all of the colours of life into his tapestry. The story is that of a single family in a small southern city (a city which all North Carolinians will recognize), of their blind fumbling, their searching, their hopes and despairs. The main character, Eugene Gant, is one that lives in the mind after the book itself has long been put aside. Wolfe lives in his central character, a sensitive youth who never merges into the ugly, contorted scheme of things as they are. He is alone in the world, groping, blundering, realizing the futility of hoping to find the Grail. The author hides nothing: he exposes the hypocrisy, and the ironic gestures of life. Again and again recurs the theme: the despairing, hopeless note, "O lost'."

The book is to be read slowly—slowly the poetry, slowly the masterful dialogue. It is full of sensuousness, of joy and beauty, of the revolting monstrosities of life, sensitive and sympathetic. Here is a passage selected at random:

"And above him the proud stars flashed into heaven: there was one so rich and low, that he could have picked it, if he had climbed the hill beyond the Jew's great house. One, like a lamp, hung low above the heads of men returning home. (O Hesperus, you bring us all good things). One had flashed out the light that winked on him the night that Ruth lay at the feet of Boaz; and one on Queen Isolt; and one of Corinth and on Troy. It was night, vast brooding night, the mother of

The Writers

J. Elwin Dungan, on the staff of this publication, and City Editor of *The Daily Tar Heel*, is striving to create . . . Richard A. Chace, associate editor of the MAGAZINE, has published poems in other magazines, including *Contemporary Verse*, *JAPM*, *Manuscripts*, and in *Braithwaite's Anthology* under a pseudonym . . . Jay Curtis, associate editor, contributes another of his short stories. He is developing a technique of his own . . . Nat Browder publishes here for the first time. He is striving for enlightenment on the matter of contemporary writing . . . James Dawson is a consistent contributor to the MAGAZINE . . . Dorothy Mumford is a graduate student and has published other poems in this journal . . . Milton Greenblatt has been working for some time on translations from the French and German . . . J. D. McNairy and Mary Marshall Dunlap are book editors of the MAGAZINE . . . Margaret Beaufort Miller, a student at this University, formerly attended the University of Tennessee . . . Julian James is the pen-name of an undergraduate . . . Robert Hodges is a contributing editor . . . Philip DeVilbiss is the pseudonym of a student here who has published light verse in various magazines.

Penumbra

By DOROTHY MUMFORD

*The long wind hurried in the lonely sky
And pricked the clouds to gather up the moon,
And running silent fingers through the dry
Balls of the sweet gum trees, it sobbed a tune
Beneath the words I spoke so surely there;
"Most people live and die in quietness
Unknowing that the storm-tossed moon is fair,
Or knowing it, afraid for cautiousness
To worship at so insecure a shrine,
But we will tilt our faces toward the heights
And breast the winds as firmly as that pine,
Unflinching in the dark of many nights."*

*Yet as the brave words stabbed the bitter gale
You turned—Was it in fear lest we should fail?*

loneliness, that washes our stains away. He was washed in the great river of night, in the Ganges tides of redemption. His bitter wound was for the moment healed in him: he turned his face upward to the proud and tender stars, which made him a god and a grain of dust, the brother of eternal beauty and the son of death—alone, alone." One cannot miss the poetry of the passage. And there are others, many others.

Eugene attends the University. Wolfe portrays the campus, the buildings, the life of the students. It is interesting to note that the author was a former editor of *The Tar Heel*. This is Thomas Wolfe's first novel; and if it is his last, America will have lost a powerful and a beautiful writer.

JOHN MEBANE.

The Cocksure Intelligentsia

(Continued from page five)

necessity, be morally subsidized by the intelligentsia, which aid would be quite enough to bring about a perfect flowering of the genius now lying in a semi-dormant condition in these United States. The scene is set in a variety of ways. The movement has already been incepted and waits only upon the active support of the intelligentsia, who may be prevailed upon yet to appreciate it.

The Mask of Tragedy

(Continued from page one)

in a man's character is a scourge that knows no truce. That this flaw may have had obscure beginnings and can not be deliberately held against the current protagonist—that it was, in short, a heritage from some indefinite forbear (as in "Oedipus Rex" or "Ghosts")—has no especial point beside the impersonally festering flaw; the abomination must be done away with that society—and you—may be purged of possible contamination. The sufferings of the worthy Oedipus were, no doubt, lamentable, as were those of the crazed Orestes. But witness the apotheosis—tangible catharsis personified in the same instruments! Oedipus transcended mortal understanding and, through his probation of agony in protracted extenuation of a flaw not essentially his, entered a new phase at Colonus worthy of the spiritual amplitude he had attained. Orestes, divine embodiment of an ingrown vengeance that, like the scorpion's tail, seemed indefinitely extended, contained within himself the period of a racial disease that found its conclusion in his hyper-sensitive conscience and the sharp goad of a blinding madness. "The Eumenides," like a paeon to some divine justice, closes the bloody cycle of the House of Atreus with the sublime achievement of one of its final representatives, who carried on his bleeding shoulders the burden of a race of brutal men.

These men suffered and lived. Others suffered and died. The point is identical. Oswald, Ibsen's congenital weakling, provides an object lesson for us to assimilate and correct, if we can, if only to alleviate the possible sufferings of other Mrs. Alving's to come.

Man may be strong among men, but against nature and her invincible laws of progress there is no weapon that will serve but the equanimity to face the challenging future, grasping its implications and developing through, not in spite of, adversity. It is this powerful reaction to life, this vigorous Yea to whatever may come, that is the basic function of great tragedy, purging us, by its emphasis on the emotions, of any dross our emotions may have accumulated, and leaving us eyes to see and a heart fortified to bear the pricks of a fate that is to over-ride us, too, some day. And we should face with pride our own denouement, knowing, if only by implication, that we, as individuals, serve the same divine law of reciprocation. And that is the spirit of music embodied in drama, that tragic search into the pure essence of matter to find, and profit by, our own abstruse antecedents.

An Essay on Being Young

(Continued from page four)

queer antics that real or literary human beings perform at Tobacco markets or in the dark and mysterious depths of Swamps—where the Cypress trees are pregnant, et cetera.

If the Editor does not see fit to reply, Mud informs me he will write another, telling the Editor why he does not like Animal Stories. For, as he says, if one is nurtured on Hamlet and Wassermann he can hardly come to feel at home with dogs that talk, and with Authors who do not understand "all this jabbering about sex," and with muscle-bound brutes who take a woman's head between their prehensile appendages and mutter darkly "What I say is G-- D--n you." Be a good sport, Mr. Editor!

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Father and Son

By DEAN A. WARD

ALLEN SAT in his jail cell and mused bitterly. A fine way for a man of twenty to begin life, in jail! He looked out through the bars of the window at the busy life on the outside and wondered how long he could endure that pent-up feeling, how long he could bear the sight of the free, careless passersby who rarely gave a thought to the dull, dreary existence of the prisoners inside. A prisoner! He got up and wandered restlessly around his cell, kicked the door, and then sat down again.

His head ached with dull, rhythmical thumps; and he was thirsty, unbearably thirsty. He closed his eyes and imagined lying face-downwards and drinking from a cold spring, with the cool moss underneath him, and splashing handfuls of water over his head and face.

"God, but that must have been bad liquor," he moaned. "Wonder what all I done before the law caught me? I don't remember nothin' from, less-see, fr'm—" His voice trailed off into nothingness.

He wished the confounded guard would come around. Maybe he would bring him a drink of water.

And a cigarette, too; he felt shaky and unnerved, and fumbled through his pockets for the third or fourth time in the vain hope of finding one. He had had a full package a few hours ago; but he had a dim recollection of forcing them grandly, in an effusion of goodwill and generosity, on his companions. He had insisted loudly and threateningly, he remembered; and had asked them if they were his friends.

"A man that won't smoke my cigarettes ain't my friend," he had protested.

Some, he remembered, in order to placate him, had taken them, smoked a few puffs, and thrown them down. He wished now that he had one of those long stubs, "ducks," he called them. He looked around him. The occupant of the adjoining cell had visitors, his folks probably. What was that the man with the mustache was giving him? A package of cigarettes!

"Say, friend how about one of them cigarettes?"

"Sure."

"Thanks."

The guard came around and gave him a cup of water, two, three. He gulped them down as if his stomach were on fire, and then lit his cigarette. If it weren't for that infernal headache! He inhaled great puffs of smoke, and wished some of his friends would come to see him. Maybe they'd bring him a package of cigarettes, or some money.

Anybody but his father, he thought angrily. He was to blame for it all. His unsatisfied, unhappy childhood passed moodily through his mind.

His father, who had never understood him, had seemed to resent the intangible but none the less real barrier that had existed between them. For

Beata Beatrix

By RICHARD A. CHACE

*When I had reached that place I could not see,
So blinding was the light through all the sky
Just there, and singing voices far and nigh
Made ever tremulous the air . . . Then she,
The gentle dame, with sweet humility
Turned from her contemplation, and a sigh
Unconscious passed my lips when, eye to eye,
I knew her tender glance was fixed on me.
And from such light my head, to seek release,
Drooped to my breast, and thought can ill re-
trieve*

*The loving reverence of her attitude
As, bending toward me with her utter peace,
She spoke, and grace was in the word, "Believe,"
Until I swooned in my beatitude.*

one thing, during his school days, he had read everything he could lay his hands on, and his father thought this was a waste of time.

"Wy don't ye put up that durned magazine and git onto y'r lessons?" he had growled.

That was just the way he was; thought you had to keep your nose in your schoolbooks all the time to learn anything. Allen had always kept up and ahead of the others without much study, and spent the rest of his time reading the limited number of school library books, boy stories, newspapers, farm papers, everything he could find. After having read the magazines through, he would read every word of the advertisements; he had spent long hours poring over those that promised air rifles, ponys, and bicycles to whoever sent in the solution to certain easy puzzles such as finding the number of faces in a picture, or separating five ponies by three straight lines. But he had never tried to win any of those coveted prizes which were the rewards for selling post cards, needles, colored pictures, or for getting subscriptions to magazines. His father wouldn't have stood for any such foolishness; had thought he ought to be out at work when not in school. How he had wished to be a man and do as he pleased!

He carefully put out the fire on the end of his cigarette, and put the stub in his pocket. Going over to the window, he looked out and saw a youngster looking up fearfully at the iron-barred windows. Allen was undecided whether to look nonchalant or scowl. He scowled, and the youngster hurried off.

Yes, that was the way his father had been. He had never seemed to remember having once been a boy himself; and if he did, his boyhood must have been as hard and cheerless as the one he was trying to force on his boy. He was a hard-working, close-fisted man who never permitted himself or anybody around him pleasure. There was the time, for instance, when the "local talent" of the community had produced a play. The admission charge was fifty cents. They had tried to sell him a ticket.

"I ain't a-goin' to pay no half-a-dollar fer some-thin' jist to set and look at," had been his answer. That was just like his father; never thought anybody

(Continued on page four)

Byron and Clare

By JOHN GLENN

THE YOUNG Clare Clairmont, step-sister of Mary Godwin and a close friend of the Shelleys, had an enthusiasm for literature and the stage, and an intense affection for Lord Byron. How early she became determined to make his acquaintance is not known; but it is known that she first addressed him under an assumed name about his artistic aspirations, about becoming an actress, and about a novel he was writing,—and she was not backward in disclosing herself and declaring her personal feeling for him. "An utter stranger takes the liberty of addressing you . . . I place my happiness in your hands . . . If a woman, whose reputation has yet remained unstained . . . should throw herself upon your mercy, if with a beating heart she should confess the love she has borne you many years, if she should secure to you secrecy and safety, if she should return your kindness with fond affection and unbounded devotion, could you betray her, or would you be silent as the grave?" This makes it clear that she is willing to prostrate herself for a little attention of the right sort, yet suggests directly that he might first, on his part, at least beg her to do so. This perverted kind of directness, found wherever bold ideas get into timid heads, has lately become too common to be interesting. Byron seems to have thought her a very foolish young girl.

When he took the Villa Diodati for the summer at Geneva, he met Shelley and the sisters at the lake hotel. Clare had already made several appointments with him which he did not keep. We have her own word for his "lordship's stern silence." He wrote to her to "write short," and told her the attachment was a fancied one. She answered him in her worst vein, "It cannot be fancy since you have been for the last year the object upon which every solitary moment has led me to muse . . . I do assure you your future shall be mine, and everything you shall do or say, I shall not question. Have you then any objection to the following plan? On Thursday evening we may go out of town together by some stage or mail about the distance of ten miles. There we shall be free and unknown; we can return early the following morning. I have arranged everything here so that the slightest suspicion may not be excited. Pray do so with your people." John Drinkwater says that if a woman ever threw herself at a man, she did at Byron. And Byron was not the sort who stepped aside. The assignation was later confirmed and kept.

"Now don't scold me," he wrote to Augusta, "—a foolish girl, in spite of all I could say or do, would come after me, or rather before me . . . I could not exactly play the stoic with a woman who had scrambled eight hundred miles to unphilosophise me." He kept it clear from the start—he did not love her: he found her attractive and enjoyed her physically, although she annoyed him by

(Continued on page three)

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CIRCULATION MGR.....G. W. THOMAS, JR.

Sunday, February 16, 1930

"Talk is, indeed, both the scene and instrument of friendship."

—R. L. Stevenson

BOOK CLUBS

ONE OF the most atrocious intellectual crimes perpetrated upon human beings in recent years is that of the organization of groups to select reading material for them. What do book clubs do but stifle the incentive to choose for oneself? Are we so mentally indolent that we do not wish to select for ourselves? Or are we afraid of our own judgement, and yet willing to trust without limit that of others? We are preparing to have our tastes moulded by those of others.

The leaves of many of an excellent book will probably fade in the publisher's hands because it is not approved by the small, but seemingly powerful, group of book-choosers. We pay a certain amount of money and feel more than repaid when we receive monthly a volume with a notice proclaiming it the unanimous choice of a book club. We even feel that we are privileged in being allowed to read, upon publication, books upon which well-known authors or critics have set their seals of approval. We devour these books and proclaim them masterpieces of literature, because we know that this critic or that one has so proclaimed before us.

People of America have not the time to select for themselves, we say. Where is leisure? What have we done with it? Are we participating in such a mad and frenzied race that we have no time to stop by a pleasant spot to recover our wind (and our wits)? We hurry, always hurry. Where are we going? We are climbing always the tall steps of skyscrapers and when we reach the top, we come down again. Heaven grant that there may still be left a few who will rest upon the steps to gather their wits and perceive their direction.

Americans are a trusting people. They are unafraid to leave the selection of their literature in the hands of a few. Sometimes they even allow roses to die, while weeds thrive merrily.

Literary Chronicle

Kristin Lavransdatter by Sigfrid Undset (Knopf) which was accepted in this country by the Book-of-the-Month Club, has been accepted by the Book Society of England for its February book. . . Hugh Walpole, the famous English novelist, says of Miss Undset's book, "I defy any reader—if he has any taste for fiction at all—to put this volume down after reading to page fifty" . . . Miss Undset has begun a new novel which will be published by Alfred A. Knopf after publishing the final volume of her tetralogy *The Master of Hestviken*. For the first time in years she will depict contemporary life in this new book. . . Thomas Mann, winner of this year's Nobel Prize for literature and author of *The Magic Mountain*, has now become a favorite international subject for cartoons. A recent issue of the "Berliner Tageblatt" carried a cartoon portraying Mann as a puny creature beside Max Schmelling, the heavyweight boxer. The Nobel Prize winner gets \$45,000 but Schmelling will be paid \$250,000 for his next bout, the "Tageblatt" points out. . . Ludwell Denny, now a noted newspaper editor and author of *America Conquers Britain*, shortly to be published by Alfred A. Knopf, was once a bootblack and steamboat pilot. . . In his new book Denny declares: "American jazz is driving Wagner from Germany; the American cocktail has conquered the cafes of Paris; the pride of the British Navy, H. M. S. Nelson, has an American soda-fountain; and the Baths of Rome now have American plumbing." *America Conquers Britain* is a survey of Anglo-American relations.

It's a Great War! has attracted considerable attention in London. According to "The Daily Chronicle," Mary Lee has written what is probably the best background of the war.

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At Your Own Risk

Asheville citizens who have been proclaiming that Thomas Wolfe has done all that he will ever be able to in the field of creative writing and that he will never write another novel, will probably be disappointed when they learn that he has resigned his position at Columbia in order to devote his time more fully to writing. He has written already approximately ten thousand words on a new novel.

Elsewhere in this issue appears a symposium of answers to the challenge flaunted in last issue of this publication by Nat Browder, writing "An Essay On Being Young," in which he proclaimed his inability to understand certain things about contemporary writing. The writers whom Mr. Browder mentioned as "writing queerly" have undertaken to enlighten him.

Henry Handel Richardson's novel, *Australia Felix* has been recently published by W. W. Norton Company. This novel is one of a trilogy of which *Ultima Thule* was the last. *Ultima Thule* has been hailed in this country as one of the recent outstanding works of fiction. *Australia Felix* will be reviewed in the next issue of this publication.

There is an abundance of mystery and detective stories and war novels being published in this country at the present time. They seem to be taking the country by storm. A good many of them are almost wholly worthless; others seem to have literary merits. *The Crying Pig Murder*, by Victor MacClure, (Morrow), and *Ten Thousand Shall Fall*, by David King (Duffield) will be reviewed in the next issue of the Magazine.

Poetry, too, is being written right and left in America. Numerous first volumes are being published. An interesting anthology called *Twentieth Century Poetry*, edited by John Drinkwater, Henry Seidel Canby, and William Rose Benet, has recently been published. It is reviewed in this issue. The Magazine has also received for review Marjorie Allen Seiffert's *The King With Three Faces*. Conrad Aiken's *Collected Poems* are also reviewed in this issue.

DuBose says of *Retreat*, the new war novel by C. R. Benstead, just published by Century Company: "*Retreat* is as British as *Journey's End*. It speaks with the same repressed power—the same terrible stark veracity. I cannot conceive of a better written war book than *Retreat*." The book has already aroused much comment in the British press.

"He is the greatest artist who has embodied, in the sum of his works, the greatest number of the greatest ideas."

—John Ruskin.

Revolt

By NAT C. BROWDER

THE WHOLE earth seemed to be in a state of delicate and peaceful suspension. In through the great open door of the Sunflower Tavern came the late-May morning. Through the wide, uncurtained windows it came, bringing dainty fragrance from the pear blossoms, and from the never-melting snow of summer on the cherry trees. Cool shade hung down from the giant oaken beams, gathering around the exquisitely carved bar, slanted bravely by the window, and framed the splendid, dull bottles—with their red and gold labels, until the room was perfected in the proper amount of light to blend with the May morning's dry sweetness. The heavy, oak tables were deserted, and the mock majesty of their loneliness was matched only by the painted vistas opening beyond the picture-frames on the walls.

And all these things fitted into the material architecture of the setting for the charming little play that was going on at the bar.

White and pink like apple blossoms, Annie, the bar-maid, was laughing and jesting merrily with two fat, bumble-bee gentlemen—rather these care-free great ones were altogether plumper than bumble-bees. They very much resembled the two fat beer-mugs which Annie was refilling. And to the three belonged the conversation. The girl knew how to redden prettily for pleasure; moreover it was pleasant to watch her graceful movements, golden head, well-knit body and strong white arms,—while she filled the mugs. Ethatix, Polix, and Annie, grouped so close to the bar that it greedily swallowed up their reflections, gathered to themselves the best of all that was free and lightest and gay in the suspended temper of the May morning.

The scene was like an animated tapestry. The background of the figures was row-upon-row of bottles containing clear and amber and dark and red and green liquids. The figures, themselves, were colorful,—Annie—white and pink, Polix—like a true, brown bumble-bee, had a yellow waistcoat for his great middle, and Ethatix quite displayed his brilliant red coat-lining. A few paces from the bar, stood the fourth person—silent.

Poix, standing there on a line with Annie, seemed not to exist for any one. Certainly not for the conversation or attention of any of the three. He seemed barely to exist for himself—so unnaturally thin he was. Strange! he was not unhappy. Great wonder he did not cry out against the Fate that made him of even width from head to foot! He should have been bitter because the scarce ten pounds of flesh upon his frame might not provoke him to seek for hedonistic pleasure. Stranger still, he could be smiling! In his blue eyes was a gentle kind of happiness. Possibly, it was because he was as tall as Annie, and because his head was fine, and because he had in his hands a superb half-opened red rose. One guess might be, he was silent and withdrawn because he had only a speaking acquaintance with Ethatix and Polix,—and that he felt some hesitation over interrupting the conversation—which was going along so high spiritedly—to give the rose to Annie. Then, there came an interlude.

The bumble-bee gentlemen tipped their mugs at the very same time. Ethatix, on the left, exposed more of the brilliant red of his coat-lining as he lifted his mug to his mouth with the left arm.

Nocturne

By DOROTHY MUMFORD

*In reverence I hold a memory
Of night and threads of rain upon my hair,
Of wind in gusty darkness shivering where
My shoulders pressed back cedar branches free,
And of your eyes rapt on the far black sea
That was the sky, as if you might read there
A reason for the silence on the air
That spoke of what you could not say to me.*

*And now in lonely nights I seek the dark
To gather up its silences of rain;
The slow wind sweeping in the cedar trees
Hangs mutely still, while at their base I hark
And pour my yearning out on prayer-bent knees
To quest an echo of that older pain.*

Polix, likewise, in carrying the mug to his mouth with his right arm, forced his brown coat to fall back—exposing an even greater expanse of yellow.

Annie was waiting for them to finish the draught, which left the room momentarily in silence, save for the sounds made by the drinkers sucking down their beer. For an interminable length of time the mugs were up. Annie let her gaze wander to Poix, and—as if he were nothing out of the ordinary—rewarded his long-patient smile.

Poix saw the opportunity. He took two paces forward, which brought him almost on a line with the two drinkers and laid the rose on the bar, directly in front of Annie. But he was not quick enough. Polix caught sight of the movement and straightened abruptly to see what was going on. Ethatix, who perceived something amiss, brought his mug down. The general effect was to startle Poix to such an extent that he was able only to complete his half step backward. All looked at the rose.

It was a fatal and isolated moment. The potentialities of the May morning and the quaint room gathered themselves together in the red rose and its reflection that sank deep into the polished surface of the oak bar. The delicate shadows that crept among the reluctant petals were transferred with even greater delicacy to the reflection in the depths of the oak. The rose held every muscle and every eye.

Animation had gone out from the tapestry. Its figures were held in an infinite suspension. Annie, white and pink, was forever silent and still. Ethatix, his mug a foot from his fat face, was unmoving, with his gaze fixed on the rose. Polix, in his yellow waistcoat, his mug somewhat lower, stood forever with a mute inquiry on his plump face as he looked at the rose. Poix was caught in an instant of flight, and his guilty look is directed toward the rose. For one brief instant the room had achieved a perfect suspension. Annie was the first to move. She looked at Poix.

Again, the figures on the tapestry were animated. Polix lowered his mug, and with his free left arm caught the faltering Poix across the chest with a brushing, backward swing that sent him twisting to the floor. The thin body doubled in a heap with scarcely a thud. Indeed, the sound was not as loud as the one made by the mug which Ethatix set heavily upon the bar. Annie laughed heartily, and the two bumble-bee gentlemen joined her,—there in the Sunflower Tavern.

“Be thou the first true merit to befriend;
His praise is lost, who stays, till all commend.”

—Alexander Pope.

Byron and Clare

(Continued from page one)

“setting herself up for a sage.”

Their daughter, Allegra, was born next year in England. Shelley and Mary had written of Clare's condition, but by this time Byron was “wretched” at being away from another. But the “league of incest” slander had gone round, and there were incipient implications that Shelley was the father. Shelley asked him again and again what he had decided—and he had decided nothing. Afraid of having further relations with Clare forced upon him, he was through with England and Clare—“I pray the Gods to keep her there,” he wrote to Augusta—though he acknowledged the child and made it clear that he would willingly provide for it. In April 1818 when the mother and child arrived with the Shelleys at Milan, Byron refused to visit them because it would involve his meeting Clare. Allegra was sent to him at Venice, and Shelley tried to arrange things between the parents. Clare wanted the old intimate relations renewed. Byron made this much clear: there was to be no sort of relation, not even by the way of the child, between Clare and himself,—she was to have Allegra or he was to have Allegra. If Clare kept the child, he would allow money; if he kept her, the mother was to leave both of them alone.

Clare was not satisfied. She desired something more from Byron himself, who hated her and was determined to be rid of her. The Shelleys, who at first thought him quite heartless, came to think the arrangement a good one. “I do not say that—I do not think,” wrote Shelley, “—that your resolutions are unwise; only express them mildly—and pray *don't quote me.*” (Clara was reading the letters).

So Allegra was given to him. She was sometimes left with the Hoppners and she sometimes travelled with Byron or the Countess G. He decided to place her in a convent—a plan favored by the Shelleys but opposed by Clare, who complained of his breaking the agreement and insisted on an English boarding school. Byron investigated the schools, and ended by placing the child in the Convent of St. Anna at Bagnavallo near Ravenna. The child found the life happy and congenial, but she failed in health and died of fever on April 20, 1822. Clare had decided that the air of Romagna would kill Allegra, and Mary is said to have begged Byron to remove her *for Allegra's sake*,—rather weak and meaningless complaints which caused some sentiment against him.

Byron is charged with selfishness and cruelty. He told Shelley as Shelley reports their meeting at Venice, that he had no right over the child, that Clare might take it if she wished, and that he should still feel responsible for its maintenance if she did so. After the child was made his, he gave it to Clare, who was spending the summer at his own house at Este, until she moved south with the Shelleys for the winter. Even after placing Allegra in the convent he was almost on the point of returning her to the mother for the sake of peace. But Byron really wanted, and felt that he needed, this child. “His love for children was so great that Lady Caroline Lamb used it as one of the means of attracting him towards herself. “(Watts-Dunton). His legitimate child was kept from him. “I must love something in my old age,” he wrote, “probably the circumstances will render this poor

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Our Poetic Dilemma

(A Book Article)

By JOHN MEBANE

THE CYCLE OF MODERN POETRY. By G. R. Elliott. New Jersey: Princeton University Press. 194 pps. \$2.50.

There is a prevalent belief among critics that something disastrous has happened to poetry today—that our poets are involved in a predicament out of which they must find their way before poetry may again travel its proper and peculiar highroad. The dialectical anfractuosités indulged in by the many present-day bards give one a sense of impending chaos. Verbal contortions impress the reader with the acrobatic elasticity of verse but fail, often, to impress with meaning or hint of poetic dignity and composure. Poetry seems to have fallen into an egocentric dilemma: versifiers contemplate the illimitable beauties of a mind and soul saliently their own. The difficulties which the critic encounters when he attempts to define the rut into which poetry has swerved are many and unavoidable.

Mr. Elliott in *The Cycle of Modern Poetry*, in which he illuminates with unusual soundness and critical tact the state of modern verse, observes that “the great poetic impulse that rose in the later eighteenth century and culminated in the nineteenth, the Romantic or Naturalistic impulse or whatever one wishes to call it, is now pretty well exhausted. The wheel has come a full circle; a cycle is ending. Poetry today, in England and America, is groping for a fresh direction. But poetry is still caught, Mr. Elliott believes, in “the dying orbit of the nineteenth century mind and art.” It has a “short uneasy motion,” a jerky animation. Before poetry can be broadened out again to common sense the poet must imaginatively realize that the “powers primordial” are two opposed natures, a lower and a higher, “meeting terribly or beautifully in human personality.”

The author calls attention to the error of assimilating poetry to the Fine Arts, declaring that poetry is the mother of the Arts with a larger genius but less talent. Today it is bowing to the Arts more subserviently than ever. Our younger poets are preparing to get poetry wherever they are led and permitted by the dogma of vitality which, while it makes an excellent pretence of being liberal and free, is, paradoxically, all the more restrictive. They are determined to be unconventional and unacademic. Verse tries to be forceful and succeeds in being forced. The stress being placed upon sensuous and emotional immediacy belongs more to the Fine Arts than to verse.

Mr. Elliott analyzes the greater nineteenth century poets, discussing their motives, their virtues and short-comings, and the influences which they have exerted upon modern verse. The mind of Shelley he sees as oratorical rather than philosophic. His thinking was shallow, imitative and conventionally unconventional. The main defect of Byron's poetry is that it is too “sprawlingly showy.” Had Byron lived on Mr. Elliott believes that he would have done much toward the freedom of the comic spirit in himself and his century; and in Byron he sees a marker on the road to the balance and poetic comeliness of the true comic spirit for which we are now groping. The real tragedy of Keats the author proclaims to be his failure to obtain the

Answer

By ARTHUR RIDING

*Will love endure? How can I answer yes?
Love changes day by day; the heart is turned
On certain knowledge of this thing it's learned.
The heart turns fast, then falters in distress,
Not knowing what to veil or what confess.
The mind's aware with what the heart's concerned—
Would it were not! Too often has it spurned
The heart's appeal and stifled a caress.*

*Will love endure, you ask? Must I deny
Eternity to what has always been
And clip our heaven with a single word?
Ah, you, my dear, but seek to crucify,
Entrap me in some sudden mesh unseen.
What was it that you asked? I have not heard.*

lofty goal that he set for himself in poetry, the discrepancy between his capability and his great instinctive aim. His work gives us a sense of a greater poetry behind. The verse of Arnold (whom Mr. Elliott treats, one suspects, rather satirically in footnotes referring to his criticisms) the author characterizes as having “the melancholy of life yearning toward the full life of Poetry, and still ‘waiting for the spark from heaven to fall.’”

Then there is Longfellow, many parts of his poems having an appeal to present-day readers. In his work there is the proper ingenuous of the American spirit, and the salvation of poetry at present depends largely upon our learning to find it and love it in him. Longfellow and Whitman, observes Elliott, are neighbors in the spirit of American simplicity; and for American poetry to grow toward its own completeness we must conceive of its past growth more largely and organically. We must grow above our foreign sophistication and “become simply wise.” The author declares that Browning should have more credit than Whitman as a grandfather of our “New Poetry,” for under cover of his Victorian propriety he was able to foster a thirst for sheer temperamentalism in art; and subsequent poets have continued to reproduce the vast lack of understanding of Browning and Whitman and not their superb temperamental quality. Thomas Hardy is allotted distinction in that he successfully accomplishes the blending of two qualities that can easily be contraries: “hard etching and spectral atmosphere.” Both Hardy and Walt Whitman must be considered founders of the irregular and imagistic kind of verse which is today such a prominent cult.

In Robert Frost Mr. Elliott sees one of the main forces in poetry today. Frost is neither reactive nor reactionary. He is chief representative of the “neighbourly mood.” He has the ability to give to a moral commonplace vigorous and original expression. It is he who is helping most to reanimate the old wide sense of the word “humour,” denoting a central and fluent mood. Frost is the humour-poet of our time. In this respect is his poetry particularly important for America: his neighbourly humour points the way toward the richer American poetry of the future.

In the concluding chapter of the book, “Milton and the Present State of Poetry,” the author sets out his great point—namely, that “our poetry cannot traverse anew the great zones of the religious and moral imagination, outside of which she is now becalmed and starving, until Milton, instead of being neglected and taken piecemeal, is fully ac-

cepted as a living classic and as our chief guide.” Milton is the great proponent of a real renewal of poetic imagination. Our poetry must get free of Wordsworth and the Wordsworthian confusion, and it can do so only by appealing from Wordsworth to Milton. Poetry is yet enmeshed in “the round of a naturalistic theory and emotion into which the magic of the greater poets of the past century conjured her.” Milton is the great guide to that central region of the Elizabethan dramatic imagination which was for all time. “He is the guardian spirit appointed to bring our poetry at once onward and toward home.”

Mr. Elliott comprehends more clearly than the great majority of modern critics just what is wrong with poetry today; and he has traced more deeply and definitely than most of them the influences of past years on our poetic experiments.

Father and Son

(Continued from page one)

ought to do anything that had any fun in it.

His father had always used a set formula when Allen had asked his permission to spend the night with a boy friend.

“What business you got down there? You ain't got no business there. You'd better be at home with your schoolbooks.”

Then there was the time when Allen and some of his playmates planned to go on a camping trip. They had planned it for weeks, and had intended to go when the last corn-hoeing was over. There would then be two or three weeks when ordinarily the community had nothing pressing to do; that was when the “protracted meetings” were held and everybody went to church twice a day for one, and sometimes two, weeks; not so much from a sense of duty to religion as for the opportunity to meet all the other folks, and to have some excuse for not working. That's the way they were, work, work, work; thought a man was “triflin'” and “no 'count” if he wasn't at work. And when they weren't at work, they had to have some excuse. Allen had used to rage when his father would say, “Now let me see; I just don't know what to do today.”

When they had caught up with the farm work, why couldn't they take a rest? Hadn't they earned it?

But what had he been thinking about before he got off on that? Oh yes, it was that camping trip. He and the boys had planned to go camping during the revival week. Ken had promised the use of his father's wagon sheet for a tent; they had scraped together flour, potatoes, and goodness knows what all else to take along; and their mothers had promised them enough bed-clothes. And then Allen's father decided to dig a new ditch during the afternoons of revival week, and had refused to let him go with the others, even when he had begged him with tears in his eyes. Said he might get snake-bit or something, and besides, he didn't have any business lying out in the woods like that. Allen had said, “Just wait till I get big and I'll show him.”

He lit the stub of his cigarette and wished he knew what he had done while he was drunk. Why didn't somebody come and see him? It was damned lonesome in there by himself.

Yes, and his father had always been plenty free in his use of the switch. He'd grab the first one handy and wear it out over him without asking any questions. He raged when he thought of it. There

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Sumario Compendioso: Three Reply

Three Essays By Two Gentlemen And The Editor, In Which They Re- ply To Mr. Browder

Dear John,

An *Essay On Being Young* which appeared in the last issue of your magazine establishes my contention that the literary organ of the campus is read by some not on the staff. This little piece by Nat Browder, alias Mud, elicits from me reactions which I can express most articulately in a Theorem sans Corollary:

if carolina were in france
and France a little nearer
I'd go to *paris* in the fall
and Never come back here at-all
—! if caro-Lina were in france
and FRANCE a little nearer!

Proof:

For Two an two make four, They say. . . .
de gustibus non (?) dis-PUTA-ndum
and 3 is less, and five is more
But 12 less Eight will still yield four
hence: two and two is four (they Say?)
quo-d erat DEMON-strandum—

Yours,

J. J. Slade, Jr.

Dear John,

Why do I write? This is a question that one could with difficulty answer mathematically. One would be tempted to say that one writes for the self same reason that four times four is sixteen. No one in this age of machinery would admit that he writes because he feels a need for such a thing. That would be preposterous and ludicrous beyond measure! One ought to admit that money is the chief reason why one writes. One writes for money. And does one get money? No, one gets no money. That is just too bad. Then one writes for some other reason.

Then does one write because there is such a thing as a *demiurge* in a place that is known as *abstraction*? No, that is foolish. One must, therefore, write because he is dazed by a Thing called *dramatic illusion*. Excuse me, I meant something else there, but I cannot successfully get my fingers on just what I meant. No, you are positively wrong there! I have never found the inclination to get up out of a bed (any bed) and write things at four o'clock. I merely want to sleep; that is all. One ought to sleep a lot. Oh, never mind. I shall tell you why I write. Everybody writes because everybody feels funny writing and because it grieves the English Faculty to see boys trying to learn to say things.

Jay Curtis.

Mr. Nat Browder is irritated by what I write. This is not strange (and others are far more vociferous than Mr. Browder in proclaiming their irritation).

A train stops because a cow prefers the grass between the crossties to that in its pasture. The conductor (or the brakeman, or the engineer) removes (or has removed) the obstinate animal, and the train moves on. Everyone is quite happy. Now, if the train did not stop, but instead ran over the cow, that would be tragedy and the people might weep. (Certainly the animal's owner would).

So, because a cow prefers the grass in my field to that in his assigned (and probably more fertile) pasture, I (being of a benevolent and kindly nature)

To One I Know

By RICHARD A. CHACE

*And though I forfeit interest with a sword,
I still must speak it. Friend, you do not know,
Ignoring this and that, how much you stirred,
What fright submerged one dare not smile and
show,
What violence of still-born phrases, heard
In barren silence! Let us laugh and go
Away, forgetting, lest sometime, absurd,
We stifle on a sentence . . . To and fro,
Restlessly, longingly, on, on . . . Oh, friend,
I bring all I can gather. I have filled
My heart at many springs—and still no end
To swilling others! Dare we hope to build
Some refuge where, in comfort, we pretend
To hold one hopeless friendship as we willed?*

remove the beast. Nothing else happens; yet, I am quite happy. In by more youthful days I used to run a tractor over the creature. But afterwards I was always very sorry indeed. I do not like to weep.

John Mebane.

Byron and Clare

(Continued from page three)

little creature a great and, perhaps, my only comfort."

Watts-Dunton writes of the affair, "On the whole the ugliest chapter in Byron's life would seem to be that which deals with her. She had given him all that a woman can give, without getting in return what the world considers the immense compensation of the marriage tie. We no longer ask life to be seriously perfect or consider the whole of it as a thing of finished beauty, so the 'ugliness' is simply a little more reality for us and is not really conspicuous. Clare gave Byron what is commonly given, and one can say only in a vulgar physical sense, or in a narrow religious one, that it was "all a woman can give." Clare gave what she wished to give, holding the views of her radical set on "what the world considers the immense compensation of the marriage tie"; and Byron, with something of the same idea, refused to take more than he wanted.

SOURCES

John Drinkwater, *Pilgrim of Eternity*.
Watts-Dunton, "Byron" (*Cyclopaedia of English Literature*).
Edward Thomas, *Feminine Influence on the Poets*.

Father and Son

(Continued from page four)

was the time when the dogs got in a fight, and he had had nothing to do with it. He wouldn't have minded so much if his boy friends hadn't been along. They were just standing there watching them fight, when Allen's father came up in an ill humor about something else and had taken it out on him. Hadn't asked anything about who set the dogs to fighting; had picked up a switch, half stick and had whipped the blood out of him before the rest of the boys, and had put him to work.

His father had wanted to keep him under surveillance. He had wanted him to eat every meal at home so that he could know where Allen was and where he had been. He remembered that as being the cause of another whipping.

That was back when he was just beginning to notice the girls. He and a friend had gone home from church with the Holmes girls and had stayed through the afternoon. And such a pleasant afternoon it had been! They had sat under the walnut trees, told stories, played games that provided excuse for physical contacts, such as tap-hand and kissing games. My, how big and grown-up he had felt! They decided to stay for supper and take the girls to church again that night. On the way to church, in the twilight, they had walked carelessly, happily, hand in hand, and Allen had felt as big and masterful and happy as ever he had dreamed of. And then after church they had had to take the girls back home, of course. It was almost pitch dark then, and Bessie had clung tightly to him as they descended the rough mountain road. Such a feeling! He had felt able to stand up and meet anybody, do anything, fight anybody. The pressure of her body against his had made him glow with strength and manliness.

True, on his way home that night he felt some qualms of uneasiness as to what his father would say of his not coming home for dinner and supper; but his conscience was easy. He had done nothing that day to deserve punishment, and had been at both church services. He had eased into his bed without waking anyone and was soon asleep, with no worries, no fears.

The next morning his father had jerked him bodily out of bed, half-asleep, half-naked, and had worn a dogwood switch to splinters over him. Allen had dressed himself tremblingly, gone out behind the barn, and cursed his father with every childish oath and vile name that he knew; and sworn to heaven, through his sobs, that he would get even with him some day, that he wasn't always going to be treated like a dog.

"Yes, damn him," he said to himself as he threw the half-inch cigarette butt out of the window, "he's to blame for my being here now; he's always treated me like a dog."

That had been his obsessing desire, to grow up and be a man. How he had wished to be able to come and go when he pleased, to smoke and swear if he wanted to, like the young men of the community. At seventeen he had begun taking drinks when they were offered him; it made him feel big, like a man, and his friends seemed to like him better, too. Called him "Old Al" and patted him on the back and talked big; called themselves men. All the same he had been uneasy as to what his father would do if he knew it.

It was inevitable that he find it out sooner or later. One Sunday Allen had had a little too much, and when he and a friend came home for dinner, his father noticed it at once. His eyes blazed with rage.

"W-what the devil does this mean? I'll learn ye, ye little whelp, coming in here gentleman-like, carrying y'r liquor."

He had stormed out of the house for a switch, but Allen was determined not to be thrashed in the presence of his friend. When the father got back, the switch whistled as it cut the air. Allen had torn it from his hands and grabbed his father desperately; his legs were unsteady, and the room was rocking crazily. Only the beseeching intervention of his mother and his friend had spared him a severe beating.

That had been the occasion of his leaving home

(Continued on page six)

Drama and the Arts



by
MILTON GREENBLATT

RUSSIAN FOLK-SONGS

STENKA RAZIN

(Continued from last issue)

"So that among free men no discord may arise because of her take the beautiful one, Volga, Volga, Mother Volga, take her away." And he lifts, with bold swing, his Princess overboard; she is sent far out on the river, and the waves carry her away.

"Oh, why do you hang your head?—Brother Knave a little lively dance, and a robber-song, Comrades, that will ring forth your glory." On the Volga's broad waters, through the narrow island gate, Stenka Razin's band breaks forth in gaily colored boats.

'TIS NOT THE WIND

(This melody is a very poignant one, with superb harmony, admirably suited to the words. It is typical of the usual "weilschmerz" of the Russian peasant.)

'Tis not the wind that rustles through the leaves,
'Tis not the autumn lamenting in the woods.
You, my heart, it is, that groans there
While you suffer deep grief,
You, my heart, it is, that groans there,
While you suffer deep grief.

While Sorrow's evil serpent
Slyly lying in wait, gnaws at you,
And of happiness you despair.
Quite forsaken and hopeless.
And of happiness you despair
Quite forsaken and hopeless.

Never will she become mine,
She whom I have chosen as beloved—
Ah, a sombre destiny has surely
Wed me to the grave.
Ah, a sombre destiny has surely wed me to the grave.

Then, open Mother Earth
And take me in your bosom—
For then my poor heart will be
Free from all sorrow and grief.
For then my poor heart will be
Free from all sorrow and grief.

THE SEPARATION

Parting, yes, parting
It makes the heart so sore!
Oh, that it might be
Forever spared for us both.

Since we have found each other
Let us go two by two
In love and sorrow united
Through this earthly way.

THE LUTE UNDER THE OAK

With lute under my cloak,
Lightly I approach your window,
Lovely maiden. Not in any rough way
Will your sweet slumber be broken.

For you alone my song will resound,
That's why I play so soft and tenderly

BOOKS RECEIVED

- The Crying Pig Murder*, by Victor MacClure (Morrow).
The King With Three Faces, by Marjorie Allen Seiffert (Scribners).
Mrs. Grundy Is Dead, by Webster and Hopkins (Century).
Australia Felix, by Henry Handel Richardson (Norton).
Ex-Mistress, Anonymous (Bretano's).
Ten Thousand Shall Fall, by David King (Duffield).
Two Frontiers, by John Gould Fletcher (Coward-McCann).
Iron Man, by W. R. Burnett (Lincoln MacVeagh).

Through the night. In tender strains
May my music go forth, like
Fragrant incense 'fore the Virgin's image.

From my strings no discord will resound
To wake you from your quiet dreams,
No strains of wild movement will ring out,
To frighten you from your soft bed.

Yet if, in a dream overjoyed with my song
You softly whispering, might breathe: 'I love you'
Then, should I feel blessed a thousand times,
Indeed, I could not wish for a better reward.

(Continuation in next issue)

BEST SELLERS AT THE BULL'S HEAD

- Chas. and Mary Beard: *Rise of American Civilization* (Macmillan).
Moody and Lovett: *History of English Literature* (Scribners).
H. G. Wells: *Outline of History* (Garden City Publishing company).
Guedella: *The Second Empire* (Garden City Publishing Company).

Father and Son

(Continued from page five)

and going to work at the tannery, where he had been every since. Having money of his own, he had begun to get drunk more and more often, and had at last landed in jail. He wondered whether he had done anything serious, or had only disturbed the peace.

The guard rattled the door, and Allen looked around.

"Ya got visitors."

It was a neighbor and his mother. Her eyes were red with weeping.

"What's the matter, Ma?" he said a little gruffly.

"Oh Allen, what in the world made you do it?"

"Do what?"

"And your Pa says he's going to let the law take its course; says he ain't goin' to have nothin' else to do with you."

"But pshaw, Ma, what have I done?"

"Why you've burnt your father's barn and they say that's a big crime—"

"Burnt his barn, did you say?"

"—and they tell me that ye may go to the pen for twenty or thirty years. Allen why in the world did you do it?"

"Twenty or thirty years," he thought. He looked around him at the cell he had occupied for only a few hours, dully, uncomprehendingly.

"Did you say twenty or thirty years?"

To One Who Writes Coldly

By ARTHUR RIDING

"Your letter was a crystal, cold and hard, reflecting all the colours of the world in which we live—a world of despair, blind groping, agony, sensitiveness, revulsion, malice—with the laughter mocking the tears, drowning the sighs of the lost. Why have you grown so cold?"

"You want to love. But you are afraid. It is weak, you think. Once I thought so, too. But the cool nights whispered 'fool'; and the long slender arms of the saplings beckoned; and the moon bore down upon me until it had crushed me, and I dreamed.

"In my dream I saw the years drag by, the pained and crippled hours; many years carrying with them the cheap glamour of false Springs. Minutes, hours, days, years,—*Grow old along with me*—And through the years I saw myself an old man, never having lived. Then I awoke and stared about me.

"From my window where I had dreamed, I saw again the tall young trees nodding, and the moon low above me (I could have stood on my tiptoes and reached it); and I heard the cool night echo 'fool.' And I knew that I was beginning to live.

"Then you came. Like a dark thought slipping quietly into my brain, you took the whole of my mind, choked out all other thought. And I felt you there—you, alone. And I was seized with huge fear. Suppose—? But I lived! Lived! I tell you. With the nights; and the slender trees; and the moon, lower than ever, so low it brushed my eyelids. There was no Time no Space. And now.

"Your letter is crystal—the cold, ironical glitter. You tell me you do not believe anything I say and little I write. Where is the night? Where are the green trees? Where are the dreams? Gone.

"You want to love. But you are afraid. And in this fear—dark gesture of futility—you assume your cruel mask of laughter. The jeers, the unkind smiles, the bitter mocking laughter that cuts down the hollows of your heart and lashes you until your heart bleeds, staining the whole world. You cannot cry out for laughing.

"You think you have hurt me with your laughter? Laugh! Fling your laughter to me down the wind. It is not you. I know. I know too well. There is something in you that cries.

"I laughed when I wanted to cry, when I wanted to tear up my little world by its roots and fling it far, far into space. I laughed when the bitter loneliness hung heavy upon me, and whipped me to earth. I, too, laughed when I was lost, lost.

"Someday you will feel as I felt when the cool night whispered and the young trees beckoned. Someday you, too, will look far, far into Time. Then you will see. Where are the nights? Where are the trees? Where is my dream? Why have you grown so cold?"

Among the sex-discussion books that have come out lately are two of outstanding prominence. *Man and Woman* is a rewritten version of Havelock Ellis' first important study in the field of the psychology of sex. *The Riddle of Sex* by Dr. Joseph Tenenbaum is another recently published work on the subject. Dr. Tenenbaum's work offers favorable comparison with the huge *Sex in Civilization* published some months ago.

Books

A VERBAL MUSICIAN

COLLECTED POEMS. By Conrad Aiken. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 361 pps. \$3.50.

In his *Collected Poems* Conrad Aiken has included in their entirety five of his books of verse—*The Jig of Forslin*, *The House of Dust*, *Punch: The Immortal Liar*, *The Pilgrimage of Festus*, and *Priapus and the Pool* and only the title poem in *The Charnel Rose* has been omitted in the selections from that book. This is a notable collection of verse. Aiken has not achieved unusually wide popularity. This is not strange. A goodly number of his poems are philosophical in their nature: Aiken is preoccupied with introversion. And the American public, in general, cannot seem to find time to ponder for long over things which force them to think.

Aiken is a verbal musician. He achieves a remarkable cadence in much of his verse; and the longer pieces are rich in color and incident. *The Jig of Forslin* the poet chooses to designate as a "symphony based on the idea of vicarious experience, and on the part played by that phenomenon in the nature of civilized consciousness." It is a magnificent study in introversion, based on the Freudian psychology. The poem is designed to show how civilized man may enrich his environed life by a process of vicarious fulfillment of desires. In *The House of Dust*, a poem 77 pages long, Aiken traces the fluctuant course of the unconscious. He has recorded the interplay between the dream and the act; he brings the past into the present and hurls the present into the past; he deals with the semi-illusory states of the human mind. The trends of the poem are difficult to follow and the reader often becomes lost in the maze of mingled fantasy and realism. The poem drags at times: there is no quickening of movement, only the slow, doleful lines.

Punch: The Immortal Liar is the most fascinating and interesting poem in the collection. Here seven rather lengthy poems are related and divided into two main parts. These parts treat of what Aiken is continually handling: the conflict of the real and the desire. In the first division Aiken creates the swaggering, proud and boastful Punch, the doer of all deeds; and in the second division Punch is shorn of his pretenses and is revealed as the solitary dreamer, Punch the failure and the coward, striving hopelessly to be as others. Punch is a lovable and an unforgettable character. In an epilogue, "Mountebank Feels the Strings at His Heart," Aiken suggests the creator as, after all, only the creation himself, lost in a dark wilderness.

The Pilgrimage of Festus is another symphonic piece. It is "a poetic essay in epistemology." Festus, who may be anyone, seeks after knowledge; and the poem becomes a philosophical allegory. He is undecided whether he must accept life as it is or reject it. It is a long and serious piece and, because of this, it has, like his other longer pieces, failed to make a popular appeal.

Priapus and the Pool consists of twenty-two varied pieces. Here, again, comes out strongly Aiken's desire to be a verbal musician. But if Aiken is a musician, he is a sad one. The lines are slow and sometimes dreary.

Pieces may be sliced out of Aiken's poems and quoted separately. Anthologies have used many

The Dead

By JAMES DAWSON

*And men were still, remembering the dead
That lay in sodden earth and slumbered there;
Some with white crosses at each silent head,
And names new cut in bold, adventurous flare.
The hastier marked with twisted, blackened wire,
That flung its tiny, mutilated hands
As though in supplication, or desire,
Or pity for like-mutilated lands.
But some remembered how they loved and sang
With all the fervour in their youthful eyes,
And tasted eagerly the novel tang
Of martyrdom and death with young surprise.
And these can smile, and share a cheerful jest,
That man should pity them Valhalla's rest.*

parts of *Senlin* and quite often the beautiful section from *Punch* entitled "He Imagines That His Puppet Has a Dark Dream and Hears Voices." This collection brings together a large body of beautiful poetry.

PHILIP DEVILBISS.

DECADENCE

A ROMAN HOLIDAY. By Don Ryan. New York: The Macaulay Company. 319 pps. \$2.50.

Bacchanalian revelry, barbaric orgies, wild life in Hollywood, and a vitiated and world weary army officer, and a movie actress of unforgettable beauty, gild the pages of *A Roman Holiday* with a glitter, a gaudy voluptuousness, and a gorgeousness bordering on the grotesque. But the super-abundance of color is not gay or light or amusing; it is old, it is weary. It is the same color of the decadent Roman periods; sophistication, cynicism, blase disillusionment attest to the age of the characters. In their riotous dissipations there is no happiness; in their youthful antics no youth.

The author has written this pagan interpretation of the more tabloid-featured phases of modern life in a characteristically modern style. His short, staccato sentences make easy and quick reading at the same time providing a practical vehicle for the cleverness that is often revealed. For he is clever, —though this particular form of brilliance will no doubt offend many. The author glosses over nothing; he does not hesitate in calling a spade a spade and in no uncertain terms. Some of his descriptions are morbid in their realism; others are fantastic in attention to bizarre detail; still others are repellant in their simple directness about the horrible.

Diana Hunter is the chief character; she is a siren, leading men to destruction with her sex attraction. She is a pagan, worshipping only moon-beauty. She is an analyst; her brilliant mind sees through sham, dissects humanity, ignores convention, makes her a lone wolf. But on the grounds of this versatility might not one criticize the characterization? A portrait of a movie actress with an insatiable taste for literature seems a bit out of place. Still it is possible, especially when one bears in mind the more flamboyant figures she seems to prefer: Nietzsche, Rabelais, Oscar Wilde, Edgar Saltus.

The figures of Tom Egan, the wealthy idler, the A. E. F. lieutenant who commits suicide after becoming the paramour of man-hunting Diana; of Jean, Diana's friend and companion; of Paul Waterson, the negro actor, "Peruna" to Diana,—all are unconvincing. They are too one-sided; they never

know actual happiness. Their personalities, their individualities, are abnormal. Their only joy is lust; their pastimes are either animal in their coarse sensualness or ultra-decadent under the veneer of over-sophistication.

It is the same with the book itself. In translating modern life in terms of the barbaric days of the decline of Rome, the author sees only the mirrors of sin and vulgarity and common coarseness. He forgets there can be happiness in convention,—in the domesticity of marriage, for example; he seems to remember that there is beauty in today, that there are intelligent people among the masses, and that everyone has not contaminated his soul in the wild, mad seramble of present day materialism with its crushing of cherished idealism.

But the dark picture of modern America which stands forth from the background rings true. Ashamed, the reader reads commentaries on this polyglot land of the free running through the pages like a thin stream of vitriol. Speaking of a crowd, "the Great American Public," assembled on a street corner in New York City one September noon to watch the childishly absurd junking of straw hats for the season, the author says:

To dignify such mortals with the names of morons would be an affront to a healthy moron. These were the faces of creatures. All their thyroid glands must have atrophied before pubescence. And these composed the Great American Public The barbarism of this crowd was not the barbarism of a young and healthy race that is rife with promise for the future. This crowd was cold. It was made up of physical and mental paralytics Not a gleam—not a glimmer on their gray fog of faces. They could not sit at home without the radio There must be something to fill the void of space that oppressed them so fearfully. The masses of America could not bear to be in silence or alone.

Is the diatribe too bitter? Let the individual himself decide.

ROBERT HODGES.

LEONIE ADAMS

HIGH FALCON (and other poems). By Léonie Adams. New York: The John Day Co. 48 pps. \$2.50.

Miss Adams is a remarkable poetess in that she combines a delicate sensitiveness and an intensity of feeling with an eminent degree of craftsmanship. She has a superb control of syllabic pattern; and her balance of elements approaches the perfection for which one searches so futilely in the compositions of modern poets. But herein lies Miss Adam's chief fault: so striking is her expression, so nicely obtained the balance of light and heavy, of vowel and consonant, that one tends to overlook the meaning of the poem. Too, she is preoccupied with philosophy, and often her poems become so involved that they are obscure and the reader becomes lost in a seeming maze.

Miss Adams is by no means entirely free from flaws of technique. She fails to achieve, at times, the cadence that the reader expects and tries to read into her lines. These lines occasionally waver and are so uneven that they attract the attention of the reader. Take, for example, the first six lines of "Now Loss Like Tempest":

*Now loss like tempest raging at the heart,
Love, pricked by that poor self to which it came—
A thing that slept and waked upon a dream—*

(Continued on page eight)

Books

Leonie Adams

(Continued from page seven)

*Uneasy for its birthright, turns to chart
Its landscape, whether comfortless in kind
It orient no more, but is exile thence.*

One wonders at the archaic rhyme of "came" and "dream" and is a bit irritated by the extra half-foot in the sixth line.

The music of Miss Adams's verse is a lonely sort of music. There seems to be something after which the poetess is eternally striving and never quite attaining. There is no bitterness in the tone, only a semblance of sorrow. One of the lighter and exquisite pieces in the collection is called "Song From a Country Fair":

*When tunes jiggled nimbler than the blood
And quick and high the bows would prance
And every fiddle string would burst
To catch what's lost beyond the string,
When half afraid their children stood,
I saw the old come out to dance.
The heart is not so light at first,
But heavy like a bough in spring.*

J. M.

A NEW ANTHOLOGY

TWENTIETH CENTURY POETRY. Edited by John Drinkwater, Henry Seidel Canby, and William Rose Benét. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 636 pps. \$4.

Two American critics and an English colleague have brought together in one volume a representative collection of the best English and American verse produced from 1900 to 1929. It is a collection as nearly complete and as truly representative as any anthology published in recent years. The editors have a keen feeling for true poetry, and through the book one may trace the trends of verse-writing in these two countries in this quarter of the present century.

The editors have given a fuller representation of American poetry; and it seems that American poetry has been more widely and variously written during the past two decades than that of any other country. In this country there have been numerous attempts at new forms and original treatment, and without a complete representation it would be almost impossible to show the trends of modern verse.

The collection is, of course, not completely representative of the work of all of the poets included. Such a thing in any anthology would be impossible, as the scope must, because of space, be limited to lyric verse.

Mr. Drinkwater, in editing the British sections, has divided the collection into four parts. The first represents the work of poets who had established themselves before 1900, but have continued to write in this century. In the second grouping he has included poets who were too well-known or too old to be eligible for the Georgian Anthologies. The third group includes, in the main, the poets of the Georgian Anthologies; and in the final section are included poets who were not included in the scheme of these Georgian anthologies, most of them poets who were not heard of until after that scheme had been completed. The poets range from Thomas Hardy who was born in 1840 to Peter Quennell who was born in 1905.

The American section has seven divisions, the

The Writers

John Glenn, a senior, contributes his second article to the Magazine. He will be remembered as having written "Southey, the Ballads" which appeared in a preceding issue * * * Richard A. Chace has been one of the most consistent contributors to this publication. He has had poetry published in numerous magazines. Mr. Chace is writing an article on James Joyce for the next issue of this Magazine * * * Nat Browder will be remembered as the "gentleman who does not understand certain things about contemporary literature." He writes a story, proving that he is interested in the matter * * * Jay Curtis, J. J. Slade, and John Mebane were accused in the preceding issue of the Magazine by Mr. Browder as "writing queerly." They have composed a "sumario compendioso" in which they answer Mr. Browder * * * Dorothy Mumford is a graduate student and has contributed other verse to the Magazine * * * Mary Marshall Dunlap, J. E. Dungan, and Louis V. Brooks are Book Editors of this publication * * * Milton Greenblatt has frequently reviewed the drama and musical performances at the University * * * Robert Hodges and James Dawson are contributing editors * * * Dean A. Ward contributes for the first time * * * Arthur Riding is another aspiring youth who blushes behind a pen-name.

first led by William Vaughan Moody. The arrangements of the sections are not strictly chronological; rather poets are included in the divisions in which their work seems properly to place them. Only those writers have been included whose work seems to be of a pronounced individuality or seems to illustrate an important tendency. The editors, in choosing the poems of the various writers, have endeavored to select those which best illustrate their predominant qualities.

As an anthology truly representative of the best in twentieth century poetry in England and America, his collection seems one of the most complete. Each poet included is favored with a short biographical sketch, and an appendix includes suggestions for further reading.

NEGRO YARNS

EPIC PETERS, PULLMAN PORTER. By Octavus Roy Cohen. New York: D. Appleton and Co. 300 pps. \$2.00.

In eight short stories Octavus Roy Cohen has obviously succeeded in entertaining himself as much as he has succeeded in his endeavor to amuse and entertain his reader. The stories are recounted with a zest and gusto characteristic of a dyed-in-the-yarn teller. A good deal of Cohen's knee slapping and eye twinkle that would accompany the verbal story gets over to the reader on the printed page.

His characterizations are vivid and sympathetic. One feels a genuine affection for Epic Peters, the Pullman porter who is the subject of his affections and observations. One sees a goodly number of his parades of travelers through Epic's eyes although often the author makes them more discernable and vivid with only a line or two of description. He sticks closely to type making the reader feel as if he had met or casually glimpsed each character he met in the story preceding. Even the characterization of Epic is inclined to make one feel that em-

bodied in one negro are all the superstitions—servile tendencies and dialect typical of the type. Withal, Epic while he is not an epic—is a memorable and appreciable personage.

Cohen recounts his incidents well, although he does not stretch the long arm of coincidence too far—there is an O. Henry-like quirk in most of his tales.

Some might consider reading the book at one sitting—or two. They will find it extremely monotonous and will lose the good effects which one story may have on one's disposition.

MARY MARSHALL DUNLAP.

A WOMAN'S HAPPINESS

GATHER THE STARS. By Diana Patrick. E. P. Dutton and Co.: New York. 288 pps. \$2.50.

Laurel Guest is thirty-seven. She has the home, the self-sufficient sons, the big-business husband of the typical upper class English woman, but she looks at approaching forty with something of terror when she realizes how little of romance, of youthful abandon to life has come to her in the passing years. Beautiful, socially successful, she yet longs for one more opportunity to "gather the stars," to reach out to vibrant tense hours of love and joy. The usual infidelities of her husband have never stirred her to a similar unfaithfulness, but now she almost yields to the charms of a man who offers her, she knows, only transient happiness. Then comes the request for her to visit Ireland—an aged relative needs her assistance—and there she meets Jeremy, Jeremy, old fashioned, faithful, charming, and twenty-three; Jeremy with the easy grace and knightly qualities which she had so wished her stolid sons to have.

Those summer weeks, under the spell of Irish mountains and Irish folk lore, brought many things to the lives of Laurel and Jeremy. Their destiny was written somewhere, and they had come together to fulfill it. Solving together the mystery of Stephen Thrale's strange life, struggling together to save Jeremy's ancestral home, fighting with themselves for a time to ward off the inevitable revelation, they find a happiness greater than either had dared hope for when first they met.

"Gather The Stars" is decidedly interesting, not only because it raises the question of the right of a married woman who is starving for romance to seek it elsewhere, but equally as much because it is well written, well motivated throughout. A very definite atmosphere is created and maintained. The characters are clear cut personalities: the stage might be anywhere where men and women live and love and at times find life boring. There is nothing exaggerated or over sentimental about Laurel and Jeremy. They move surely and very humanly toward a destined end. As a background there are beautiful, vivid descriptions of the Irish setting, of those appealing, poetic places which have grown familiar in song and verse. Diana Patrick has a vigor which is gentle enough to express with delicacy the tenderest thoughts, and forceful enough to sustain an excellent story to the end.

LOUIS V. BROOKS.

"It is not the mode of representing and saying, but by what is represented and said, that the respective greatness either of the painter or the writer is to be finally determined."

—John Ruskin

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James Joyce: An Estimate

Being a Brief Survey of a Controversal Figure in Modern Literature

By RICHARD A. CHACE

UNDER pain of incurring the displeasure of those chauvinistic gentlemen of the press whose well-intentioned efforts may well be directed against just such a practice as mine, this brief sketch, rather than restricting itself to the native product—and the provincial attitude—will be concerned with the work of one of our greatest contemporaries in literature, a man whose nationality, while it can scarcely be ignored, is of almost negligible import. He is a man whose labors and whose imagination recognize no arbitrary bounds, be they spatial or native, and whose interests are not restricted by the race of which he, too, may be a part, even though, as a young man, he confessed his aim "to encounter for the millionth time the reality of experience and to forge in the smithy of my soul the uncreated conscience of my race." The race in question was man and man was James Joyce.

Joyce started his career as a young man in Dublin, taking himself and his mission very seriously, fearing to waste the unique gift he knew he possessed. We see, through his "Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man," how his adolescent mind was torn between imagined duties to the Church which had reared him and a more personal career in the world of letters. After a long and severe conflict within himself he eventually decided on literature and, seeking permanent isolation the better to concentrate, he moved to Trieste, where he lived and worked for many years, until his more recent removal to Paris, where his later work has been published and his unusual tendencies have been most genuinely appreciated. One may frequently see him in the friendly little book-shop of Sylvia Beach near the Odéon in the Quarter, on whose walls hang a number of signed photographs in warm testimonial of his appreciation for her work in publishing "Ulysses." He has grown old and gray and his eyes, which had been a source of trouble even in his youth, have gone nearly blind, while the thick glasses he is obliged to wear give his thin face a strangely forbidding aspect. The mind, however, seems unimpaired and his project for the future still firm and vigorous.

One's first—and most distinct—impression of the work of Joyce lies in its discrimination, its extreme care in expression. While a lifetime of devotion to art has produced no more than five or six volumes, these five or six volumes are, in a very true sense, the sublimation of a rigidly controlled genius. The technique of each is so distinct as almost to have been written by a different mind, although there is a marked development in each to his underlying thesis of a culminating fusion of literature with music. One sees, from the first, a tendency to compose sound-images, emotional con-

Atlantis

By MARGARET BEAUFORT MILLER

*Atlantis greatly built beneath the wave—
Where rose her turrets and her high ramparts,
Now coral rears a fretted architrave.
Above drowned towers and forgotten marts,
Sea-coiling currents intricately lave
And star-inscribed upon lost midnight charts,
That sunken continent: a mighty grave
Is resurrected of what dreaming hearts?
Through brass and tin and orichalcum nave
Flit thirsty souls by a pale bone where darts
The restless shark about his glaucous cave
Set with all hidden and all secret parts
Of those still Titans who made life a slave
And led earth captive in their subtle arts.*

trasts in words, much as those the musician would use, and for the same purpose. To give a brief example from his early work, "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man," for instance, we have the following paragraph, wherein words, like fluid notes, evoke an emotional stimulus through sound:

"Disheartened, he raised his eyes towards the slow-drifting clouds, dappled and seaborne. They were voyaging high over Ireland, westward bound. The Europe they had come from lay out there beyond the Irish Sea, Europe of strange tongues and valleyed and woodbegirt and citadelled and of entrenched and marshalled races. He heard a confused music within him as of memories and names which he was almost conscious of but could not capture even for an instant; then the music seemed to recede, to recede, to recede: and from each receding trail of nebulous music there fell always one long-drawn calling note, piercing like a star the dusk of silence. Again! Again! Again! A voice from beyond the world was calling."

One entire chapter from the same work presents the gradual development of a single emotion culminating in a tremendous crisis that finally ebbs away in an ecstasy of self-abnegation and almost wordless repentance.

As is only natural, Joyce has written considerable verse, little lyrics that are exquisitely conceived and which show a rare feeling. He has also written a number of short stories, which he has gathered into the volume called "Dubliners." His great work, however, in which we see the unmistakable hand of genius, began definitely in his "Ulysses," about which there has been a great deal of controversy and, at first, unreasoning resentment. "Ulysses" is still unavailable in such countries as England and the United States, but, through the far-seeing efforts of Sylvia Beach, it has been put in the reach of all who are really interested. It is a strange work, presupposing intellect and patience to appreciate, to say nothing of a distinctly Rabelaisian sense of humor. It is approximately eight hundred closely

(Continued on page three)

The Cistern

By J. J. SLADE, JR.

AUGUSTO has gone to the bull fight. Valenzuela, alternating with El Gallo, is killing this afternoon; there are six noble beasts from the famous herd of the Marques de Veragua. Augusto seldom misses a bull fight. The brilliant young matador Valenzuela is his favorite; Valenzuela alternating with El Gallo is a sublime combination.

Augusto takes his barrera seat on the shady side of the ring early. While he waits he clears his throat repeatedly and spits into the smooth sand of the pit; he buys beer and drinks noisily; he chokes and coughs. Two Andalusians take seats beside him; he argues with them incessantly and with them he laughs loudly at the coarse banter that is flung from one side of the ring to the other: at times he joins in the exchange of ribaldry. The military band plays a *paso doble* and the sparkling company enters the ring. Augusto rises to cheer the swaggering Valenzuela and the effort makes the veins in his throat and head become congested; the sweat is pushed out of his skin.

While the spectacle holds him fascinated Erminia awaits his return in the village of Ancona a few leagues out of Madrid.

"Six bulls are not killed in a hurry, my Pablo," she assures the soft-eyed youth who looks entranced into the abyss of her eyes.

"Ay, Erminia! how I suffer for your love!" His attitude is idolatrous.

"I cannot let my Angel suffer . . ." This Erminia is a woman in full bloom whom an enthusiastic Spaniard might describe as magnificently covered with meat but of whose charms some less carnivorous would sing in terms of smooth firmness and rich glow.

Paco the neighbor had seen Pablo go into Augusto's house. Paco was going to Madrid; he tried to overtake Augusto, but Augusto rode a horse and Paco rode a burro. He entered the bull ring: from his seat on the sunny side he could see Augusto where he sat in the shady barrera; laboriously he wrote a note which he gave to a vender to take to his neighbor across the ring. The vender went on his rounds and delivered the note to another man. Paco wrote another note which also miscarried, and then another. The third got to Augusto as the last bull came into the ring. He read: Your wife is unfaithful. Back in Ancona she entertains a man while you see this fight.

"Here, here, who sent this? Muchacho, who—say, this is not for me. Que diablo!" The vender was gone. Augusto read the note once more and then he rumbled it and dropped it at his feet. He settled back in his seat and turned his attention to the ring.

"Ola, muchacho! Bonito, bravo, bravo!" he called as Valenzuela held the lithe beast close to him with graceful movements of his cape. Again

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CIRCULATION MGR.....G. W. THOMAS, JR.

Sunday, March 2, 1930

"The drawback of modesty is that it is always leading to falsehood."

—de Stendhal

"To err is human, to forgive divine."

—Alexander Pope.

WHITHER CONVERSATION?

CONVERSATION was once proclaimed the chief external evidence of the ability to think. Presumably, people still think, but this outward evidence of it has long since disappeared. Today we have no "art of conversation." This is to be deeply regretted. Conversation inevitably trains the mind to think agilely and quickly, helps to shape thoughts from a muddled mass of ideas into something definite.

"Bull Sessions," while probably productive of the lowest type of conversation, yet had their merits. They provided for an exchange of ideas and helped to stimulate the mental processes. And now even they are becoming things of the past. We are given much to writing and reading. But in reading what another has to say, we lose much of the personality of the man. The coffee houses with their groups of brilliant and poignant conversationalists have given way to road-houses with their jazz-mad bands and hare-brained punsters. The old conversational groups which used to gather before an open fire in the house of a friend have been transformed by the progress of the years into coteries of rhythmical robots who drip mechanical phrases from their tongues and glide automatically up and down in front of a victrola or a mad orchestra.

We write poetically, but we talk in chipped and mangled phrases. Are we drifting back to the primitive state in which man talked by making signs? Crude gestures are replacing speech: we shrug our shoulders, toss our hands sluggishly about, and contort our countenances; but we refuse to talk. Conversation, along with the hoop-skirt and chaperon, has gone out of style.

J. M.

Literary Chronicle

Recently news has come to this country of the death of Romer Wilson in her native England. She is the author of *Martin Schuler* and *The Death of Society* * * * Mark Twain's earliest known sketch will be reprinted for the first time, from the periodical that originally contained it, in "Tall Tales of the Southwest," edited by Franklin J. Moine for the Americana Deserta series about to be launched by Alfred A. Knopf. This particular volume is an anthology of nineteenth century Southern and Southwestern humor and will be published in April * * * G. B. Stern's dramatization of her novel, *The Matriarch* (Knopf), left a successful run in Chicago to open at the Adelphi Theatre in Philadelphia on February 17. It will run for one month. It is a Schubert production and is sponsored in Philadelphia by the Professional Players of that city * * * Olav Dunn, famous Norwegian novelist who is already being discussed as a possible Nobel Prize winner in 1930, is the leading representative of a new and extremely significant movement in Norwegian literature, according to the American-Scandinavian Foundation, which believes that his introduction to American readers is an important literary event. He is the chief exponent of the "landmaal" movement, which is creating the modern saga of the Norwegian peasants * * * Thornton Wilder's latest novel, *The Woman of Andros* (Albert and Charles Boni), has just been received for review. Of the book Carl Van Doren says: "No one of Thornton Wilder's novels repeats the theme or method of the preceding one . . . The third (*The Woman of Andros*) is the best of three. *The Woman of Andros* is first and last a work of art, conscious, skilful, exacting, lucid, and graceful."

Leonhard Frank, another young German writer, has recently had his novel, *Carl and Anna*, published by G. P. Putnam's Sons. Frank has been lauded by Thomas Mann who sees a show of great promise in the younger writer.

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Whither Conversation? (editorial)

At Your Own Risk

Farrar and Rhinehart are publishing the new symposium, *Humanism and America*, edited by Norman Foerster of this University. The announcement of its publication has apparently aroused the opponents of the Humanists; for another symposium now in preparation by Brewer and Warren will be called *The Critique of Humanism, Essays in Opposition*. This book will be edited by C. Hartly Grattan. The Humanists have started something. Recently in magazine articles the Humanists and their opponents have been firing shots. Whether or not they will be heard around the world can be told only at a later date.

* * *

James Joyce, one of the most enigmatic figures in modern literature, has been for the past several years a topic of dissension in literary circles. He is, at present, engaged in writing his *Work In Progress*, a gigantic piece of work which is being published from time to time. In this issue of the Magazine Richard A. Chace gives a critical estimate of the man and his work.

* * *

Ex-Mistress anonymously written has recently been published by Bretano's. Two preceding books, *Ex-Wife* and *Ex-Husband*, proved quite popular. It is about time for one of the Brigham Youngites to write a book. *Ex-Mistress* will be reviewed in the next issue of this Magazine.

* * *

Doris Webster and Mary Alden Hopkins have recently compiled a book on etiquette from the answers they got from questionnaires sent to a thousand men and women. The book is quite interesting; and the questions asked and answered are those which would take the attention of the average collegian. One of the questions asked the young men was, "Do Nice Girls Pet?" You might try to guess the answer to that. The book is to be reviewed in the next issue of the Magazine.

* * *

One would be surprised if one knew how many students on this University campus are actually writing poetry—and not all of it so terribly bad, either. True, most of it—that is, most of the poetry that has been submitted to the Magazine—is love-verse; but still, one might establish good proof that it is actually poetry. The call to write verse seems to be a far deeper and more general one than that to write short story and article. But, of course, at a college student's age—well, isn't that natural?

* * *

New poetry magazines seem to be springing up almost every day. Most of them exist for two or three months. Occasionally, one lasts longer. No one seems to know where they disappear to; they are like leaves in winter in that respect. It seems unfortunate that so few magazines are willing to pay for verse.

Their Child

By JAY CURTIS

A BROWN stucco house stood on a hill. There was a great, green lawn, and snow-ball bushes in bloom, and Norway spruces. There were many other trees and exotic shrubs that no one in the country except the designer and owner of the estate knew the names of. There was a negro man who kept everything immaculate around the house, and who dressed very often in a chauffeur's livery and drove the Lincoln from a vine-covered garage. There was a negro woman who kept everything immaculate inside the house. It was her job to cook fine things to eat and care for a tiny girl—a tiny girl who had blue, blue eyes and yellow hair that looked like corn silks. There was a great dog which rumor announced had been brought from a place somewhere called Denmark. But no one knew where Denmark was. The tiny girl played always with the great dog—the great dog that had kindly, sympathetic eyes and a heart that must have understood. A tall man with smooth, white, glistening teeth and shoes that were very black and shining often sat on that wide veranda and read books with green, thick backs and smoked cigarettes which had a very queer smell. Someone thought that the tall man was the tiny girl's father, but no one knew whether the tiny girl had a mother. Perhaps she, like Pandora, was motherless, sent to the earth by father Zeus to open the box of imprisoned human ills. No, she was only an innocent child with golden curls!

No one knew very much about the stucco house and those that inhabited it. Frequently the farmers would gather at the country store as is always the custom and discuss the owner of the estate and his affairs as much as they could guess or imagine. While they whittled away loads of goods boxes they talked a lot about him. They wondered where in the hell he had lived all his life, and why he had come out there in the country and bought up all that pasture land—five hundred acres of it—when everybody knew that if a man rode around in a big automobile and had a "nigger" to drive it for him he could do no good raising cattle. If a man had all that much money he ought to live in the city. If a man never wore overalls he could do no good raising cattle, for it costs too much to hire help nowadays, especially since nobody likes to work on the farm anymore. There were a lot of other things that nobody could tell much about. What were those funny things that Bill Nester saw that day when he went up to the stucco house to enquire about a job working on the farm? Bill said that they were naked and looked just like human beings carved out of soapstone or something. Bill said they made him feel right funny. He said everything was awfully pretty inside that house. There was a picture on the wall that made him feel as if he were looking out a window upon a green valley, and when he got close to it there was nothing but gobs of paint all smeared about on something. Bill said he didn't understand all he knew about it anyway.

All anybody knew about Horace McDonald was that he came out to Hilldale and bought up all the land he could get together and had a beautiful house built—very low—upon a pretty hill. He had a dairy barn built and there were cattle—guernseys. Bill Nester said that Mr. McDonald could make a lot of money from those cattle if

In Friendship

By ARTHUR RIDING

*Though words prove futilely inadequate
And seem to drip caresses uninspired
And lean to graceless forms that are required
And in their very selves annihilate
What I cannot express, I intimate
In these same helpless words what has transpired
Within myself, since I have not acquired
The form in which I would articulate.*

*There's something in you that I find I need,
(Must I define again with feeble word?)
A thing that takes and gives and bids to breed
Respect and kindness so it seems transferred
From inner self of you to be interred
In inner self of me and root its seed.*

he needed it. He also said that Mr. McDonald didn't care for the money but just liked to see cattle grazing on a hillside. He said he could not understand Mr. McDonald at all.

Then Eleanor—that was the tiny girl's name—was crazy about cattle. She would sit on the great veranda in the evening and look across the wide expanse of level land at tiny specks coming down the hillside to water at a brook under a weeping willow. The great dog whose name was Beo would come to her and she would place small arms around his neck and say,

"Beo, aren't they pretty?"

Bill said it almost made him cry to see the little girl looking so lonesome with nobody to look after her but the big dog and the black woman, Josie. But Josie took awfully good care of Eleanor, he said. I told Bill he didn't want to cry at all when he saw the tiny girl looking at the cattle on the hill across the meadow, but that he wanted to paint her picture with the great dog or write a poem about her or something. I told him that maybe he wanted to make up a little lonesome song about the sad, golden-haired little girl. Bill said he hadn't thought about it; said he didn't know about painting pictures or writing poems; said all he knew about was working on a farm or something. I said that I understood.

As time went by the country people became less interested in the affairs of Mr. McDonald as they became more accustomed to them; people are like that. Although the tall man would have a party of five guests at his house for a week, people would say nothing about it unless to mention it casually. It seemed to cease being an object of discussion as to why McDonald never invited any of the local people to his house. They seemed to take it for granted that the local people could not fit into a place like McDonald's. All his guests would impress one as men and women of affairs. Then McDonald was not a man to go to church, and it was not exactly proper to associate with one who did not go to church even if there were invitations. So there you were.

Bill said he heard Eleanor reading one day to the tall man. He said she read almost like a seventh grader; that she read a while and then sang the sweetest song he had ever heard. Bill said he had never heard a song like that one before. Some one suggested that perhaps Eleanor learned to sing from those fine people who came to McDonald's. I said I bet McDonald could sing, too. Bill said, by God, he *could* play that funny piano up there, but it didn't sound much like music to him. I laughed and asked him how he knew he was playing

music. Bill replied that he didn't think that a man like McDonald would just fool with a thing like that. I laughed again.

Things went along as they had; cattle grazed on the hillside and came down to water at a brook under the weeping willow tree. The tall man, the tiny girl, the great dog, and the two black people continued to exist pretty much as they had for quite a while. But one day the tall man and the black man went away in the Lincoln; they were gone a week. When they returned, a very slender woman was with them. She was very beautiful and had lovely, light hair.

When the slender woman saw Eleanor who came to the front of the house around a little concrete pathway along which grew flowers taller than Eleanor herself, she cried out,

"My baby!"

And before anybody could think the tiny girl was in the slender woman's arms, and the slender woman was crying. Eleanor put small arms around a graceful neck and exclaimed,

"Mother! Daddy, you brought my mother back home!"

Josie came out and took the stately woman in her black arms and said, "May de Lawd be praised!" Great tears rolled from out her eyes and down her black face.

Perhaps nothing is more powerful than a few years, a tiny girl with golden curls, memories of a slender woman to make a tall man forget a misunderstanding and open his heart. Perhaps also, memories of that same golden hair are more powerful to make a stately woman forget that same misunderstanding and turn away from the art of Munich and Florence and the music of Berlin and come home.

James Joyce: An Estimate

(Continued from page one)

typed pages in length and is separated into several sections, distinct both in size and technique, for each division is written in a different style, closing, in the final fifty pages, with neither capitals nor punctuation of any sort, one word coming directly after another. The effect is extreme and one's progress is necessarily slow, but Joyce has calculated his impression with the eye—or should I say ear?—of an artist. We are in the mind of a woman lying half-asleep in her warm bed. We begin reading at the point where her husband joins her, and the entire matter of the next fifty pages is given over to her emotional and spiritual response to the proximity and gradual over-lapping of his loved flesh with hers. There is a drowsy langor between the lines, an insistent softness, that extends beyond the printed page and lingers long after the fifty pages have been read. "Ulysses" is the odyssey of the wanderings of one man's mind, its subconscious ramifications, through the period of twenty-four hours. Here we can see, developed beyond his earlier efforts, the significance of the word as sound, the intrinsic emotional stimulus to be found in masterly arrangement and the creation of new words as the need should arise. The following paragraph, picked at random from "Ulysses," may well illustrate his tendency:

"A black crack of noise in the street here, alack, bawled, back. Loud on left Thor thundered: in anger awful the hammerhurler. Came now the storm that hist his heart. And Master Lynch bade him have a care to flout and witwanton as the god

(Continued on page six)

Mine Eyes Dazzle; He Died Young

By JAMES DAWSON

THE oil-tanker came up the broad river, fretted by a little tug, in the dirty light before dawn. She rode far down in the still water, because her tanks were full of gasoline and oil for the city that still slept on the river's elbow. Her awkward funnel, with its discoloured ring of red, dribbled a thin scarf of smoke into the air. The last of the night still lay over the river, blowing its occasional fog-veils across the paling lights of the tanker, ringing them with ghostly haloes.

The hawse-holes, mis-shapen eyes slanting in the tanker's bow, peered at the docks taking shape in the half-light. The ship swung ponderously before the blunt nose of the tug. Her side scraped the barnacled piles and came to rest. Thrown cables thudded on the planking and clacked about worn posts with a secure sound. The tug harumphed asthmatically and slid away into the dusk.

The fat tanker lay at her moorings, still, save for the click of feet across her decks. She had a resigned air, the odd look of a coaster bewildered by the narrow river after her run in the night from the sea. By full morning her tentacles would be out, snaky lines of hose through which the oil would hiss into the dockside tanks. Another night would take her back to the sound and the coast. But now she lay almost silent, while her lights grew yellow and dim in the morning.

A door opened with a fling that sent it clattering against the cabin side. A second engineer stood there in blue dungarees and a blue singlet. A greasy uniform cap was pushed to the back of his head. Between his teeth was a stubby pipe that he dared not light. Turning, he walked through the waist of the ship, where the heavy tanks lay. Near the bow he rested his elbows on the rail and looked down the shore line.

. . . It was almost six years since he had seen these shores. Six years ago he had left them. He had been born in the town that lay there, cradled between the great river and the smaller one. He had gone away from it with a brain full of ringing names: Rangoon, Socotra, Bokwankusu, Malay, Singapore—names that smelled of magic seas to his young head. He had gone away gladly, as out of a drab place. He had been sure that one day he would come back gladly, bronzed and straight, with sun-wrinkles at the corners of his eyes, and the look of a man who has seen the rim of the world and timed his moments by Aldebaran's arc. He had seen himself in blue and gold braid, walking the too-familiar streets, conscious of the attention he was attracting. He had seen many things. . . .

He knew now that he could not blame his uncle for it. That red-faced old man had fed his youth on many spine-prickling tales. He had been master of windjammers, and his past was full of storms. He had brought those great ships out of their dwindling niche in sea fame for the boy. He had taught him the argot of the sea. In him the old sailor had found an eager audience for all the tales that had grown out of his full life. Night after night the boy had sat tranced beside his knees, watching knots grow miraculously under the old fingers. And with those knots had grown the desire that the old man had not been able to untie at

Rondeau

By RICHARD A. CHACE

*We must be brave, we who have goals to seek!
We must move on through all, nor show us weak,
Though friends may think us wrong and men
deride*

*And though there be no other at our side
To rouse our flagging faith. O, never meek,
We must not lessen pride that life may speak
Less harsh in tone, may seem more sweet. Though
bleak*

*And lone our way, ambition's in us cried,
"We must be brave."*

*Though other souls more happy grow more sleek,
Untouched by that which, sateless, seems to
wreak*

*On us that fever which no rest can bide,
In moving on, still hoping, lies our only pride.
Oh, restless comrades who have goals to seek,
We must be brave.*

the last, for all his threats.

There had been that last trip around Hatteras with his uncle. The lad had never understood why the tales stopped after that. But the man did. The Cape had been playful that trip. The old sailor had been proud of the boy because he had not been sick. The crew had been proud of him. When the ship had found the inlet, and was heeling up this same broad river, the second had talked to the boy, sitting on a hatch cover.

"You were cut out for a sailor, son," he had been saying when both of them had looked up to see his uncle standing behind them. The old man had sat down in silence, but the boy had been enthusiastic, babbling that he wanted to be a sailor. Then the old man had talked to him as they watched the town grow out of the river haze. He had dragged in many worn arguments about parents, college, and duty. When they had come into the channel before the town, his uncle had stood up and pointed to the houses on the shore.

"Get yourself one of those," he said, and the boy had thought his voice was like a warning trumpet. "Stick to it and you'll be happy. Get yourself one of these," he pointed to the deck under his feet, "and you'll never be happy."

Even then the boy had thought that the man was a fine figure, standing there with his battered cap, and the canvas cracking behind and far above his head. The old man had tried, but the knots were too tight. . . .

Now he was waiting while the dawn picked out the shore line that he well knew, watching every familiar stretch and curve catch the warm red light. Far up the river the stacks of the mills were beginning to belch blackly. In his memory he heard the whining bite of the saws and smelled the sweet odor of fresh pine. He saw the endlessly moving conveyors that he had so often ridden across the yards to the drying kilns. He saw the floating, rolling logs, and the singing negroes with their great cant-hooks, biting the rough bark. He saw himself, as a boy, running along those log rafts, stepping from free log to free log, sometimes falling between them for a plunge into the cold blackness of the water under.

Closer down was the familiar breakwater of marl rock. Behind it ran a strip of lawn, a shaded

street, and the row of quiet homes. Half a mile it ran, in a straight line of tiny waves, now crimsoned into undulating fire by the streaks in the east. There at the near end was the low pier where he had watched another dawn and recited the Rubaiyat as the sun came up.

He turned, spreading his back along the rail, and looked at the east. The dawn had gathered its serried clouds into ensanguined array. The region of brilliance where the sun was just below the horizon seemed about to explode. As he watched, the unbearably brilliant rim of the sun came over the thin line of the far shore. The river was flooded in the new colour. He found his lips seeking the words with which he had once before met this summer ball. It had seemed almost a god then, surely a King. It was the morning Stephen had smashed his leg, when he had spent a horrible night at the hospital, helping the lone doctor to set the leg and examine it. Before day he had gone down to the river and the pier, to find this sun scattering the doubts that the x-rays had left. He had greeted it like a worshipper, giving the words a hymn-like meaning they did not possess:

"Awake! for Morning in the bowl of Night
Has flung the Stone that puts the Stars to flight,
And lo! the Hunter of the East has caught
The Sultan's turrets in a Noose of Light."

How many sunrises had he seen since that one? One, after a grimy night of coaling in the Pacific, had found him sticky and gritty, and sick with the dawn of a new realization of Romance. One, of burning winds in the Red Sea, had trapped him in the blast-furnace heat of an engine room, naked, and drippingly cursing the God that had created Heat. Another, in an open boat on a January sea, had seen him straining at an oar to save a life that he no longer felt was really valuable. One, in a dirty Chinese port, had left on his arms the touch of women that revolted him.

This, then, was what he had gone out to bring back to the sleepy town. Like a coat of many patches and coloured patterns those things had seemed six years ago. A coat to be brought back and flaunted before these drab towns-people. A coat. . . .

He looked down at the blue singlet, with its grease, and dirt, and engine room wipings. His mouth smiled bitterly as he rubbed his hands on a bit of cotton waste.

The sun was fully up now. The river and the town were new. The morning was the day. He could look far down the street that led to the docks and see men already moving. Flashing white above his head caught his eyes, the gulls that were already looking for food. He tossed a scrap of waste over the rail. One of the birds dived for it and arose screaming, leaving it floating on the oily water. The engineer laughed a laugh that was only an exhalation of his breath.

"Stung," he said.

Then he swung around, conscious that someone was standing beside him. It was the First Engineer, shining with a new shave. He gestured over the rail.

"Going ashore?" he asked.

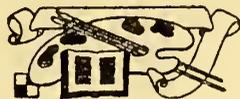
The young man looked off down the river before he answered.

"No."

He turned toward the door.

(Continued on page eight)

Drama and the Arts



by
MILTON GREENBLATT

RUSSIAN FOLK SONGS

(Continued from last issue)

On the Kasanka*

(The melody of this song is a very plaintive one, with a smooth, flowing rhythm, suggestive of the movement of water.)

On the Kasanka, on the tiny little river, swims a blue drake. Ah, la, la-la, la, la. There swims a blue drake.

And on the upper shore goes a pretty boy who looks at himself in the water. Ah, la, la-la, la, la. He looks at himself in the water.

He sees his blond locks, his ringlets, below, in the stream. Ah, la, la-la, la, la. Below, in the stream.

Says he to his locks: "Oh, little blond locks, tell me, who combs you so soft and pretty?" Ah, la, la-la, la, la. Tell me, who combs you so soft and pretty?

There comes a little old woman, and says: "I will comb them." And she shows him at once what she can do. Ah, la, la-la, la, la. She shows him at once what she can do.

She combs the blond locks, she tears, she picks and she pulls, and hurts him very much. Ah, la, la-la, la, la. She hurts him very much.

Then comes a pretty little girl, and says: "I will comb them." And she takes his hair gently. Ah, la, la-la, la, la. She takes his hair gently.

She combs the blond locks, and puts every hair in its place, and strokes it carefully. Ah, la, la-la, la, la. She strokes it carefully.

Doesn't pull him a bit, and gets a kiss for it—Ah, that was just a little joke.

*Tributary to the Volga.

Now We Have Met for the Last Time

(The accompanying melody is somewhat brilliant and spirited, and very much like a dance.)

Now we have met for the last time, my dear friend, happily joined; though, to-morrow early, by the first ray of light, so many eyes will weep about me.

My brother cries, my sisters cry. My father cries, and my dear little mother, too; and the dear little one weeps, she who will soon be mine.

From the government a wagon is coming quickly; it stops right before our house and I hear the officer* say: "Give your son to me for the war."

Then farewell—now it is parting, and the farmer boy will be a soldier; to battle he is destined, for Fatherland and Czar.

*lit. Polish governor of a district.

Convict Song: The Sun Moves Up and Down

The sun moves up and down, but never takes a look at my dungeon. Guards stand before my window, oh, my—day and night—so that I won't run away.

No, I won't run away from you, and my heart groans: "Set me free." My heavy iron chains—oh, my—I'll never break asunder.

Oh you hard, iron, fetters, you're a bad watchman; you don't check just the young life, Oh, my

—you kill the soul, too, with your curse.

Ah, Why So Beautiful

Ah, why was this only night so beautiful, which was so sorrowful and brought me despair. I love only her—and I begged: "Be mine." But all my hope was destroyed by her 'no'.

Did she wish for my death cruelly and coldly? To an old man she sold herself basely for gold. Everything rejoiced in the house. A happy bride was my beloved, but bitter sorrow drove me into my little room.

Blue sky, farewell. On the river I will go. I'll find a grave for my sorrow in the waters . . . Ah, why was this only night so beautiful, which was so sorrowful and brought me despair.

Dreamer

By J. M.

*The dusk struck heaven like a whip with flails
And gashed the sky with hard-flung, brutal stroke
Until the clouds, grown red with bruises, broke
Into cacophonous, sepulchral wails*

*Of unaccustomed anguish; and I saw
Great drops of blood fleck heavily the sea
And felt the grass beneath me yield with awe
To dusk. And there was night, alone with me.*

*Let evenings pass, I said, or days or years
While I stare silently into the dusk.*

*Let evening bring old laughter and old tears
As air about me spills with scent of musk
And music ground from burning mandolins
Gives way to melody of violins.*

*Let evening paint the canvass of my mind
With scenes forgotten, memories that bind
Me to a secret, unremembered love,
Old things that happened in the dark of age. . . .
The night spreads thick across my mind. Above
The heaven frowns in stark, majestic rage
And rumbles low. . . .*

*O, how the web of night
Flows all about me like the cool green waves
Interminably moving. As the flight
Of sea-gulls winging slowly. How it laves
My face, plays on my hair, and sweeps my lips! . . .
Cool evening, and the stars, and yellow ships. . . .*

* * * * *

*A thousand years already have I lain
Here on the grass in evening. Now the drums
Of heaven beat a feeble march of rain,
And dawn snuffs out my dream with stealthy thumbs.*

The Cistern

(Continued from page one)

the note attracted his attention. "Diablo!" he said as he crushed it with his heel, and again he looked at the fight. With darts held aloft Valenzuela's star banderillero drew himself up; he stamped the ground with his foot and called to the bull that snorted quietly in the middle of the ring.

"No, no," cried Augusto.

"Fool, what ails you?" asked one of the Andalusians by him. "They're both in position—let him challenge."

"Diablo!" muttered Augusto. The bull charged; the banderillero hardly moved: he swayed his body slightly and the beast rushed by, receiving the pair of darts neatly atop its shoulder blades. Bravos welled from every tier; the band played a *diana*. Augusto was silent. Valenzuela was preparing to kill the last bull; he was dedicating it to a dandy who sat not far from Augusto's barrera. "Diablo y mil diablos!" said Augusto as he stood up and left

the ring.

He punished his horse with his spurs until he reached his house in Ancona. The massive street door was locked; the porter and the house woman had gone to the feast. He beat on the door with his fists and kicked it and roared for his wife to come out.

"My Dove, my Lamb; what brings you here in this condition?" asked Erminia when at last she opened the door for him. "You frighten me. I did not expect you back so soon—I was asleep in our chamber and the noise that you made startled me. I had to look down from an upper window to reassure myself that it was you, my Love." Her candid solicitude cooled Augusto's ire. "Diablo!" he muttered as he led the horse into the patio and tied it to a small tree. He looked about, below and above.

"That note was not for me," he thought, and he regretted that he had not waited to see Valenzuela's feat. Erminia brought him wine and cakes, and her endeavor to comfort him restored his equanimity. He noticed the fullness of her arms and neck and the color in her face, and he approved. "Come, my blackeyed Darling. Forgive my fit of temper; the trip tired me . . ."

"Yes, Pichoncito," she said coming to him; she stroked his head and did not shrink from him when he put his hands on her.

* * *

It was late when Erminia left the sleeping Augusto and went down to the open hall that led from the street door to the patio. With a great effort she lifted the stone slab that covered the entrance to the great vaulted cistern under the patio. "Come out, my Angel," she whispered into the opening; "the Beast is asleep." The soft-eyed youth emerged. "I come out of deepest hell, Erminia," he said; his voice was weak. "That ledge below is narrow and the darkness overwhelming. The chill of that black water gripped my soul; my caution left me—I tried to lift the slab, to give myself up to your husband's wrath: anything, Darling, to get out of that pit of death. But the narrow ramp that leads out from the ledge is steep and I could find no prop to aid me in lifting up that heavy slab that imprisoned me. I called to you but my voice, also, was entombed—from wall to wall it surged until the water engulfed it . . ." Erminia pressed his head to her breast and smothered his words.

"The Beast is not easily satiated," she whispered. "I had to make certain that he slept before I dared to come to release you. You must go; he sleeps soundly now, but he may wake. The night air will cure your perturbation since my kisses may not. At another time we will laugh over this. Go, my Lover . . ."

* * *

Came the feasts of the Covadonga, and Augusto was off for three days of Madrid. "I shall walk to town," he had said; "I have no use for a horse there."

Erminia had written to Pablo to remind him of the Covadonga: . . . three days of respite; and he'll not be anxious to walk back. And should he come sooner than we want him (but we never want him, do we, my Love?) I will have the slab of your old tomb already open waiting for your interment—I told you that we would laugh over that. The laugh is on old Nicanor, the grandsire of the

(Continued on page six)

BEST SELLERS AT THE BULL'S HEAD

Chas. and Mary Beard: *Rise of American Civilization* (Macmillan).
Walt Whitman: *Leaves of Grass* (Everymans).
Swift: *Gulliver's Travels* (Oxford).
Rostand: *Cyrano de Bergerac* (Modern Library).
Chaucer: *Canterbury Tales* (Modern Library).
Homer: *Illiad* (Modern Library).
Anatole France: *Thais* (Modern Library).
Zweig: *The Case of Sergeant Grischa* (Grossett and Dunlap).

The Cistern

(Continued from page five)

Beast. He built it—who knows? perhaps to catch the waters of a second Flood (they say he was crazy); but he really built it for you, my Love. Even were the Beast to go there after you, you could go around the ledge with greater ease than he could—should you find some impediment in the unexplored depths you could easily contrive to make the corpulent Augusto topple over; while he was in his icy bath you could escape . . .

* * *

Once again the neighbor Paco saw Pablo enter after Augusto had left. He urged his burro on. "Good day," he greeted his neighbor as he caught up with him. "I see you have left your fine mount, don Augusto; will you ride my little beast a while?"

"Good day, Paquito. Thank you, no; the walk to Madrid is not tiring."

"No, Madrid is not far, but I thought you might want to return to Ancona; I thought . . ."

"Ancona? Fool, what . . ."

"I was in the bull ring when Valenzuela and El Gallo were alternating. I saw you there. You did not wait for the end; you left suddenly—before Valenzuela had finished his last bull."

"What are you saying, fool?"

"All was well in Ancona, was it not, don Augusto? Your house in order; doña Erminia waiting for you—did you look in the cistern?"

"The cistern! Mil diablos!" Augusto stopped.

"This afternoon, as I left . . ."

"To hell with you, Paco. Diabolo y mil diablos!" He reclined on a boulder by the side of the road and growled quietly.

"If you will not ride my beast, don Augusto, I must go. I will see you in town."

* * *

"The Beast, the Beast, Pablito! To the cistern—lose no time . . ." Erminia urged the youth to the stairs; down to the hall he rushed. But all was quiet there. The massive door was standing ajar, and no one beat on it. He stopped: before him gaped the black opening to the cistern, the heavy slab propped up ready to swallow him. He shuddered; he kicked the prop and the slab fell over the hole with a muffled thud. He went to the door and looked out; the street was empty.

"Our alarm is unfounded," he said to Erminia who was now beside him. "But we grow incautious; we left the door open. Here, give me that key."

"I was certain that I heard the Beast bellowing at me," said Erminia, "but it must have been some street noise."

"No, I, too, heard it; it was Satan calling to me from that entrance to hell that you left open for me. Erminia, never open that dark cavern for me

Revelation

By DOROTHY MUMFORD

*It is not long since erring I had thought
That beauty dwelt, a separate God, alone
Within the forms of things—since I had sought
To hear her oracle speak in the tone
Of organ music, low, inside the stone
Of heavy walls; or wandering on the hill
Where the pale spirits of the wind had flown,
Not long since I had knelt for her to fill
My empty hands, and waiting at her will
All through the dim grey vigil of the dawn,
Arose at last, half unrequited still,
And yet unknowing would have softly gone,
Had you not come to turn my eyes on high
Where they had missed a white star in the sky.*

again. I will grapple with the Beast should he catch me in his lair, but never with the gelid stillness of the cistern."

"Let us forget the Beast and the cistern, my Turtle Dove; let no ill thought mar our enjoyment of the Covadonga."

* * *

The three days of the Covadonga passed swiftly and the youth left Erminia to wait alone for her impetuous master. But Augusto did not return. At the end of a week Erminia called the Alcalde; they searched for Augusto in Madrid but they found no trace of him. His disappearance mystified Ancona.

It was long after the Pascua season that they went down into the cistern: Paco the neighbor thought of it as being the only place left unexplored. There in its black water they found the body of Augusto. The mystery of his death increased; the Madrid police took over the case and then left it. Those of Ancona said that it was the work of the Evil One.

* * *

Pablo regards Erminia as she brings him cakes and wine. Her arms and neck have lost their fullness and there is no color in her cheeks. She runs her fingers through his hair. "You do not look well, my Angel," she whispers, and draws his head to her breast. "You are pensive; are you ill?" He is thinking of the wench he saw in the street as he was coming to his house.

James Joyce: An Estimate

(Continued from page three)

self was angered for his hellprate and paganry. And he that had erst challenged to be so doughty waxed pale as they might all mark and shrank together and his pitch that was before so haught uplift was now of a sudden quite plucked down and his heart stood within the cage of his breast as he tasted the rumour of that storm. Then did some mock and some jeer and Punch Costello fell hard to his yale which Master Lenehan vowed he would do after and he was indeed but a word and a blow on any the least colour. But the braggart boaster cried that an old Nobodaddy was in his cups it was muchwhat indifferent and he would not lag behind his lead. But this was only to dye his desperation as cowed he crouched in Horne's hall. He drank indeed at one draught to pluck up a heart of any grace for it thundered long rumblingly over all the heavens so that Master Madden, being godly certain whiles, knocked him on his ribs upon that crack of doom and Master Bloom, at the braggarts side spoke to him calming words to slumber his

(Continued on page eight)

Books

ANOTHER WAR NOVEL

TEN THOUSAND SHALL FALL. By David King. Duffield and Co., 1930. \$2.50. 187 pp.

It is unfortunate for the author and the publishers that this book appears at a time when the reading public is gasping for breath under an avalanche of so-called war novels. The wave of horror produced by "All Quiet" has subsided, and the inevitable reaction has set in. In comparison to Remarque's work the numerous war-books published recently are tame indeed; *Ten Thousand Shall Fall* is no exception.

Mr. King brings the bitter indictment against war to be expected from a sensitive and intelligent man. Perhaps the incurable addict of morbid thrills and sadistic enjoyments will delight in his vividly gruesome descriptions, but they become nauseous repetitions of unpalatable details to other readers. Passages such as this occur frequently—"Horrible apparitions crawled out of shell holes and looked at us as we went by. A thing with no face—only four caverns in a red mask, where eyes, nose and mouth had been—mooed and gibbered at us as it heard the clink of accoutrements passing. Some strong-minded humanitarian put a bullet into it as we filed by."

Evidently the title is derived from the Ninety-first Psalm of David "A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee." An introduction by Hendrik Van Loon adds considerably to whatever attractiveness the book possesses, while numerous photographic illustrations contribute some measure of reality to an otherwise unreal and rather fantastic series of incidents. Mr. Van Loon describes David King as he was before the war and again as he appeared after four years in the trenches had taken their physical and spiritual toll—"no longer a creature of flesh and blood but one composed of the usual ingredients plus a considerable quantity of platinum and silver" who hobbled and coughed distressingly, and was willing and even eager to describe the ghastly things he had experienced. But Mr. Van Loon emphasizes the propaganda value of King's book, which is very slight in view of the popular revulsion against war already achieved by the deluge of similiar works and the reading public's satiety with them.

The author became a member of the Second Regiment of the French Foreign Legion upon graduating from Harvard at the outbreak of the war, and was later transferred to the 170th French infantry. He describes the holocaust of Verdun and the Battle of the Somme. After America's entry into the war he secured his transfer to the Expeditionary Forces, but the Armistice found him serving with the espionage section in Switzerland. In the trenches King was a chum of Alan Seeger, famous war poet, whose name appears frequently in the book.

Although *Ten Thousand Shall Fall* abounds in vivid picturization, and the art of the true raconteur is evident in it at intervals, it is little more than a personal confession of bitter disillusionment disguised as a novel.

GLENN HOLDER.

"The most influential books, and the truest in their influence, are works of fiction."

—R. L. Stevenson

EPIC OF THE PRIZE RING

IRON MAN. By W. R. Burnett. Lincoln MacVeagh-The Dial Press: New York. 312 pps. \$2.

There is a new *picaresque* novel on the rise in America and W. R. Burnett is the one man who seems to be striking this new note with more vehemence than any other. Burnett has astonished the literary world in the United States by having his first novel, *Little Caesar*, a novel on gang warfare in Chicago, selected as the best volume for June 1929 by the Literary Guild, and his second, *Iron Man*, chosen by the Book-of-the-Month-Club as the best book published in January of this year.

In explanation of his work, Burnett recently said—"Working toward a purely objective type of writing, I select simple types; types not unduly influenced by thought." *Caesar Bandello* and *Coke Mason* are extremely simple men. W. R. Burnett's literary method starting with these simple characters, some of whom border on morosity, depends upon a simple vocabulary, and a reportorial style, truthfulness, and a certain vigorous manliness, which has no qualms about rawness. His style is dramatic. He has, more than any other recent novelist, gotten away from tortuous psychological delineations, phobias, and phycoses. His work is fresh, exhilarating, and original.

Iron Man is an epic of the prize-ring. Its creator has no compromise to make with his realism. Burnett starts with the major premises that there is an essential decency in men, and that men are loyal and loving. Brutality and sordidness are incidental and only natural with him. Hemingway sees these last qualities magnified, and therefore, in our opinion, must bow to a greater interpreter in Burnett.

Iron Man concerns itself with the rise of a mechanic's helper who climbs to the middleweight championship of the United States under the direction of an ex-pool room manager. *Coke Mason* is as dumb a prize-fighter as ever sent opponents to the canvass. He fails in his utter simplicity—his complete trust in a gold-digging wife who is the cause of his final undoing by isolating him from his old influences and "refining" him to the point of weakness. *Regan*, the hard-drinking, fast-living manager stands opposite *Mason* in importance. He and the pugilist are united by a deep-rooted masculine emotion, their attachment being finally broken by *Mason's* wife but never completely destroyed. The action moves from the beginning in steadily increasing tempo until it ends with a cyclonic sweep striking a tragic, powerful, and dignified note.

An excellent picture of *Coke* is gained from his own words—"Look," she said (his wife), holding out one of the letters, "From Calcutta."

"Calcutta!" *Coke* exclaimed. "Who the hell's he?"

Burnett was born in Springfield, Ohio, November 25, 1899. His early education was gotten in the public schools of Ohio and the Miami Military Institute, where he knocked out the middleweight champion of the school the first day after he arrived on the institute grounds. He later matriculated at the University of Ohio where he received instruction in journalism. His interests wavered for several years between the vaudeville stage, the prize-ring, and a jazz-band. For six years he was connected with the statistical department of the Bureau of Industrial Relations of the State of Ohio.

Poem for a Lover

By ARTHUR RIDING

*Orpheus, with the music of his lyre,
Moved Pluto's tears and rolled back Hades' gate
To claim Eurydice again. I fête
The Thracian poet's cunning and admire
His steadfast fortitude; but I acquire
A sudden longing to annihilate
An obstacle more perilous than Death.
Love makes me strong and gives me will to grin
At myriad deaths and whets my sword to thin
The ranks of legions. Trivial is breath
When such a love as mine calls me to aid.
I will face hell and heaven unafraid.*

For some years he was a resident of Chicago and thus was well acquainted with the background of his novel *Little Caesar*.

J. E. DUNGAN.

THE DECAY OF A DELUSION

CORONET. By Manuel Komroff. Coward-McCann. Price \$3.00. 677 pp.

For a long novel like *Coronet* to attain such wide popularity and approval contradicts the common belief that the day of long novels is passed. While it is true that the spirit of the times demands that novels be short, a notable literary achievement such as *Coronet* could not go unnoticed in any age that professes to be interested in literature. Within the range of a long book the author is able to treat a subject adequately that could not be handled in a shorter work. Viewing life from a high pinnacle he is able by presenting the lives of several generations to get a perspective that is not otherwise attainable. Thus one views more clearly the larger movements in human events.

In *Coronet* Mr. Komroff traces the history of a crown from 1600 when it was made by a goldsmith in Florence for the Count of Senlis to 1920 when a descendant of this noble family has it in his possession when he marries a rich American girl. The story opens with the rise of two pig raisers to power in Florence and closes with the marriage of the daughter of a wealthy Chicago pork packer to an European count.

Taking as his thesis the decay of the delusion of aristocracy the author shows the rise of various noble classes. First, there is the nobility of birth which comes into great prominence during the Renaissance; this gives way to the rule of the military nobility under Napoleon; with the failure of Napoleon's Russian campaign we have a decay of the military rule and the rise of Nietzsche with his supermen and the rule of intellect and freedom. Finally, in our own day wealth mounts the throne, and the aristocracy of money rules.

Remarkable portraits of great historical figures are contained in the novel. In the portrayal of Napoleon and the Russian campaign we have a new vigor and a freshness in a subject that has been treated many times. Glimpses of Chopin when he was deserted by his aristocratic friends and died in poverty; sketches of Balzac in his quest for a title, and descriptions of Nietzsche in his last days furnish the reader with a lucid portrayal of historical events.

Countless characters enter the story which moves at a swift rate. Yet never do they become mere types and symbols, but are always human beings in

flesh and blood. With a remarkable gift for characterization the author carries his people through tense drama and light dialogue with the same genuine note. There is abundant energy about the story, and the style is direct, swift, simple, and powerful.

J. D. McNAIRY.

MANY LOVES

FALSE SPRING. By Beatrice Kean Seymour. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 334 pps. \$2.50.

Mrs. Seymour is the wife of William Kean Seymour, the English poet, and has published seven novels previous to this one.

False Spring is the story of a woman. Mrs. Seymour spends her early chapters in establishing a background for her heroine by running back to sketch her immediate ancestors, briefly but quite clearly. Particular attention she pays to Virginia's Aunt Frank Hussey, who is to become an annoying instrument in the later chapters. Aunt Frank hates Virginia because Virginia's mother got the man that Frankie wanted, according to Virginia's grandmother. ("The Hussey women are all hussies, you know. . .")

Virginia, living with Aunt Frankie, is caught up in love with Stacey Russell, a novelist whose wife "doesn't understand him." She runs off to Italy with him, and he dedicates his book, finished there, to her. His wife, who understands him better than he knows, takes Virginia in after his death in the Boer war. Virginia falls disastrously in love with Richard, at nineteen, and is prevented from marrying him by Aunt Frankie. Virginia takes a position in a clinic and falls in love with Frank Norman, hopelessly in love with his own wife. She marries a professor of literature in self-defense, and compiles a family. Her three children grow up, and Mrs. Seymour concerns herself with them for the remainder of the story, although you can never quite lose sight of Virginia, who saves young Terry Wakefield's happiness, after she has committed the same "sin" that cost Virginia her own.

Mrs. Seymour's plot is the whole book. It runs smoothly and evenly, without the tiniest click in the jumping of years or miles. Her transitions are well made. Her writing misses being beautiful, but it is clear and concise, sometimes approaching harshness. There are passages which somehow jar the eye, such as:

"She went to Como . . . with him, where they lived in the inn which looked over the lake. Stacey write in the one and bathed in the other. . ."

Her characters are well and feelingly drawn. She has a peculiar faculty for putting a finger on the weak spots of her people, but the finger is always gentle and understanding. Her occasional thrusts at conventions and institutions are never bitter, but are none the less forceful.

JAMES DAWSON

SIMPLICITY AND BEAUTY

THE KING WITH THREE FACES (and other poems). By Marjorie Allen Seiffert. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 120 pps. \$2.

The King With Three Faces is the third book of Mrs. Seiffert's poetry. It is preceded by *A Woman of Thirty* and *Ballads of the Singing Bowl*. Mrs. Seiffert's greatest claim as a poetess is that she writes naturally, and such in the present day entitles one

(Continued on page eight)

Simplicity and Beauty

(Continued from page seven)

to no little distinction. The title poem is a long narrative piece in irregular, rhymed form. The allegory is significant. The enigmatic life of an inner world of things is disguised in the familiar terms of sense and sight. The poetess makes an indictment against the machine civilization of ours. The language of the poem is simple, but one cannot fail to appreciate the rhythmical qualities of the verse and the dexterity with which the poetess handles her material.

The remainder of the book is concerned with short, lyrical poems. The section of sonnets, entitled "In Quest of a Phantom," is the best. In quite a bit of her poetry there is an undercurrent of despair. Many of the poems are concerned with a semi-tragic love; and others give the impression of one who is despairing of fading Beauty. A melancholy shines dully through the lines. While there is nothing strikingly unusual in her themes, she treats them in such a manner that they do not appear old; rather they gleam with a freshness and a simplicity which can scarcely fail to delight the reader. In some of her poetry, notably "Iron Fare," there is an attitude of courage which is maintained in the face of obstacles. Her sonnet "Enigma" is brilliant and forceful and beautiful in its simplicity.

*Often I closed my eyes, and shut away
All but your lips, because your look was bleak
And silent. This I did until one day
I opened them and saw the curve of your cheek.
Hidden from me till then, although so near,
I saw the faint, unhappy smile that came,
Quivered a moment, only to disappear
Drowned like a pitiful and trembling flame,
Quenched in your eyes, where secrecy and pride
Lay like dark waters. Now at last I knew
The loneliness, the hunger that would hide
Behind the passionate arrogance in you.
I wonder if love had any part in this,
Asking the bitter solace of my kiss?*

The last poem in the book, "Noah's Ark, a Play for Toys," is a whimsical and fantastic drama, poignant in its utter directness and verbal clarity. The book is well-worth reading.

J. M.

LIFE AND MORALS

THE FOREIGNER IN THE FAMILY. By Wilfred. Benson. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 300 pps. \$2.00.

Wilfred Benson, a young British novelist, is attracting considerable attention in British literary circles by his novel *The Foreigner in the Family*.

The book is a novel of manners, or rather, and more aptly, a comedy of errors. So far as is evident from a perusal of the volume, Mr. Benson's preconceived effect appears to be comedy only, but in addition he has exhibited literary ability in his characterization, and by inuendo sets up as his thesis the conflicting British and French attitudes toward life and morals.

It is quite apparent with which side this young Britisher sympathizes. Uniquely enough here is a man born in the British Isles who has an international attitude, and an appreciation for qualities his mother race has not. Benson even intimates that he thinks the morality of *nouveau-riche* British shop keepers is cruel, or at the least cowardly.

One doesn't look for plot in comedies of man-

Sophister

By MARGARET BEAUFORT MILLER

*He who has lain beneath two hills
And sucked at nerve and vein
Must feed in gnawing wonder
The cities of the plain*

*For he has clutched the fallow earth
Confounded it with dung
Erected on the verities
A lean and twisting tongue*

*And he has watched the crafty mind
Sow seeds along the heart
Engraft upon the absolute
Faint sophistries of art*

*And curling tendrils of the brain
Thrust out and touch the flesh
Curious of that quivering
Ensnared within the mesh.*

The Writers

Richard A. Chace, associate editor, writes a competent estimate of the enigmatic James Joyce, whose *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* delighted many readers and whose *Ulysses* puzzled more * * * J. J. Slade, Jr., is the author of a series of articles which appeared in the MAGAZINE during the last quarter and has written several stories * * * Jay Curtis, associate editor, is the gentleman who has been condemned and valiantly defended for his last story, *Embers of the Gleam* * * * James Dawson contributes his first story to the MAGAZINE this year. He has been a consistent contributor of some excellent verse * * * Dorothy Mumford and Margaret Beaufort Miller have contributed verse of the highest order. Both are students at this University * * * Arthur Riding is the pen-name of a local writer * * * J. E. Dungan is on the staff of the MAGAZINE and is author of *The Cocksure Intelligentsia* which appeared recently in this publication * * * Julian James has done book reviews and poetry for several magazines under another name * * * J. D. McNairy is an assistant editor of *The Daily Tar Heel* and has reviewed a number of books for the MAGAZINE * * * John Wardlaw is the founder of Jack Wardlaw's Orchestra. * * * Glenn Holder is editor of *The Daily Tar Heel*. * * * Milton Greenblatt is a contributing editor of the MAGAZINE.

ners, and in *The Foreigner in the Family* you will find only enough to hold your interest. Madame and Monsieur de Boncourt of Paris, husband and wife of a year's standing, plan to journey to Shep-penhanger in England in order to visit the English home and the English parents of Mme. deBoncourt. That lady is much perturbed over how her family will react to her husband's French ideals and manners.

The Smythe-Jackson's, parents of Madame de Boncourt, as well as their menage and village succeed well in misunderstanding de Boncourt, and embroiling him with a housemaid, and his sister-in-law who has romantic and designing intentions. Through it all, Madame, completely made over according to the French manner, stands loyally and understandingly by, and even rises in the climax and the first part of the denouement to mastery of the situation and to primary importance.

The sub-plot, such as it is, concerns itself with the attachment that Andrew Readingley, a decadent

aristocrat, has for the house-maid of the Smythe-Jacksons, and how, through de Boncourt's French morality, Readingley is brought into what his family call a mesalliance with her.

J. E. DUNGAN.

Mine Eyes Dazzle; He Died Young

(Continued from page four)

"I'm studying navigation;" and then for the First, who had pride for a sailor, "There's nothing but nice girls and niggers in this town."

He went off down the deck toward the open door. He had almost forgotten that a bath and a bed were waiting for him down there.

James Joyce: An Estimate

(Continued from page six)

great fear, advertising how it was no other thing but a hubbub noise that he heard, the discharge of fluid from the thunderhead, look you, having taken place, and all of the order of a natural phenomenon."

In his latest volume, still in preparation, tentatively entitled "Work in Progress," of which the periodical *Transition*, published in Paris, has given us frequent and startling passages, one sees the technique developed to a logical and bewilderingly beautiful extreme. Here the English language is now no more than a remote background to a vocabulary he has created for his own benefit and to manipulate for his own individual harmonic effects. Here language is all music and the words merely notes. Some of his new word-fusions show subtle adaptability of matter to nicety of meaning. In such an example as his "voise" we have a combination of the word voice with the word noise and the new word thus created gives a valuable and distinctive addition, a delicate shade, to a language by no means sufficiently plastic.

It remains to be seen, of course, just how much James Joyce will be accepted by the reading public, but I think it is safe enough to wager that he will always remain a figure accessible only to the few who have the patience to struggle through and approximate his highly developed genius. Only those who care to penetrate and explore a new world will remain to enjoy his unique gifts, after the merely curious and more easily satisfied will return to their detective stories. Joyce, as was the visionary Blake before him, is a figure outside of his own generation who is not concerned with the passing whims or needs of any period or people. If we can appreciate his tales, so much the better; if not—all right. The material remains.

"To have firmness of character means to have experienced the influence of others on oneself."

—Henri Beyle

Purpose

By JAMES DAWSON

*Transfigured wavelets lap this marshy bar,
Since sleepy-figured dawn has come to say,
Be purposeful. The night's last lonely star*

*Becomes a goal at which gulls wing their way,
Forgetting fish and food. These cypress knees
Lift proudly humble heads above the tide,*

*As though to draw new life from those decrees
Which only I, insouciant, cast aside.*

The Carolina Magazine

Literary Supplement to The Daily Tar Heel

Volume 1

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Number 10

Rupert Brooke: The Great Lover

A Short Sketch Of One Of The World's Beloved Poets

By JAY CURTIS

FORTUNATE are biographers who can discuss the qualities of a man and his works without permitting some unimportant fancy to influence them in their treatment. They often lose themselves in their own enthusiasm for the person about whom they are writing and thus do their readers a harm. Also it is frequent that they underestimate great men by attempting to compare them with others who are unlike them, and, in the light of the comparison, seem greater than they. It is difficult to draw adequate comparisons of men of letters, for often their greatness lies in their individuality and in their unlikeness to others.

Perhaps it was Rupert Brooke's individuality more than anything else that won for him an undying name as an English poet. Perhaps he succeeded as no one else to bring a bit of freshness into a literature threatening to grow stale. Certainly he was most individual in materials and methods, never a conformist without a touch of the unusual for flavor. He was charmingly spontaneous, bubbling over with life, tingling with its vital sensations, effervescent. Just as pleasantness characterizes a breeze on a hot summer day, so does vitality characterize the writing of Rupert Brooke.

Born of a prominent English family, his father being a teacher at Rugby, young Brooke, well-bred, handsome, intellectual and athletic, personified the ecstasy of youth. At Cambridge he took his classical degree in 1909, afterwards spending some time in Munich as a student of art and the classics. From Munich he returned to live at Grantchester where he busied himself with writing, fitting himself to be the *Great Lover* as he was called after his tragic death on Scyros.

He was a lover of the earth; he was madly in love with life—the mortal life. Steadfastly he clung to the things of the earth, failing to identify himself with other things of another place. Although he tried to exult in death his every word was a cry against it. He tried to free himself from the chains that bound him to the earth, but he failed. His life was a life of the earth; his loves were the things of the earth. How he reveled in contemplating the common things that came under his observation!

... the strong crust of friendly bread; and many tasting food;

Raindrops; and bitter-blue smoke of burning wood; And radiant raindrops, couching in cool flowers . . .

These are the things he loved. He buoyantly and smilingly wrote about them; buoyantly and smilingly lived with them. In a vivid and vital flow he poured out his very soul—the soul of Eng-

Any Salome To Any John

By LEWIS ALEXANDER

*If you had looked at me, you would have seen.
I saw you not through eyes of flesh alone;
But saw your spirit crystalized atone
For its not being sensitive and keen.
I saw you and I loved you. Saw the spleen
Drip like rank poison from your venom tongue;
Piercing my heart as though a snake had stung
The very temple which you called unclean.
I was a virgin ere I heard your voice.
You were a virgin too before I spoke.
My pleadings to you latent yearnings woke
And told your lying soul I was your choice.
Your burning body caused you to retreat,
And death alone gave me love's bitter sweet!*

lish youth. His every poem is redolent of flashing eye and quickening pulse, vibrant; his versatility is never-ending.

In the balmy South Seas he floats and dreams languorously.

*Hear the calling of the moon,
And the whispering scents that stray
About the idle warm lagoon . . .
Or floating, lazy, half asleep . . .*

Throughout the works of Brooke is found a consistent effort to be real, actual, natural. He sought to make his expressions as real as the things themselves. Words and ideas were all-important to him; and of them he was a master.

Perhaps Brooke's greatest charm lies in his ability to collect specific details and arrange them in a compact, natural whole, leaving a beautiful, finished product. He uses seemingly irrelevant experiences and incidents to create a poem living and alive, consistent and beautiful. In this one way, if in no other, he was the height of creative genius.

In "The Old Vicarage, Grantchester" there is a delightful appearance of idyllic narration and description, fleeting glances of landscapes that he knew and loved, joyous outbursts of feeling.

When one thinks of Rupert Brooke one thinks of the sonnet. He was a master of the dramatic sonnet, able to create eloquent, proud situations and have them tragically reversed as in "The Hill":

*Breathless, we flung ourselves on the windy hill,
Laughed in the sun and kissed the lovely grass.
You said, 'Though glory and ecstasy we pass;
Wind, sun, and earth remain, the birds sing still,
When we are old, are old. . . ' And when we die
All's over that is ours; and life burns on
Through other lovers, other lips,' said I,*

*—'Heart of my heart, our heaven is now, is won!
'We are the Earth's best, that learnt her lesson here.
Life is our cry. We have kept the faith!' we said;
'We shall go down with unreluctant tread*

(Continued on page three)

The Mask: A Fantasy

By RICHARD A. CHACE

CHARACTERS

LOUISE
PAUL, her lover
JIM, his friend

SCENE: A garden bench.

TIME: The present. A summer evening.

It is a soft night in June. A large moon high in the heavens makes a delicate pattern of light and shade across the thick darkness, partially revealing a stone bench a little to the left, hid from the rest of a spacious garden by a discreet group of shrubs near by. Now and then the distant strains of an orchestra can be faintly heard. A house-party is in progress.

Upon the bench sit two figures—those of a young man and a girl. One can see little definitely in the darkness to distinguish them from any other boy and girl save that they are earnest—and very young. After a long moment of silence, she suddenly disengages herself from his arms and rises.

Louise—I'm sorry, dear, but I must go. (*He frowns.*) I must. I'll be back, dear—in a moment. Wait here. There's something I'll want to tell you then.

Paul (*Still frowning.*)—But why run away now? Come back at once, dear. (*She smiles.*) Every second will be an hour.

Louise—Truly? Do you love me, Paul? Say it again before I leave you. I want to hear you say it just once again.

Paul (*Catches her hand.*)—All right. I love you. I love you. That's twice. Kiss me.

Louise (*Kisses him twice.*)—We're quits, dear. Wait.

Paul—Hurry.

She goes out quickly and Paul is alone. He hums abstractedly a moment, then stops short and seems to muse on something serious and very pleasant. Enter Jim, a well-dressed young man, who stares confusedly about a moment, until he finds Paul.

Paul (*Still lost in contemplation, but coming to when Jim reaches him.*)—Hello, Jim!

Jim—Paul. I've been looking all over for you. Where have you been?

Paul—Here. Ever since dinner.

Jim—Why? You've not been alone?

Paul (*Concealing his happiness with difficulty.*)—No.

Jim—Who then?

Paul (*Confused.*)—Louise.

Jim—Louise! Oh, Paul.

Paul—What's the matter? Don't you like her?

Jim—Yes; of course. But what about Rita? Paul, she's hurt and wondered what was wrong. Have you forgotten her so soon?

Paul (*Happily.*)—Oh, Jim, Rita doesn't matter now. I thought once I loved her, but I've never

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CIRCULATION MGR.....G. W. THOMAS, JR.

Sunday, April 6, 1930

"I am ready to agree that one must judge the soundness of a system of life by the perfect representative of its supporters."

—de Stendhal

A READABLE PUBLICATION

There is a suggestion in the air of making *The Carolina Magazine* a "readable" publication. This suggestion has been suspended in the air for some seven or eight years. "Readable publication" is a vague phrase. In itself it connotes nothing definite and nothing constructive. The *Bookman* is a readable publication; so is *True Stories* a readable publication.

Precisely what does *readable* mean? There has been a hint that it means available for all, which is, of course, impossible. Just as the *Bookman* and *True Stories* are not available to all persons, *The Carolina Magazine* is not available to all students. Were the Magazine read by every student on the campus the editor would be a genius or a freak (and both, perhaps, are sometimes dangerous).

There have been pleas for a greater element of lightness in the Magazine. The purpose of the *Carolina Buccaneer* is to furnish for this campus that element of levity which some seem to see necessary as a balance for the solemnity and seriousness fostered by "a college education." The material in the Magazine is not limited to stories alone, because this publication is a workshop for the creative minds on the campus. Perhaps there are not enough stories printed. Should this be the case, every student on the campus is invited to submit stories, and no one of sufficient merit and quality will be rejected unless lack of space prevents their publication. The short story and the sketch have not been contributed this year in any abundance. Almost every one available has been used.

The editors request the students to cooperate in making the Magazine more widely read. This can be done if students will contribute.

At Your Own Risk

Thomas Wolfe, graduate of this University, the author of *Look Homeward, Angel*, and Jonathan Daniels of Raleigh, N. C., and author of *Clash of Angels*, have been awarded Guggenheim Fellowships for creative writing abroad.

* * *

Audrey Newell's *Who Killed Cavelotti?* (Century) has no dedication. When questioned as to the omission, she replied that when she announced to her family that she was going to omit the customary dedication, they suggested the following inscription: "To My Husband—without whose help this book might have been finished sooner."

* * *

The novel form of *Journey's End*, by R. C. Sherriff and Vernon Bartlett has just been published by Frederick A. Stokes. drama, the novelists have filled in the Released from "the rigid conventions of the the next issue of the Magazine.

ground. This book will be reviewed in story with richer detail and wider background. This book will be reviewed in the next issue of the Magazine.

* * *

Thornton Wilder's *The Woman of Andros* (A. & C. Boni) sold 750 copies in a New York bookshop the first four days after publication. Re-orders from the publishing firm on the day of publication totalled 1,000 copies. *The Woman of Andros* is the third of Wilder's novels and is reviewed in this issue.

* * *

Nella Larsen has just been awarded a Guggenheim Fellowship for one year's creative writing abroad. She is the author of *Quicksand* and *Passing* (Knopf).

* * *

Willa Cather's *A Lost Lady* will soon be published in the Czechoslovakian. Knopf has just sold the rights for that country to the firm of Aventura.

* * *

The manuscript of Alfred Neumann's *Guerra* (Knopf) was pencilled in long-hand on only thirty-six pages; while these pages when set made 332 pages of type!

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Literary Chronicle

The death of D. H. Lawrence will prove a great loss to English letters. Lawrence was the author of several novels, books of poetry, and many stories. His exact value to the world of literature is at present under debate. In a recently published pamphlet, *Pornography and Obscenity*, he presented his views on the matter of obscene literature, much of which he has been accused by critics of writing.

* * *

C. K. Scott Montcrieff, famous translator, died at the English Nun's Hospital in Rome on the first of March. Mr. Montcrieff will be remembered in the world of letters as the translator of Proust's *A La Recherche du Temps Perdu*. His version of *Chanson de Roland*, those many translations of Stendhal's novels and of the works of Pirandello brought him unique distinction.

* * *

Marietta Minningerode Andrews, author of many books, has just published her first novel, *The Seventh Wave* (A. & C. Boni). This book tells the story of a boy in the younger days of the Nineteenth century in our own West—a boy who rebelled against the whole ethical fabric of pioneer America. This novel will be reviewed in the next issue of the Magazine.

* * *

BEST SELLERS AT THE BULL'S HEAD

Outline of History, by H. G. Wells (Garden City).
Life of Pasteur, by Vallery-Radot (Garden City).
The Sun Also Rises, by Ernest Hemingway (Modern Library).
The Bridge of San Luis Rey, by Thornton Wilder (Grossett & Dunlap).
The Tree Named John, by John B. Sale (U. N. C. Press).
The Forsythe Saga, by John Galsworthy (Scribners).
History of English Literature, by Legouis and Cazamian (Macmillan).

* * *

James Weldon Johnson is writing the story of Harlem. It will be called *Black Manhattan* and will be published by Alfred A. Knopf.

* * *

The first complete English translation of Ivan Goncharov's *Oblomov* has just been published. In the past it has been available to English readers only in an abridged and inadequate version. The place held by *Oblomov* in the Russian literature of the nineteenth century is unique and important.

* * *

Knopf has just published the latest prose fiction of Thomas Mann, 1929 Nobel Prize winner. The book, *Early Sorrow*, is the portrayal of a young girl's inarticulate love.

Prometheus

By ARTHUR RIDING

A MILKY sheet was tucked under David's chin—a sheet as white as his face—place me facing the window—he had told the kind nurse; and she had moved him gently where he could look down into the yard and see the jonquils blooming and the tall grass waving. The doctor had told David that he was very sick; and David was too sick to comprehend the utter seriousness of the doctor—the old grey doctor with nice eyes and wrinkled fingers.

David's room was small. A bed, a table, a window, a chair. Over his bed hung a painting by Rembrandt. There were other pictures on the walls—cheap reprints: Franz Hal's *Laughing Mandolin Player* with merry eyes and delicate slender fingers; a reproduction of Rodin's *The Kiss* which David had torn carefully from a large magazine; and John Sloan's *Old Clown*, which David stared at wistfully during the long, cool evenings. There was that strange smell of medicines in the air, the odor intensified by the smallness of the room. The sight of numerous medicine bottles on the lanky, dust-covered table called back to David a picture of the room in which his mother had lain for so many months—a tiny room in a great building that had smelled of the dying. Somewhere. Long ago. Sweet little mother with soft grey hair.—Come, mother—he called. He sat beside her on the chair while she sang to him slowly, long ago. He sang with her, his small high voice skipping across the ceiling, wavering, trailing off among the shadows of the room. Long ago. He walked hand-in-hand with her down a dusty lane in the afternoon. She told him of knights and ladies and battles fought at evening, of many-headed dragons and robber-bands. She told him of the Tower of Babel and how many men had carried huge stones and piled them one on another until it seemed the tower reached the sky; and how, suddenly a voice called out and all men were silent; and how, when they talked again, they spoke in strange languages. She told him how Icarus had ventured with waxen wings to explore the sky; and how approaching too close the sun, the wax had melted and he had fallen deep into the sea. She told him of Prometheus and Jason and Ulysses. Long ago. David stared through the window.

Outside the jonquils tossed their cups petulantly. Hyacinths bloomed. David saw a garden somewhere far off filled with wild things, tall grasses and grapes and clear springs that absorbed the morning; filled with long-leaved trees that cast weird shadows along the ground, with honeysuckle vines and unremembered faces. Dusk lashed the tips of the jonquils, gashed heaven with an unkind stroke until the sky was red with bruises and all its color fled. So evenings go.

Cool darkness soothed the aching throat of David. The night was a Negro woman soothing his hurt. Brightness hurt him. Day was a mirror which he had held before him, reflecting all the ugliness of his world. There was a clock somewhere ticking slowly, harshly. He heard the slow, metallic clicks. And he felt the beating of his heart, a strange something within him ticking. Inside he hurt. He closed his eyes . . . He came up the dusty road until he saw a great wooden cross with a man nailed upon it, a man with large sorrowful

Awakening

By DOROTHY MUMFORD

*Oh, I have listened where the scarlet tips
Of poplar buds blew pregnant, opening,
And with my ear against the briar slips
Heard intermittent murmurs of the spring;
Oh, I have walked abroad when the blue wing
Of dusk bent softly on the deep blue hills,
And waiting there have heard a brown thrush sing
In mating revelry; where water spills
Unceasing melody in creviced rills
Along the roots of pines, I've stopped to hark,
And caught faint stirrings of a life that fills
With slow recurring dawn their quiet dark,
And seeking yet premonitory signs
Have heard my breath beat echo from the pines.*

eyes and a kind face. The man's hands bled; his feet were bleeding. His face was to the sun. Then with a dull clamor a multitude of beings swarmed about the cross, men and women, speaking a strange language. Somewhere a man laughed, a mere ripple that swelled with size until it burst into a peal that shook the cross . . .

The hours boomed out across the hall, reverberating, quivering into a dull silence. Sonorous snores drifted beyond the doors of the ugly tenement, cut cruelly into David's dreams. His eyes opened to the darkness, prodding the heavy black of night. Grotesqueries, born half of fear, half of sleep, flooded the room, seated themselves on the backs of shapeless chairs, straddled the table, smelled the roses in a china vase, swarmed over the ceiling, scratched with a pen on every wall, whined, shrieked, laughed, sobbed. Pain throbbed in David's throat. Fear. Fear of demons, bawdry shapes, emissaries of death. Creeping, crawling, breathing upon him.—Light!—he sobbed;—for God's sake, light—. He wept softly.

The kind nurse bathed his arms and face, bending close to him so that he smelled the starched freshness of her apron. It was good to have the light again, the old sins for a short while, the ugliness without the pain.—A cigarette—he asked. She dried her hands on the soiled towel at the foot of David's bed and took a cigarette between her fingers from its package on the table. David's lips parted slightly as he turned his head. The flame from a match sputtered, quivered ecstatically, sunk to a yellow point, died. The first puff of smoke was warm and sulphur-like; but after that it cooled. Smoke drifted in broad clouds, slowly—across the bed, up and up, thinning and disappearing. David watched the bluish-argent spirals, drawing shapes from them, until he became dizzy and closed his eyes. The half-smoked cigarette loosened between his lips and dangled. The nurse, ever-watchful, kind little nurse, drew it gently from his lips, burned her fingers, and pressed it carefully on the sides of a glass tray. David kept his eyes shut; but he smiled—smiled childishly, smiled like one long-content . . . David was well again. He was playing Chopin's "Raindrop Prelude" on the piano in the Lutheran church. The rain pattered along the keys with an increasing vehemence and then began to die away, softly. Someone put their hands across his eyes. He lifted his own from the keyboard and clasped those across his face. They were soft hands—those that he held in his own. They were gentle hands, with long, slender fingers.

—Sit down, Marjorie—he said. The girl sat beside him—a beautiful girl in a yellow dress. She caressed his hair and looked deep into his eyes.—Marjorie—he said—feel my heart, see how my heart swells, feel it beat. Surely, something within me will burst. It hurts . . .

The nurse heard David cry out in pain. She ran quickly to him. Her experience surged up in her and she knew what was wrong. The doctor came quickly in answer to her call. Then the ambulance; and David, stiff on a white stretcher, was carried down the warped and dusty steps to the car waiting outside.

The old grey doctor was talking earnestly to a younger man. They were both in long white garments. The younger man bent over David—David strapped there on a slender table, alone. He grew dizzy. There was a strange odor in the room. Things were crawling over him, and he tried to strike at them, to brush them off. But he couldn't, couldn't, couldn't. There was a long silence, a silence that grew and grew, and then became the silence of Death tip-toeing stealthily, Death with a garland of blossoms on her hair, Death the young, Death the fair, Death the lover of all things beautiful.

—I am he who stole the fire from heaven. I am he who risked all that man might live. I am he who suffers Death and lives. I am Prometheus. Behold me chained. See the iron cut into my flesh! See my muscles bulge with straining. See how I shake the very ground. Look! the winged hound of heaven eats into my flesh. How long? How long? My body shall burst into a thousand atoms, and my blood shall drench the earth. This cursed vulture tears my whole insides; and I but cry in anguish and in pain. Ah! the evil spirits come, winging their way maliciously round my head. Evil faces! do you think to torment me the more? See! I laugh at you. Ah, alas. Must I submit? I suffer, and he who suffers with me is Eternity. I must keep faith. I shall not tell one word. I am strong. I am he who stole the fire from heaven, who defied the gods themselves that man might live. I am he who suffers death and lives. I am Prometheus—.

RUPERT BROOKE: THE GREAT LOVER

(Continued from page one)

*Rose-crowned into the darkness!" . . . Proud we were,
And laughed, that had such brave true things to say.*

—And then you suddenly cried, and turned away. Here is seen brief beauty, tragedy, reality and glimpses into the inevitability of things.

Brooke was the voice of youth, the lover in love with life, in love with love, embraced by the things around, with laughter and songs, with English rivers where he loved to swim, with English scene. He loved it all; he wanted it all; he wanted to live. Early he began casting anathemas at death, realizing its inevitability and doubting the future. How heroically he tries to cover his doubts with words! *Oh, never a doubt but somewhere I shall wake; . . . Where I'll unpack that scented store
Of song and flower and sky and face . . .*

At last it seems fitting that the *Great Lover* should die before prime manhood should take him away from laughing youth, before age which he did not know should creep upon him with palsy and hoary hair, and render him an helpless old man, forgetting the smiles of youth. He went off to the

(Continued on page four)

. . . Ending of a Letter Written Between Midnight and Dawn . . .

(Continued from page one)

THE MASK: A FANTASY

. . . Now, it seems I but dream the strange world of which I have been talking. At four o'clock in the morning the King's realm and the Plebian's democracy are One in sleep. The cool fragrant air at the window tells me I have no part in what is left of yesterday's strife. A clean wind has blown over the earth and purified it. With my face in the cool night I feel the freshness of a world as yet unborn. I feel the teasing melancholy of the not-yet. It is not a night that goes on forever . . . It is a peaceful interlude! This is the hour when dreams come into the hearts of men. I do not sleep and yet I dream! Did I once write that You and I had a rendezvous at the *Silver Dragon*, in Honolulu? The romance of names! In them is stored all the quaint and picturesque and haunting. The best of my memories are conserved in names. Beyond: the wide world: Paris . . . Venice . . . Sevilla . . . the Aegean Sea . . . Palma de Mallorca . . . Petrogad . . . Norway . . . Siberia . . . India . . . China . . . Bagdad . . . Mexico City . . . Land of the Toltecs . . . the Amazon valley . . . Alaska . . . Yosemite . . . The Valley of the Moon . . . Argentine. We have seen the Taj Mahal in the glory of the evening, a white flashing opal in the purple twilight . . . We have seen the morning sun turn to gold the spires of Canterbury Cathedral . . . We have dreamed away our hours in the shadows of Amiens Cathedral . . . We have heard the bells peal from the top of the Giralda . . . We have seen the Pagoda in Shanghai lift to the mid-day sun . . . In fancy, the Parthenon rises before us: the supreme triumph of the Human Spirit—and hear the sweet strains of Doric music that lift up evermore to the Divine Goddess Athena! I know not but Beauty lives in these things. Beauty: sensuous: commanding: supreme! I would not forget fine horses and the sea . . . tiger-lilies and flying squirrels . . . mountain-laurel and music fauns draw from flutes . . . trailing Arbutus and red-birds . . . lilacs and peaceful homes in the Southland . . . American Beauty Roses and the Brides of Men. This is a madness that comes upon me here between midnight and Dawn. My senses reel with the mad Desire! . . . Lips, red and full, like the inside of a pomegranate . . . Gentle, soft silks, more pleasing than apple blossoms . . . Slow-curving breasts like silver stolen from the midnight Moon and defiant to capture . . . The warm night distils from flowers an essence that comes to us like silent music . . . The pent-up yearning of the human heart flows forth like a flood . . . The deep calls to the deep! . . . A surge of tenderness covers the spirit and folds it 'round with a splendid garment woven from the damascened witchery of the sullen dawn

. . . Peace, . . . Peace . . . It is an hour of silence and joyful passivity, languid as this eternity that moves over us . . . Hunger and desire are swept away, the waves on the sea have ceased to mount and fall . . . Peace . . . Peace . . . peace, sings our slow-beating hearts

. . . A sweet, piercing note sings through the air. It is echoed by an answering throat. I knew not the dawn had come to dispel my dream!

Have I then spent the night with you? And did not merely dream that yesterday you sent me

Sonnet

By RICHARD A. CHACE

*Oh, do not listen if my tongue should speak,
Pen write, those things I should not let escape.
Unlovely things—unwholesome sores that reek
Of inward pestilence and wounds that gape,
Exuding what were pain to keep—force breath,
However dank, as though despair had lips
To mouth in sin and cheat the fear of death
With poisoned words whose foul emotion drips
With spiteful venom till the heart that hears
Must suffer for its pity soon or late.
My friend, O friend I cherish, close your ears,
Lest I forget somehow and desecrate
The innocence I sing to, though I bleed
Forever, straining to the help I need.*

a letter that brought with it the spring? My window that fronts the East shows me the approach of a new day. How the earth quickens! Intuition tells me there are millions of tiny rainbows in the dew that clings upon the shrubs and springing grass. Human beings are wrapped still in sleep. This is the holy hour of the still morn. Lines are salient and distinct. Color mounts higher in the sky. With fresh heart, I pledge a Faith with the Virgin Day: My *old* wisdom shall not know the unravelled mystery of this new Spring.—I will come alive with the Earth.—I will learn anew to love! This is Spring: the Supreme Triumph!

May He keep you!

N. C. B.

Chapel Hill-in-North Carolina.
February 21, 1930.

RUPERT BROOKE: THE GREAT LOVER

(Continued from page three)

War with other young and courageous blood of England, and April 23, 1915, on the little Grecian island of Scyros he died of blood-poisoning before the Gallipoli seige.

Bravely and resolutely he went to fight for England; bravely and resolutely he wrote of death; and bravely and resolutely he died. His comrades buried him in the white soil of Scyros, fitting grave for the poet-soldier. The blue, blue waters of the Aegean lap and laugh around the island; the serene, high sky above. The thyme and the poppies nod around the grave. The *Great Lover* rests.

And the beautiful sonnet, "The Soldier," written as a reply to the ever-present premonition of death, has a piercing, poignant meaning. It is his simple and beautiful request:

*If I should die, think only this of me:
That there's some corner in a foreign field
That is forever England. There shall be,
In that rich earth, a richer dust concealed;
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
Gave, once, her flowers to love her ways to roam,
A body of England's breathing English air,
Washed by her rivers, blest by suns of home.*

"Drama is the poetry of conduct, romance the poetry of circumstance."
—R. L. Stevenson

known what love could be until tonight. I'm sorry about Rita, but somehow Louise drives it all out of my head. I can't think of anything else.

Jim—Paul, what do you know of this woman?

Paul—Nothing—except that I love her and that she loves me.

Jim—But that's not enough. Where is she from? What is she?

Paul—I don't care.

Jim—But I do, old pal. I've been talking with Rita and Rita never saw her until last summer. Oh, they've been thick since, almost inseparable, and this is the third week of Louise's visit already and everybody knows her, but nobody has any idea where she's from or what she is.

Paul—I said I don't care. Can you see what I mean? Jim, were you never in love? There's no use in talking about it and logic doesn't work. (*A stir is heard and both start. Paul turns to Jim.*) You'd better go. She's coming back and I've something to ask her that can't wait. See you later.

Jim—Yes, Paul. Come to my room before you turn in. I want to speak to you some more.

As he goes out, an old lady, tottering, bent, a bit uncertain, enters. She walks slowly to the bench and Paul rises in confusion.

Old Lady—I'm sorry, my boy, to keep you like this. I couldn't get back any sooner.

Paul—But . . . !

Old Lady—Ah, you think you don't know me, Paul. Look closely.

Paul (*Looks hastily.*)—If there's something I can do?

Old Lady—Yes, dear, sit down. (*Her withered hand on his arms is commanding.*) There. I haven't very much to say, because I know you, Paul, and I remember what you were saying as you held me in your arms a little while ago.

Paul (*Recoils.*)—But . . . !

Old Lady—Ah, you don't see, I know. And it's going to be a little hard—for both of us. (*She pauses a moment and reaches toward him.*) Take my hand, Paul. It'll be easier. (*He takes it, dazed. She arranges her dress and breathes a little, hoarsely.*) Dear, do you remember what you said before I left you? That was why I've come—like this. (*She turns away.*)

Paul (*Uncomfortably.*)—But . . . ! I've never seen you. You must be wrong. I'm sorry.

Old Lady—You have. You have. Oh, Paul!

Paul—If you'll excuse me, I must hurry. Someone's waiting.

Old Lady—Paul! It's only I. You know me. Louise. This is Louise. Oh, Paul!

Paul (*Stunned and angry.*)—What have you said? Louise! I've got to go. Someone's waiting.

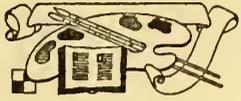
Louise (*Her hand holding him.*)—Paul, have you forgotten already the lovely things you said? I am still Louise, the same you whispered to. (*He draws away with disgust and consternation.*) Come closer, boy. I need you.

Paul (*Sits unwillingly.*)—I don't know what you mean. How can you know what I may have whispered?

Louise—Because I heard and trusted. (*She stops and looks at him a moment—then goes on regardless.*) Because I couldn't love you with the empty body you desired. It wasn't mine, Paul. (*He*

(Continued on page eight)

Drama and the Arts



by

MILTON GREENBLATT

Rondo: On a Theme

"Death Takes A Holiday" is a remarkably good play, and one of great merit, despite its many defects. It has scenes with a touch of sublimity and haunting beauty. And in its essence it has more thought and depth than most modern drama has.

The play resembles the old morality play, with its theme of Death and Man and Love. But in its suavity and mellowness it is superior to the old, primitive drama.

Death, feared by all men, comes down to them for a short holiday to learn the cause of their terror and dread, and to observe a little their ways on earth. He, who is called a grim monster, is at heart kindly and compassionate, and would have a little sympathy and kindness from man.

Perhaps there is lacking a little profundity in all this, for there is a good deal of sentimentality. Death discovers that Love is stronger and more enduring than he is. But at least there is utter seriousness and originality. The story is vivid and beautiful and full of splendor and glamor.

There are some crudities that detract a little. The sentimentality that frequently pervades, the tawdry melodrama of the opening, and several passages of cheap, sophisticated, irrelevant comedy are unworthy of the author's artistry. But one feels always the terror and pity of death in this drama, and man's childlike wonder. And often there are passages of very lyrical quality that one never finds in modern drama.

The play shows us, too, that we need not make conscious efforts to discard the old themes, and the old technique to find new ones of less merit. For all good literature is universal and permanent.

One is to be thankful for the splendid production given to the play. It is very capably directed, and competently acted. Mr. Philip Merivale plays the role of Death, and gives a beautiful performance. He is a great actor, and has a superb voice. Miss Rose Hobart is a very highly talented young actress, and she, too, gives a remarkably good performance.

"Death Takes A Holiday," by Alberto Casella adapted from the Italian by Walter Ferris, and directed by Lawrence Marston. Presented by Lee Shubert at The Ethel Barrymore Theater.

Of interest to students of psychology and especially to Freudian enthusiasts should be a forthcoming work by William Healy and Augusta F. Bronnor, *The Structure and Meaning of Psychoanalysis*, treating its relations to the study of personality.

Joseph Hergesheimer's forthcoming novel, *Party Dress*, is his first since 1926, and his first modern American novel since *Cytherea*. The novel, heralded as "a saga of country club life" is to appear from the Alfred A. Knopf press April 11.

Psaltery

By MARGARET BEAUFORT MILLER

"But what do I love when I love thee? not beauty of bodies, nor the fair harmony of time, nor the brightness of the light, so glad to our eyes, nor sweet melodies of varied songs, nor the fragrant smell of flowers, and ointments and spices, nor manna and honey, nor limbs acceptable to the embracements of flesh. None of these I love when I love my God; and yet I love a kind of light, and melody, and fragrance, and meat, and embracement, when I love my God, the light, melody, fragrance, meat, embracement of my inner man: where there shineth unto my soul, what space cannot contain, and there soundeth, what time beareth not away, and there smelleth, what breathing disperseth not, and there tasteth, what eating diminisheth not, and there clingeth, what satiety divorceth not. This is it which I love when I love my God."

—The Confessions of Saint Augustine.

The Marriage of the Lamb

Rejoice all ye and give honour to him for the marriage of the Lamb is at hand. His bride waits. Fill ye cups to the brim with wine. For she wears jewels and a band of gold about her waist . . . one chain of gold binding her neck. She is clothed in pure white. The great righteousness of the saints is bled upon her forehead. Altogether bright and fair she harks a loud beating of wings to her banquet.

For the birds of the earth shall consume flesh of the captains and kings . . . the mighty and the lordly men of birth. For so John saw in the Book of the Blest noting her pigeons and sparrows . . . each guest.

The Fair Harmony of Time

I wonder if the music of the spheres is a clashing of cymbals a smiting of star against star deriding the ears of time ringing through space and delighting great lights of fiery and ultimate suns?

For the music that plays over the earth attuned to the starlight tinkles and runs silver through veins turning silence to mirth and burgeoning rocks to the rhythm of life . . . teeming the meadows and turning the tide of breathing and birth and waves in their strife. Sun unto moon drawing man unto bride . . . Music shall ring through the blood of the race when star calls to star and time marries space.

The Brightness of the Light

How fair the red sun desirous of earth . . . scorching sungold to men's bodies how fair. Sun striving through rain and lifting long dearth of drought from the land . . . investing the air with his warmth and the strong and quickening light. Sun fingers caress brown roots of the grass. Sun fingers stroke the hair of trees with might. Searing the wheatfields sun fingertips pass through summer lightning a shimmering span of the spectrum to strike down on the eyes and bring laughter to lips and longing of man.

The moon is a lamp to the sun. She lies in his shadow at night . . . helpmeet and wife from white corpses of death distilling new life.

Books

A BRITISH WAR NOVEL

RETREAT. By C. R. Benstead. New York: The Century Company. 358 pp. \$2.50.

Several war books have been published in America during the past several months, books which appear to be arriving at a time when public opinion can best judge a book with unbiased attitudes concerning nationality angle, literary merit and sheer pleasurable reading. Many novels with blackened guns and screaming shells as backgrounds have been perpetrated on the public under the guise of greatest war novels and notably among these are *All Quiet On the Western Front* for base reality of unadorned simplicity pictured from the German lines and *A Farewell To Arms* which, by far, is the nearest to the novel form of any war book yet published. In the latter, the war serves merely as a canvas on which the author paints a vivid scene of a soldier and a nurse.

Retreat has been hailed in England as the greatest of the war novels—and well it may be for, although the English are seen in retreat, the French are blamed for it. Of course the book is about English and an English priest who went into the war with the idea he could save as many souls as were blotted out by enemy guns but that is no particular reason for so one-sided a presentation.

The author has shown us a rather vital picture in Chaplain Warne who found the Tommies had little time for saving their spiritual lives when their physical lives were actually in danger. Back of the lines, the soldiers relaxed in libidinous pleasures rather than immersing themselves in prayer. All this the chaplain could not understand and he made himself quite unpopular with the artillery unit to which he had been assigned. A snob he already was and such he remained until his death for which the reader was justly thankful.

There is no particularly great writing in *Retreat* albeit at times the author does give a bit of graphic description. In this book no more has been done than has been done or attempted in many others. The book fails of a compelling interest and becomes at times boring. However, it reads easily which is something all novels should be accredited with. The main fault in the work lies in its lack of depth. Of truth there can be little doubt.

Mr. Benstead's book is at its best merely good and will serve to give the English version of who won the war. If the chaplain had been more submerged in the war in which he was submerged, the book would have been infinitely better. In all, the story is merely a story of one of many men-of-God who had the idea the war was made to give them a chance to prate their bigoted learning to men who faced hot steel and poisonous gas—and the story of men who saw the actual futility of God and prayer during the years when those two things were thought to be most essential. For this, the author is to be highly commended. He has taken a situation and set it to rights—it is for this reason *Retreat* should take first rank but for no other.

W. W. ANDERSON.

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BOOKS

(Continued from page five)

PSYCHOLOGY IN HISTORY

THE TWO FRONTIERS. By John Gould Fletcher. New York: Coward McCann. 1930. \$5.

"The study of history . . . is only of value if we are able to use historical criteria, the values of the past, as a means not only of judging but also of directing the latent powers of the present and the future." "What we have to do is to read history with a fresh understanding of its symbolic import. To do this we need only concentrate attention on . . . the values of art and religion." "By studying the essence of the past we do our utmost toward redeeming the failures of the present and directing the forces of the future. We may even some day become masters of the future if we set ourselves resolutely to learn the fate of those forces that have been found hostile, in past ages, to the movement of life."

With this philosophy of history the poet has turned historian. With much labor he has garnered facts and endeavored to interpret them in the light of past ages and of their own setting. A world drama emerges under his hand. Facing each other across the land bridge of Europe stand the two great river-valley frontier nations—the United States and Russia as of old stood Egypt and Babylon. Their histories have been contemporaneous and parallel since their contacts with Europe began in the fifteenth century. America was settled; Muscovy expanded. Peter the Great and the Revolution of 1688, Washington and Catherine the Great the emancipation of serfs and of slaves, march step for step through time until Russia and America at last meet on the battlefields of Europe in the World War. To them the future belongs as Europe steps down from its place of leadership.

In spite of this contemporaneity, of certain geographic similarities presented by the great river systems, of nomadic elements in the population of each land, the course of history and the developing psychology of the two peoples present contrast rather than similarity. Russia has had to struggle for a seacoast while America has fought to send Europe off her Eastern littoral. America has developed many separate, almost independent entities—Russia expanded from Moscow. The keynote of Russian expansion and of Russian psychology was power; of America, the acquisition of land, of wealth. America advanced the Rome of the republic—Russia was the third Rome of the Caesars. The American spirit exalts the individual. His salvation is the one desirable aim—"the moral standard of the individual good life." Conduct becomes life. "The increase of business, higher wages and more prosperity in the American mode will definitely save the world. . . In prosperity lies happiness." He asks the question "how?," acquires technique and is incessantly and tirelessly active at something sometimes with little regard to the end of action. His symbol is the rocking chair.

The Russian spirit centers in the community. "To the Russian the communion of believers is alone important and the individual soul only retains his hold on salvation by virtue of his complete adherence and loyalty to it." Life depends upon faith, upon the magic power of ritual to unite men to God. "The Russian religion has infinite charity to the sinner, despises the wealth of

Black Wings

By LEWIS ALEXANDER

*Lawd, Ah wan' pair black wings,
Pair big black wings;
So ah kin flop th'oughout Thy kingdom.
Ah wan' to carry dis black face wid me too.
Ah hears dat heben is pure an' white.
Well Lawd ah wants to be de only pure black
thing dere.
On dis erf Ah's been despised 'cause Ah'm black.
Done really got use to mah blackness.
Done really got use to dis dispisement.
Wants to carry all mah blackness to heben eben,
And lay it at yo' feet.
Mah blackness on one side o' Yu.
The whiteness o' de white ones on de yuther
side o' Yu.
Ah hates no one, Lawd.
Ah am hated.
Ah dispise no one, Lawd.
Ah am dispised.
Love rules mah heart.
Penetrate mah blackness.
What do Yu see?
Penetrate dey whiteness.
What do Yu see?
Lawd, Ah wan' pair black wings,
Pair big black wings;
Great big black wings,
So ah can carry all mah blackness wid me to
heben when Ah die.*

the world and produces outlaws, anarchists and schismatics continually." By asking not "How?" but "Why?" he fosters an attitude of nihilism and inertia, is driven into action only by intolerable circumstances and then generally goes too far. His symbol is the samovar ever-present producer of endless discussions and hot water.

Literary contrasts—Washington Irving and Pushkin, Gogoland and Hawthorne, Whitman and Tolstoy, Dostoevsky and Melville, Crane and Tchekhov, William James and Soloviev,—complete the picture. To the casual reader unlearned in literary history they are interesting but seem much forced.

Thus stand the two great powers—the social order represented today by Bolshevism animated by a spiritual fervor, the capitalistic, mechanistic individualism of America. War between them would seem inevitable as Europe and the Orient crumble before their advancing powers. The only hope lies in the education of both America and Russia. "Against these two attempts to impose on mankind a purely mechanical and material conformity, we must uphold, perhaps for the last time, the values of an ideal and super-physical unity of spirit, not of function, of a humanism that is at once scientific and aesthetic, and of a world outlook that reconciles both man's desire to achieve 'the good life' for himself on this planet, and his overwhelming sense of awe and wonder at the super-human processes of the universe."

The result of Mr. Fletcher's invasion of the historical field is an unusually interesting, suggestive and well-written book. It is fatally easy to quarrel with details, notably with the feeble and useless attempt to equate America with Egypt and Russia with Babylon. It is even easier for the professional historian to disagree with the poet's theory of the uses and of the symbolic interpretation of history. Can we compress the scattered and diverse elements

of the United States or of Russia into as simple a formula as our author has presented? Will the scientific study of history ever make it possible for us to control the present or predict the future in the light of the past? Unfortunately "history supplies no rules for the solution of her problems."

W. E. CALDWELL.

A SELF-MADE WOMAN

EX-MISTRESS. Anonymous. Brentano's: New York. 365 pp. \$2.00.

She wasn't a bad woman; she was just a sweet American girl trying to get along. But she learned early to say "to hell with it," and she learned other things too. She discovered that life, after all, is just what one makes it, youth is youth, with or without flannel underwear; and that girls will be girls be it the Bloomer Age or the Camisole Age. And so she became Miss X, the lovely young lady who was the third angle in so many triangles, and proceeded to make a success of life. Some women were born that way, some set out to make themselves thus, and others had it thrust upon them. She belonged to all three categories at various stages.

As a revelation of the activities of modern society, *Ex-Mistress* penetrates into the innermost recesses. Not that it could be used as an authority in determining the actual circumstances, but by the world in general the *apparent* rather than the *real* is usually accepted, and *Ex-Mistress* would go far towards diverting this propensity. "Why so much is made of it all, I can't understand," the author says. "Perhaps that is unfair. It isn't that people don't understand, it's that understanding does not really coincide with their own personal opinions. What I mean is that I can't take seriously what is known as the 'sex war.' It's just one tremendous joke, only it's so hard to laugh. We're all nice enough and rotten enough—men and women both. We all want the same thing.

"The average wife is like a student who concentrates on only one subject, and then thinks she knows it all. Besides a mistress works her way through, and every man who has done that at college has told me how rottenly advantageous it was."

Intermingled with these philosophical ruminations she imparts a very original sense of humor, and a proficient use of slang. Her appealing personality, coped with her ability to take things as they came and make the best of them, were the important factors in making her a popular figure in society—and which later secured her a real husband. She retains these same traits in her book, and regardless of her views on certain phases of life, *Ex-Mistress* is a very enjoyable book—and enlightening, to say the least.

SHERMAN SHORE.

Social Technique

MRS. GRUNDY IS DEAD. By Doris Webster and Mary Alden Hopkins. New York: The Century Co. 109 pp. \$1.25.

Two members of the younger generation, believing that the majority of books on etiquette which have hitherto been published have been written by members of the older order of things and have retained, despite their obsolescence, a number of out-

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BOOKS

SOCIAL TECHNIQUE

(Continued from page six)

worn customs and forms, have written a book describing the social technique of the present generation—not as it should be, but as it actually is. For the book consists of the answers to 93 questions submitted to one thousand men and women in the varied walks of society and business life.

The plan of the book divides it into two parts: that which concerns the behavior of men—at dances, at home, in the street, with girls, etc.—and that which concerns the behavior of women in parallel situations. Although the book is far from being comprehensive, it does concern itself with those situations in which men and women most frequently find themselves. Various answers received for the same questions have been included; and in a number of cases they prove both extremely interesting and surprising.

An incidental, but important, function of the book is that it serves to inform one how the young people of today are thinking and acting; and if the book may be taken as any definite indication as to the general behavior of the younger generation, it shows clearly that these young people are being a lot more natural than their elders used to be.

A. R.

HER PRIVATE LIFE

MEN, MARRIAGE, AND ME. By Peggy Hopkins Joyce. New York: The Macaulay Company. 286 pp. \$2.50.

Men, Marriage, and Me is a rare book written by a very rare woman—Peggy Hopkins Joyce. Her private life has been the object of more curiosity than that of any other modern woman. In the public imagination she represents the beautiful girl who has successfully overthrown the tyranny of unhappy marriage and has had, nevertheless, a good time in a distinctly feminine way. But in spite of the hundreds of thousands of words the newspapers have devoted to her career and to her marriage and divorce experiences, the public has never before had a real close-up view of her life and character.

In *Men, Marriage, and Me*, based on her intimate diary, she tells the story of her life in her own informal and interesting way, without plea to the jury. She relates in unique fashion the human experience that she reaped, from the time she ran away from home to join a vaudeville bicycle performer's act to her latest and most startling affairs with Lord Northesk and other European noblemen.

At bottom hers is the story of a girl who ran away from home in a blind search for happiness, a girl who wanted silk clothes and a good time. All that distinguishes her from less celebrated girls with the same desires is her superior technique in attainment.

There is in this book more of the real stuff that makes modern life interesting than in most other books which has been written thus far, because there are but few other women authors who have experimented with life to the extent that Peggy Hopkins Joyce has, and then been bold enough to write their findings in a book.

J. C. WILLIAMS.

The Writers

Richard A. Chace, a consistent and valuable contributor, writes his first play for publication . . . Jay Curtis has written several short stories for the magazine and in this issue writes an estimate of his favorite poet, Rupert Brooke . . . Margaret Miller has been a consistent contributor of poetry. She has proved herself a versatile writer . . . N. C. B. are the initials of a student who writes letters when everyone should be in bed . . . W. E. Caldwell is a professor of history at this University. He reviews John Gould Fletcher's first historical work. . . Lewis Alexander is one of the foremost of the younger Negro poets. He will edit the Negro Number of the Magazine . . . Arthur Riding is the pen-name of a fourth year student . . . J. C. Williams is an assistant Editor of the Daily Tar Heel . . . Sherman Shore is also on the staff of *The Daily Tar Heel* . . . Dorothy Mumford is a graduate student and a contributing editor to *The Magazine*.

AN IRISH BARD

WILD APPLES. By Oliver Gogarty. New York: Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith. 54 pp. \$2.

Did one not know before-hand that Oliver Gogarty was Irish, one might easily tell it from these delightful lyrics in *Wild Apples*. They are not great poems—far from it—but they are pleasing verses and are pervaded with the wit so typical of the wittiest race of men. There is a simplicity about them which never fails to charm and a virility which will please all but the most fastidious. In the six-line piece, "After Galen" we can see the strength of his cleverness:

*Only the Lion and the Cock,
As Galen says, withstand Love's shock.
So, Dearest, do not think me rude
If I yield now to lassitude,
But sympathise with me. I know
You would not have me roar or crow.*

One almost suspects that Dr. Gogarty has read Dorothy Parker.

Again there is a pleasant sentimentality in his verse, which does everything but detract from it. One quite occasionally finds the meter "shot" or crudenesses of expression, but there is a simple, wistful beauty in the verse that has a particular appeal. There are numerous couplets in the book, such as this one called "On Troy":

*I give more praise to Troy's redoubt
For Love kept in, than War kept out.*

The introduction to the book is written by the well-known poet, "A.E."

—J. M.

A GERMAN NOVEL

CARL AND ANNA. By Leonhard Frank (translated by Cyrus Brooks). New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 149 pp. \$2.50.

Herr Frank has achieved remarkable success in portraying in a book of only 149 pages characters so clearly that the reader seems to live within the actual scene itself. His style is simple, yet not so simple as to be exaggerated. He has been hailed as one of the most promising of the younger German writers, and this novel sustains his reputation.

At the opening of the story Carl and Richard are prisoners of war. Carl is a dreamer; there is something in him of the poet and the lover. Richard has a wife in Germany—a wife whom he describes so clearly to Carl that the latter knows even every mark on her body. Richard tells Carl his whole life, describes his home, his habits and his manner of living. So clearly and so passionately did Richard describe these things that Carl loved Anna, Richard's wife, without ever having seen her. Carl escapes, goes to Anna and tells her that he is her husband. And although Anna cannot believe him, he knows everything in her life so perfectly that she accepts him and loves him.

Frank's creation of Anna is a masterpiece. She lives truly and clearly; there is no omission in her characterization. The story is honest and complete without being vulgar and cheap—an asset which so few of the books of this type possess. The characters are working men and women and the background is the tenement district of a city. The chief merit of the book is that the author accomplishes so much in so little space. There is not a superfluous line, an unneeded phrase in the book. The language is colorful and poetic in its simplicity. It is a pleasure to read a book of this sort after one has been subjected to the exaggerated and modernistic attempts of so many present-day writers.

ARTHUR RIDING.

THORNTON WILDER

THE WOMAN OF ANDROS. By Thornton Wilder. New York: Albert and Charles Boni. \$2.50.

Thornton Wilder has based the beginning of his latest novel upon a Latin comedy, *The Andria*. His story is laid in Brynos, an island belonging to the Greek archipelago, just before the dawn of the Christian era. Pagan civilization had reached its highest point and was then approaching decadence. Wilder, taking his situation from Menander by way of Terence, his setting from the classics, and his conclusion from Humanism, here develops the familiar theme of the frustration of love in life. He has this to say concerning his third novel:

"*The Women of Andros* asks whether Paganism had any solution for the hopeful enquiring sufferer and—by anticipation—whether the handful of maxims about living that entered the world with the message of Christ were sufficient to guide one through the maze of experience."

Humanity on Brynos is the same humanity that labors, loves and suffers today. Problems are the same, only setting and customs differ and are therefore to be reckoned with in the proper conduct and ordering of life. Now Brynos, happiest of Aegean islands, has suffered a late rift within an untroubled existence. The Women of Andros has come into the midst of its citizens and disturbed the even tenor of their ways. And because of her great beauty, all of the lads of the island who should be preparing to settle down to marriage, fatherhood and the care of their farm, come to her house at the close of day for talk of philosophy and the classic poets. For Chrysis esteems more highly when her banquet is finished, the pleasures of the mind than those of the body. Of all these island lads, Pamphilus is the shyest and most devoted. And Chrysis, perceiving his enquiring spirit and a certain quality which sets him apart from

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THORNTON WILDER

(Continued from page seven)

the others, loves him and is his friend. But Simo, father of Pamphilus, is worried about these visits to the house at the edge of town. His son ought to shake such silly notions out of his head and marry Philumena, healthy daughter of his neighbor, Chremes. . . . But he will give the lad his time.

And Chrysis too, is perplexed and distraught. For all her stern discipline of soul, she can find no happiness in life. Beautiful in body and spirit, the inconveniences of her profession, less than the essential loneliness that it entails, distress her. She strives to create an artificial security, a false atmosphere of love, in caring for her orphan sister Glycerium and in rescuing waifs and strays from the lost places of the world. All these creatures lean on her for their existence and are forever ungrateful in return. Loving Chrysis, they are bitterly jealous. One day Glycerium, restless from confinement, wanders contrary to her sister's orders out over the hills of the town. There Pamphilus rescues the sensitive girl from a mob of small boys who are teasing and tormenting her. They love each other, and nature turns their caresses, given for courage and bravery, to her own uses. Thus Pamphilus, the shy one, whom Chrysis loves as she has loved with wild tenderness few other passers-by, is lost to her. Chrysis, for all her philosophy, cannot discipline love. And coming with time, increasingly under the power of pain, knows that she is soon to die. Who then will watch over her brood? Who will care for Glycerium? For Glycerium, a stranger, and the sister of an hetaira, can never marry in the island. The Woman of Andros will die, as she has lived, alone.

Returning to her company one evening after a solitary walk on the hillside, she wishes to unpack her heart with words. Will you read the *Phaedrus* of Plato? a shy guest asks. Agreeing, she recites that description of the walk which Socrates and his companion took into the country.

Then Chrysis, seeing the tears which stand in the eyes of Pamphilus, weeps. She the serene, the happily dead. Not long after, she lies dying in the flesh, and Pamphilus, burdened with the wrong he has done her sister, comes to bid her farewell. Chrysis, comforting him, says: "Life, Pamphilus, is full of mistakes, but the wrongs we do those we love and honor are more than we can endure." And now Chrysis, whom love has cheated and mocked, knows suffering beyond endurance. She tells her companions: "I want to say to someone . . . that I have known the worst that the world can do to me, and that nevertheless I praise the world and all living. All that is, is well. Remember some day, remember me as one who loved all things and accepted from the gods all things, the bright and the dark. And do you likewise. Farewell."

MARGARET BEAUFORT MILLER.

THE LOVER

BALZAC: THE MAN AND THE LOVER. By Francis Gribble. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 176 pp. \$5.

"I have two and only two passionate desires," wrote Balzac, "—to be famous and to be loved." The popularity of his literary works in his own day and even today—though it is now somewhat on the wane—bears witness that the first of his great

desires was fulfilled. Mr. Gribble shows in his biography of this literary giant how completely the second was also fulfilled.

Honoré de Balzac was the true Bohemian: most of his life was spent in poverty; he was eccentric beyond all measure. Of his poverty and his eccentricities Mr. Gribble writes at length, leaving criticism of his writing to his other biographers, of whom there are a great number. This biographer is to be commended for his impartiality of treatment. He has amassed a wealth of facts concerning the life of this genius, although they are but poorly put together. He depends for a great deal of his information upon *Balzac mis-à-nu*, edited by the Balzacian Léger, although he is justly cautious about accepting all of the statements in that prejudiced little work for fact.

There were many women in Balzac's life—strangely enough, for his physical appearance (he was grotesquely fat and awkward) was not one which usually attracts the feminine sex. There was Mme. de Berny, who influenced Balzac probably more than anyone else he ever knew; there was the Marquise de Castries, with whom he quarreled and made up myriad times; there was Mme. Hanska, the "Foreign Lady whom Balzac loved for years and whom he was destined, at last, to marry. When Balzac was not preoccupied with his writing or his lovers, he was obsessed with "get-rich-quick" schemes—those absurd and impractical schemes which never fail to attract the genius.

Mr. Gribble does, however, add something to the current knowledge of the history of Balzac: he tells for the first time in English the story of the execution for murder of Balzac's uncle.

Balzac was a sentimentalist who never really found the woman he loved. The woman whom he thought was the one of all his dreams was, in reality, a shallow and selfish woman. And herein lies one of the most poignant tragedies in literary history.

JULIAN JAMES.

GRACE HAZARD CONKLING

WITCH (and other poems). By Grace Hazard Conkling. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 84 pp. \$2.

This volume is a collection of the best of Mrs. Conkling's verse written since 1926. This poetess writes with a high quality of lyricism. Her images are deft and sharp like a prism, reflecting the many-colored hues of life. Behind all of her poetry, acting perhaps as a motivating force, one senses rich experience and contact. The imaginative quality of her work surpasses her technical skill which is not always perfect. Yet, her words flow freely and unrestrainedly, and the reader moves quietly through the poems themselves.

Perhaps the best in this collection is the sequence of sonnets entitled "Steamer Letter," consisting of ten poems. The following shows clearly the charm of her images and the lyricality of the verse:

*Quickly before the broken wave falls down
Show me the world blown like a moth through
space,*

*Yet share with me the drama of a place,
Let me not lose you, share with me the town. . .
Bridges and primrose market and the frown*

*Where houses doubt the spring, and ruffled lace
Of April leaves, their shadows on your face. . .
Quickly before the falling wave can drown*

*All leaves and flowers and every day and night
We two have known and music and the pang
When music stops. I need to be concrete
Even with illusion, need to invent delight:
And liked the blackbird first because he sang.
The number on a door in Cockspur Street.*

J. J.

THE MASK: A FANTASY

(Continued from page four)

stares.) It wasn't. I thought you loved me and I was glad my body pleased you, but there was no love in here (*She touches her breast.*), none, Paul. And I felt only empty, somehow, even with your fingers on me and your kisses on my lips. (*He stares unconsciously.*) My boy, I wanted to give you what your love deserved (*He recoils.*)—even if it meant losing you.

Paul (*Resigning himself.*)—I'll listen, if you want to talk.

Louise (*Beginning to realize the futility of it.*)—Oh, Paul, I was deceiving you when you thought I cared most for you. You didn't know me and I was afraid. But tonight I believed you; I believed all you said and I wanted you to know what I was. I wanted to give you my love. You didn't know that the thing you fondled was only a soulless body and I couldn't cheat any longer. So—Oh, Paul, come close, it's hard to talk when you look so strange and cold. (*Paul does not move. Louise closes her eyes and goes on.*) Years ago I sold my soul. I had no shame. I wanted youth and beauty. Paul, I sold my eternal soul for a few more years of the youth I had lost. (*He sits cold and indifferent. Louise shudders and continues, tonelessly.*) Tonight your love seemed to change everything and I needed that soul again. Paul, I wanted you to be happy and only my love could have done that. I bought back my soul for you. (*She trembles and opens her eyes and fastens them on his face.*) For you, Paul. I can never be young again. All that has gone. I love you, boy.

Paul (*Stands rigid, looks at her, then, quickly, away.*)—God, what do you know of love? (*He turns, irresolute, then walks swiftly from her, disappearing in the night.*)

Louise (*Gazes after him a moment, taut. Then sinks back.*)—What do I know of love? Nothing. Nothing.

H. L. Mencken comes out with another of his satirically iconoclastic series of essays on subjects of universal interest. This time it is a *Treatise On the Gods*.

Betty

By JOHN WARDLAW

*Magnetism of great power
Finds me suddenly in range.
Mystic magic, strong and strange,
Weaves a romance in an hour.*

*Nervous pulse beats; then, assuring
Eyes where love lies, deep, alluring,
Just a shadow of a glance
Leaves me spellbound in a trance.*

*All the longings of the years
Joys unbound that know no ending.
Hopes and fears bring only tears.
Will we find we're just pretending?*

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Nice Cops

By DRAKE DEVEREUX

THE SPIC-AND-SPAN little kitchen was quiet, except for the noisy odor of greasy, fatty foods sizzling on the ancient stove. Chicken fat and *lochschen* smell floated lazily, reluctantly, through the open window.

It was a warm summer night and even the horrendous clamor of New York's east side sailed desultorily, tiredly, in the air. The dull glow of the street lamp stole furtively into the half of the room that housed the table. And old-fashioned, dilapidated table it was; that seemed to bend beneath the weight of the arms that were rested on it.

Even the light of the streetlamp failed to brighten the face of the drab little woman inside. She scratched the worn places in the oil-clothed cover and every now and then dropped pieces of peeling from it to the floor. And she worried.

She looked across the street into a similar room. Harrigan was home and Mrs. Harrigan could be seen flitting to and fro giving him his meal.

Ham, probably. Such nice people, she thought, why they should eat ham? Just because they eat ham, my Herman doesn't like them. My Herman! Where is he? Maybe they're keeping him by the police station?

She was just about to indulge in the wild fantasies that only an old Jewish lady can summon under stress, when she heard footsteps on the stairs. "Herman?" she called shrilly. "Herman! Is dot you?"

"Sure! Who do you tink it comes here, princesses und princes? You should be glad what I'm here yet. It's a wonder dey didn't keep me dere altogedder!" Herman answered from the stairs.

Then he entered. A small, thin man in shoddy clothes, with a grimy, dumpy derby settled low over his protruding ears. He took off his hat and let his grey hair annoy him by obstructing his view. His face was florid with exasperation and he grimaced and gesticulated wildly to emphasize his words.

"Oy, you should hear what happened. I can't believe it mineself! Fifty dollars they fined me. Fifty dollars for reckless driving because I passed a light. Sarah, I could have bought you a dozen dresses for fifty dollars!"

"Weh iss mir! I never heard of such a ting," Sarah wailed. "A whole two weeks it takes you to get fifty dollars."

Herman, thoroughly aroused by her sympathy, now shouted. "Last month I save a cop from two burglars. He would have been murdered in pieces. In pieces, I tell you. Aand I come and help him! I save his good-for-nothing life, I'm telling you. And for what? For what, I ask you? So now I should be fined fifty dollares for traffic vilation. I should know traffic laws? Am I a lawyer or am I a junkman? I ask you, what I am?" Sharr—AP! he shouted as she sought to answer, "who is talk-

Cosmos

By RICHARD A. CHACE

*My eyes, how blind before! were open now,
Amazed to see and, seeing, feel re-birth
Vicariouly. (Duty must endow
Its own expression of a conscious worth
Long stifled in an old indifference.)
I saw the universe, incarnate me,
Tissue of mind, my own intelligence,
And I, the center of eternity,
Weaving, within, the cosmic ebb and flow
Of macrocosmic destiny. I knew,
As symbol of my growth, the stirring seed
Of no abortive prophecy, for, so,
In this instinctive growth, life must pursue
A slow fruition through insatiate need.*

ing, you oder me?"

He marched irately up and down the length of the kitchen. Once he paused long enough to turn on the light. His hair was flying all over his face and his eyes were narrow with wrath.

"A poor Vienna junkman I am! Can't they let me alone? With all the money I make here, with all the liberty, with all the everything, I wish I was again in Vienna.

And now he calmed. The peacefulness of Vienna seemed to settle over him even as he thought of it.

"In Vienna it's nice! They got nice cops. They got peace. They can work, they can live, they can do everything! It's quiet there at night. You can sleep. You don't got to be afraid from thieves, with machini guns, with rewolwers, with knives. Vienna is the place, I tell you, Vienna is the place."

His period of reminiscence was over and he railed once more. "And what I got here? Fifty dollars fines for traffic vilations, I got. Dots what I got."

Sarah listened attentively now. She saw that her's was to be a silent excitement and indignation. She had discovered when she might and when she might not interrupt her husband. But she ventured timidly, "Noo, Herman, so what you can do? You can't do nothing."

"Ach," cried Herman, "I'll wouldn't even think of it no more. Next time, I'll know better. I'll wouldn't help such bummers even if ten crooks will kill them. They need it. Protection they gives us? So where iss my protection? I save their lives and they fine me fifty dollars. Iss this protection? Never mind, you'll see, I'll wouldn't give a help a policeman so long as I live. I should live so."

"Herman! It's already late, Herman," Sarah warned him, "Go get the truck and come home. I got it supper all ready for you. It's already dark outside. Go quick."

Herman looked at her agrievedly, as if disappointed because he couldn't continue his condemnation of the police force. Then he slipped hurriedly out through the rickety doorway. And as he went, he murmured imprecations on the heads of

(Continued on page three)

Wallace Stevens

A GLANCE AT ONE OF THE LESSER KNOWN POETS OF TODAY

By PHILIP DEVILBISS

THE AVERAGE reader of poetry knows little or nothing of Wallace Stevens. Perhaps he has heard of a poet of that name; perhaps he has even read "Peter Quince at the Clavier," and possibly he has glanced at "Le Monocle de mon Oncle." But beyond that, Wallace Stevens is an obscurity, unless some voracious reader of contemporary plays has perused "Three Travelers Watch a Sunrise." For Mr. Stevens has published but one book of poems, *Harmonium* (Alfred A. Knopf, 1923); his other verse has appeared in *Poetry, Magazine of Verse* and *Others*.

If the reader will permit an analogy to painting, Mr. Stevens's method may be classed as pointillism. He breaks up patterns into minute chromatic divisions, small squares of pure color. He places his emphasis on specific tonal threads rather than on content. He makes a careful selection of his words, choosing only those which he may use for aesthetic elaboration, for tonal qualities and color. One does not read his poems as a whole but as fragments which are carefully-chipped corners of a prism, reflecting the colors which the poet discerns. His poetry is often the confusion of words which accompanies the captivation of a thought, rather than the clear presentation of the thought itself. His poetry is like the blush of a rose reddening until it stains the mind with profusion of color. Literally dozens of metaphors and similes are scattered throughout his verse. In "Peter Quince at the Clavier" the poet says:

*The winds were like her maids,
On timid feet,
Fetching her woven scarves,
Yet wavering.*

And again:

*And as they whispered, the refrain
Was like a willow swept by rain.*

In another poem he says:

*The going of the glade-boat
Is like water flowing;
Like water flowing
Through the green saw-grass,
Under the rainbows.*

And still again we find that "The spring is like a belle undressing." But at times we find in his verses fallacious imagery. An example of this may be seen in "Tattoo":

*The light is like a spider.
It crawls over the water.
It crawls over the edges of the snow.*

*It crawls under your eyelids
And spreads its webs there—
Its two webs.*

But a spider is a dark, rayed arachnid which moves

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CIRCULATION MGR.....G. W. THOMAS, JR.

Sunday, April 20, 1930

"Men in great place are thrice servants; servants of the sovereign or State, servants of fame, and servants of business. . . ."

—Francis Bacon

"For a crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal, where there is no love."

—Francis Bacon

A CHANGE OF STAFF

AFTER the next issue of The Magazine the present editor relinquishes his duties. For the Student Government has decreed that the newly elected editors shall take over their duties at once. This is, of course, setting a precedent for the Magazine and the Buccaneer.

The present editorial board has planned for some months an Alumni Number to which prominent writers and former contributors of the Magazine have been invited to submit material. Due to the change of staff, this issue will not be published by those who planned it.

The change of staffs in the middle of the last quarter instead of at the first of the new year comes as a surprise to the editors. Such a change has not been made before. But the Student Government officials seem to see the change necessary, and that they have their reasons we have no doubt. We have been saliently interested in the Magazine and have planned and worked with it to the best of our ability. Whether or not we have succeeded in our purpose must be left to other judgment. With the new editor we leave the Magazine and hope that he will make it more of a success than it has been before.

There is, we believe, a definite place for the Magazine at this University. Writers have been developed here and that they will continue to be developed is our hope. A workshop for creative minds is necessary—essential for a full development of power. May this workshop continue to be used, acquire new hands and new tools, and help to bring out the best that is in the students here.

Literary Chronicle

The death of Cosima Wagner, Richard Wagner's widow, occurred at the first of this month. Count Richard Du Molin Eckhart has written the story of her life which Knopf is bringing out. The work is a two-volume translation from the German and is based on her letters and diaries, most of which have never been published. The book reveals why Cosima has been created and buried in Bayreuth.

* * *

Anne W. Armstrong, author of *This Day and Time* (Knopf), came near death in an automobile accident near Los Angeles recently. She is reported to be recovering slowly and is at present on her way back to her home in Tennessee.

* * *

BEST SELLERS AT THE BULL'S HEAD

H. G. Wells: *Outline of History* (Garden City).

Chas. & Mary Beard: *Rise of American Civilization* (Macmillan).

Will Durant: *The Story of Philosophy* (Garden City).

John Galsworthy: *The Forsythe Saga* (Scribners).

Shakespeare: *Histories* (Everymans).

Dostoevsky: *The Idiot* (Everymans).

* * *

Reports from England state that Mme. Colette's *Cheri* is appearing on the English best-seller lists. The translation is by Janet Flanner. Mme. Colette's new novel, *Mitsou* (Boni), appears this week.

* * *

Dorothy Heyward, wife of Dubose Heyward, and co-author of the stage version of *Porgy*, seems to be headed for the biggest season of her career. With her first novel, *Three-a-Day*, just off the press (Century), Mrs. Heyward is turning her attention to the new musical comedy, *Jonica*, for which she wrote the book. The play is now being tried out on the road and is expected to open shortly on Broadway.

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At Your Own Risk

"The Boston College Stylus," a college publication from the City of Censorship and the Mecca of Morals, says in a recent issue: "The Carolina Magazine notes that 'quite a battle is being carried on between defenders of the modern school of writing and the opponents of it.' The fact is as true now as when Byron, or Whitman, or any writer attempted to speak the spirit of his age. The troublesome feature of the present struggle is that the era which it would interpret is shallow and cynical in thought, and pagan in morals. Of course, the literature that reflects such a spirit is exemplified in D. H. Lawrence's monograph on obscenity, and results in a disregard of moral values even in college monthlies, specifically in the one just named." Perhaps as North Carolina used to thank God for South Carolina, Christian America should thank God for Boston, College monthlies should thank Him for "The Boston College Stylus," and "the Carolina Magazine" should thank Him that it has not yet been banned from polite literary circles.

* * *

According to a special cable from London to the *New York Times*, "Ludwell Denny's *America Conquers Britain*, which points to the almost miraculous growth of the International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation, was held up in the House of Lords by Lord Clarendon, who sought assurance from Premier MacDonald's Government that it would not obstruct the efforts of the British Imperial Communications Company in radio-telephone research." Denny's book was recently published by Alfred A. Knopf.

* * *

The mystery of Emily Dickenson—tragic figure in one of the world's most tragic love stories and author of some of America's greatest poems—is at last about to be solved, says Genevieve Taggard, whose *The Life and Mind of Emily Dickenson* will be published by Knopf in June. In this book Miss Taggard will reveal the true story of Emily Dickenson's mysterious love affair, that secret infatuation which was destined never to be consummated, but which deeply colored her poetry and compelled her to live as a recluse. Of the 120 poems in existence by Emily Dickenson only one-half have been published. The others have been made accessible to Miss Taggard.

* * *

One early January day the late D. H. Lawrence, oppressed by the Sicilian scene and "this timeless Grecian Etna," set out to "discover" Sardinia. The discovery resulted in the writing of *Sea and Sardinia*. The "hard and primitive island of Sardinia" is the scene of this prose-excursion. The Bonis are publishing the book.

I Am Dreaming

By ARTHUR RIDING

—I am dreaming—Sargon said;—I am dreaming that I lie on this hill covered with yellow buttercups. I am dreaming that this young girl lies beside me and strokes my hair. I am dreaming that she places her lips close to mine and looks upon my face long and sweetly. I am dreaming; for I have never before seen such a girl, nor has a woman lain like this beside me, nor in this country are there such hills as this, covered with yellow flowers and thin tall grass—.

Sargon looked at the girl beside him. His eyes were half closed and he could not see her face. But he could feel her; he could feel her soft hands smoothing his hair; he could feel her breath upon his face. She was whispering to him; but he could not hear. He only knew that she talked and that her voice was sweet and clear. Sargon could not understand why he could not hear what she was saying. He chewed a long wisp of grass nonchalantly. He was happy and pleased with this young creature beside him—the fair one who spoke in so beautiful a voice and who stroked his hair so softly. Sargon was thinking of what he would say to her. Too quickly she touched his arm and pointed across the hill. Sargon looked up and opened wide his eyes. There he saw a wisp of smoke that curled ever upwards. Then other wisps followed, curling and tumbling about among themselves. He could not understand these strange wisps of smoke. But he stared long until he saw the flame. A single flame that grew until it pointed a rod high. Then it widened, ever-widened until it stretched across the hill. Sargon sat quickly up and looked about him. Not until then did he realize completely what was happening. The entire hill was blazing. The dry grass was burning; the trees were catching; the flames belched great puffs of smoke that scrambled madly about and sought the tops of trees in flame. But Sargon could not think. He did not know what to do. He heard the young girl talking beside him; but still he did not understand. He knew that her voice was high and violent and that she pointed gesturingly across the hill. He did not know what to do. She took him by his hands and pulled him to his feet. They ran together down the hill. Sargon could not see where he was going. So thick was the smoke that it filled his eyes and began to stifle him. But he ran on, stumbling, panting, and always trying to think. Suddenly he realized that in the density of the smoke the girl had separated from him. His hands were stretched forwards. About him rolled the stained clouds of smoke. He could not see where he was going.—Marianne—he called;—Marianne, Marianne;—. The name. That was the name.—Marianne—. He tried to recall where he had found the name. —Am I dreaming?—he asked . . .

Sargon stood before an altar looking at the girl beside him. He knew that he was holding her hand. He knew that someone was standing in front of them solemnly chanting. Somewhere long ago he had known this girl beside him. Sometime—he could not remember—he had seen her sitting at a table in a restaurant alone . . .

Sargon sat across from a brownhaired girl in an unkept cafe. He was drinking tea. The brownhaired girl was drinking tea. Somewhere a frenzi-

Middle-Aged

By JOHN V. A. WEAVER

*I knew that middle age would be
A losing of curiosity.
And how, and when, and why, and where—
I do not any longer care.
I plod a safe, habitual way,
Nor thrill to whisper "Ah, some day . . ."
But view with apprehensive eye
An unproductive bye-and-bye.
God! If I only had not lost
Desire to rush and see the frost
Dashing its colors on the leaves;
To smell the perfume of new sheaves;
To taste the richness of the mud;
To let the sunrise whip my blood . . .
But I am past such pioneering.
Mildly amused or vaguely fearing,
I carry my small, smothered soul
Cautiously toward a tiresome goal,
And do not even wish to hear
If the same phoebes came back this year . . .*

ed orchestra was booming out crazy music. The girl was talking to him; but the noises were so great that he did not hear one word. He leaned closer to her; and she seemed to speak louder. But still he could not distinguish what it was she said. He called a waiter and commanded him to have the music stopped. But the waiter could not hear. He leaned down to Sargon who shouted in a vociferous voice. But the waiter did not hear. —Fool!—screamed Sargon,—fool!—. The waiter smiled and took Sargon's silk hat from the rack behind him. Into the hat he turned what remained of tea in Sargon's cup. Sargon, furious, attempted to get up from his chair, but he found himself unable to move. He screamed; but he could not hear what he himself was saying. Quickly he took a glass and hurled it at the great drum in the orchestra. The glass sped a long way through the air but fell short of the drum. He hurled another which also fell short. No figure in the orchestra paid attention to him. Then a tall man in a tall black hat came up to him and shook his hand. Sargon was bowing to many people and shaking the hands of many men. Soon his hand became so limp that he could exert no pressure. It felt like a damp piece of cloth. Sargon turned and looked for some exit; but more people came and Sargon bowed still. It was but casually that he realized it was dark in the room. Now, thought Sargon, people cannot see me and I may escape, for I am weary of hands and faces. But he could find no door nor any wall. He walked endlessly, and he could hear the muffled voices of men about him. —What shall I do?—he queried himself:—this room has neither door nor wall—. Still he walked, on and on. It seemed hours passed; then it seemed he had been walking forever. The muscles in his legs grew tired and sore. . .

—Sargon! Sargon!—someone called. He peered into the dark. Vague shadows moved stealthily. Again and again he heard his name flung into the night. —Sargon! Sargon!—. The vast blackness lifted slowly, and Sargon looked with tired eyes into the semi-darkness. He saw the waves of a great sea lapping the clean sand; he heard the tumultuous cries of the breakers as they dashed into the sea and swept, roll after roll, shorewards. Sargon walked down the beach. There was no living thing in sight, only the straight, unswerving shore-

line and the white sand, and the cool greenness of the sea. His clothes were ragged and torn, and he felt an extreme thirst. At first the thirst was not so bad; but it grew and grew until he felt he could drink the sea at a gulp. Noon approached while the morning yet fled, and the heat of a tropic sun crucified him. Great beads of sweat rolled down his face to the corners of his mouth. There was nothing in the world he wanted so much as a single drop of water. He looked to the heavens, and there was no cloud in all the sky. As he was on the verge of crying out in agony, he saw a great white gull winging to the shore. The large form drew closer and closer, and Sargon saw that in its mouth it carried a huge glass. The bird circled Sargon slowly and let the glass drop. Thudding on the sand it shivered into a million pieces, that directed the points of sun into Sargon's eyes. He stooped and touched a splinter. Then, when he drew it close to his eyes, he found that it was of solid gold. Meticulously he gathered every splinter and put them into a pocket of his ragged coat. This is some omen, Sargon thought; but still I die of thirst. —Am I dreaming?—he asked. When he felt he could live no longer for thirst, he said—I am dreaming, but I shall wake myself. I shall open my eyes and find myself on my bed in the darkness of my room—. Sargon tried to open his eyes; but it seemed they were already open. He was lying on his own bed, and the darkness flooded into the room through the raised window. All is well, he thought; I hope I shall not dream such things again. I shall turn on my side, for I have heard that lying on the back causes one to dream of horrible things. But Sargon could not turn. His hands refused to move. Then he realized that he was in that horrible state of semi-consciousness in which the mind accepts the dream as dream, but cannot discover the reality. He tried to scream out; but the sound clung deep in his throat. If I can only make a sound, he thought, I shall free myself from my suspended state. Still, he could utter no sound. I shall scream, he thought; I . . .

Sunlight flooded in through Sargon's window. With half opened eyes he could see the pink blossoms of the peach trees in the orchard. He felt the cool morning air sweep across his face. The world was warm and sweet. Slowly he threw back the covers and yawned. —Martha—he called;—is breakfast ready?—.

NICE COPS

(Continued from page one)

policemen, and *Most* especially policemen who were so ungrateful as to fine him fifty dollars after he had saved their lives.

He shuffled down the street toward the corner on which he had parked his battered flivver-truck.

As he rounded the corner a police whistle blew. Three sharp long blasts. He glanced jerkily down the street and watched. He saw a policeman running, gun in hand, toward a side alley. He saw a masked man appear, behind the policeman, also with gun in hand.

He might have shouted. He might have warned the unsuspecting blue-coat. But the second figure was facing him and—every time he opened his mouth his indignation at the day's events and

(Continued on page four)

Jule's Prayer

By ANTHONY BUTTITTA

Jedge, you're gwina hafta hab a lil' mussy on a poh lil' dried up niggah like me—lawd, jedge Portah, it ain't nuttin' if ah had a lil' drink—naw, suh! jedge, ah ain't wuz transpo'tin eny—an' ah ain't nebah sold eny eidah. All ah done wuz jest to carry it in mah belly, dat's all, jedge Portah. Ya, suh, ah knows ah wuz sort a rocky—ah sho' wuz drunk. Ah's gwina tell you de truf about it—ah sho' wuz drunk—ah awways tells de truf—ah's holy—belongs to de church—ah awways tells de truf. Ah wuz drunk, jedge Portah, but please hab a lil' mussy on a poh lil' niggah like me. Yassur, ah done bin here befo'—ah likes a come an' see you, mistah jedge Portah—ah beliebes you're mah fren. Ah done told you ah's a universarry man—ah goes to de universarry too— all de boys knows me—dey knows Jule—Jule dat belongs to de Pan-ataletic fraternity—Naw, suh, jedge—dey says dey can't pay mah fine—ah axed dem de las' time. Ah—whut's dat?—yassur, you gab me sixty days de las' time on de road—dat hot, dusty road, jedge Portah—but jedge Portah, sho' nuff, please hab a lil' mussy dis time. Ah promises befo' de mighty lawd dat ah ain't touch annudah drop uv dat dirty stuff, but, jedge Portah, if ah goes an' fo'gits mahsef, hab a lil' mussy on me agin.

NICE COPS

(Continued from page three)

his memory of fifty dollar fines prevented any sound from coming through his lips.

And as he watched and struggled with his conscience, he heard two shots in rapid succession and saw the bluecoat clutch, falter, and, dropping his gun, fall heavily to the walk. His skull made a dull, thuddy noise on the stone.

Herman remembered something like this. He was glad. He wouldn't be mixed up in it though. Not he! He wouldn't even look that way. Such good-for-nothings. Burglars they can't catch. Only shot and murdered they can get. Only shot like that, and fall so hard . . . and fall so hard . . . He hesitated.

It is in such moments as these that a man may show his greatness. The opportunity ever arises wherein a man may show his stuff. And Herman showed. True, he might have called out and saved the man, but would you have chanced being the substitute for the original target? Herman showed in this wise, he smothered his resentment, his petty antagonism, and his inherent humaneness overpowered him when he looked again at the still form on the walk.

He gave no thought to the attacker, but he lurched swiftly toward the body.

He lifted the heavy head onto his lap, put his hand into the jacket, and wiped the clammy blood from his hand as it came away wet. He looked up just in time to see the man from the next beat, vicious red flashes coming from his hand, round the corner. And Herman sagged limply over the prostrate form, his hair brushing the dirty pavement.

When they picked him up he called for Sarah. But just before he died, "Such loafers, Sarah! I told you I wouldn't help them, didn't I? I ask you, Sarah, didn't I?" murmured Herman.

Psalter

By MARGARET BEAUFORT MILLER

WHAT TIME BEARETH NOT AWAY

*The Lord beyond space hears song beyond time.
Choiring to spheres the stars of the morning
sing altogether and shine as they chime
sound everliving . . . man's song suborning
to plucking of planets . . . smiting of stars . . .
as sounding of brass and striking of lyre
are to ears upon earth . . . tintinnant fire
fling and fusing eternity's bars.*

*There rise from the flute of the seraphim
all desire and ineffable yearning
past terror and longing tingling of limb
or calling of blood . . . love through them burning
and searing song on their lips so they falter
to the Lord on his infinite altar.*

WHAT BREATHING DISPERSETH NOT

*Meadows are meek to the nostrils of God.
He breathes winds that are laden and dusty
with pollen they flinch from the goldenrod.
He scents fernfronds rankgrowing and lusty
through the valley of the shadow of green.
Pine balsam and cedar offer incense
to Jehovah on whose shoulder they lean.*

*Ye altars of earth waft up penitence
prayer and love from the heart of mankind.
All balmy things upon the earth bless ye
the Lord for rain and the sun that ye find
beating down of his fostering pity . . .
All spikenard sweet oils and cinnamon paint
golden the odorous prayers of a saint.*

MANNA AND HONEY

*The taste of the earth is sweet to man's lips
and all flowering fruits that he may dine:
melons and pomegranates and spicy pips
of russet apples and red grapes for wine.*

*Bees of the forest dig gold for his meat . . .
He strips the dusty stalks of corn for grain.
Fed by the sun on his body the wheat
gives strength to his arm as he sows the plain
with kernels to kindle the cloven loam
that his labour may bring forth nourishment
consume the furrow and bear harvest home.*

*The fullness of the earth is never spent . . .
Men die and are born. Forever time's span
continues to burgeon the garden of man.*

Southland

By LEWIS ALEXANDER

*A carnival where souls of black men dance,
Free as the air we breathe, the sun that shines;
Coal swarthed and lithe as steeds decked for the
prance*

*Flaunting their body charms like concubines,
Beneath a moon seductive as the eyes
Of whores worn by too many nights of flesh;
Where clouds hang heavy in the drooping skies
Like bellies pregnant with a season's mesh.*

*O land that lured me like a dark eyed slave,
Into the vortex of your beauty's hold;
But to repay the largesse which you gave
I've come, but ah the advent is untold.
The southland still is but a virgin womb,
With buried treasures like an unearthed tomb.*

WALLACE STEVENS

(Continued from page one)

jerkily. Furthermore, a spider does not crawl over the water, over the edges of the snow, or under our eyelids.

Often Steven's verbalism tends to become obscure. We find particular passages in his poems which are not only left unexplained by the title, but which are separate and entirely severed from other parts of the poem. At times, he twists his world into fantastic and unusual shapes; and then he offers in explanation only two lines:

*It is with a strange malice
That I distort the world.*

In some of his poems we find more than sheer beauty of tone and color. For example, I quote part of "Peter Quince at the Clavier":

*Beauty is momentary in the mind—
The fitful tracing of a portal;
But in the flesh it is immortal.*

*The body dies; the body's beauty lives.
A wave, interminably flowing.*

*So gardens die, with meek breath scenting
The cowl of winter, done repenting.
So maidens die, to the auroral
Celebration of a maiden's choral.*

*Susanna's music touched the bawdy strings
Of those white elders; but, escaping,
Left only Death's ironic scraping.
Now, in its immortality, it plays
On the clear viol of her memory,
And makes a constant sacrament of praise.*

Mr. Stevens sees the world as a huge piece of tapestry into which variously-colored scenes are woven. There is no logical arrangement of these scenes; the poet watches them change as he passes from one to another. Tomorrow sees a new piece of tapestry replace the old of yesterday. Stevens is free from literary allegiances. He is often unsure of his way, but he is, at least, following a path of his own, which some day may bring him nearer to the foot of Parnassus.

BOOK NOTES

Sigrid Undset's *Kristin Lavransdatter* is being hailed in England as enthusiastically as it was in this country. The "Saturday Review" of London asserts that it is "a work of great dignity and scholarship, worthy to rank with the masterpieces of fiction."

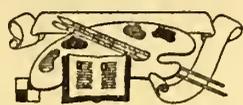
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Several books by Negro authors and several treating of Negro life have been secured by the Magazine for review in the annual Negro Number of this publication which will appear May 4. Among these books are: *Anthology of Negro Literature* (Modern Library), Roark Bradford's *Ol' King David and the Philistine Boys* (Harper), *The Green Pastures* by Marc Conolly (Farrar and Rhinehart), and others.

* * *

The Writer's Club of Columbia University is publishing its annual book, *Copy*. The book is composed of stories, poems, articles and plays by Columbia people. *Copy* will be reviewed in a future issue of the Magazine.

Drama and the Arts



by

MILTON GREENBLATT

"THE GREEN PASTURES"

"The Green Pastures," by Marc Connelly, is one of the most thrilling pieces of stagecraft seen in New York within recent years. It is, really, extraordinary. Whether or not it is as great a play as newspaper men have said is dubious. An impartial, true, judgment is very difficult at present.

The play is designated as a fable by the author. And it is this, for it is a dramatization of the world's greatest collection of fables—the Bible—as retold by the simple, primitive, God-seeking negroes.

Some credit is given to Mr. Roark Bradford, whose book "'Ol Man Adam an' His Chillun" is the source of the play. But hardly sufficient credit is given. For Mr. Connelly's themes, ideas, and method of treatment are very certainly Mr. Bradford's. What Mr. Connelly should be credited with is the giving to the whole group of stories a unity which Mr. Bradford's book lacks, and a seriousness and majesty that are also lacking in most of the original.

The play as a whole bears great resemblance to the ancient mystery plays. In content and number of episodes it is built on a larger scope, for it attempts to reproduce many stories, instead of the single one which the ancient plays did. In some of its scenes, "The Green Pastures" reaches the sublime heights of the old dramas. Particularly in the majestic scene of the negroid Israelites entering the promised land, and in the scene of Moses' blindness. Whether this great artistry is due to the writing or to the superb staging of the piece is uncertain. The Biblical stories are vastly simplified in this play, and frequently there are touches of superfluous humor, as in the scene of the angels' fish-fry, and in the spring cleaning of the business office of the Lord.

As to the performance, one sometimes misses, despite the fact that all the actors are negroes, the naivete, the earnestness of the negro character. The actors, in general, are as much like white people as they are like negroes, and even the dialect is not purely that of the southern negro much of the time. This jars occasionally. Richard Harrison gives a very impressive performance of the Lord. His version of that great folk character is not the mighty tyrant of the Old Testament, but one of a kindly, gentle, human God.

Harry W. Field, who spent ten years with Katherine Mayo while she was arranging her material for *Mother India* and who helped her edit the work, has recently written *After Mother India*, in which he takes a stand in defense of her book and answers the storm of criticism and disapproval that *Mother India* aroused.

* * *

There Was A Ship, the first novel to appear in several years from the pen of Richard Le Gallienne, is a tale of adventure and romance in the days of Charles the Second.

NOTICE

Due to an unavoidable delay material for the Negro Number of The Carolina Magazine did not reach the printers in time for this issue. The next issue will be published as the Negro Number. It will appear on May 4, and will be the last issue to be published under the present editorship. The Student Government officials have decreed that the newly elected editor shall take over the last two issues.

Books

THE TORTURED BATTLE STEED

THE WORKS OF JOHN DONNE. Edited by John Hayward. New York: Random House, Inc. 794 pps.

John Donne has been called "the tortured battle steed of the forces of his time," and his poetry records the struggle. Donne was an innovator; he rejected the conventional dress of the poetry of his day, cloaking his verse in a new and original garb. To his verse the Middle Ages contributed scholastic learning, and the Renaissance quality occurs in the intellectual activity which it displays, and in the pagan outlook which one finds in the naturalism of his early poems. Donne was the last great disciple of scholasticism, and when he died the heritage of the Middle Ages passed to no heir.

Donne's work is full of essential artistry. Many of his poems have little polish, and it is known that he seldom revised. External nature held but slight charm for him. He was mightily aware of the sensual qualities of things, and this quality is admirably brought out in his verse. He was a realist, and he endeavored to express his mental processes in images drawn from actual life. The abstract he replaced by the concrete.

The classical type of satire was introduced into English by Donne. This satire is the type in which life is deliberately drawn in its ugliest colors with the intention of bringing about repentance.

"An Anatomy of the World" and "On the Progress of the Soule" are two long poems in which Donne undertakes to present a full discussion of the subjects most constantly in his thoughts. The plan of the poems is medieval. The world is shown in all its corruption; the short span of modern life is compared with that of Methuselah; all nature is shown to be decayed and disorder rules the world. With these pictures Donne compares the virtues of his subject, Elizabeth Drury in whose honor the poems were written.

In the "Holy Sonnets" Donne set forth the inconclusive agony of his soul. Apart from the "Holy Sonnets" the most considerable body of his "Divine Poems" is a series of seven sonnets called "La Corona."

It is remarkable how modern is John Donne's work. Many of his love sonnets and songs are quite applicable to present-day conditions. His prose is mostly controversial, and "A Defense of Womens Constancy" will delight the modern reader with its poignancy and clever sophistication.

JOHN MEBANE.

THE DRAMA NOVELIZED

JOURNEY'S END. By R. C. Sherriff and Vernon Bartlett. New York: Frederick A. Stokes. 308 pps. \$2.50.

R. C. Sherriff has made his famous play into a novel. The play is now in its second year on Broadway and has been acclaimed a highly successful drama. The play is more successful as a play than is the novel as a novel, and the book would suffer by comparison. In this form, however, the authors have been enabled to fill in the story with more detail and a broader background.

The story begins with the boyhood of Raleigh and Stanhope in England. From there it jumps all too quickly to the war itself. James Raleigh is the central character of the novel. With him the authors have done fine work. They have created a clearcut personality. Raleigh follows Stanhope to the war. From that point the novel follows the play closely, with added description and conversations.

Sherriff and Bartlett are good craftsmen. They have constructed a piece with firm fingers: the dialogue is excellent, and the characterizations are all good. There are descriptions, which, instead of being superfluous in the novel form, add to it. One should be wary of attempting to compare the play and the novel for the two are constructed on widely differing principles. And this novel will rank above the average of the war stories.

J. J.

WOMEN IN HISTORY

DAUGHTERS OF EVE. By Gamaliel Bradford. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 304 pps. \$3.50.

In *Daughters of Eve* Gamaliel Bradford explores the hearts and souls of seven women of importance. Mr. Bradford is one of the finest of all modern biographers, and in this book his splendid style and his human sympathies are shown to advantage. His work is not the hackneyed, re-worked sort that many biographers are wont to indulge in; rather it has a freshness and a vivaciousness about it which pleases the most fastidious.

Ninon de Lenclos, the first of these daughters of Eve that Mr. Bradford discusses, led a fascinating and amazing life. The sex element in her life is strongly brought out. She is of the modern school, desiring freedom and equality. She had wit and intelligence and subtlety, and she merely laughed at the narrow moral codes of her day. Furthermore, like all famous women, she got away with it.

Mme. de Maintenon, the second daughter, was a queen for thirty years. She had once married Scarron who, by temperament, was not suited for her husband. Then she became the King's mistress and finally his wife. Without seeming to, she practically controlled the affairs of the kingdom.

Then Mr. Bradford takes up that extremely human woman, Catherine the Great, the empress who liked to connect everything possible with herself. In Catherine's life there were two mighty elements: love and power, and she obtained both. She parted on friendly terms with her lovers which seems unusual for any woman, and of her power she made the best of use.

Then there is that essential idealist, George Sand, whom Mr. Bradford does not think differs

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BOOKS

WOMEN IN HISTORY

(Continued from page five)

so very much from the young women of the present day. The distinguishing feature of her intellectual life was her incessant mental activity. She, too, fled the moral codes of her day. The final essay is on Sarah Bernhardt. This greatest of actresses led a fantastic and intensely interesting career, although there seemed to be about her something a bit artificial and a bit strange.

There are other essays on Madame Guyon, and Mademoiselle de Lespinasse. The book is extremely interesting, saliently human and well worth while.

P. D.

POET OF THE SOUTHWEST

THE WIND IN THE CEDARS. By Glenn Ward Dresbach. New York: Henry Holt and Co. 106 pps. \$2.

Glenn Ward Dresbach, the "poet of the American Southwest," has included in this book of verse poems of the desert and the hills. Most of his verse is written in conventional meter and has a rhythm which makes it pleasant to read aloud.

In a section of nineteen sonnets the poet sings of everyday scenes, the best of the group being a sonnet titled "Moonlight Sonata." As a poet of nature and of wild things Dresbach is at his best. Typical is this piece called "Approach to Cedars":

*Come not on mincing feet of one who goes
To dance the nervous measures of an hour,
Nor with the comic tread of one who knows
The sudden wine and not the dregs of power.
These are not common floors you walk upon
But bare earth's tortured passions cooled in stone;
These are not changing roads of conquest gone
But groping paths the spirit climbs alone.*

*So come as one who caught, far off, a note
Of waterfalls up canyons gnashed and dry,
And climbed to where the plumed boughs seemed to
float*

*Along the haze of ridges wedged in sky,
To hear, among trees grown from unkind ground,
The tides of distance breaking into sound.*

J. J.

LYRIC VERSE

SELECTED POEMS. By William Alexander Percy. New Haven: Yale University Press. \$3.00. 255 pp.

William Alexander Percy, one of the lesser known but more capable, of our native poets, has quietly gathered together a group of verse from his three earlier volumes—*Sappho in Levkas*, *In April Once*, and *Enzio's Kingdom*—and, along with a number of more recent pieces, has re-published them under the unassuming title of *Selected Poems*. The unquestionable merit of his work lies pre-eminently in its lyric quality; a certain smoothness of tone, a lilt to the phrase, lifts it unmistakably above the average. Such vivid description as:

The silence healed,

Like lake-water where a sword thrusts and withdraws. is no uncommon example in Mr. Percy's writing, where imagery of such a haunting quality as the following is possible, wherein he describes the pass-

Weekday Service

By MARGARET BEAUFORT MILLER

*Let bed and bath and dinner table**Shrive such sins as they are able;**For cash and credit, room and board**Condition all our conduct, Lord,**Lest hunger gnawing at the brain**Strip hungry members to the rain**And slay that lust of light and love**Unslaked beneath, unstanched above.**For shriven souls, and souls unshriven,**For thy mercies freely given—**The angel with the flaming sword.**Instruct the darker angel, Lord,**Lest eating, sleeping, night and day**Discover to their slaves a way**To smash the time-clock at the door**And paradise forevermore.*

ing of one of the great, ruling figures of the middle-ages:

*When he walked through
The portals of Death's purple-raftered house,
I know the other guests arose and stood.*

The middle-ages is most fascinating to this modern poet who is more at home when writing of the vivid crusades, of the simple faith of those to whom religion was something close and real, of those frequent bloody wars whose consequences were wide and bitter. He is, however, particularly severe toward the "guzzlers against the fertile breasts of life," and proclaims his to be "to shout the battle-cry and take no quarter," although knowing his fate to be "defeated always—but how splendidly!"

He, too, knows of love—as in *To Lucrezia*—and one can feel an unquestioning joy of living in such a poem as *In April Once*. The birds and the sun and the stars arouse a grateful response from his lips and he cries:

*O singing heart, think not of aught save song;
Beauty can do no wrong.*

Just by an indiscernable hair's breadth Mr. Percy lacks the something that makes for greatness, but the reader, however casual or probing, will find much to stimulate and to warm by a contact with such living verse.

RICHARD A. CHACE.

"But we are so fond of life that we have no leisure to entertain the terror of death."

—R. L. Stevenson

Beatification

By LEWIS ALEXANDER

*Choose beloved, and whatever the choice**I will but grant it even though the act**Consume my life or this my singing voice.**What matter if I die for love. The fact**That such a noble deed was done by you**In deigning to pour your love on little me,**Merits all and more than this I do**To canonize the sacred memory.**You are my love and nothing more nor less**And I the happy victim who'll essay.**The world shall know who brought me happiness**And have a record of this glorious day.**'Tis not enough a stone when you are dead.**This is your monument and it is said.*

MYSTERY WITH BACKGROUND

THE "CRYING PIG" MURDER by Victor MacClure. New York: William Morrow and Co., 302 pps. \$2.00.

The "Crying Pig" Murder contains more than just the shallow elements of the average mystery story with its murder, its suspects, its gradual unraveling of the tangled threads of evidence, and the final close and melodramatic confession. In Victor MacClure's novel the reader sees all the familiar marks of this type of fiction, but they are presented against something of a background, a background taking the form of a vivid and interesting discussion of that important abstraction of society, justice.

The brilliant Sir Aylmer's dissertation on English justice, its history and gradual development, its power and the workings of its grim but all prevailing impartiality, offers an example of this outstanding trait of the book. There are other passages bearing this out, and all infusing the reader with a sense of the justice in the final reckoning.

For there is a final reckoning,—just as in all other murder mysteries. A very attractive night club hostess, an entertainer in the "Crying Pig", notorious London night club, is found smothered at her apartment the night after Rupert Lastee, George Sanderly, and Sir Aylmer Considine, the latter the most prominent lawyer in London, have all been seen in a group at the cabaret talking with the girl. Suspicion falls upon Laster for certain remarks he was known to have made a few hours prior to the fatal occurrence. Then there is Sanderly, an entirely different individual from the refined and sensitive suspect, Laster.

The murder occurs in the first chapter, and from then on the reader sees the mystery deepen and the threads of the solution become more and more entangled, as suspicion passes from this character to that. The solution is guaranteed to come as a surprise, even to the most avid and experienced reader of detective fiction.

ROBT. HODGES.

A LA HEMINGWAY

IT'S NEVER OVER. By Morley Callaghan. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 225 pp. \$2.50.

In *It's Never Over* Mr. Callaghan has selected an ambitious theme which he handles with dexterity and skill. The psychological story must, in order to appear convincing, be the outcome of mature understanding of the motivating factors in human life. Mr. Callaghan has an adequate acquaintance with these factors.

At the opening of this story Fred Thompson is going to be hung for killing a policeman in a street brawl. Before Fred Thompson's death, his sister Isabelle had been in love with John Hughes, and Isabelle's friend, Lillian, had been on the verge of falling in love with Thompson. But Isabelle breaks with John, who turns to Lillian and is accepted by her. Isabelle falls into a morbid state; she encourages the affair between Lillian and John and, at the same time, keeps Lillian reminded of Fred. Isabelle is the strong character. She influences the lives of those around her and finally causes the break between John and Lillian. She has a repressed desire for John, and in her abnormal

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BOOKS

A LA HEMINGWAY

(Continued from page six)

state she allows this desire to destroy both John and her.

Mr. Callaghan draws his characters well. John is a half-simple, half-intelligent man, his emotional faculties superior to his intellectual. Lillian, at first a normal and healthy woman, is gradually drawn by Isabelle into an abnormal state.

The author's style is quite suggestive of that of Ernest Hemingway. But Mr. Callaghan's technique is not developed to that high pitch of perfection which Hemingway has attained. Many of his sentences are grating and over-harsh. The staccato is often overdone, becoming displeasing and monotonous. At other times, however, there is a freshness and a simplicity about the work which appeases for his faults. Many of his simple sentences have the same effect as over-involved ones, disturbing the reader and distracting his attention. There is a certain dramatic quality in his work which, however, lacks the emotional intensity which the situation deserves.

It is pleasing to find that this author does not flounder about in an intricate mesh of forces and circumstances, but that he knows his way from beginning to end and that the plot never becomes too complicated to be explicitly followed.

JOHN MEBANE.

LOUIS THE ELEVENTH

THE SAINT, THE DEVIL AND THE KING. By M. L. Mabie. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 331 pps. \$2.50.

Mr. Mabie has made the Louis the eleventh of France, with his eccentricities, his cruelties, and his craftiness, accessible in a historical novel written in a pleasant and unusual style. The days of Louis were gorgeous ones, filled with splendor, battles, and quarrels which spread over Europe. Louis dominates the picture. His cruel passions, his bitter youth, and his frustrated loves are brought out in a manner that compels attention.

The story starts when Louis escapes from his exile at Grenoble in order to visit his father's mistress, Agnes Sorel. Louis himself loved Agnes and because he loved her, he poisoned her. He never ceased worshipping her all the days of his life. Then Louis lived many years in the territory of the Duke of Burgandy, longing all the while to return to France, hoping, planning and praying. Praying was a particular habit of Louis', especially in crises or after a murder. Louis is betrayed and betrays. He fights, and whether his armies win or lose, the victory is always Louis'. He is crafty, cruel, envious and superstitious. His one trust was in Tristan, the huge hangman. Then, too there is Oliver "le Diable" who advises Louis and who knows as much about the kingdom as Louis himself.

This author portrays Louis in a fascinating manner. He makes no explanations or comments, but leaves conclusions to the reader. There is a dramatic power about Mr. Mabie's style which is exceedingly well developed and which makes *The Saints, The Devil and the King* intensely interesting reading.

HENRY STOCKTON

Quest

By DOROTHY MUMFORD

*The long hill flug its hump against the sky,
And left the road to grope beyond the gray
Horizon mists for a still farther way,
Yet undulating on until the eye
Caught where it lapped like cotton fields the
high,
Slow clouds; and as the night slipped on the day,
We walked the lower road where the still sway
Of shadows crept into the dark to die.*

*In quietness we went until I said,
But half aloud, in answer to you there,
"The cool blue dusk is on my throat and hair
And still uncertainly the night wind sings,
Yet I would follow where the hill has led
To seek in certainty unspoken things."*

POIGNANT VERSE

SATAN'S SHADOW. By Elizabeth Laroque. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 57 pp. \$2.

Although this is Elizabeth Laroque's first book of verse, in it she proves herself a very clever poetess. One realizes as one reads the alternating moods of youth: rebellion and disillusionment. One fails to recognize a conscious striving for effect. The dominant note of the poems is irony. Then, too, there is that bit of pseudo-pathos which one finds in the young writers. Many of the verses are of the type which Dorothy Parker did so well in her books, *Enough Rope* and *Sunset Gun*. Yet, in these poems there is a more genuine note, a sly honesty which gives them an added charm. Such pieces as the one which she titles "Complaint Against Men" are done with such clever grace and charm that one is willing to overlook the occasional faults of the other poems:

*I said, "The stars are frozen white."
He said, "I've never seen white stars."
I smiled and sighed, "The moon tonight
Is held to earth by silver bars."
He said, "It's only moonlight, dear—
There are no bars to hold the moon;
The child is fanciful, it's clear
That she will be a poet soon."*

This is the type which she does best. Love poems are not lacking; but they are not efflorescent with the sentimental phrase to which the first poems of so many writers are addicted. Again, she strikes the sarcastic note in "To Any of My Friends":

*I'll tell you this, my dear, if all of those
Are heaven-bound, whom you and I suppose
Are foreordained by sinlessness to be
Harp-singers in that vast community;
Knowing their godly words and ways so well,
I'd rather sizzle by your side in hell
Than sit in paradise with such as they!
(Virtue's its own reward and little pay.)*

J. M.

ARTIST AS A YOUNG MAN

HUNTSMAN IN THE SKY. By Granville Toogood. New York: Brewer & Warren (Payson & Clarke). 446 pp. \$2.50.

In this his first novel Granville Toogood has done a remarkable piece of work. He displays an emotional energy and a control of situation seldom to be discovered in the author of a first novel.

Mr. Granville paints, as did James Joyce in *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, a picture of a genius; but Bartram Garrison is a genius in society, a genius unopposed by the adverse circumstances which usually confront the artist. He is confronted by something even greater: the lack of opposition.

Young Garrison is a musician, the descendant of a wealthy and cultured Philadelphia family. At the opening of the story he is returning from Paris where he had completed his musical education, and where the prize for the best musical composition had been won from him by a little Jew from Geneva. Bart is pursued by a sense of failure—a sense which continues to pursue him throughout the story. The little Jew had told him his music lacked what it needed most of all—experience. Nothing had ever happened to Bart. So he returns to his home where all his family and his friends expect great things of him. There he finds Anne, wholly and unselfishly in love with him; and there he meets Elaine, with whom he falls in love, but who is destined never to love anyone.

There is something strange about Bart—the strangeness that envelopes all men of genius. He is restless, discontented, always seeking for something which seems to remain just out of his grasp.

Mr. Toogood works out his plot with care and skill. His characters are finely drawn, and they have in them that substance which makes them alive. Anne and Grandfather Lloyd are by far the best of Mr. Toogood's creations. One never quite believes in Bart until the very end of the book.

Huntsman in the Sky is imbued with a quality of sincerity and imagination which make it well worth reading and place it far in front of the average run of first novel.

P. DEV.

ENGLISH ARISTOCRACY

THE RELUCTANT MADONNA. By Marguerite Steen. New York: Frederick A. Stokes. 314 pps. \$2.50.

Marguerite Steen has worked out an absorbing plot in her novel, *The Reluctant Madonna*. In general style and in character analysis, she is inclined to be vague. As a study in the working of the minds of the three predominant characters, however, and as a fabric loosely woven around their lives, the story is interesting. There is a real sweep in her handling of the theme.

This story traces the history of a present-day family of high English aristocracy for a half dozen generations and suggests the significant characteristics of each period. The hero's heritage combines elements violently contradictory, which include a spirit of blasphemous sporting, of insensate cruelty, and debauchery, as against a passion for religious asceticism, timidity, and introspection. No member of the line was wholly normal and all showed signs of some trace of insidious deformity in their personalities. The characters are many, but the most important are the three members of the noble family. The father is sharp, moral, and ascetic; the mother is magnanimous, aloof, yet warm and stunningly beautiful; the son is youthful, handsome, and nimble in his varied personality. The tragic qualities of the tale, which involve the robbery of a woman's marital happiness by her hus-

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BOOKS

ENGLISH ARISTOCRACY

(Continued from page seven)

band's morbid penance, are well brought out by the author.

The story is very readable and at places shows real power, but on the whole it lacks the finish and vividness that would give it real excellence. At times the author shows an unfamiliarity and a hesitance in her approach to certain situations that bespeak a qualified understanding of England and her aristocracy. A good many of her climaxes are built up slowly, but in the end lack the touch of reality and power that might have made them effective.

ROBERT BARNETT.

BOOKS RECEIVED

An Anthology of American Negro Literature, edited by V. F. Calverton (Modern Library).

Ol' King David and the Philistine Boys, by Roark Bradford (Harper).

Songs of the Coast Dwellers, by Constance Lindsay Skinner (Coward-McCann).

Australia Felix, by Henry Handel Richardson (Norton).

Touchstone, by Ben Ames Williams (Dutton).

The Sweet Cheat Gone, by Marcel Proust (Boni).

America the Dream, by Katherine Lee Bates (Crowell).

The Writers

Drake Devereaux is the pen-name of a student who contributes for the first time to the Magazine. He lays particular stress on his characters and has created a story with an ending for those who are averse to stories that "don't get anywhere" * * * Richard A. Chace, associate editor, was one of the staff nominees for the editorship in the recent elections. He has had poetry published in numerous magazines * * * Arthur Riding is the pseudonym of a student who has previously contributed both verse and prose * * * Margaret Beaufort Miller continues her sonnet sequence, "Psaltry" which began in last issue. She has also published verse in other magazines * * * Robert Hodges describes himself as follows: "Self-admitted brilliant student of English; future prominent novelist and outstanding playwright." He has done consistent work for the Magazine * * * Phillip DeVilbiss is the nom de plume of a University student who has contributed to the Magazine several times during the year * * * Robert Barnett is another first-time contributor * * * Lewis Alexander is one of the most promising of the younger Negro poets. For several years he has helped edit the Negro Number of this publication * * * Dorothy Mumford is a graduate student and has frequently contributed poetry * * * Anthony Buttitta is a graduate student. The realistic sketch in this issue is his first contribution * * * John V. A. Weaver is a well-known poet and a writer of short stories. He has published several books of verse including "In American," and "To Youth." He contributed to the Magazine several years ago.

Mater Dolorosa

By RICHARD A. CHACE

*Oh, let me crush my heart against your breast,
O earth, and cool my yearning in the soil
Of you, so let me find the long-sought rest
That gripes me, seeking, till the empty toil
My fingers ceaseless ply seem vain to test
The old ambition with. My spirits boil
In restless need, impatient at the quest
They follow, for those hopes they followed foil
Too often. Now I kneel, a suppliant,
Still hot with fighting. Mother, let me pray;
Compose my mind; lay peace inflexible
Upon my throbbing brow and let me stay
Thus, humble, grateful, till the old desire
Pass on through fingers grasping at the mire.*

Dark Night

JOHN BARBER

I have heard the song of the stars when there was no sky. Dark . . . Dark. I have heard in the stillness of night the moon shriek out its pain. Soft . . . pale. I have felt the cool, slender fingers of the wind curl about my throat, tenderly, unbutton my shirt, steal along my neck, seeking a heart that pulsates to the rhythm of slow-passing fantasies. I have heard the falcon's cry cut through a silence of chaos . . . the flutter of wings against my brain. Into the deep abyss of dreams. I have seen pass mockingly a caravan of hopes, fine horses plodding, sweet sugared hopes. Cries have beat against my breast, chained cries that struggled, clawed, scratched feebly. My cells have ached with a pain beyond comprehension. I have fled into the night on errant feet, strayed along the brim of the sky, touching the yellow points of stars, caressing the fragile tip of the moon. I have dropped through an endless void with the speed of Hermes, dropped for hours and hours, forever. I have lain awake on a silent bed, trying to recall old memories that have fled. I have hammered my fists against the bars of oblivion, helplessly.

Nights pass, and with their passing comes warm dawn . . . dawn on stealthy feet, tiptoeing into my dreams of sounds and shapes . . . red dawn sweeping dreams into the gulf of day. Dawn tripping, dancing, swaying . . . old dawn.

"In Europe desire is inflamed by constraint; in America it is dulled by liberty."

—Henri Beyle

shame, as to be found false and perfidious."

—Francis Bacon

Chrysanthemum

By DRAKE DEVEREAUX

*Our love was a gold Chrysanthemum
Full as a rounded sun.
A thousand petals nestled
Like garnered stars
Belted round the moon.
Then one by one—slowly—deliberately
The tawny petals fell
Like tired butterflies
Fell to the ground of Reason—withering.
Now our love is a limp memory
Drooping on a twisted stem.*

Book Chat

By ROBERT HODGES

Lyle Saxon has returned to his cabin on Cane River near Baton Rouge, Louisiana, to begin work on his next excursion into the byways of Southern history. His current book, *Old Louisiana*, has proved to be the most popular in his series, according to The Century Co.

* * *

Ibsen: The Master Builder by A. E. Zucker, and *The Way of the Drama* by Bruce Carpenter, and *A Book of Dramas*, compiled by the same author, are outstanding works on the general subject of the drama and the field of playwrights. The book on Ibsen is a study of the great Norwegian's technique and a discussion of his greatest dramas. Bruce Carpenter's works afford a kind of textbook on dramatic technique with the companion volume offering an actual survey of the world's dramatic masterpieces.

* * *

D. B. Wyndham Lewis, whose story of the life of Françoise Villon proved so popular, has now placed before the public *King Spider*, a biographical account of Louis XI of France which gives every indication of surpassing his previous work in distinction.

* * *

Special editions of famous works that have appeared within the last month include poetry, prose, and drama. There is the new Oxford edition of Gray's *Elegy*, printed in facsimile as the 1751 edition and containing all the editions of the poem prior to 1771. . . . Doubleday, Doran and Company have published a special edition of *Peer Gynt*, Ibsen's masterpiece of poetic drama. The work is illustrated by Elizabeth McKinstry. . . . From the house of William Edwin Rudge, which has taken over all Bowling Green publications, is a special edition, in three small but finely designed volumes, of Cooper's *The Spy*. The set contains ten partial illustrations in full color by William Cotton.

* * *

Maxwell Bodenheim has a new volume of poems, *Bringing Jazz*, which are to be set to music if anyone will volunteer for the task. The poet says in his preface that a "jazz composer is earnestly invited to set these poems to music."

Mood

By ROBERT B. KRAVET

*Thin shimmering moonbeams, on a vast stillness of
blue,
Through the river mist, the dim lights on the farther
shore;
Calm, peaceful. Sad.
Shattered illusions. . . . Sorrowful ultimates.
The fog envelopes me like a sheet of some fine
glossamer.
Cheek to cheek and lip to lip, I love with the night.
I feel its cold warmth and caressing fingertips.
Things take grotesque shapes.
Ghostly shadows clutch at me, from dim past ages.
They are deep and somber.
Impenetrable.
I am afraid of the shadows,
I am afraid of the night.
I shrug my shoulders, I laugh
It is the mood.
I rise and pass on to well lighted rooms, to seek a
new love.*

The Carolina Magazine

Negro Number

Literary Supplement to The Daily Tar Heel

Negro Number

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DOOR-STOPS

By MAY MILLER

GREEN Willow Street never boasted of virgins; not, of course, that one could be certain that such did not exist within its narrow confines but rather that one would never have associated such an anomaly with such a street. Indeed, the reputation of this little section was due entirely to ladies who plied a most distinctive trade, nor would the casual passerby have hesitated to add to the long list of artful traffickers the plump brown girl who sprawled indolently over the stoop at number —. She herself did not expect anyone to believe the truth; moreover did not want anyone to. With unnatural horror she dreaded the disclosure of the fact—so much did she desire to be like all the others.

Spring had stolen up the street so insidiously that few recognized it. There were no trees to herald its coming and the closely laid bricks of the pavements and cobblestones of the street brooked no intruding grass. Tonight, however, one knew of the season's arrival. The stoops were cluttered with lounging figures—thermometers were not needed in Green Willow Street so well did the appearance of the stoops register changes in weather. At number — the feeble cries of Nannie Bowen's new baby (it was her fourth fatherless brat) could be heard through the open window. Next door Easy Jones began to pump the pedals of his new pianola, and in the streets the children were mimicking life—choosing and losing lovers to rhythmic clapping and tuneful repetition of the barely intelligible words,

"That ol' man ain't got no wife, Mis Liza Jane, Shouldn't have mine to save his life, Mis Liza Jane. Oh, Mis Liza, Miss Liza Jane."

A slender, dark form towering for an instant above the enthusiastic singers, a gruff exchange of greetings with the half-dozing stoop-loungers, an unusual alertness on the part of the plump brown girl—Joe had arrived.

"Hey, Irma, you ready? We ain't got much time; it's after ten now," was the youth's abrupt greeting.

"Uh huh, what's yo' hurry?" the girl rejoined.

"We want seats; don't we? The place was crowded when I come past."

"Be wid you in a minute." Irma rose and went into the house.

It was a gala night at the Bucket of Blood. Count and his far famed troubadours from Atlantic City were the visiting artists and the cabaret was delightfully crowded. Smoke ascended to the low ceiling and returned to sting the eyes and mingle with the products of fresh cigarets. Gracefully draped half-pint, pint, and quart bottles were furtively produced from the most unexpected places. A stout, dark diva was crooning in a deep contralto voice, "I can't give you anything but love, baby."

Irma, a tingling warmth stealing over her, sur-

And They Nailed Him To a Tree

Shadow Imagery

By DONALD JEFFREY HAYES

*Something of moving midnight skies
Shadow-dances in your eyes*

*Pantomimes that pause and start
To the drum-beat of my heart*

*Here . . . I have seen pale vestals pray
In your eyes by light of day*

*And there . . . Salome's mad delight
Sway with passion in the night*

*But, Ann, in this one unclaimed space
I catch reflection of my face*

*Save, that the next lover may see
This shadow-portraiture of me*

veyed the sea of black, brown, and yellow faces. They harmoniously blended into one effective background from which the only real visage that emerged was the one that stood out in bold relief, face to face with hers. The smoke from Joe's cigaret circled their heads and inclosed them in a little paradise of their own. She leaned dizzily over the rickety table.

"Love me, Joe?" she asked thickly.

"How do I know?" the youth grumbled.

"You don' know? How come you don' know? I knows I loves you."

"I ain't sayin' nothin' 'bout you; I'se talkin' 'bout mahself an' I ain't got no ways of tellin' yit."

The youth reached down beside the table leg, brought up a bottle and filled the two glasses with a clear liquid which the proprietors called gin and sold at sixty-five cents a half-pint. Irma drained her glass and persisted.

"Whatcha mean, Joe?"

"You know damned well what I mean, but this ain't no time to talk 'bout that. Let's dance."

Joe gulped down the liquor, pushed his chair back violently and lurched toward Irma. She rose unsteadily. Joe's arms encircled her and they swayed to the saxophone's wail. After five minutes of movement in which they had progressed merely five feet from their table, they realized that the selection had ended and stumbled back to their places. Joe filled the glasses again. Irma drank and questioned anew.

"Joe, you ain't meaning you ain't lovin' me an' count of that?"

"I ain't said that yit, but I been goin' wid yuh foh two weeks now an' I guess we'd better be gittin' somewheres."

"Somewheres!" Irma opened her heavy eyes in alarm.

Joe sensed another explanation. "Forgit it, kid," he retorted harshly and emptied his glass.

(Continued on page four)

A STUDY OF THE POETRY OF COUNTEE CULLEN IN HIS BOOK "THE BLACK CHRIST"

By EMILE TREVELLE HOLLEY

WHEN Countee Cullen went abroad in 1928 he intended to compose at least one long narrative poem dealing with American life. He has fulfilled that dream, for in *The Black Christ* he has written an acrid story of lynching that is somewhat mellowed by the semi-religious setting.

The zenith of Cullen's racial poetry may be found in the title poem of this volume. The narrative begins with the black brothers arguing the non-existence of a benevolent god. Lynchings, Jim reasons, indicate either the prejudice or the absence of a divine ruler. Of the lynching that has just occurred in the town Jim snorts:

*"A white man struck him, he showed fight,
Maybe God thinks such things are right."*

*"Maybe God never thinks at all—
of us," and Jim would clench his small,
Hard fingers tight into a ball.*

"Likely there ain't no God at all."

By subtle suggestions the poet filters our hearts with the feeling that some day soon this particular black man will be hanged by lynchers.

The beautiful spring comes, bringing with it the mutual love of the Negro lad and a lovely white woman. To the lovers the beauty of spring is intoxication—it is life and love and beauty. At the heart of all this life and love and beauty a canker stagnates; for an envious and prejudiced white man discovers their love. Jim patiently suffers his taunts and jibes; but he cannot restrain himself when the vilifier insults his beloved. A burst of fury ends with a dead man at his feet. No more will Jim glory in the beauty of the spring, no more will he keep sweet rendezvous with his love; his last and bloody rendezvous will be with man-hunting dogs and man-killing cutthroats.

Jim darts home like a terrified buck. His family hides him in a closet, from which he leaps barely in time to save the brother who refuses to tell where the victim is. The tragedy ends in the painful familiar way: filthy abuse, torture, and death on the tree—a charred, mutilated black corpse dangling from a budding tree.

The moving narrative is the longest part of the poem; but the prelude and postlude are equally as interesting. In the prelude of this poem dedicated to the White People of America the poet sings with Miltonic sonority:

God's glory and my country's shame

He feels that lynching is a shame; but in his soul there is the certainty that God's glory will survive.

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CIRCULATION MGR.....G. W. THOMAS, JR.

Sunday, May 4, 1930

DEDICATION

OUR efforts in compiling the annual Negro Number of *The Carolina Magazine* have been towards presenting an issue representative of Negro life and art. For what success we have attained we are indebted to Mr. Lewis Alexander of Washington, D. C., honorary editor of this number. It is through his aid in securing the material that this issue has been made possible. Mr. Alexander himself is a talented poet and has published verse in various magazines.

Negro art and literature are rich in ancient tradition. Behind the modern challenge issued by them lies a cultural past, and a background of varied and colorful experience. The Negro has retained in his art a certain tint of primitivism that is delightfully refreshing and enlightening. In his art, his music, and his literature we may find a beauty that is unrestrained by artificial limits, a beauty and an intensity of feeling that are genuine and intimate. The white man turns to his intellect, but it is the soul of the Negro that calls out. In Jazz, perhaps, we may find that irresponsible enthusiasm and in the Blues that deep pathos which we think of as being so characteristic of the race.

Negro literature is growing, assuming proportions unheard of some years ago. The Negro race is developing essential artists. There is already a long list of them, Countee Cullen, Jean Toomer, Eric Walrond, Claude McKay, Georgia Douglas Johnson, Frank Horne, Langston Hughes, Alain Locke, Charles S. Johnson, Jessie Fauset, James Weldon Johnson, and others too numerous to mention. Colleges and Universities are offering them training and development in this field. On the printed page we find the Negro in one of his finest aspects. We are glad to have this opportunity of giving students here some idea of what the darker race is doing in the field of literature.

JOHN MEBANE.

The Writers

Lewis Alexander was born in Washington, D. C. in 1900. He studied at Howard University and at the University of Pennsylvania. He has been both an actor and an editor. His poems have appeared in various publications, and for several years he has been co-editor of *The Carolina Magazine*. He has been recently awarded an Honorary Scholarship in English at Howard University where he will continue studies.

Sterling A. Brown was also born in Washington in 1901. He graduated from Williams College in 1922 and received his degree of Master of Arts at Harvard in 1923. He is now teaching at Lincoln University. He is also a poet and a critic.

H. Von Avery is a student at Howard University. He has published verse in the "Hilltop" and the poems of his printed in this issue are used with his special permission.

Carrie W. Clifford is author of "The Widening Light." She has written a good bit of poetry and is a wife and mother.

Waring Cuney was born in Washington, D. C. in 1906. He graduated from Howard University and attended Lincoln University. He has had his poems published in Braithwaite's *Anthology*, Cullen's *Caroling Dusk*, the *Forum* and *Palms*.

Donald Hayes, of Atlantic City, was born in Raleigh, North Carolina. He received scholastic and debating honors in Northern schools. At Englewood he was dubbed "The Bronze God."

Emile Trevelle Holley is a critic and a student of poetry.

Frank Horne was born in New York City in 1899 and studied at the College of the City of New York and at Northern Illinois College of Optalmogy. His poems have appeared in "Opportunity," "The Crisis," Braithwaite's *Anthology*, and others.

The editor regrets that he was unable to use all of the material submitted for this issue because of lack of space.

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DEPARTMENTS

At Your Own Risk
Dedication (editorial)

At Your Own Risk

Among the more interesting of the books of Southern poetry is *Deep South*, by Carl Carmer (Farrar & Rhinehart, 83 pps., \$2). Mr. Carmer writes of everyday folks and places, of people he knows. His verse has a definite folk quality in it, a local feeling. Most of the poems deal with strange incidents in the lives of people in small towns in the South. Mr. Carmer has a story to tell in these poems, and he tells his stories with a realistic intensity which makes for entertaining reading. His poems are not lyric; they are narrative. And yet there is a note bordering on lyricality running through his verse. There are also ballads in the book, and this author has a feeling for balladry which is almost totally lacking in most of the more modern versifiers. His poems are filled with the folk superstitions of the mountaineers of the South and are built around legends or hints of legends such as those which still exist in the more remote regions. His poem, "Baptizin'" catches fairly well the Southern Negro spirit. I quote a part of it:

O Lawd, Lawd, make that river Jordan behave,
Make it a muddy branch and I'll be settin'
On a gold-lined cloud when the chariot comes to
save,
No roarin' splashin' streams with banks that's steep,
But let me cross with just a little wettin',
I wants to cross like Jesus did, knee-deep.

* * *

In *The Secret Bird* (Houghton Mifflin, 99pps., \$2) Jessie Rittenhouse has brought together a number of her short poems written in conventional meters. These poems have a lyrical quality and a simplicity about them which helps divert the reader from the fact that the poet has little to say. There is nothing intensely personal in her verse. Her writing lacks the proper individuality and becomes often dull and flat. Jessie Rittenhouse, who in private life is Mrs. Clinton Scollard, has done better work. Her numerous anthologies show a critical appreciation of what is good in present-day poetry. "Meters" is one of the better poems in the book. I quote the last stanza:

Now shame on me if I could look
On such intrepid strife,
And take my cue from out a book
When I am learning life!

* * *

Carl S. Patton has collected a number of short stories for boys and girls and published them under the title *Two-Minute Stories* (Willett, Clark & Colby, 131 pps. \$1.25). These short tales each have a simple and clear moral and are told in an interesting manner which should make them appeal to young boys and girls. There are 53 stories in the collection, all of them written with a warmth and understanding.

Red Moon Time

By LEWIS ALEXANDER

THE family of Mushads antedated the disruption of the Ancient Ethiopian Kingdom by more than two centuries. It has always been known among the royalty of The Land of The Winged Symbol because of its beautiful women. Sometimes they were called, "Brazen Beauties," sometimes, "Peacock Beauties" and sometimes "Damsels of the Nile." Such tribute had been ascribed to them by the successive royalty since the reign of Tiracqua. The Brahmin of all ages marvelled at their beauty.

The damsel of this legend is the result of the first marriage bed of Moham and Myra Mushad; who were first cousins. The Mushads always married in the family to preserve their ancestral beauty, on which they doted.

Moham was about six feet tall, his coarse black hair hung naturally and curled up above his shoulders. His great black eyes crowned with heavily arched brows and long silken lashes shone like jewels amid a setting of gold; for his complexion was tawny-brown. His nose was perfect. A well-cared for mustache was curled up to his cheeks and the long beard which is so common in the East curled on either side under his great chin. He looked as a lion that chose for the moment to be a lamb. Moham wore a tunic of hand-woven brown linen and a cloak of garnet satin. Such was the dress of the elders of his rank. The sleeves of the tunic fell slightly below his elbow thus displaying his sinewy arms. He wore barefoot sandals peculiar to the Ethiopian. His head bore the gear of the Ancient, which was a crown made of leather beset with rubies and yellow sapphires.

Myra, his beloved wife, was about five feet three, a little lighter than her husband and though small was rather plump. Her long black silken hair fell in two plaits on either side of her face, each secured at the end with gold rings. A band of rainbow colored beads was around her head. A short skirt of peacock-blue velvet fell just below her knees and a sort of blouse of tan linen adorned her upper. She wore several necklaces of jade, jasper and hand carved coral. Three bracelets were on each arm, platinum, gold and silver. On the little finger of her right hand she wore a ruby set in very odd old gold, this was the sign of the damsels of the Mushad strain. At the Sign of The Red Moon certain secrets of the occult were supposed to be revealed if the wearer would gaze at the ruby in the dark. Myra bore a youthful appearance though she was steadily approaching middle age.

Besides the "Raven Beauty"—'Hellas', Moham and Myra had three other children, Abdel, who had married the prince of the desert, when she was sixteen, Jashmid who stained his tunic by marrying the vampire of an Indian harem and Indus who had been sent to study under the Holy Brahmins of the Tabernacle. Hellas had inherited all her mother's beauty and more,—and the curse was she realized it.

(Alas! that beauty and passion should be the scourges of the world.)

The ancient Brahmin were so holy that the beauty of women was not supposed to appeal to them and if it did in any instance they spent ten days fasting and praying before the Shrine of Shri, the goddess of beauty. When the Brahmin came for Indus and

Northern Town Blues

By WARING CUNNEY

*Standin' on de corner
In a strange northern town
Up against de lamppost
In a cold strange northern town
Wid no place to
Lay ma head when de sun goes down.*

*I don't know nobody
Don't nobody know me.
Don't know a soul
An' don't nobody know me
I'm friendless as
A man without any friends can be.*

*Before I'd go back
To de low down south
Say before I'd go back
To dat ole mean low down south
I'd find a river or
Put a poison tablet in ma mouth.*

beheld Hellas, he exclaimed, "The body of a goddess with the charms of a demon! The curse of the goddess Shri has fallen upon the house of Mushad! Verily the Spirit tells me that the immortal Shri is alive in the Flesh of Hellas."

Myra and Moham stood breathless for a moment, turned toward the statue of Buddha which stood upon a pedestal in the room, opened the drawer beneath it, pulled out a scroll which read, "There shall come a time at the sign of the 'RED MOON' when the brand of the Immortal Shri, the children of the Ummer Shirarah shall hold the Fire Spirit in contempt, shall curse the wrath of the gods, shall spit upon the herds of the earth, and shall turn their eyes away from the Living Buddha.

"From the last pure strain of Mushad shall come the Immortal Shri herself as the fruit of the first marriage bed.

"And there shall come another who shall plant the brand of Shri in India; another shall cloak the Arabian; still another shall preserve his beauty, his wit, his soul and his body in the service of the High Spirit among the Brahmin of the Tabernacle."

Moham knew these things had come to pass but awaited their verification by one of the Holy Prophets, "The Servant of The Living Buddha." Hellas had spurned the love of all her suitors and many they were, from the princes of the Ethiopian court to the Bedouins of the desert.

Brahmin told Moham of a certain youth in the temple whose ancestral dignity was not known, but was plainly beyond question. He had been brought there when quite a babe and was now twenty-five. He was versed in all the Arts and had penetrated the Occult as far as his age would allow. He was almost worshiped by the doctors because of his pious devotion to the Tabernacle and his profound wisdom. He was called "The Crying Beauty" by the Brahmin because of his doleful longing eyes. The Brahmin swore that he would appeal to the daughter Hellas. Mohmin shook his head and said, "Nay not so it is impossible." The Brahmin blatted and exclaimed, "Do you dare doubt the word of the Brahmin, the prophet of the Holy Spirit, the Ancient Brahma!"

The Brahmin raised his hand in recognition.

So it was as the Brahmin had willed, on the feast of the Tabernacle, during the time of the "RED MOON" when the ancients and patriarchs

had gathered from far and near. The "Crying Beauty" was brought from the Tabernacle.

The Mushads rode up to the Tabernacle as was their custom on camels heavily draped with plush and velvet robed and attended by many servants. Hellas rode behind, her caravan was more beautiful than the rest and bore a very gorgeous canopy embroidered in silk, ornamented with silver bunches of grapes. Attendants walked on either side. Two men servants carried fans made of ostrich plumes. Hellas was attired in transparent flowing silk—rainbow colored. Her coarse black hair was combed out and fell wantonly to her pretty knees. Her large brown eyes shone like sapphires.

Her eye brows met in the center of her forehead and arched naturally away over the corners of her eyes. She was about the color of the sand. The Brahmin spoke wisely when he said she had the body of a goddess and the charms of a demon;—for a woman never had a more beautiful form. Her well-formed breasts looked like two rosebuds on a single stem, her round belly and well-shaped limbs well became a goddess. Her ankles were perfect; her feet well became a dancer. When she reached the Tabernacle and beheld the prince, she bade her maid servants shower her with perfume and assist her from her gaudy perch. Flower girls strewed the path with flowers and she proudly strode to the gateway of the temple, where she was met by the prince who impressively kissed the hand which bore the ruby of distinction. The very act proclaimed him already her vassal.

The next thing was the binding of the troth. Hellas' maid servants gathered around her in a circle a hundred yards in circumference. Hellas began the nuptial dance. The gong of the Tabernacle sounded loudly in triple beats periodically. Attendants stirred the incense bowls, fumes rose high in the air and the music played solemnly. The Brahmins sat and looked in wonderment, for never before had they seen a woman more beautiful, never before had they seen a dance more exquisite, more like the legendary dances of the goddesses. The Brahmin gazed on her and mumbled to himself, "The Goddess Shri is in the flesh." No one understood what he said, those who saw his lips move thought he was repeating the Sacred Canticles. Strains of Oriental music together with the dance had hypnotized the throng. All the sacred musicians of the temple were on the scene today, with their kettle-drums, fifes, and flutes. Hellas danced fully a half hour; one by one she dropped her garments, each time displaying more of her charms. The dance was no more than an exemplification of beauty born of passion. The dance had extended to such length that she wore nothing but a tunic which fell to her knees; the "Crying Beauty" stood waiting for her to fall in his arms and claim him as her husband.

She stopped amid her dance; summoned the prince to come in the circle; wheeled around; took a vial from her maid servant; looked up at the prince and said, "Kiss me." When he had pressed his lips against her's, the breath left her body. He carried her in his great arms into the Tabernacle and placed her on the high altar. Amid shouts and screams the crowd dispersed, for they knew not the fate of Hellas nor the prince. The Brahmin had brought this upon the prince to test his endurance. The highest Brahmin arrayed in his ecclesiastical robes proclaimed to the throng that Hellas was the god-

(Continued on page four)

THE NEGRO IN LITERATURE

AN ANTHOLOGY OF AMERICAN NEGRO LITERATURE. Edited by V. F. Calverton. New York: The Modern Library. 535 pps., \$.95.

Mr. Calverton proves himself in this volume a sagacious and sound judge. He has included representative selections of the best that has been done by the Negro in every field of literature. In the field of poetry Mr. Calverton has possibly made the best selection. The younger writers are liberally represented. Cullen, Toomer, Grimke, McKay, Alexander, Hughes, Bennet, Horne, Fauset, Brown, and many others are included. Countee Cullen, Langston Hughes, and Claude McKay have the greatest number of poems, and perhaps justly so, for, at present, they are the leading representatives of their race in this field.

The short story and the novel present a more difficult field to choose from. Mr. Calverton selected in the short story Jean Toomer's "Fern," a very beautifully written piece; Eric Walrond's West Indian sketch, "The Yellow One"; Rudolph Fisher's brilliant "Blades of Steel"; and Charles Waddell Chesnutt's "The Goophered Grapevine." Obviously, as complete novels could not be included, the editor gives selections from them. He has taken Walter White, W. E. B. Du Bois, Jessie Fauset, Wallace Thurman, Nella Larsen, Claude McKay, and Rudolph Fisher. Of these McKay's "Home to Harlem" and Nella Larsen's "Quicksand" stand out prominently.

Better selections might have been included in the drama. Mr. Calverton has included only Georgia Douglas Johnson's "Plumes" and Jonathan Mathews's "Cruiter." The essay section includes W. E. B. Du Bois' history of "The Freedmen's Bureau" and Dr. Alain Locke's brilliant essay on "The Negro in American Culture." In the autobiographical section the editor sets in contrast selections from Booker T. Washington's "Up From Slavery," Frederick Douglass' "Autobiography," and James Weldon Johnson's "The Autobiography of an ex-Colored Man."

In his introduction to the book, "The Growth of Negro Literature," Calverton has done a fine piece of work in tracing the development of the Negro through the various branches of art from the beginning in the spirituals to the more sophisticated literature of the present day.

JOHN MEBANE

RED MOON TIME

(Continued from page three)

dess Shri in the flesh and that her fate was a lesson for all. The people returned to their huts with bowed heads, for here in the "RED MOON TIME" they had seen Shri, the goddess of beauty live and die in the arms of a coming Brahmin. As the crowd dispersed even in the distance I heard these words:

"Ahi! to Shri the goddess of beauty!
Ahi to the "RED MOON TIME"!
Ahi to the house of Mushad!
Ahi to the curse of beauty!"

I raised my head and off in the distance between the trees I saw the great red moon of Autumn rising up from the heather clouds of evening.

"For good thoughts, though God accept them, yet towards men are little better than good dreams, except they be put in act . . ."

—Francis Bacon.

Trivia

By FRANK HORNE

1.

*The sudden sweep
of a forgotten song . . .
a chain of haunting tones
tugs at my memory
and I stand again
under the dark archway
of a bridge
gazing through tear-dimmed eyes
at the shimmering breast
of the water
watching a youthful dream
drown
in the light-splintered
river . . .*

2.

*I sit opposite her
in the glare of the music . . .
fitful shadows
of locked dancers
trace a crazy pattern
across our table
and about us
ebbs the madding tide
of a tipsy city . . .
Saxophone mocks;
'I want your love
but I don't want to borrow,
to have it today
and give back tomorrow . . .'*

*For one swift moment
the rivers of our lives
have run together
and through the haze
of sound
I see the long vista
of days and days
while the streams run
farther and farther
apart . . .*

3.

*Yesterday
I lost your ring . . .
it slipped so easily
from my finger—
engaged in some simple
household duty
your ring
slipped from my finger
unnoticed . . .*

*Memories of you
are slipping from me—
Did we once walk
hand in hand
down long leaf-chattering lanes
or is it
that I imagine?
Did I once stand
on a far hill with you
or is it
that I dream . . . ?*

*Yesterday
your ring
slipped from my finger
unnoticed . . .*

DOOR-STOPS

(Continued from page one)

And so a new day was born and grew older with the same round repeated—a drink, a question, a dance—a question, a dance, a drink. At two Joe muttered something about that ride to Sparrow's Point in the morning, kicked the empty bottle, grabbed his hat from the table and started toward the door. Irma snatched her threadbare black coat from the back of the chair and staggered after him.

The fresh air cleared her eyes and cooled her brow, but she clutched desperately at Joe's arm as he strode rapidly toward her home. Why couldn't they go on like this—just Joe and her—her and Joe—liquor warming her body and April's breeze in her face? But he was waiting—just waiting—and when the time came, she had nothing to say. She could not talk of that; it had been so long ago she had forgotten—forgotten—there was no forgetting that. She shuddered and tightened her grasp on Joe's arm.

They had reached her stoop and Joe's voice cut in on her reverie.

"Listen, Irma," he was murmuring "am I goin' in wid you tonight or not?"

"Joe, tonight?" she floundered helplessly.

"Yes, tonight. Ise tired of this tomorrow—tomorrow. I ain't takin' no mo' chances."

"But _____"

"There ain't no but. We lef' yo' ant down at The Bucket an' there ain't no one else to kick. Aw, come on, kid."

Joe reached out and with hands as gentle as a mother's drew Irma into his arms. She went willingly and nestled close. He covered her forehead, face, and neck with hot, hurried kisses. Irma was limp in his arms. She closed her eyes in a dizzy whirl.

"Come on, let's go in." Joe had turned the knob and kicked the door open. They were half way over the sill.

Irma was sober in a minute. She jerked herself away stammering, "Joe, you know—you know—"

"Sure, I knows," he interrupted harshly, "You don' like me an' you don' like mah kisses. Gawd, Irma, what does you 'spect of a feller?"

"I don' know, Joe. Hones' to Gawd, I loves you—I loves you better'n anythin' else, but I jus' can't now."

"Now! It's been two weeks."

"Yes, I knows, but somethin'—somethin' happened once an' _____"

"Somethin' happened! What happened?" Joe was frankly puzzled.

"Somethin'—somethin'— Oh, I can't talk 'bout it, but I ain't never been like all the others since."

"Ain't like all the others! What you mean?" The boy eyed the girl with open suspicion.

Irma drew back as if to hide herself from her sweetheart's scrutiny. "No, not that but—but—" She stopped, attempted once more to explain, then ended in a burst of tears.

"Tears ain't helpin' none," Joe cried exasperated. "Ise been 'bout as decent as any feller could be an' this is what I gets foh it. You'se jus' the queerest gal I ever met. You makes believe you loves me an' then you acts like this. 'Course you'se been good company, I don' know a better sport; but there's a time when a feller wants a girl, an' you don' know

(Continued on page five)

Sister Louisa

By STERLING A. BROWN

Honey
When de man
Calls out de las' train
You're gonna ride
Tell him howdy.

Gather up yo' basket
An' yo' knittin' an' yo' things
An' go on up an' visit
Wid frien' Jesus fo' a spell.

Show Marfa
How to make yo' greengrape jellies
An' give po' Lazarus
A passel of them Golden Biscuits.

Scald some meal
Fo' some rightdown good spoonbread
Fo' l?l box plunkin' David.

An' sit aroun'
An' tell them Hebrew Chillen
All yo' stories

Honey
Don't be feared of those pearly gates
Don't go 'round to de back
No mo' dataway
Not evah no mo'.

Let Michael tote yo' burden
An' yo' pocketbook an' evahthing
'Cept yo' Bible
While Gabriel blows somp'n
Solemn but loudsome
On dat horn of his'n.

Honey
Go straight on to de Big House
An' speak to yo' God
Widout no fear an' tremblin'
Then sit down
An' pass the time of Day awhile.

Give a good talkin' to
To yo' favorite 'postle Peter
An' rub the po' head
Of mixed up Judas
An' joke awhile wid Jonah.

Then, when you gits the chance
Always rememberin' yo' raisin'
Let 'em know youse tired
Jest a mite tired.

Jesus will find yo' bed fo' you
Won't no servant ever bother wid yo' room.
Jesus will lead you
To a room wid windows
Openin' on cherry trees an' plum trees
Bloomin' everlastin'.

An' dat will be yours
Fo' keeps.

Den take yo' time
Honey, take yo' blessed time.

Baudelaire and his *Fleurs du Mal* are regaining a popularity which they enjoyed some years ago. Lewis Shanks has recently written a life of the well-known French poet which he has called *Baudelaire* (Little, Brown). This book will be reviewed in a coming issue of the Magazine.

DOOR-STOPS

(Continued from page four)

how to be a girl. Ise quittin'. Understan' I likes you awright but you gotta learn." He concluded his statement with air of finality and turned sullenly away from Irma.

"Joe! Joe!" the girl cried brokenly and clutched at his arm, but he swung himself violently away, walked down the steps and up the street without a backward glance. Regretfully she followed his retreating form until the shadows swallowed it, then bewildered passed through the open door.

She made no light but groped her way to the staircase and mounted wearily. Behind the dowdy cretonne curtain that divided her own sleeping quarters from those of her aunt and her mate, Irma jerked her red dress over her head and flung it carelessly over the back of a chair.

She dropped to her knees beside the sagging bed and muttered half audibly the Lord's Prayer. Her lips moved as she repeated the words, but her mind was sauntering down Green Willow Street with the departing Joe. The prayer was ended; Irma, however, unconscious that her lips had made the "Amen," remained crouched there with her head buried in her arms. Finally she realized that her duty to God had been executed and started to rise, then sank back again. A new thought had come. She did as much for God every night; maybe God could help her. No longer were lips alone moving to the words of memory; a teeming brain was driving them to some greater being who could chain wayward men and convert virgins to adultery. If God would only answer this plea, she'd go to church every Sunday—every Sunday, honest to God—and she'd sing and shout louder than all the rest, if God would only bring Joe back.

A load lifted. Irma climbed contentedly into the bed, confident of Joe's hasty return, for hadn't she promised God what she would do? Now a new dress to charm him when he sulked shamefacedly back. She thought with satisfaction of the three dollars she had been hoarding for a butterfly skirt that she had seen in the window at the corner of Biddle and the Avenue for two ninety-eight. She'd hang on Joe's arm as she went down the street, both alike rejoicing in the sneering glances of its envious residents. Irma smiled drowsily, nestling contentedly under the disarranged cover. Then with a start and a dull emptiness that was almost physical pain, she returned to consciousness.

The glorious creature in a red checkered butterfly skirt had vanished. In her place stood a cringing ten year-old girl trying hard to remember everything that the big white man with the thundering voice commanded. Oh, if only God would help her forget the little of it she did remember!

It had been a morning seven years ago that her mother had started to work. Irma had always wanted to cry when her mother left for work, partially because she, Irma, hated to be left alone but more because her frail mother had never seemed strong enough to work. Irma had felt particularly sorry for her that hot summer morning because she was sick. Her face was black and swollen where Steve had hit her and she walked with a limp. Steve always quarreled and beat her when he had been drinking; but that last night the quarrel had seemed more violent and lengthy and the beating, more severe. Then, too, it was strange that her mother,

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Johnnie Thomas

By STERLING A. BROWN

Dey sent John Thomas
To a one room school,
Teacher threw him out
For a consarned fool.

His pappy got drunk
Beat de boy good,
Lashed his back
Till it spouted blood.

He took up gamblin',
Took up pool,
A better business that
For a consarned fool.

He got a 'fancy woman'
Took his every dime
Kept Johnnie gamblin'
All de time.

De jack run low
De gal run out
Johnnie didn't know
What 'twas all about.

Asked de 'fancy woman'
'Come on back'
Fancy woman tell him,
'Git de Jack.'

Johnnie started stealin'
Reason enough;
Sheriff caught Johnnie
Wid de stuff.

Put him on de chaingang
Handled him cruel,
Jus' de sort of treatment
For a consarned fool.

Guard lashed Johnnie
An awful lick,
Johnnie split his head
Wid a muddy pick.

Dey haltered Johnnie Thomas
Like a cussed mule,
Dey hung Johnnie Thomas
For a consarned fool.

Dropped him in de hole
Threw de slack lime on
Oughta had mo' sense
Dan evah git born.

Not Knowing—He Cautions

H. VON AVERY

You must show me, lady, I do not know
If you love me. Why should I love in vain?
Only fools labor where there is no gain—
I have pledged my love captive of your bow,
If no seeds are dispersed no plants will grow.
Many a love by coldness has been slain;
The hope of recovery lessens pain.
A hope of love returned—but one sign show.
Hope I will have for love feeds not on air,
But craves the substance of a love returned.
I demand an answer whether you care
Or not. I have heard, too, that fires have burned
Themselves out lacking fuel, answer me fair
Am I to be axalted or but spurned?

DOOR-STOPS

(Continued from page five)

who usually left at six, had waited until Steve had departed at seven before going to work. Irma and she had stood in the doorway together and watched him scuffle down the street.

"An' foh Gawd's sake, Steve, don' git no mo' of that kind of licker," her mother hollered after him.

"Shut yo' damned mouth an' git yo' lazy self tuh work," he retorted thickly.

"Yes," her mother half muttered as she drew Irma gently over the threshold, "I wasn't fixin' tuh leab this chile in no house alone wid you, wid all that licker in you an' another pint on yo' hip. She ain't the worse lookin' creature an' you ain't got no sense. I been watchin'."

"Watchin' what?" the child in curiosity questioned and forgot to wait for an answer. It came shortly after noon. (It wasn't hard for Irma to remember that, for the whistles of all the factories had announced in chorus the hour.)

The answer was Steve. About twelve-thirty he thrust his head warily in the door and asked gruffly, "Yo' mother gone?"

"Uh huh," the child replied noticing that Steve was uglier than usual. He shut the door as cautiously as any sober man could have but reeled as he caught at the edge of the table and sank in a chair.

"Come here," he mumbled.

"Whatcha want?" she asked.

"Damn you, don' cha hear me say come?" Irma was silent in her confusion. "Don' make me come fah you," Steve added harshly and glowered at her threateningly.

Irma now thoroughly frightened retreated toward the back door. Steve rose with an oath and flung himself between her and the door. She sought the corner. He followed. She didn't know this Steve. His eyes were red and bulging; his mouth was open and his nostrils moved with labored breathing. Heavy hands moved over her body and she felt smothered in her corner. The hands moved swiftly; she must evade them. She sank to the floor as the outer door flung open. Her mother stood there—a woman she did not know.

After that, things happened quickly—things that the man of the booming voice and the large, hushed court room waited to hear. That heavy iron lion that had held the front door back—they had thrust it in front of her face—and asked if she had ever seen it before. How had her mother grasped it when she hit Steve?

Why did they think she knew? She had thrown her arm before her face and not until a heavy thud, her mother's shriek and an awful silence had alarmed her, had she uncovered her eyes. She opened them then to a picture she had never forgotten—a frail, little woman bending over a huge form stretched still on the floor—a bloody Steve who could not answer a pleading voice that wailed, "I ain't never meant to, Steve, but you ought n' had of touched her. Steve! Steve!"

Irma did not remember much, but others did. The whole street seemed to know that her mother and Steve had quarreled the night before, and a number of quiet men listened as they told what they knew. Especially did Martha Lewis remember and once she shook her finger in Irma's mother's face to help her remember.

The men went out. There were twelve of them, for Irma, proud of her number work and anxious to

Rolling Stone Blues

By LEWIS ALEXANDER

*I ain't got no home,
I mean in one set town.
Where I fares the bes'
You'll see me hangin' 'roun'.*

*I don' stay aroun'
No one place long;
'Cause when things seem the bestest
Deys beginnin' to git wrong.*

*Done seen so much of life
Since I start out;
I can really tell the worl'
What its all about.*

*When I starts to think
What I been th'u,
Aint but one thing left
For me to do.*

*But to grab my hat
And tie my shoes;
Cause I'm off again
With the rolling stone blues.*

do something, counted them as they filed past. Evidently everyone had forgotten a child of ten who sat cramped between two towering men. An age passed—an age filled with the restless walking back and forth of men, the hushed whispers of women, and the periodic sobs of her mother.

"Come on, kid. They're waitin' fer you." An officer stood over her and spoke in a gruff, not unkindly voice. She must have been sleeping, for she opened her eyes on a room that was practically deserted.

Martha Lewis, state's witness, rushed up to her and encircling her with fat, motherly arms, sobbed, "How'd I know they'd send her up? Gee, honey, I'm sorry."

Irma looked at her in bewilderment. "Where's Ma?" she asked.

"That's what I jus' said. She's goin' away an' might not never come back no mo'. I'm goin' be yo' ant from now on an' take care of you."

"Yes," Irma persisted, "but where's Ma?"

"She's gone," Martha sobbed audibly.

Irma had never seen her mother again. Years later Martha told her how her mother had fainted on hearing the sentence and had been carried unconscious from the room. Prison routine had soon put an end to a frail, unhappy life.

Irma had grown up much as all of Green Willow Street's illegitimates, living under the protection of first one and then another of Martha's lovers whom the street called husbands. She was one of the group of ragged children who bare-foot raced madly up and down the cobble-stones. In "Miss Liza" she sang louder and swayed more energetically to the rhythm than all the other participants. On the cluttered stoops at night it was Irma who told the most frightful ghost story or out-argued the wisest boy. The only sport from which she apologetically, almost shamefacedly, excused herself was the secret ceremony which was conducted under the door-steps and in the narrow passage-ways between the houses. From these mystic rites she fled precipitantly driven by a very vivid memory.

The same vivid memory that haunted her now as she pulled the ragged sheet almost over her head to shut out the picture of a ten-year-old girl cring-

ing in a corner, a twelve year old barred from the holy councils, and a maid in her teens losing sweet-hearts to less attractive but more fortunate rivals.

The cover over her head, however, did not smother her thoughts and the endless torture continued. Suppose Joe did return, it would only mean that he would leave again unless ——. There her imagination failed her as she realized the hopelessness of the situation. It was like getting out of bed in the morning. No matter how long you delayed, you still had to get up. The thing just waited. Once up, however, it was over. One might as well arise at once then, and have it over since delay brought only dreaded anticipation and no less effort in the end. If Joe left her now, at least it would be ended; but if he returned ——. Thus she thought and having resigned herself to a Joe-less tomorrow fell into a heavy slumber.

The morrow held no such resignation. She woke conscious of a lack and with a heaviness which at first puzzled her; then with an indefinable ache she realized anew that Joe had left her. The day brought its usual routine but no forgetfulness for Irma. She worked swiftly and efficiently at her tasks for Mrs. Davis on Madison Avenue trying to hide from her own thoughts. She scrubbed the marble steps with vengeance as his features outlined themselves there. She rubbed vigorously on the silver service to blot out a familiar visage that shone from its lustrous surface. Joe was everywhere.

Evening again—childhood at its sportive pranks—youth at nature's eternal game of love-making—and sleep coming to tired old age. Alone on her stoop Irma slouched defiantly. Nobody had to know. She'd just lounge rather indifferently like all the others waiting for their fellows. Of course, she knew Joe was not coming, but the others need not know. She slouched more carelessly on the steps.

In the medley of street sounds she heard a strumming. Her body quivered in response as if those practiced fingers were playing on its nerves. Irma jerked herself to an upright position and listened tensely. She did not need the feeble rays of the street lamp to distinguish his figure on Bessie Briggs' stoop. No one could miss Joe's uke—certainly not Irma. Even Easy's heartiest rendition could not drown altogether the strain. Throbbing and passionate it ran, a seductive undercurrent. God! why didn't Easy stop just a minute? She might hear what Joe was playing. At last a break! Easy was changing the roll. Now she could hear plainly. The clear, unmistakable tenor of Green Willow Street's bard unashamed cried its love message to the street,

*"Say gal, say gal,
Ain't you mine—
Ain't you mine?"*

Why had she listened? Joe and Bessie—Bessie and her Joe! It wasn't fair. Bessie with all her knowledge of hospital clinics—Bessie who had all the street's fellows—and now her Joe. God! how she hated her. No, that wasn't hatred; it was just envy. Wouldn't she change places with Bessie tomorrow—didn't she wish that she could die and be born again, a Bessie? She crouched lower on the step, her ear alert to every sound and her body unrelaxed.

No, she couldn't blame Joe either. He played the game as he saw it. He was only seeking the kind of love he understood. No use talking to Joe; he couldn't see—others had not understood. Some-

(Continued on page seven)

AND THEY NAILED HIM TO A TREE

(Continued from page one)

To those whose faith is not of such coarse strength he declares:

Your lack of faith is but a lie.

Yet the poet feels that even those who are accustomed to waver in doubt share a kinship with this faith of the lynched boy's mother:

*I never doubt that once the sun
For respite stopped in Gibeon
Or that a Man I could not know
Two thousand years ago,
To shape my profit by His loss,
Bought my redemption on a cross.*

It is to that sort of religion that Mr. Cullen has been tending since he published *COLOR* in 1925. It is that religion that enables the bereaved mother and brother to see God's rainbow even in the hour of the lynching. Not joy but sorrow deepens their faith in the Christ. The strength of the faith makes the mother insensible to the social octopus that strangles mutual understanding between races:

*I count it little being barred
From those who undervalue me,
I have my own soul's ecstasy,
Man may not bind the summer sea—*

The narrative section of *The Black Christ* is well sustained on the whole; but it is regrettable that the poet failed to describe the lynching itself. This defect prevented Cullen from eliciting the final drop of purging sympathy that Aristotle deemed so necessary to the ennoblement of a tragedy. One thing, perhaps, atones for that serious error: the truly heroic quality of the murdered Jim. He was proud of his health and strength; he was proud of his race and family; he was a supreme lover of woman and external nature; and he had the courage to save his brother with one last effort of defiance against his persecutors.

The technique of *The Black Christ* shows influences from another poet who captured the fancy of Mr. Cullen. In theme and technique his *Shroud Of Color* is a dark brother to Miss Millay's *Renascence*; but in *The Black Christ* he follows the identical patters in rhyme and meter of *Renascence*; it might not be pushing the analogy too close to mention that both poems show the development from religious doubt to religious faith. Although Mr. Cullen manipulates the rhythm dexterously, *The Black Christ* frequently disturbs the ear with such approximate rimes as these: love- of, holocaust-blast, knew-through, passionate-wait. Note further the similarity in image of these selections:

Beauty shall lift like leaf wind-swept.—Cullen

*Lord, I do fear
Thou'st made the world too beautiful this year.
My soul is all but out of me,—let fall
No burning leaf; prithee, let no bird call.—Millay.*
The dropping of a leaf is to them a thing of intense beauty. It is one bond of kinship between *The Black Christ* and Edna St. Vincent Millay's *God's World*.

At this point it might be well to consider nature in the poetry of Mr. Cullen.

*Such grass to grow, such birds to sing,
And such small trees bravely to sprout.*

*Men may not bind the summer sea,
Nor set a limit to the stars;
The sun seeps through iron bars;
The moon is over manifest.*

There you will find smooth metrics and a bit of

Mulatto

(To Those Who Would Control Natural Law
By Man Made Law)

By CARRIE W. CLIFFORD

*With avid zeal I seek to understand
The essence of the flame divine—its course—
The secret of its great magnetic force
That race nor creed nor color can withstand;
I gaze upon two portraits in my hand,—
The one made on paste-board cheap and coarse.
The other done in oils; both tell the source
Of my blood-stream: the male born to command.*

*Rich white and powerful—a personage he;
An unlearned, dark-faced peasant maiden she.
What magic power welded them as one
In that rapt moment that begot a son?
This natural law no barrier can withstand—
Ah, tell me, tell me! Do you understand?*

fancy. It is there, too, that you will find the sparseness that Cullen likes so well in Edwin Arlington Robinson; but the better poems of that genius seldom exhibit the imaginative sterility of the lines just quoted from Cullen. Mr. Robinson uncovers the significant detail and scraps the merely ornamental, whereas Mr. Cullen is sparse because of lack of insight and barrenness of imagination. It is a question whether a keen lover of beauty would see nature in such flat colors and with so little form. Nature in the poems of Cullen is distinguished by its vagueness: he sings of birds, but seldom describes or even names a specific bird; he sings of trees and flowers, but the reader's imagination cannot picture them, for the poet's mind seems to hold no definite vision. It is indeed strange, therefore, that Keats and Millay are his delight.

These lines from Miss Millay's *Renascence* are unequalled by any of Mr. Cullen's references to the rain:

*I would I were alive again
To kiss the fingers of the rain,
To drink into my eyes the shine
Of every slanting silver line,
To catch the freshened, fragrant breeze
From drenched and dripping apple-trees.*

Or,

*All at once, and over all,
The pitying rain began to fall*

The matter of influences on a poet cannot well end without an examination of the developments from his earlier writings. For that reason the following poems deserve mention as seeds that prepared the soil for the flowering of *The Black Christ*.

Simon the Cyrenian Speaks tells how the black Simon sympathized so acutely with the Christ that he helped Jesus to bear the cross to the scene of the crucifixion. In *The Black Christ* we have the analogy of Christ and the Negro crucified because of group hatred and lack of understanding. Like Christ, the Negro must forgive his scourgers and turn the other cheek.

In *Black Magdalenes*, the poet laments that
*These have no Christ to spit and stoop
To write upon the sand,
Inviting him that has not sinned
To raise the first rude hand.*

Jim feels that the black man, like the black Mag-

dalene, has no Christ to protect and to save him.

This quatrain from *Tableau* is a happy picture of interracial friendship:

*Locked arm in arm they cross the way,
The black boy and the white,
The golden splendor of the day,
The sable pride of night.*

When such friendship embraces a black man and a white woman, we experience the tragedy of *The Black Christ*

In *Heritage* a more serious foreshadowing of *The Black Christ* looms:

*I belong to Jesus Christ,
Preacher of humility;
Heathen gods are naught to me.*

He wishes that Christ were black, for
*Surely then this flesh would know
Yours had borne a kindred woe.
Lord, I fashion dark gods, too,
Daring even to give You
Dark despairing features*

The next set of quotations, from *COPPER SUN*, are pregnant with *The Black Christ*:

COLOR (Black)

*The play is done, the crowd departs; and see
That twisted and tortured thing hang from a tree,
Swart victim of a newer Calvary.*

The Litany of the Dark People

*We may be crucified;
Yet no assault the old gods make
Upon our agony
Shall swerve our footsteps from the wake
Of Thine toward Calvary.*

The poems cited above and Cullen's visit in 1926 to Jerusalem appear to be steps in the genesis of *The Black Christ*

This volume is a broadening in Mr. Cullen's poetic technique. *COLOR* is an almost continuous array of quatrains in the metrical design peculiar to the English ballad although all of the longer poems in his books conform to separate patterns: the iambic pentameter couplets of *The Shroud of Color*, the trochaic rhythm of *Heritage*, the ballad Stanza of *The Ballad of the Brown Girl*, and the iambic tetrameter couplets of *The Black Christ*. Vers libre and blank verse are forms that find no echo in Cullen's creative sensitivity to rhythm. In *COPPER SUN*, however, the sonnet appears with noticeable frequency; but it is in his latest volume that Countee Cullen exhibits more interest and greater skill in the sonnet.

In *The Black Christ* Mr. Cullen has written his best racial poem. Will he revert to sentimental references to Africa, or will he continue to write creatively of the American Negro? With eagerness we await his next volume; until then, praise to *The Black Christ*.

DOOR-STOPS

(Continued from page six)

times Irma wondered if she herself understood. Even in her confusion, however, there was one fact that she did understand with unusual perception—she must have Joe back.

He had said she had to learn to be a girl. Very well, she would learn. Slumped there on the stoop with his song ringing in her ears she made the resolution. Almost triumphantly she raised her head and watched them. The song was ended. Bessie rose and took Joe's uke. She went into the house and returned almost immediately. Together they

(Continued on page eight)

DOOR-STOPS

(Continued from page seven)

went down the street arm in arm. Irma smiled at their retreating backs. They were going to the Bucket. Let Bessie make good of this night; it would be her last. Tomorrow belonged to her, Irma.

Irma outlined her plan of attack carefully as she lay in bed. The next day she executed it without faltering. She worked until six as usual. By six-thirty she had visited the department store and had procured the much desired butterfly skirt. She added to her list, moreover, a new item—a black and red slip-on sweater. At home she brushed vigorously on a rebellious bob and heightened her rich brown complexion with dabs of rouge. At last she donned the butterfly skirt and slip-on sweater and mumbling something about a movie date fared forth on her adventure.

Seven o'clock found her walking rather aimlessly back and forth on the Avenue between McMechen and Wilson Streets, avidly eyeing every prospect. An early show was ended and the crowd issued from the theatre joyous, nonchalant. Delayed dinners and more pressing engagements called a limited number who rudely zig-zagged through the crowd; but the majority leisurely wended their way letting the spell of April and the shrieking melodrama, which they had just seen, take effect. They passed one apparently nervous girl whose eyes eagerly sought theirs without recognition or surprise.

Substituting disgust for misgiving she abruptly decided that a Green Willow Street virgin seeking prey would work more successfully below Dolphin Street. These hinky folks uptown didn't even pause for a swell outfit like hers. She didn't want to go down among Joe's crowd; but then she had to learn. A little discouraged but none the less determined, she mingled with the south bound line of pedestrians. So intent was she on her newly decided territory and its prospects that she hardly felt a body that brushed hers so gently that she should have doubted the accident of the contact. A husky, pleasant voice burst so suddenly on her consciousness that she wheeled abruptly to look into the smiling face of a stout brown man.

"Scuse me please, Miss, but ain't you—" He had caught her steps and was walking close by her side.

"You know damned well I ain't," Irma responded in a not unfriendly voice giving the stranger a sly side glance.

"Sho, I knew you wasn't no Miss ah — but how's a feller goin' to meet a good lookin' girl if he don' asx is you Miss —". He looked Irma frankly in the face now and grinned an infectious grin. Irma found it easy to respond.

"Can't be that you ain't got nothin' to do a nice evenin' like this?"

"Nothin' particular," Irma answered thoroughly at ease.

"I don' see why we can't git together." He grinned again in his good natured ease.

"I don' neither."

"Oh, I almost forgot to asx you yo' name."

"Irma," she replied simply.

He was satisfied. In this world where lives touch and pass Christian or nicknames alone are required. It never occurred to him to question further and in turn he answered without cunning. "An' they calls me Chubby."

He Sings Lost Love

By H. VON AVERY

*Lady, the perfumed flower have I rent,
Which you gave to me one day with a kiss,
Then all the wide world was a world of bliss,
Alas, the force of all things now is spent!
Why seek a love fled? The way that he went
We may not now take since all is amiss.
Could we have dreamed 'twould ever come to
this?*

*The gods, jealous, took back, the love they lent.
Yet thou wert all too proud and so was I,
See now the lovely dream house pride hath razed.
And we saw love swiftly flame up and die,
Too late, we stood there mute and sadly gazed.
One moment past love's heav'nly light had blazed
I gnashed my teeth, I heard you sadly sigh.*

The rest was managed swiftly and efficiently—a pint and a two dollar room in a nearby hotel. Irma thought learning might be easier than she had anticipated, but she drank little of the liquor. Liquor did something to you that got your mind turned upside down and she needed more sense than she usually had without the liquor. She encouraged her companion to drink freely, however, gaily joking as he drank. Once she even essayed a song. There was little time for selection and Irma shocked even herself when she heard herself singing,

*"Say gal, ain't you mine,
Ain't you mine?"*

That was Joe's song and she must not think of him until this other was over. Joe had said "Until you learn." The song was ended. Irma, still a little uneasy that her thoughts would not be controlled, sauntered to the open window. April's breeze in her face; liquor warming her body and —. She looked toward the bed. Chubby, half stupified from the bad liquor, had kicked off his shoes and stretched himself at full length.

"Come on, girl." The inevitable grin mocked the haste of the man's words.

"Awright, Chubby," Irma answered calmly. Chubby was good-natured. Maybe after all it was not going to be as horrible as she had anticipated. If all men were only like Chubby —. Bessie needn't any longer feel superior and Joe needn't stop there because Bessie understood. She, Irma, would understand hereafter.

How would she tell Joe? Maybe she could get Chubby to take her to the Bucket. In this new outfit and with a strange fellow, she would most certainly attract Joe to her table. Again, it might be better just to sit on the stoop tomorrow night and when Joe started past on his way to Bessie's, to call him rather half-heartedly. She could hear him even now asking in surprise, "Yeah, kid, what cha want?"

Then she would answer, "Nothin' only you."

"Oh no, you ain't wantin' me 'cause I wants a girl."

"Well, can't I be yo' girl?"

"You don' know how."

"Oh, don't I?" An almost beatific expression illumined Irma's features for a minute as she reviewed the reconciliation that would follow.

"Oh, come on," Chubby called again bringing Irma back to the realization of the present.

"Uh huh," she grunted distractedly and turned away from the window. She stumbled and cursing

her own awkwardness looked down. Only a heavy iron lion that held a door (hundreds had once been cast in the same pattern) but Irma stopped as still as the figure over which she had tripped.

TALES OF NEGRO LIFE

OL' KING DAVID AN' THE PHILISTINE BOYS. By Roark Bradford. New York and London: Harper and Brothers. 227 pps., \$2.50.

Since the days of Joel Chandler Harris the American Negro has become a much-abused literary figure. With one or two exceptions the writers who have attempted to delineate him in print have failed miserably; he has emerged from their typewriters a distorted and unrecognizable literary monstrosity. But Roark Bradford's earlier book *Ol' Man Adam An' His Chillun*, and the play *The Green Pastures*, which Marc Connelly drew from it, served to alleviate somewhat the distaste for literary representations of the Negro engendered in those who desire some semblance of reality in their reading. And now Mr. Bradford has provided further surcease by perfecting the experiment in style of *Ol' Man Adam An' His Chillun* in another series of biblical tales related by his hell-raising negro preacher.

Ol' King David will be read almost exclusively for the entertainment it offers, although it contains other elements which have nothing to do with material familiarities. Twenty-five tales make up the contents of *Ol' King David*, and they follow the history of the Children of Israel through several Books of the Old Testament. "Good-Looking Esther," Kings Saul and David, Daniel, Jonah and Elijah, Ruth and Jezebel are all active in the tales.

Unfortunately much of the beauty and poetry of certain of the biblical stories has been lost in Mr. Bradford's retelling. Especially is this true of the story of Ruth and Boaz, and it is a bit inconceivable that the version of the Negro race, in whom poetic feeling is intense, should be so much more prosaic than the original. Thus from a narrow viewpoint Bradford committed an impertinence by writing these stories. He "plays hoss" with the venerable biblical characters. But no one can deny that there is a wealth of humor in the Bradford versions.

Without doubt Bradford knows the Negro intimately and sympathetically. And, most important of all, he has the ability to depict him upon the printed page as he really is. Mr. Bradford's dialogue rings true, and his characterization is genuine. *Ol' King David* provides an abundance of entertainment at a period which is rather devoid of entertaining matter in its literature.

—GLENN HOLDER.

"The Poetry Journal," edited by George Lyle Booth and published at 192 North Clark street, Chicago, announces its entry into the field of verse. They state that they enter the field "to promote the cause of the unheralded and unknown versifier." The editor states that they are in need of copy for their first issues. Short verse up to 32 lines is preferred. Verse is paid for on publication. "The Poetry Journal" will appear monthly as a national publication.

The Carolina Magazine

Literary Supplement to The Daily Tar Heel

Volume 1

Sunday, May 18, 1930

Number 13

Nothin' Ever Happens

By PAUL EDEN GAY

The brakes squealed protestingly as the taxi came to a stop and the squeal echoed and re-echoed through the dark, deserted street with unwonted volume; but then, New York's streets are singularly devoid of other noises at four in the morning and the brakes were lustily trying their best to attract attention. Perhaps they sought to retaliate for their insignificance during the daytime, when there were other and more important noises to be listened to.

The cabman saluted in military fashion and awkwardly bent his arm backward to open the door. The three men who hailed the cab stood on the curb and stared stupidly. They were annoyed by the noise.

They seemed strangely out of place here, with their swallowtails and toppers, and the yellow light that floated down from the sickly street lamp revealed their pallor, making them seem more absurd. Finally, swaying like ships in a gale, they maneuvered themselves into the cab. The tall man gave the directions; the cab sped away.

The driver stepped on it. Funny, he thought, how they looked; cock-eyed drunk. Had to help each other into the car. All them guys have to do is get drunk. No work, no nothin'. Jeez, they must have a helluva lotta kale! Those are SOME stovepipes they have on. Glassy all over.

The car moved swiftly down the avenue; no lights to bar its way, no pedestrians to avoid. The scenes flickered by kaleidoscopically. The driver slowed only for turns.

"Damn good time," he decided. "I could make plenty pennies if the streets were clear like this in the daytime. Bet I get a good tip though Here she is; 550 Monterey Apartments."

He leaped out and opened the door—and remained gazing incredulously into the interior.

"Well, I'll be damned! Where the hell did those other guys go to? They musta jumped outta the cab while I was goin'. The lousey bums! Gypped outta my fare again! Woa, a buck on the back seat! They was sports anyhow. I wonder why they jumped me? I guess I better take this guy into the house. Well, for Crizzakes! the guy is a dame! Whadda ya know? The drunken bitch, I oughtta leave her out in the gutter where she belongs. Good tip though, I may as well be a nice guy and lay her inside."

He carried the limp form into the lobby and placed it gently into a luxurious armchair. He stopped only once to compare the resplendent furnishings with those of his own meagerly accoutred parlor. He sighed audibly and cursed volubly.

"What damned luck! All they gotta do is take drunken bitches home, an' live in a house like this, an' I gotta work and work and work for a nickel. I gotta drive 'em around all night and go to bed

in the mornin'. My wife don't go around like other wives; we ain't got the cash. Bet Nora's waitin' up with a cuppa coffee for me. With all their kale they ain't none of 'em got a wife like her. Gee, she must be lonesome. I better hurry."

The car skidded to a stop before a dank, smelly tenement house. The driver scarcely waited for it to stop, but rushed up the steps, taking them by threes, and burst loudly into a ground floor apartment.

"Hello, honey, you been waitin' for me long?" he asked.

"Hey, you, don't hug me so tight, it hurts!" she yelled.

"Aw, honey, ain't a man got a right to hug his Nora a little when he comes home after a hard night's work?" he pleaded.

"Aw sure, I was only kiddin'. Anyhow, you know I like it. And I miss it, too. Why don't you get another job, so you wouldn't have to work so hard, and could be home early?" she asked.

He seemed to debate the matter, as if he wished he might be able to change his mind, but couldn't decide. "I've told you time and time again, honey," he explained slowly, "that I can't take a chance. I ain't causin' Rockefeller any worries, but I'm supportin' us—and I can't take a chance on gettin' another job; I might not make as much. Anyway, its not so much the hours that get me so tired, its the idea of doin' the same thing day in and out. You'd think somethin' would happen when you're out the whole night, somethin' excitin'. But it just gets late and dark and cold. And sometimes I pick up a drunk or so. An' nothin' ever happens. Not a damn thing."

Nora saw the notice that appeared in the New York Daily Courier the following day:

"The body of an unidentified woman, dressed in men's clothing, was found in the lobby of the Monterey Ap'ts., 550 Madison Avenue, early this morning.

"The body was pierced in several places by bullets from a .38 caliber revolver.

"Any one of the wounds would have been fatal. The coroner returned a verdict of murder by person or persons unknown."

Two Gods

By MARK OLIFF

*Two gods that live beneath the skies
Seen each day by mortal eyes—
The one's a river, smooth and strong,—
The other, heralded with a song.
And both are nets flung mesh to mesh,—
For one is Love, the other Flesh.*

Orexies

By JAMES DAWSON

*Three round and aching years have fallen by
Since her white hands ensnared my new desire
In vivid nets of body-shaking fire.
Then was she cold and smiling. Only I
Twisted a heart with loving all awry,
And flung it deep into a lonely gyre
Of eddying jetsam scraps that never tire
Of circling, whirled by floods that never dry.
Three years have fallen, mad and dizzy years,
Until today. Wet with the salty tears
Of other hearts, it flung upon this reef,
Tortured and racked with retching disbelief
And here I hold it dripping in my hands,
Laughing my breath away on lonelier sands.*

Scherzo

(A Temperamental Burlesque)

By ANTHONY BUTTITTA

SCENE—A leisurely spot, the fete grounds left of Cleo's still more leisurely and pretentious maison, near the north Nile River.

Before the curtain rises, soft strains of Egyptian music are heard. A picturesque group of musicians sink into the background upstage. CLEO, dressed in long-floving silks, lies voluptuously smoking on a divan at center. CASINO, with all the appearance of a dissolute duke who is still looking for passion, stands behind her.

CLEO. Play on, Slaves, stir my passions.
Give me not only the food of love—
I am not a love-sick fool. Give me—
Life, love, death, passion—
Give me all in one.

[CLEO continues to smoke, paying no attention whatever to CASINO. The musicians go into some soul-stirring theme.]

[After a few moments.]
Why did I do it?
Ivan knows my heart too well.

[Looks at CASINO with an affected air.]
I did it—
I told Ivan he could plunge himself
Into the eternity of the Nile.

CASINO. [suddenly awakes.] That fool! Ah!

CLEO. But Ivan was no fool, Casino—
No fool was he.

[Their eyes meet; with emphasis, CLEO adds.]

I loved him once—and I may—

CASINO. [Kneels by her side, takes her hand.]
That was not love, beautiful Cleo.

CLEO. Love it was—
It has marked me for its own.

CASINO. [pleadingly.] Why can't you love me
Cleo.

CLEO. [draws away.] The music says I can not.

(Continued on page seven)

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Sunday, May 18, 1930

OUR POLICIES

OUR efforts in assembling this, the first issue of the CAROLINA MAGAZINE under the new editorial control, represent an attempt to build on the excellent start made by Editor Mebane in inaugurating the literary supplement during his regime. Capitalizing upon the suggestions which Editor Mebane has given us out of his editorial experience, we hope to make the magazine an even more readable publication and a greater power on the campus.

The policies of the present editor have been outlined only after careful deliberation and consultation with competent persons. In the first place, we emphasize our contention that the editor and his staff are the servants of the student body. They constitute the medium through which the students are urged to make the CAROLINA MAGAZINE what they want it to be. This publication is absolutely open to every student in the University, regardless of social or professional affiliations. In line with this policy, there is to be a large staff—the tentative composition of which is to be announced at an early date. All persons doing good and consistent work will be listed in the masthead in some capacity. Throughout our regime, we shall keep constantly before us the governing principle that THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE IS FOR THE STUDENTS, AND THAT THE EDITOR AND HIS STAFF ARE THE SERVANTS OF THE STUDENT BODY.

With each succeeding issue we shall endeavor to secure greater typographical attractiveness for the magazine. The editor will at all times welcome any suggestion as to changes which are in keeping with sound editorial policy. Although our standards are to be high throughout the entirety of our term of office, they are to be neither fixed nor permanent. We believe that standards are most effective when they are relative and not absolute, movable and not fixed.

Being cognizant of the improvement which has been effected in the *Daily Tar*

Heel through weekly staff meetings, we shall have a meeting of the magazine staff in the *Daily Tar Heel-Carolina Magazine* offices on alternate Sunday nights after the appearance of the publication in the morning. These bi-weekly staff meetings and the deadlines will come on alternate Sunday nights. The magazine staff meetings will always convene immediately upon the termination of the *Daily Tar Heel* staff gatherings. As the purpose of these meetings is to improve each succeeding issue of the magazine through the medium of staff consultations, attendance will be compulsory.

In pursuance of our policy of inviting the student body to express its sentiments concerning the magazine, the staff will publish a questionnaire in the *Daily Tar Heel* early next Fall. This action will be designed solely to determine what the students want in the magazine.

In conclusion, the editor pledges to maintain throughout his regime a salient interest in the CAROLINA MAGAZINE, and to render the student body every service consistent with sound editorial policy.

AVERAGE READERS

Writing recently on the subject of religion, Elmer Davis pointed out, rather flippantly perhaps, that in the struggle between the so-called Newer Humanists and the well-entrenched Supernaturalists it is the bystander, the innocent layman, who suffers. Likewise, in the conflict between the same Humanists and the literary "moderns" the reader may be classified as the innocent bystander. In his desire to become cultured and learned, the average reader is prone to put his trust blindly in that vague thing which we call authority. We readily subscribe to the Literary Guild; the fact that Theodore Dreiser had the approval of American critics as the Nobel Prize winner in literature is usually sufficient to thwart our every urge toward destructive criticism of his writings. We can utter only words of praise. After reading the work of some celebrated writer, we say: "Well, I don't like this, but I'm no literary critic." No greater mistake could be expressed on paper. Anybody who reads intelligently has an unalterable right to express sentiments both pro and con about the works of the world's greatest writers, just as much as about those of the world's most inferior writers.

The perfect reader is not the product of chance. He is the result of consciously cultivated growth; he is made—not born. But what is the average reader to do? He may dismiss modern literature by invoking such terms as "sophistication," or he may with a marked degree of humility conduct an inquiry into his responsibility in the business of reading. Although we should have respect for so-called authority in literature, we can follow no better course than that of expressing our exact opinions about the works of Shake-

Gleanings

Winners of the 1930 Pulitzer awards in journalism and letters were announced recently. The award for the best novel went to Oliver La Farge for *Laughing Boy*, a story of the Indians of the southwest. It is interesting to note that *Laughing Boy*, is La Farge's first novel. The author obtained his material on an expedition to Mexico.

* * *

The Raven, Dr. Archibald Henderson's review of which is published in this issue of the magazine, won the thousand-dollar prize for the best American biography of the year. *The Raven*, a biography of Sam Houston, strangely enough is the first published literary work of its author—Marquis James.

* * *

The drama award went to Marc Connelly for his play, "The Green Pastures," a drama of the Old Testament as pictured by negroes of the deep south. A review of this play was published in a recent issue of the magazine.

* * *

Within the space of three scant months the extraordinarily prolific poet and novelist of Portugal, Juliao Quintinha, has given the world three volumes, all of which have received very favorable comment to date. Such prolific writing is a rare thing for even the careless, unachieving writer. The fact that all three of Juliao Quintinha's volumes are good reflects his unusual ability.

* * *

In *Born a Jew* (MacMillan) Mr. Bogen has written his autobiography in unusually interesting fashion for the average reader. It is a spicy account of an immigrant's life in America, with numerous references to Jewish oppression. Furthermore, the book is interesting from another standpoint; it is an exceptionally well-done commentary on the Jewish race.

* * *

Cimarron, by Edna Ferber (Doubleday, Doran), is reported by Brentano's as being among the six best sellers of the fiction group for 1930.. It is a pageant of boom times in Oklahoma, from its spectacular settlement to the great oil strike. At present, it is perhaps America's most popular book of fiction. A review of *Cimarron* is published in this number of the magazine.

* * *

Evelyn Waugh, author of "Vile Bodies," is a brother of Alec Waugh. The father of the family is also a writer of some renown.

speare or those of Zane Grey with the same frankness. The average reader is greatly in error when he assumes a stilted attitude toward the writings of any and all celebrities. There is nothing cheaper than opinion; yet there is nothing more valuable. It costs nothing to be opinionated; it stifles individuality to be any other way.

With the Literary World

By ALAN LOWENSTEIN

Though not the greatest of those who have held the distinguished honorary office of Poet Laureate in England, Dr. Bridges may be regarded as in many ways the most intensely devoted of them all, save Tennyson perhaps, to the poetic calling. Taken from his work at the age of eighty-six years, he was still active both in writing and in encouraging the composition of poetry. A long series of poems and plays in verse established his fame solidly, although he was never a popular poet, and only a few months ago "The Testament of Beauty" revealed the continuing strength of his poetic impulse.

As a poet Bridges was decidedly of the classical tradition, and yet it was characteristic of his fine mind that his classicism never made him inhospitable to the new in thought or form. He gave profound thought to the problems of English prosody, and some of his innovations made his verse at times as radical as the latest literary anarchist. He was deeply interested, too, in preserving the purity of English speech, and yet in this direction likewise he showed an open-mindedness on the subject of spelling and pronunciation that shocked the linguistic Bourbons. An English critic, in characterizing Dr. Bridges, declared, "He was instinct with good manners, good breeding and good taste. He was also a man of learning." Dr. Bridges placed the appreciation of beauty as one of the prime purposes of learning. He said, "What a child needs is not so much being taught college stuff as a spiritual education, which can be given through the child's sensibility to beauty and his desire to mimic it." That Dr. Bridges received the much coveted Order of Merit a few years ago is sufficient proof of the high esteem in which the English people held their Poet Laureate.

Dr. Bridges' death inevitably raises the question of his successor—and whether there will be a successor. Dr. Bridges himself always took the attitude that there was no obligation on him to write a poem except when he felt like doing so. For a decade until he delivered his talk on poetry at Oxford about a year ago, he had remained entirely silent. The traditional stipend granted to the Poet Laureate is said to be two hundred pounds a year and a butt of Canary wine. Some grumblers in Parliament, particularly during the war, felt that Dr. Bridges ought to do at least a poem or two a year in return. Doubtless this quaint office, with its noble traditions, will be continued. The appointment is a purely personal one to the King, and it was the fine taste of the present monarch that, to the surprise of the public, made him select Dr. Bridges for the post when Alfred Austin died. Of the many excellent English poets now eligible, Kipling, in whose career two other Poets Laureate have already been appointed, is apparently out of the running. Unless George V intends another surprise, it is likely that the appointment will go to John Masefield, Alfred Noyes, or Walter de la Mare.

* * *

The Grandeur and Misery of Victory, Clemenceau's last words on the war and the peace that followed, has been the best seller in America during the past two weeks. This book was completed just shortly before the death of the great French

statesman, and occupied a great part of the last years of his life. The colorful life of the man, and his fiery, uncompromising spirit make any book written by him desired by the American public.

* * *

"You will be tickled to death to read about an actor who suffers," says Will Rogers. "And the more continuous he suffers, the more you will like it."

Everybody knows Will—America's humorist, and unofficial Ambassador to Everywhere, without portfolio. Not so long ago Will suddenly found himself rushed to the operating table. He had never been sick in his life. Hospitals, nurses, diagnosticians, and surgeons, were a new experience to him. Will decided to write a book about his operation, telling what happened to him. *Ether and Me, or Just Relax* is the result.

* * *

The booksellers of the country are presenting the White House with a "home library." Five hundred volumes constitute the collection which has been selected by a distinguished committee of ten men. Dean Hibbard, of the School of Liberal Arts, was chosen a member of the committee. The members have planned a library for personal enjoyment, an ideal American home library, covering many fields of literature. Undoubtedly this selection will serve as a model for many Americans choosing books for their libraries.

* * *

The Brown House, the first publishing house ever incorporated for the purpose of publishing books illustrated by one man only, has begun its career with a sumptuous edition of the Carthagian tale that "cost Gustave Flaubert five years of toil and trouble and that has since proved equally troublesome to three generations of critics." *Salamambo*, which was written by the French realist about 1862, tells the story of Hamilcar's daughter, and is a truly fine description of Carthaginian life. Flaubert spent many months at the ruins of the ancient city before he began his book.

Salamambo, like other novels of Flaubert, is rather ponderous and at times uninteresting. Its revival is chiefly to provide a limited edition of some classic to offer to the public. Mr. Alexander King, the "one man only" of the Brown House, has devoted his talent to the task of supplying *Salamambo* with illustrations that answer to all the requirements of the current fashionable cult of ugliness. It happens that these illustrations are quite unsuited to Flaubert's narrative, but King's distorted drawings have a vitality of their own which many, no doubt, can admire. The work of the Brown House is interesting, yet its importance is not very great.

* * *

The "Book Club" organizations have for some time been battered targets for much well and properly directed criticism. There has been none, however, that struck closer to the very center than the shaft of ridicule delivered by John Riddell in the March issue of *Vanity Fair*. It is a playlet modeled in the style and language of light operetta, and is a gem of parody.

Seer

By RICHARD A. CHACE

All right! But, if I fail, my fuming lips
Will cry anathema on all success;
My narrow scorn will bite in acid sips
Through teeming hopes I, sterile, would suppress,
Seeing, in foolish faces, pride that slips
Too free from mine. How can this heart express,
Divorce from intellect, the doubt that grips
When questions stifle like a damp caress
All that I seek? I can but lift an eye,
Forever burning with an unshed tear,
To silent figures stark against the sky,
And though I shriek to dull the sudden fear
They trace, I feel I, too, will never die,
Like theirs my memory menace with a leer.

Seasonal Notes

By CARL BRIAN

HERMES

I am a runner. I run at dawn, sandaled, along the edges of the wind. I snatch at bulging, tuneful notes. My lips drip song, sweet phrases, laud. I walk swift among the flocks, from field to field as day crowds earth with fecund gifts of lilac. I watch the Tuscan buildings rear themselves in misty dawn. Lobelia spills its color in the air, red, blue and white. Sway, sway to the music of the winds. Sway to the music of the lightly-blowing breezes. Dance the colored notes. Sing! Sing! And watch the color grow . . . the lilacs and the blues, and the reds, filling the dawn with lilac and blue and red. Color . . . color . . . color . . . I am a runner in the colors of dawn. I am a singer in the wind.

HEBE

Earth renews herself each Spring, gives birth to Iris and Forget-Me-Not. Mine is the season of Spring. Spring is like a youth on lightly-slippered feet, gliding across the universe, plucking roses from a thorny bush. Of Zeus and Hera I was born in Spring . . . born with laughing hands and querulous eyes. And each Spring I return to earth, laughing and questioning. I am a seeker of knowledge . . . youth, warm and fresh . . . youth cradled in the soft lap of earth.

ADONIS

I am Adonis, beloved of Aphrodite . . . Adonis born of the myrrh . . . slain by the boar. In midsummer I stroll the green pastures, listening to the people lament, hearing their praises, watching them fling their pots into the sea. Still your voices of lament, hold your tears. Adonis is not dead. Fling your laughter into the sun. Let your laughter dance along its rays. It is midsummer and warm earth smiles with a wistful contentment. Earth heaves the trees upon her breast, shoves them into the sky. Pierce the blue with your trees, Earth. Heave them to heaven. Rejoice . . . laugh long . . . and sing.

DIONYSUS

I jest with Winter . . . tug his frosty beard . . . and shriek delight. Satyrs follow at my heels in revelling ecstasies. Dance with me to mad, mad tunes. Fling your body, twist, turn. Scream crazy songs . . . shout . . . wallow in wild orgies of delirium. There is no tomorrow. Today is mine . . . mine . . . mine. I play with it, toss it about, hold it before me as a mirror to entice. I blow my breath in little clouds into the chilled air. See, how warm! Come warm with me. Come jest with winter. You, you, too—have today!

Valley of Age

By VERNON CROOK

*The sun is gone; 'tis twilight and I view
Below me on the hill, past half-way down,
The very image of declining age.
There is the dwelling house. I never knew
Before that one could look so old and brown,
So like a loving parent and so sage.*

*I seem to see it as a woman, grown
So old and stopped and tired that even life
A burden is; just waiting there for death.
And lo, just such a woman creeps, alone,
Descending to the spring. The scene is rife
With pity, awe, with fear and holy breath.*

*And there's a barn much like an aged sire.
It seems to totter in this gentle breeze
As if to topple over on its stay.
And lo, a man! with faltering steps that tire
His soul, leads forth his horse; and through the
trees
Down to the spring, he plods his weary way.*

*In tears I wait to see them mount the hill,
To enter in their house again. 'Tis vain;
For darkness falls; and if they climb this side
I cannot tell. I rise; my heart is chill;
In haste I leave, half fearing to remain
Where darkness, age, and solitude abide.*

Humor Fades From the Written Word

By VANE FRAZZLE

Few things, if any, are more pathetic than the humor of our ancestors. After being exposed for a short time to the years, its appeal gradually vanishes, leaving a flat morsel for the critical palates of future generations. Wit, being a subtler and less easily disintegrated essence, does not so quickly pass away; but the buoyant bubbles of laughter survive only a short while on the river of time.

We smile at the topics which aroused the laughter of our ancestors, or bring our intellect and our imagination to the tasting of them, but we seldom experience spontaneously the sudden glory of bursting sides when we read the works which aroused their mirth. It is highly painful to look through the files of some humorous magazine of fifty years ago, for one feels only that agonized shame which accompanies the failure of an inferior joke. One blushes for the pitiful exposure. Nor is it any consolation to reflect that the laughter of our own day will seem like the cracking of most unsubstantial thorns to those who come after us.

Very little of the literature of the past which has survived is provocative of hilarity. The much-vaunted Falstaffian passages of Shakespeare at once leap up as if to deny this statement; but, in the first place, Shakespeare brewed one of those rarer vintages of dramatic wit whose beaded bubbles by virtue of unparalleled quality wink over at the brim, and, in the second place, dramatic literature can always be revived by the infusion of a fresh personality. It is the purely written word of humor which fails to give that sudden jerk to our emotions which it gave on its first outpouring. Of course, we can appreciate Rabelais and the comic tales of the *Canterbury Pilgrims*. We find the *Pickwick Papers* splendid reading, and we are not

(Continued on page eight)

Clytemnestra

By RICHARD A. CHACE

Have I no voice?

Orestes, let me speak a moment; hold
That thirsty sword still—so—behind your back.
Give death a pause, let reeking vengeance stay,
While I, for long withheld resentment, seek
A late expression.

Oh, I do not fear,

Not for myself, this sudden end to pain.
I do not fear it! Strike me now! My breast,
Impatient for the filial justice, aches
To meet the steel, though through the gaping wound
From whence I issue to some other world
Another enter to confront my soul.
I do not dread him, son; I do not fear
The unimagined woes of deepest hell,
As I, for pity, fear the waiting doom
That gathers in the silence of these walls—
The sure fruition of this monstrous crime.
Oh, hear its rustling, see the restless gloom,
Thus animate, stir deep in fury, boy,
Sure of its prey. Oh, let these words delay
The endless woe your mind can not foresee,
Blind in its duty to the law you serve.
As for myself there are no false regrets,
And even now I still should do the same,
Wiser, perhaps, unhappy, still the same,
But that my crime should draw another down;
That I should see him fall, because of me,
Deeper, through more polluted sin—and he
My only son—! Orestes, give me leave
To speak. Come closer to me; take my hand.

To resurrect the past were painful, though
This dreary life at any price be sweet.
The fault is Agamemnon's; to my death
His memory stirs such bitter hate in me
As gives no peace—and I have sought it long.

Although I never loved him, fate was kind
For many years; and I was growing old,
Older and wise, demanding less from life.
When you were born, the fourth, I felt at last
A kind of satisfaction in our house,
For Argos, son, had pleased me well and he,
Your father, was indulgent to the wife
Who reared his offspring. Then a sudden cry
Of "Rape!" The rumors of another war,
Greater than any he had ever known,
So stirred his mind he sailed at once
With many crowded ships from home—and all
To wreak impotent Menelaus, wrest
Unwilling Helen back from Troy.

And Agamemnon took you from my arms,
Mocking my silence and my crazy fears—
"A woman's apprehensions, laugh with me;
Before the boy can lisp I shall be here,"
And went, still mocking; all Mycene's men
Went with him and the empty town was still.

I could not bear the barren silence then,
Except for you, my children. Then one day,
A day which seemed to drag more than the rest,
A messenger from Agamemnon came,
Thrice welcome, bearing tidings from my lord
In Aulis of our daughter's nuptials—how
The great Achilles sought the maiden's hand—
Iphigenia. Pride maternal woke
A passing joy within my breast, a joy,
Perhaps, transparent in its marked relief
To pent emotions. Then we hastened forth

To Aulis where the fleet at anchor lay
For many months—my daughter in the garb
Befitting one who was to wed the son
Of sea-born Thetis. And the horses crawled,
Until the curving road displayed the plain
Besides the ocean rife with teeming ships.
And from the sudden clamor of the camp
My heart drew in upon itself in dread
Of little things I did not understand
And bade the maiden veil from eyes too bold
Until we reached our quarters and the king
Himself had come to greet us. Oh, the rest
Were pain, remembering, difficult to tell—
The hopeful maid betrayed, a sacrifice
Cold Phoebe chose as hostage for those troops
Whose leader erred, and she the gentle price
For all the bitter woe that was to come.

And I was kept a prisoner in my tent
Until no cause remained to hold me there;
Till she, the tender virgin, was no more—
O heap of votive ashes in a cause
She never knew. And there I sat alone,
Within my empty quarters. When he came,
Your father, bidding me a warm farewell—
I did not stir; he kissed my passive lips
And found them unresponsive. Nothing moved.
I could not think nor feel. My eyes were dry;
And cold, forever cold, my empty heart.

The ships departed and a woman found
A lonely road to Argos—and the strand
Of Aulis was a mocking tomb to love.

What was Mycene then? Oh, think of me,
My son, think of that dreamy round of days,
Those long, embittered nights, when hatred burned
Abortive. Years, meaningless years, gave birth
To other years as empty, while I nursed,
Deep in my heart, the silent grief that grew
To one white flame waiting in patience there.

At last the war was over and the news
Of Troy's destruction blazed a fiery way,
From hill to answering hill responsive flared
To distant Argos watching for this word
So many years. My patient heart grew glad
Instinctively, glad with a Greek's relief;
Then gladder, son, for joy that was my own.

Oh, when he came I gloated. Old desires
That leaped to meet him coming ere he came,
Made all my words of welcome thrice sincere.
He left the public safety of his train
And mad Cassandra for the warm embrace
That claimed—at last—a sequel to the years
And one consistent hate—his gory death
Solution of the unpaternal life.

But when I turned my mind to thoughts of state
The people seemed a bit unruly, still
Resentful for the fury of a crime
They could not understand. They soon grew calm,
However, finding I was still severe,
No weak-willed woman. But the pain remained.

Electra's brooding gave my heart no peace.
Her silent, staring eyes disturbed my rest,
Even my sleep at night. I could not bear
That piercing accusation and my love
Maternal turned to fear and fear to hate.
I could not bear the never changing glance
That kept me so uneasy, and, to free
My mind, I sent her from my doors
To take her quarters with the palace slaves
And bend her haughty back in servile tasks
That break the spirit. But her cold, gray eyes

(Continued on page eight)

THE BOOK WORLD

THE SOLDIER PATRIOT

GEORGE WASHINGTON, THE SAVIOR OF THE STATES, 1777-1781. By Rupert Hughes. 820 pps., New York: William Morrow and Company, 1930. \$5.00.

Rupert Hughes began his biography of George Washington with the intention of making it a single-volume study of certain neglected phases of his career and character. It has already reached three volumes and the time covered is only about two-thirds of Washington's life, yet the remaining third is by far the most important in the career of the subject. Where it will end we are unable to say. The first volume, 579 pages, managed to get Washington through thirty years of life as a youth and young man engaged in surveying the Fairfax estates and fighting the Indians and the French. The second, 702 pages, barely carried Washington through fifteen years of his life as a farmer, a member of the House of Burgesses, and relatively quiet spectator in the quarrel between the colonies and England, which culminated in the Declaration of Independence and the beginning of the American Revolution. The present volume, 802 pages, suffices to cover only the four years of fighting between the second Battle of Trenton and the surrender of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown. If the work continues at this present rate of progression, we may expect the last hour of Washington's life to require a huge tome all of its own. But we can take heart for Mr. Hughes, himself, tells us that "the worst is over now."

In the first volume of his work, Mr. Hughes set out to break down the myth and legend which had grown up around Washington, and to show us the man rather than the god, the mythological character. It was a work well done in the spirit of modern biography, which seeks to reveal and expose rather than to criticise and judge. Most people welcomed the effort, though there were many who became indignant, as they read the narrative, and fanatical in their condemnation of the author and his work. And many of the conclusions and interpretations of the biographer may well challenge dissent.

The second volume was similar to the first; but in many particulars was judged an improvement over its predecessor. In this volume the author reached the conclusion that had Washington died at the beginning of the War of the Revolution, the world would never have heard of him. It shows very clearly, however, that Mr. Hughes had formed an unbounded admiration for his subject, and that while he might have dispelled some myths he was in grave danger of creating new ones to take their place.

Coming now to the third volume of the study, we find that Mr. Hughes has continued the scholarly methods of his earlier volumes. The copious footnote references bear sufficient evidence of a meticulous combing of letters and manuscripts as well as the better known published sources.

The central theme of the book is Washington's great struggle against the greed, incompetence, and weakness of his fellow-countrymen, while engaged in the contest with the British Redcoats and their Hessian hirelings. Washington, himself, is made to tell the story of how "speculation, peculation, engrossing, forestalling, with their concomitants, af-

ford too melancholy proofs of the decay of public virtue"; and how a "few designing men, for their own aggrandizement, and to gratify their own avarice," were willing to be considered friends of the cause and to continue the war. The author is quite correct in recognizing and bringing to our knowledge such conditions, but he seems to go to the opposite extreme from that which he exposes in other writers of the Revolutionary Period.

* * * * *

This volume evidences, on the whole, a spirit of fairness and a desire to get at the truth, which is an admirable and essential quality in the historian. Mr. Hodges goes into the question of the Conway Cabal and reaches an independent judgment in the matter quite at variance with the generally accepted view. He is "astonished to find how human he (Conway) was, how wise and well-justified in many respects, and how shabbily" he was treated. He tries to get at the truth of disputed points. Did Washington swear at Monmouth? Did he pray at Valley Forge? It is an admirable trait to try to get at the truth of such matters, but why strip away one myth to build up another? Mr. Hughes has a "profound admiration and affection for nearly everything in Washington's life." The more he studies him "the greater and better he finds him." He ascribes to him "a saintless unique among great soldiers and creators of nations." He marvels at his "greatness and patience and his genius." But why strip Washington of his "traditional halo" only to discover a unique saintliness in him?

In spite of these faults the volume has merit. An interesting story is told in striking and forceful language which will hold the interest of the reader throughout. New facts are brought to light, old views are torn down, and new interpretations and conclusions are drawn, all of which will stimulate the thought of the reader, whether he agrees with the author's views, or not. Another biography has been added to the more than one thousand already written of Washington. The "debunkers" of history will call it excellent, the extreme patriots will denounce it, but all who read it will enjoy it.

—F. M. GREEN.

PULITZER PRIZE BIOGRAPHY

THE RAVEN. By Marquis James. The Bobbs-Merrill Co.: Indianapolis. \$5.

A figure of passion and power, colorful and picturesque, is thrown upon the screen against a vivid and ever-changing background. Soldier, statesman, financier, diplomat—he was governor of Tennessee, father of the Republic of Texas, U. S. Senator from Texas, and finally governor of Texas. Romance caught him in its net—and worked upon him its spell of ruin. A few weeks after his marriage to a charming and lonely woman, they separated—without any explanation given by either, then or ever afterwards, for the separation. It is one of the mystifying conjectures which has never been explained, and will probably always defy explanation. A thousand fancies figure the imagination. James hazards the conjecture that Houston believed, but unjustly, that his wife loved another, and was faithless to him. Who shall say? Certain it is that it was she who wished and sought to be re-united with

her husband—but in vain. The blow almost killed the proud leader of his people; he became a despairing wanderer, allied himself with the Indians in the Southwest, and sank to the low level of vagabondage and inebriety. How he arose from this moral lethargy and climbed to dizzy heights than before it, is indeed, a romance of reality.

—ARCHIBALD HENDERSON

SETTLING OKLAHOMA

CIMARRON. By Edna Ferber. Doubleday, Doran and Co., 1930. Garden City. \$2.50.

For those who like historical novels, Edna Ferber's new book, *Cimarron*, is a revelation. Even the casual reader delights in the richness of the narrative. The author has caught the spirit of an almost unknown country—the Oklahoma territory—and has woven into her story, in pageant form, the numerous trials and tribulations which accompanied its growth into statehood.

In its essential construction the book is the history of Yancey Cravat, but the story early becomes only an illustration of the Oklahoma country and its strange mingling of people, races, and customs. Yancey Cravat, with Indian blood in his veins and a love for the unsettled, brings his young and aristocratic wife, Sabra, into the territory just after "The Run." Yancey—romantic, visionary, apparently lost in his own conceit and yet by some strange manipulation rising above the sphere of mere conceit—is the spirit of the lure of pioneering without its substance. The new country seems impossible to Sabra until she rises to become one of its leaders. Together Yancey and Sabra establish the first newspaper in the new country and make it a force in the territorial life. Their son marries an Indian princess, their daughter is sent to an Eastern finishing school, and Yancey follows the road of pioneering while his wife runs the newspaper and becomes a congresswoman at Washington.

Cimarron, in its entirety, is realistic. It brings the lives of its characters to logical conclusions. We may not approve of the methods which the Oklahoma pioneers employed, yet we cannot condemn them—for out of the execution of such pioneer methods the American Republic grew.

J. C. W.

Musing

By JOHN WARDLAW

*It's all the way you look at things,
It's all the way you feel.
Some sit and wait for what life brings.
Some think its joys are real.*

*It's all the mood you may be in
That makes you act that way.
Some laugh at what you call a sin;
You too may laugh some day.*

*It means the world to you just now,
This thing that rends your soul asunder.
Past experience should show how
To avoid another blunder.*

*Cast aside these vain illusions,
Painted castles, smouldering embers.
There is only one true way,
Life eternal, God remembers.*

A NOVEL OF CHARACTER

AUSTRALIA FELIX. By Henry Handel Richardson. 483 pps. New York: W. W. Norton and Co., 1930. \$2.50.

Many writers, having hit upon a happy formula in one book, apply it to a series containing further adventures of the same character. "*Australia Felix* reverses the usual procedure, for Mr. Richardson sketches in it the earlier lives of Richard and Mary Mahoney, central figures of *Ultima Thule*, which attended remarkable success last fall.

The Greek belief that character is fate is insistently impressed upon the readers of *Australia Felix*. Indeed, the book might be termed a gigantic character sketch (it is 175,000 words in length). Mr. Richardson holds rigorously to the belief that the proper subject for the novel is human character.

Australia Felix outlines the story of Dr. Richard Mahoney and his wife Mary. It portrays his coming to Australia from Ireland as a young man at the time of the gold rush in the hope of making a fortune; of his ruined hopes and enforced years of detested store-keeping, his marriage to Mary Turnham when she is a girl of 16, his resumption of medical practice and slow years of struggle, his eventual, and his decision to leave the country he finds temperamentally unbearable and returns to Ireland. A permanent picture is provided of Australia during the '50s and '60s, in the days which followed the gold rush.

It is unfortunate that the public has read *Ultima Thule* and *Australia Felix* in the wrong order, for the progressive development of the Mahoney characters can be grasped only by an awkward process of reconstruction. But, despite the weakness of a style and technique not beyond criticism, the deep insight into human character afforded by Mr. Richardson's two books will cause them to be remembered for some time to come.

—GLENN HOLDER.

HISTORY OF LOVE

THE LOVE LIFE OF VENUS. By Francis de Miomandre. New York: Brentano's. 228 pps. \$2.50.

M. de Miomandre, one of the best known of the modern younger French writers and a distinguished critic, has written a history of Venus from her birth to her last love. This life, the author assures the reader, is authentic. Numerous documents have been searched and research has been tirelessly indulged in. The author has no footnotes; no references; the reader must simply take his word for it, with another assurance that no man has ever glimpsed the documents before.

M. Francis de Miomandre is a subtle and clever writer. The *Love Life of Venus* resembles rather closely, in its treatment, John Erskine's *The Private Life of Helen of Troy* and *Lancelot*. The author goes into all of Venus' numerous loves: her marriage with Vulcan, her affair with the blustering Mars, her relations with the lad Adonis, and with Anchises and others, too.

This author's first novel, *Written on Water*, was awarded the Prix Goncourt some years ago. There is a cleverness and a deftness about the present work which shows greater promise in the author. The book is illustrated by Alexander Canedo.

P. D.

NEW BOOKS OF POETRY

SEED OF THE MOON. By Cale Young Rice. New York: The Century Co. 122 pps. \$2.

AMERICA THE DREAM. By Katherine Lee Bates. New York: Thos. Y. Crowell. 210 pps. \$2.50.

Cale Young Rice is a prolific writer. This is his twentieth volume of poetry, excluding collections. Mr. Rice is deserving of a high place among contemporary poets. His verse has a marked imaginative power and a pleasant forcefulness of style which sets it off from that of the numerous second-rate poets that are flourishing in all parts of the country at the present time. Along with the many lyric pieces in the book are two longer narrative poems, "Life Goes On" and "Lorna Quade." These two are the poems which attract the reader most. They are written in free verse, but the freedom which Mr. Rice allows himself in his treatment of them never gets beyond his control. In both of them may be detected a human sympathy and a depth of feeling which are destined to place them above his lyric pieces. Yet the lyrics themselves are none the less lacking in beauty. The following lines are from "Lost Birthright:"

*If you have never seen the red sun go
As the full moon swims moveless up the east
Through wild palms, white cypresses and pines
In a Florida swamp, you do not know in the least
How strange it seems not to be still a beast
That has never slept in any house but the night.*

America the Dream is a collection of poetry of Katherine Lee Bates, who will be remembered long for her national hymn, "America the Beautiful." A great many of her narrative and lyric poems deal with patriotic subjects. The volume is divided into seven sections, each division suggestive of the type of poetry it contains: "The Discoverers," "The Forgotten," "The Colonists," "The Revolution," "The Young Republic," "The World War," and "America the Dream." In the initial division are included verses of Drake, John Cabot, Hudson, and other early discoverers. In "The Forgotten," the poet retells old legends which are unremembered in this day. Several of them are charming pieces told in a fascinating manner which holds the interest focused on the episodes. In "The Colonists," she tells of the trials and hardships of the early settlers on this continent. "The Revolution" describes the Battle of Lexington, Valley Forge, and other scenes of a like nature. The division entitled "The World War" contains the greatest number of her poems. Most of these are short, patriotic pieces, many of them sonnets, done with a nerve and an enthusiasm which tends to overcome her artistry. Miss Bates' artistry is, in fact, composed of a superior enthusiasm and an intensity of feeling and patriotism for native things. And because of this some of her poetry will live. The collection is well worth the reading.

A. R.

A FAMILY EPIC

THE SEVENTH WAVE, by Marietta Minnigerode Andrews. Albert and Charles Boni: New York. 262 pps. \$2.50.

With her first novel Marietta Minnigerode Andrews considerably strengthens her position with the reading public. Her previous sketches and diaries have given her popularity; her present novel estab-

lishes her in another field. She has proved her ability at description and delineation of character. Now she shows her ability to create.

The Seventh Wave is an epic of a family, a long line coming down from that pioneer river-boatman who founded a town, that proud, self-willed patriarch, the first Henderson Higgins. He was a builder of men and institutions, and his influence is felt to the last page. It is Hendy, the grandson, who revolted from the domination of the patriarch, but who held to all the strongest and finest in his character, whose life history the narrative traces at greatest length, yet perhaps it is that quiet, unassuming son of Hendy's, that son conceived in a moment of youthful passion, who is the real hero. When the story is told, when the founder has played his role, and even Hendy has settled somewhat into the ways of a modernized Higginsville, that son still remains a tribute to the work of a pioneer, a Higgins of the Higginses.

Mrs. Andrews lays chief emphasis on characters. The reader feels himself remarkably familiar with the actors in this drama of rising generations, and almost always he is well pleased. *The Seventh Wave* is the type of book with which one enjoys spending more than one evening. It is entertaining, and one finishes it with the feeling of satisfaction that an excellent story brings. Unencumbered by any great amount of detail, it moves swiftly and smoothly to its end. Probably the most convincing thing that can be said about *The Seventh Wave* is that it leaves the reader with a decided desire for more novels from Mrs. Andrews' pen.

LOUIS V. BROOKS.

A WOMAN SCORNED

TAGATI. By Cynthia Stockley. G. P. Putnam's Sons: New York, 338 pps. \$2.50.

Tagati embodies typical English characters in a typically English manner with an insertion of the savage nature. It is a book that might be very well enjoyed some summer afternoon in the shade—particularly summer, because the action takes place in the tropics, and the aesthetic qualities could be better appreciated in such an atmosphere—but for those who desire the action that is congruous with the average American's idea of a story, it is liable to become a bit boring and distasteful.

The scene is in Rhodesia, South Africa, on the farming estate of Dick Cardoss, a former soldier of His Majesty. Before he left England, Dick had married a very beautiful girl whom he brought with him to Africa. Another English girl, Felicia Lissell, and some of her relatives, all friends of Dick's, come to stay a while on his farm. After awhile it develops that Dick's wife has been dividing the greater part of her attentions between two wealthy miners who are also former English soldiers. Her jealousy is aroused when she discovers that Felicia has taken her place in their affections, although Felicia herself remains indifferent towards them. Complications develop and the action is swift.

The real idea of the plot has been contained in many other stories; the only difference is in the atmosphere and the technique of the author. It is treated in a very complacent way that removes the overdone melodramatic style which spoils a great many stories, and at least makes it seem real and true to English life.

SHERMAN SHORE.

Songs For A Lover

By JAMES DAWSON

To night Cassandra smiled at me. Although
The dawn brings death, still death brings dawn to
me.

The day I face is cold infinity;
The hours ahead are centuries that go
Unwinding each from each, without the balm
Of clocks to tick, or bells to give them end.
I am afraid of aeons that impend.
Time is my bed, without the drowsy calm
That pillows have.

My horizons will find
No elms to break the leaden lid of space
And bring a hill-bound morning sun apace.
But grant me this: because I've not been blind
To beauty, take away my memories,
That I may never miss lost ecstasies.

I have not dared to ask if you still see
The leaping fingers of that longing flame
All reaching toward ourselves as we sat tranced.
"I love an open fire," you said, just that—
"I love—" and seeing deeper, added slow,
As though I would not hear your twistful pledge,
"I love you."

Where are you now? Could I but answer that,
You might be tangible again, and I,
Remembering each round, golden day you lived,
Might feel another flame. But I am cold.
Hearth fires of memory are poor mockeries.
"I love an open fire," you said, "I love —"
And I am cold.

Forgetting melodies of other nights,
High liltings that my heart had all but lost,
Come flooding back to me now you are gone
Where I can only dream your husky voice.
And candle flames, like golden fingers there,
Still say to me what you once whispered low:
"Look up."

Your finger on my cheek, tracing the path
A tear had made. Your smoothing hand behind
My head. Your lips half parted in a smile
Of happiness for me that I could smile.
Your eyes that lost their blue and came to dream
Before a fire. All these were moods of you
I loved.

When you had gone, my lashed eyes laughed at sleep,
So aching with your orient low were they.
Still numb, I bade the January stars
Remember how you stood there at the door,
And lifting your dark eyes to darker blue,
Touched once my cheek and left me, whispering,
"Good night."

You could not know how I have stood alone
And watched your window framing its dim square
Of yellow shaded light. You did not see
How stars rolled over me and worlds were born
While I stood there in darkness, 'til you moved
Your hand and broke the spell, and I fled home
In darkness.

The editor regrets to state that a considerable
amount of acceptable material has been left out of
this issue, owing to lack of space. Much of this will
appear in the next issue, June 1.

SCHERZO

(Continued from page one)

I must obey the spirit of my soul.
You should be satisfied with my letting you
Admire me at a distance—
You have no right to love—me.

CASINO. [*pleads*] Cleo, you know your power—
your loves.

CLEO. I love Ivan, but he is an ass for loving me.
You know I wait for the mood
To read Frederic's letter.
[*After a moment.*]
Why must you be here always?
Must I tell you to stay away?

CASINO. [*still desperate*] I came, Cleo,
To soothe your passions with my love.

CLEO. Have I not told you I want it not?
Leave me with my loves—Ivan and Frederic.
I want them both—
One because I love him,
And the other because he loves me.
And I love them both!
[*Sees that he remains.*]
For two sun's I have waited
To read my love's letter.
I beg you—leave me in peace—
In torment with my loves.

[*The intensity of the music heightens gradually. It
has carried CLEO away, while it is getting on the
nerves of the impatient CASINO.*]

CASINO. [*suddenly rises, starts to walk.*]
What nonsense of you, a lover of lovers,
To love a man who sends one letter in an-
other
To be read when you are in the
Mood of violent emotional conflict.

CLEO. [*after a silence*] To have his letter felt,
Frederic did it.
It is a novelty, Casino.
I like Frederic's originality.
He is a poet of the soul, of the heart, of
love—

Frederic is like music!

CASINO. [*stops before her*] You said you loved Ivan.
CLEO. I do, and he loves me desperately.

But I want Frederic.
I want to take away his youth, his fresh-
ness—
I want him to be myself.

[*A black servant enters from left as CLEO rises.*]
SERVANT. [*bows, then announces*] Madame, I fol-
lowed Ivan Backlanoff to Tyre
Where he plunged into the Phoenician Sea.
[*Servant bows and retires.*]

CLEO. [*desperate*] My God!
[*CASINO goes to her.*]
He told me he would!
I believed him not!
Ivan!
[*CASINO holds her.*]
Why did you not wait for me?
Ivan!
[*CASINO leads her to a divan and tries to do
what he cannot.*]

CASINO. [*holds her*] Oh, Cleo, you must not.

CLEO. With—Ivan—gone!

CASINO. [*kisses her*] Cleo, dear, I remain for you.

CLEO. [*still lost*] Ivan—gone!

A part of the stream of life.

CASINO. [*moves away*] Then there is still Frederic.
Cleo, what can he say?

CLEO. [*lights up*] Frederic! [*suddenly gets over the
loss of her lover by a forced change
of mood*]

Frederic! [*suddenly picks up pillows and
starts throwing them at musicians*]

Give me gay strains, Slaves.

Let me celebrate this death of my love.

[*to CASINO*] The letter!

[*to servants*] Slaves, bring me wine,

Bring me ambrosia,

Bring the daughter of the Ptolomeys'

Food of the gods!

[*CASINO continues to hold her as she sees
letter.*]

The letter, Casino—read it to me.

CASINO. [*Takes the letter and tears open the enve-
lope, reads*] "Cleo, dear—our love
has come and gone—"

CLEO. What! —Casino! This is no time to jest!

CASINO. It is in the letter.

CLEO. You lie, Casino!

[*Takes the letter to read. After a moment
the uselessness of her existence dawns
upon her.*]

CASINO. [*tries to assist*] Cleo, I'm still your slave.

[*The musicians have gone into some terrific music.*]

CLEO. [*moves away; starts to tear dress; her long
hair flows down her bare shoulders;
desperately moves towards CASINO.*]

You! —who wants you!

[*forces him around the divan*]

Your Roman gold has made love an exercise
of the body.

To love for you is to play at lying—

A hideous orgy of the heart,

Full of your Roman lubricity.

Your love is a bastard parody—

Elegant and deformed like porcelain mon-
sters from Cathay.

It is a lamentable satire on all that is beauti-
ful

And ugly, divine and infernal—

A shadow without a body, a body without a
soul.

[*CASINO does all to protect himself from this mad
woman.*]

[*Checks herself a moment.*]

To love is to give the soul—

Not only the body—it is faith—

It is the religion of celestial happiness.

[*suddenly turns to musicians*]

Enough of that temptest!

This life has been enough of that.

Calm the winds, calm me.

Let me go in peace—

A funeral march!

[*Musicians go into Marcia Funebre.*]

[*With her head thrown back, looking into
the sky, CLEO goes onstage.*]

Ivan! Ivan!

I come to join the stream of life.

[*With lighting effects CLEO is made to look
smaller.*]

Ivan—

[*CLEO disappears.*]

Ivan

[*after a few moments*]

Ivan

[*A light splash is heard.*]

[*CASINO, still dumbfounded, comes slowly to center,
wondering what the whole thing is all about.*]

THE CURTAIN FALLS

I Am a Fool

By JACK DARDEN

Since I've been in college, I have made a practice of going home only between quarters. I wouldn't go then if I had any plausible excuse I could give my parents for staying up here. The reason for my having this attitude is that my parents always insist that I go around in the neighborhood about the second day I'm home and visit my vast number of eighteenth-century uncles and aunts. My parents realize I do not like to do this, but they are afraid their brothers and sisters will think I'm trying to "high-hat" them. Lord knows, if high-hating them would get rid of them, I'd do it in a minute! There are two things these antiquated relatives of mine always harp on:

"My, how big Jack has got. He's about the biggest Darden I ever saw—takes after his maw's people, I figger'. But you can tell he's a Darden—got a mouth just like his paw. Favors him a lot, don't he?"

"No, he favors his maw—got eyes just like her."

All the time they talk, they look from one to the other, then back at me. And I stand there with a silly grin on my face, feeling for all the world like I didn't have any pants on, or worse. I could stand this talk about whom I favor, however, if they'd only leave off this next:

"Jack, we're proud to know you have the get-up to work your way through school. We're all proud of you. None of us Dardens ever had any money, but we've all got ambition. And we know you'll make your mark in the world some day."

By this time I can stand it no longer, so I tell them I'm in a hurry to get back to help daddy with a little work. As I am leaving, I can hear them muttering to themselves, "Just like his paw—always in a hurry to get to work." The truth is, I'm never able to work by the time I run the entire gauntlet of relatives.

If they'd leave out that suffering-hero stuff about the dignity of labor, it wouldn't be so bad. I'm darned if I ever saw any dignity in labor. Some people say it shows ambition in a fellow when he's willing to work his way through school. I say it's dumbness masquerading under the name of ambition.

The other day there was a county election of officers in my home county. One candidate had the following sentence contained in his plea: "I worked my way through Davidson College in 1910." When I read that I decided immediately that if I were old enough to vote, I'd never vote for him.

I came up here to school with no money, but with tons of ambitious fire. After scouting around for three or four days and losing the major part of my enthusiasm, I succeeded in finding a job of dish-washing. But my troubles had only begun. Ever since my first day in school, I have worried about whether I will make enough money to stay in school; I have worried about whether I will pass my work; I have worried about my social standing. If I stick the four years out, I will leave here much dumber than I was when I came. The reason I say this is because I know I am forming, and will form, so many misconceptions. Other students snub me. This gives me an inferiority complex. But why shouldn't they snub me? They know I am a sap, or I'd never be here working my way. They know

I have no money to provide a little recreation with, or to be sociable with. Who wants to go with a pauper when he can go with a boy who has at least enough money to buy a coca-cola once in a while? In every way I am socially inferior to other students who are not self-help. I can't buy as many clothes as I really need sometimes; I can't keep my clothes cleaned and pressed; I can't take a girl to the show even once a month—if I were lucky enough to get a date with one. I am never able to get all lit up after a ball game as a real Carolina student is supposed to do; if some kind-hearted girl gives me a date, I am constantly afraid to stoop over for fear of a rip, or my calloused hands always seem to pop up at the most inopportune time, or the dish-washing grease shows horribly on my nails—oh, my fears are legion. When I hear a self-help student bragging that he rates as well with either boy—or girl—students on the campus as any other student does, I always think of the habit small boys have of whistling loudly at night to keep up their courage.

In my classes I realize I am inferior to other students. I do not have the time to study, or I am too tired to study when I get time. My first half-dozen F's made me aware of my stupidity—apparent stupidity. The fact remains that most self-help students are more ignorant than other students, because they are usually of a lower class.

I took my first two years college work at a small junior college. The man who delivered our commencement address—a well-known man in this state—made a very eloquent speech. In this speech he stressed the belief that we should finish college, even if we had to work our ways through. I thought the address was excellent. I did not work my way at the junior college, so of course I could not know the folly of attempting to do this. Since entering up here, however, I have become sadly disillusioned over the grand and glorious practice. I like to picture myself as being called on some day to deliver a commencement sermon before a graduating class of that same junior college. Of course, the president would expect me to show them the advantages of having a college education, and the glory of working one's way. Instead I would say:

"Boys and girls, some of you may be thinking of working your way through college. If any of you are entertaining this idea, for God's sake and for your own sakes, get it out of your heads, you poor fools! Keep your noses to the grindstone all of your lives and die in the Poor House rather than go to college a self-help student."

HUMOR FADES FROM THE WRITTEN WORD

(Continued from page four)

amiss in so doing; but our pleasure is a soberer enjoyment than that which these works of humor gave to their first audiences. We pick them up when we wish to be entertained, but seldom when we wish to laugh.

Wit is compounded of the spirit of the age. It is excited by peculiar and irrecoverable felicities and conjunctions of temperament and environment, all of which are ingredients in humorous literature. But after all, laughter is not a lofty emotion. Beasts, we are told, have it not; yet many who are little better than beasts laugh heartily. We ourselves are not so proud of the writings which arouse our laughter that we wish them to echo through the ages, for our posterity would probably laugh most heartily at the objects which once aroused our laughter.

In all ages there have been works of humor, which by virtue of being nobler than the rest, have survived. Although dimmed by the passage of time and the disrupting influences of changing conditions, they still appeal to the reader. Such so-called masterpieces may not have shone any more brightly in the age in which they were written than their now neglected contemporaries, but they live because of certain finer essences in their composition, style, and finish, or something even more subtle than these: that indefinable taste which distinguishes all that has been grown on a rich literary soil. Such works, after exciting the laughter of the age in which they were written, may in their ripeness, and even in their decline, earn the lasting esteem of posterity. They may possibly be numbered among the classics; that is to say, among literary productions of any and all ages which deserve to live as models for the future, or as peculiarly happy expressions of bygone days. The great test of any classic is what men and women of future ages will think of its applicability to the conditions of their particular age. To be lastingly great, humorous literature must possess some of those timeless qualities which permeate the spirit of all ages.

Skill in construction and delineation, sense of beauty, fine choice of words, and happy adaption of form to matter—all of these, like beauty itself, do not die the death of time. The work of humor which embodies these qualities, even though thinly commingled, will outlive the evaporation of its jovial bubbles, and may by their preservative qualities become, if not a great classic, at least a little classic of all time.

CLYTEMNESTRA

(Continued from page four)

Are even colder now, as though her mind
Resolved the punishment to fit a crime
Unexpiated through so many years.

My son, are you her justice or some god's
That sent you for the retribution? Speak.
Give me to know the reason for my death
Before I go. I cannot bear the thought
Of all that you must suffer for a sin
Whose cause lies deeper than I understand.

You have no answer? I do not deserve,
Perhaps, the understanding of a truth
Buried too deep for words. So be it. Strike,
And make it swift and clean, one final stroke.

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The Carolina Magazine

Literary Supplement to The Daily Tar Heel

Volume 1

Saturday, May 31, 1930

Number 14

Auxiliary Language

By DR. E. C. METZENTHIN

I

LIBERALISM AND ORTHODOXY

One of the most amusing experiences in academic life is the frequent observation of the self-contradictory attitude of so-called scholars, who, either orally or in their writings, deplore, ridicule or berate orthodoxy in religion and churches—where it has principally and historically its legitimate place—but show, whenever confronted by general intellectual problems, that they are in their heart of hearts, however unconsciously, orthodox themselves. Such scholars would not recognize the right, much less the duty, of every established church to uphold and defend its creed, but would, on the other hand, repudiate, attack and sometimes, if possible, outlaw anyone daring to doubt the correctness of their own "scientific" views. They overlook, among other things, the fundamental difference in the points of view of religion and science. They forget that churches are bound to look *back*, hundreds or thousands of years, to their origins, while science looks, or *ought* to look, principally *forward*. In churches fundamentalists, in the proper meaning of that much abused and misunderstood title, are truly "radicals," that is to say, "rootists," people who go down and back to the *roots* of their creeds, as revealed in their sacred writings.

II

LIBERAL IN THEORY, ORTHODOX IN PRACTICE

Discouragingly great is the number of books written by such scholars, particularly those for use in schools, especially in some fields of the so-called "Liberal Arts," which, although supposed to be liberal and scientific, betray again and again, just in the treatment of vital questions or in the application of their theories to practical problems of modern life, relapses into orthodoxy, a sticking to over-aged prejudices, national, political, racial, denominational, habitual—without any serious attempt to criticize antiquated conceptions, and a most regrettable lack of that intellectual honesty and of that courage which is the characteristic of real scholarship. Instead of replacing outworn superstitions by truly progressive or even "radical" conceptions, they follow the old diplomatic, but not scientific, maxim, "quieta non movere," that is, "do not stir up what is quiet," or, more appropriately, "do not wake up what is asleep."

The imprint of such a pseudo—or half-hearted, liberalism is only too apparent in almost all works in the field of *linguistics*.

Exactly as the old theologians used their considerable amount of knowledge and of dialectic reasoning to establish over and over again the truth of their "tenets" by demonstrating them as based on books the infallibility of which they took for granted, no matter how doubtful it appeared to other people, whom they consequently labelled "infidels" or "heretics," without ever venturing to scru-

Peace

By DAVID MATTHEWS

*And now I know what's come to me.
With silence, it has stol'd its way,
Until my aching heart has found
Its peace within the beauty of
An everlasting calm.*

*A charming scheme has worked its art,
And joined the things for which we live.
Those clinging ties, whose mighty strength
Has bound our hearts, our very minds,
Our souls—into a poignant One,
And paved our simple loving day
With glowing hope and dreams.*

*To dream, and let our dreaming be
A vision of simplicity;
Rich and sweet with youth and Spring—
Which only Peace can really bring!*

tinize the correctness of their own assumed "revelations,"—just so the linguists and grammarians naively take the languages they are writing about as "infallible." They would scorn any attempt of doubting their languages' more or less "divine" origin or their *upward* development to ever greater perfection.

Just as we expect from any scholarly history of a creed at least an endeavor to show the reasonableness of its distinctive points, so we have a right to expect from a scientific grammar of a given language at least a chapter on the merits of this language and also suggestions for further improvement. But where do we find in grammars any criticism of the language concerned, even in regard to its most glaring shortcoming? This reactionary attitude of our grammars, based on, and accompanied by, the self-complacency of their users, just as repulsive as the better-than-thou attitude of denominational writers, is the reason for the lack of any suggestions for possible and highly desirable improvements or of *any intelligent direction of the development*, as e.g. that by the "Academie francaise." No wonder that modern languages are in a state of stagnation or even of degeneration, petrifying innumerable unreasonable rules and even more senseless exceptions.

III

REFORM OR REVOLUTION

The self-righteousness and an obstinate refusal to change an iota of antiquated statutes on the part of the representatives of modern languages will produce a linguistic revolution, if far-seeing leaders are not able to convince the students and the teachers of the necessity of a thorough reform—just as the same hostile and derisive attitude of the medieval church made revolution—the protestants call it "reformation"—inevitable by the refusal to abolish unnecessary and burdensome regulations, to simplify complicated statutes, to give room to progressive ideas and to infuse new blood into the arteries

(Continued on page eight)

Front Page Article

By JAMES JACQUES

Nancy tripped lightly down the steps from room thirteen and trickled over to the Handy Corner Cafe where her husband worked. It was June 13 and exactly thirteen years since she had married a certain William Capel by a most extraordinary accident.

"It was just like this, boys," said Bill Capel as he shuffled the cards again. "Me and Nancy met in this very cafe thirteen years ago today, and I've been unlucky ever since. I've even beat Nancy out of her job. But . . ."

"You mean Nancy beat you into her job," said Graydon Jordan across the table.

"Have it anyway you want it," said Bill, "but as I was going to say, I met Nancy here and popped the question and she . . ."

"And what did she say?," from the man on the left.

"She turned me down flat and said I couldn't even pay the preacher, but I wasn't so easy turned down. I wobbled into a scheme kinda' quick-like and said: 'Baby, we will be married when I get the cash. What do you say to that?' Well, boys, she said *yes* and that is how it all got started."

"Yeah," said the man on the right, "how did you get it stopped? You never had fifty cents except what you won off me. Where is the ending?"

"Not being very anxious to work before Nancy became paymaster, I did some tall thinking to scrape up the dough. Finally I figured it all out. I decided I would write up a story for the *Times*."

"Oh yes," said the man on the right, "if you had kept on writing articles for the *Times* I would be a lot better off. Now there is the \$13 you won last night and \$21 on Wednesday, besides my overcoat, bath robe, safety razor, and . . ."

"Aw, shut off the static," growled Jordan who shared half the profits. "What did you write about, Bill—arrivals and departures?" Laughingly.

"You are half right, said Bill, "because I wrote about departures, myself being the main character."

He arose, went over to a small drawer, fished out an old newspaper, and read the following passage from the front page:

"Bill Capel, 18, drowned himself in the French Broad late last night. Speaking for the last time before his leap from North Bridge, he described his act as the result of financial embarrassments and depression of mind. In a perfectly calm voice he requested that no time be wasted in looking for his body. He stated that he had nothing to lose or gain and that he thought it would be a new adventure. He then requested that a note be given to his sweetheart and, handing it to a man who had unknowingly accompanied him to the scene of his death, he jumped from the bridge into the rushing current below.

"The young lady referred to may secure the let-

(Continued on page eight)

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Saturday, May 31, 1930

REPLY TO "I AM A FOOL"

In the last issue of the Carolina Magazine, Mr. Darden wrote bitterly of his experiences as a self-help student at the University, and seemed to feel that because he had been compelled to wash dishes, etc., in order to defray his expenses he had somehow acquired the right to feel inferior to other men who do not have to earn their own way. While I deplore the necessity for spending so much time away from text books, the library, and the other educative agencies, I do not see any reason for Mr. Darden, or any of his fellow workers, to conclude that they are the just recipients of snubs from their more fortunate fellow students. It is for this reason that I ask permission to correct the impression which his article makes.

Herbert Gunter, who is now Vice President of the Pilot Life Insurance Company, worked his way through this University by setting type in the old print shop. John J. Parker, now Judge of the United States Circuit Court of appeals, and recently nominated by President Hoover for the position of Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court, made his expenses by selling clothing. L. F. Abernethy, perhaps the best fullback who ever wore Carolina colors, was not too proud to sell shoes for his expenses. Walter P. Stacy, now Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of North Carolina, worked at various sorts of self-help jobs while a student here. E. M. Highsmith, now a prominent professor in a college in Missouri, waited on the tables at Old Commons Hall. T. C. Bowie, though a student before my day, was, I am told, a waiter at Commons. He has until recently been a member of the Superior Court bench in this state. C. A. Jonas, now a member of Congress for this state, was a self-help student. H. H. Hughes, now a prominent playwright of New York City

and a professor of English at Columbia University, worked his way through college. It is frequently stated, though I have no personal knowledge of the facts, that President Hoover himself was a self-help student while in college, and it is known of all men that his opponent for the presidency, Governor Al Smith, worked his way up from dire poverty.

Many other instances could be given, but perhaps these are sufficient to show that a man need not feel inferior merely because he has to do unpleasant tasks. Certainly no one would now think of trying to snub one of the men mentioned above; for it simply cannot be done. But one thing I would like to point out to Mr. Darden, and others who may be in the same situation, is this: The world will place on a man pretty much the same estimate that he places on himself. If he feels that he is worthy of being snubbed he is almost certain to be snubbed. Of course there are cheap souls with a little money or occupying what they regard as high positions who do use their supposedly exalted stations to discredit others less fortunate; but these men (or women) are cad at heart and deserve no consideration from those whose lives they seek to make unpleasant. Forget them. Let me cite a concrete illustration:

Some years ago I walked down the street in Raleigh with Chief Justice Hoke and another man who sought to be known as a great guy. Judge Hoke had as good blood in his veins as any man in the state, was reasonably able to look down on others if he chose to do so. But he did nothing of the kind. He frequently paused to drop a coin into the tin cup of a beggar, to ask about the health of some poverty-stricken wretch, or to talk with some acquaintance of his who was unloading coal or sweeping the streets. The other man held aloof from all except those whom he thought able to give him a helping hand up the ladder which he sought to climb. Here was the real difference between a gentleman and one who sought to masquerade as such, and Mr. Darden will find that these two are typical of the citizenship of his day. Those who are genuine will not snub him because he worked his way through

Gleanings

The first patent that Thomas A. Edison ever took out (the date being June 1, 1869) was for an electrical apparatus designed "to record and register in an instant and with great accuracy the votes of legislative bodies." In his latest book, *Short Talks on Science* (Century), the late Dr. Edwin E. Slosson records the fact that when Edison submitted this invention to a committee of legislators at Washington, they turned it down with the explanation that it would do away with the practice of filibustering, and hence was undesirable.

Among the hundreds of curious facts recorded by Estelle H. Ries in *Mother Wit* (Century), a survey of the progress of human ingenuity through the centuries, are sundry facts concerning the origin of buttons in men's wear. The buttons on men's sleeves, for example, were first placed there by an order of Frederick the Great.

Humbert Wolfe's long, satirical poem on modern life, "The Uncelestial City," will be published in this country by Alfred A. Knopf. This book has just been published in London with an advance sale of 2,500 copies, which is perhaps a record there for a poem.

Three noted American writers celebrate this year their fiftieth birthdays. They are Joseph Hergesheimer, Carl Van Vechten, and H. L. Menchen. By curious coincidence, each of the three either has published or will publish a book this year. Mr. Menchen's *Treatise on the Gods* has already burst like a bombshell on critical circles and has been a non-fiction best-seller since it appeared. Mr. Hergesheimer's *The Party Dress*, recently presented by Alfred A. Knopf, is comfortably perched on the best-selling fiction list. Mr. Van Vechten's new novel, *Parties*, will appear this summer and will no doubt become a widely read volume.

Zone Gale will deliver the commencement address at the Women's College of Western Reserve in Cleveland on June 12. During the last week of July Miss Gale will be at the Pennsylvania State College lecturing on the subject of modern fiction. Among the writers which she will discuss are Thomas Mann, Sigrid Undset, and Wilson Follett, author of *The Modern Novel*.

college. Those who snub him will be those who depend on outward show of importance rather than inward consciousness of such. If it were not for the impropriety of offending a harmless quadreped, we might call this latter class "jackasses," but since I am a member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, I desist. Get your head up, Mr. Darden, and all will be well.

AN ALUMNUS.

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The Answer

By JAY DRATLER

AND that," wrote Vera, "is final. Either you come to me at once and take me away from that horrible husband of mine or you never see me again."

Arad folded the letter nervously. What to do? What to do? What was the answer to this dilemma? People just didn't run off with other men's wives. It just wasn't being done. One had to have also the necessary wherewithal at any rate. And Arad was certainly in no mood to recall his financial status. It was too hot.

In point of fact, it was hellaciously hot. And since he was tired and sleepy—what more natural than that he should close his eyes? He placed his arms carefully behind him to support the weight of his head and succumbed to some very pleasant thoughts—and some unpleasant ones too—concerning his contemplated venture. He hadn't fully decided yet—one never really fully decided things that concerned Vera. No, life with Vera would be just like her—cold, calculating, and concise. She was not the type to inspire a deep and overwhelming love—no, unfortunately she was too cold for that—one fell in love with her because of her beauty; mathematically exact love, it was. And that didn't click with Arad. He was essentially romantic.

He remembered the time he had met her; he considered it his personal Gethsamane. Her husband had insulted her before everyone at a dinner table in one of the more fashionable grills. Arad had promptly knocked him down—not knowing, of course, that he was her husband. She had then called him the vilest things—had even had him arrested for assault! Later, mathematically precise as was her wont, she asked his forgiveness and subsequently fell in love with him. On the whole, she wasn't very trustworthy.

Arad was comparatively comfortable under the elm. The heat was stifling, coupled with a sticky, pressed atmosphere. He rested his head on the bole of the tree. Flies buzzing lazily around him—looking for choice bits to bite, perhaps—everything still and quiet—an awed silence permeated the surrounding scenes. He meditated lazily.

Dreamily he noticed that the ground was covered with ants—huge black ants and smaller red ants. He made a mental memorandum of the fact that he musn't sleep here because the ants would eat him alive he elected to remain though "just till he was rested," you know.

The ants were interesting. They were marching to war! One could almost visualize their patriotic fervor. In human fashion, they marched! It was so ridiculous! Advance guard, rear guard, color guard, and commanders. Scouting parties too, there were, that reported continuously to the advancing ranks. It was laughable!

Arad watched as the first lines clashed . . . and fell . . . shock troops . . . replacements . . . More and more . . . the huge black ants were not proportionately strong it seemed. In what felt like a few seconds, the ground was littered with corpses—drenched with blood. The ants gorged themselves on one another. Here and there clusters of them had manoeuvred an unwary enemy into a trap, where they immediately dispatched him. Ants without legs, mutilated, horribly lacerated and bitten apart, feebly sought to fight again. Humans

Prescience

By DOROTHY MUMFORD

*New leaves a-chill beneath an early moon,
Of dusk light in the deeper afternoon—
New leaves a-chill beneath an earl ymoon,
Point quiet fingers at the mily, tall,
Slim dusk, haunting the ivy-tendriled wall
And stalking the late winds, rhythmic, croon
Some low, half sad, premonitory rune
Of mists to come with their gray, silent pall.*

*A sober knowledge flings across my heart
And darkly do I feel strange verities;
A time will be when my full-throated song,
That mingles with the mist wind in the long,
Slow dusk and I shall find at last a part
More intimately in the new budding trees.*

never fought so valiantly!

Tenaciously they clung to each other—clinging even while their bodies were being cut away. Feroocious blacks sometimes fought three reds simultaneously. Often there would be rescues and subtly arranged coup d'etats. But there were never any signs of cowardice. Never a one balked . . . all fought bravely and well.

Arad exulted with the accomplishments of the reds—suffered with their defeats. They were so much smaller—and yet they battled so valiantly.

Arad was falling asleep . . . he was falling . . . he was shrinking . . . falling . . . shrinking . . .

When he opened his eyes and gazed about him, he jumped up. His first reaction was one of stark horror; perplexity. Where was he? What had happened? How had he been transferred to this jungle?

He was naked, except for a gem-studded loin cloth from which hung a glittering short-sword in readiness; and two soft, white sandals. He pruned himself languorously and enjoyed the smartness of his body even in so little clothing. He stretched and fondled his bulging muscles. He was strong . . . built like Atlas.

He searched about him for familiar scenes. Then he saw, reaching high above him, things that could be nothing but blades of grass! Blades of grass ten times his size, towering above him like Nature's sky-scrappers; awing him to immobility. Great boulders stood all around him, barring his way. Immensities of spaces between blades of grass. He stepped into the shade of one and thoughtfully tried to fathom his predicament.

His brain too had shrunk! He couldn't remember where he had been last. What was he to do here? A puny, human form decimated by some strange accident—out of his environment—what was he to do? Something glistened in the distance, and he advanced toward it.

Rounding what appeared to be an acorn he saw something that made him gasp. Perhaps this had happened to everyone? Perhaps some inexorable god had juxtaposed species of animals? He stopped thinking—he only watched silently and praised. He had never seen anything so beautiful in all his life. He was stunned by it. Here in this situation there was perchance something to compensate him for this wierd transformation. He stepped out into the sunshine, in order that he might miss nothing that went on.

In the concave side of a huge boulder stood a glistening figure, silently whetting a dagger. Her face
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Literary Notes

By ALAN LOWENSTEIN

From saloon porter in New York to Poet Laureate of England is the extraordinary life story of John Masefield, who has been appointed by King George V as successor to Dr. Robert Bridges. For such purely honorary distinction no poet of the present era in Britain, with the possible exception of Rudyard Kipling, has a better claim.

Not that Masefield's temporary sojourn in Luke O'Connor's place of refreshment in Greenwich Avenue, New York, was anything more than an incident in a life of adventure that had covered the Seven Seas and moved to the land to add variety to the cravings of vagabondia. From such a background came George Borrow and our own Jack London, to the enrichment of their powers. Many a spirited youth has followed the same path, with credit rather than discredit.

Masefield tried writing novels as well as verse, and found his real metier in the lyrical form. Of his novels *Sard Harker* became the best known and effective. Eighteen years ago he published *The Everlasting Mercy* and planted his feet firmly on the higher slopes of Parnassus. *Salt Water Ballads* contains the matchless *Cargoes*, set to music by Thomas Dodson, which is immensely popular. In recent years he has been setting his hand to plays, producing them in his own theater at Oxford and in his garden. He is still in the middle fifties, still preoccupied with ships, and seas and hunting the fox on land, as British as any son of Albion ever has been. There must be work still in him.

* * *

After Will Rogers another actor breaks hilariously into authorship with the publication of a little book by Joe Cook—*Why I Will Not Imitate Four Hawaiians* (Simon & Schuster). Mr. Cook sedulously and wisely says nothing of the four Hawaiians, but he has plenty to say (so far as sixty-four pages—run backwards—will allow) otherwise. As the publishers remark, Mr. Cook, among other achievements, is famous for his victory over Napoleon at Waterloo, his invention of logarithms, and the editorship of the New York Telephone Book; and a man who can do all these things can probably sharpshoot from a slack wire, as Joe does, and write a book, as Joe has done. The book is full of a number of things, including a list of New York night clubs, where a marvelous time can be had for little or nothing, a share of stock in the Joe Cook Amalgamated Anticipated Radium Mines, a portrait of Italy's favorite fighting son—John L. Sullivan, and other matters.

* * *

In France, four hours by train from Paris and twenty minutes by motor from the bustling city of Tours, is a gray chateau, isolated and austere, encircled by a beautiful wood and near the River Loire. It is there that America's foremost dramatist, Eugene O'Neill, absent for two years and a half from American shores, has found the tranquility afforded him nowhere else. And it is there that he is working on the play which he considers the most ambitious effort of his career.

"Now, this new play of mine," said Mr. O'Neill, "is the hardest thing I've ever tried. God knows, it's the most ambitious. It's an American play, in four acts, and represents a development of my technic."

THE ANSWER

(Continued from page three)

was small and cameo-like—tilted bit of nose, thin red lips, and two great pools for eyes. Her wealth of heavy hair shone like a shower of the luminous sun; twisted and turned like a serpent of black metal round her head. She was clad only in a sparkling girdle, two snow-white sandals, and a scintillating tiara. Her supple body bent over the grindstone, she curved her delicate fingers, deflected them as she pressed on the blade, and suddenly stopped to admire her shadow. That was indeed a shadow! The charm of perfection moulded into the concrete. The beauty of contour that was symmetrical, luscious. And Arad watched!

She lifted her hands to smooth a stray wisp of hair and stood still, enchanted by her silhouette. Her slender arms raised like two lily stems to her head, her hands like the accompanying lilies caressing her hair; her finely chizzled breasts, close together, like to silver bucklers, points bathed in blood, rose and fell with her gentle breathing. Her eyes in the shadows of her lashes were like two pools of black water 'neath a stygian sky. Her lips were like edges of a burning wound and her nose was the nose that artists paint from imagination and poets desiderate, but never find. Three deep folds in her waist dimpled and flashed as she gave movement to the shadow. Her head was thrown back, intensifying the grace of her throat, and tautening the sensuous curves of her hips. Like the white trunks of birch trees her thighs stretched silkily, sinuously upward to the point of divergence. The calves of her legs turned slowly to her feet which were like two water lilies resting in a pool, and from which ten tiny toes, partly hidden in the maze of criss-crossed sandal-straps, peeked insouciantly about.

She smiled contentedly, with satisfaction, and ran her hands caressingly up and down her sides. She pirouetted gracefully and saw him—and her hand clenched firmly about the hilt of the dagger.

"Who art thou?" she asked sternly.

"My name is Arad and I have come here from another land. I am lost. I know not where I am," he replied.

She remained silently staring at him until he felt like a mannequin in a store window. She carefully appraised him from every angle—and he blushed furiously. Evidently satisfied as to his worth she cooed, "I am Arev, the high priestess of Isis, the queen of the Red Warriors who now do battle with the Blacks. Many moons have I importuned the illustrious Isis for a mate, many sacrifices have I made to her, and now I am rewarded. Go now and defeat the Blacks quickly, that you may the sooner return to me. You are my mate. You shall rule the Red Warriors with me. Go now and defeat the Blacks—afterwards we will be wedded." And as he hesitated, "Go," she said, "and come quickly to me. You excite me as nothing has before. Long have I waited, hurry now!"

Arad walked slowly in the direction Arev indicated, turning his head to keep her in sight; he devoured her with his eyes. And she smiled to him and waved. She smiled and waved! He strode majestically onward, conscious of his superb physique and the impression it had made, swinging his short-sword to the time of his steps. To fight for HER!

He heard strange noises and voices in the distance; he climbed a towering boulder that was in his path. Further away he saw *things* fighting. Ants! Ants

magnified thousands of times—multiplied in stature to gigantic proportions—grotesque, fantastic creatures. What kind of a dream was this? What kind of a dream was this? What kind of a world had he been transferred to? He hesitated, turned his head to where he had last seen Arev—and hesitated no longer. He slipped down and prepared to fight. He walked cautiously toward the battle field. As he approached he found to his consternation that these ants were waist high! They had huge, powerful jaws that snapped and tore vigorously. Bodies were strewn over the landscape. Blades of grass, great monuments of vegetation, had been uprooted and torn apart during the struggle. Arms, legs, heads, and chunks of bleeding flesh lay knee-deep around him. He shuddered involuntarily and stepped back. Before him rose the horrible antennae of a Black Warrior. Its eyes, like inverted saucers, atop its head glimmered with the lust for the taste of blood. The great, crusted mandibles snapped in preliminary ardor. It advanced slowly, one partly severed leg dangling alongside. Arad waited, then brought his arm out suddenly, slashing down between the eyes of it. It gasped, reeled, and sank to the earth. Blood gushed forth and bathed Arad's legs with red, sticky fluid. He turned at the sound of an approaching body and saw a Red ant, smaller, by half, than the Black, rise on its hind part as if in salutation and offer to lead him to another part of the field. He nodded and followed obediently.

Hours later, enraged by the odds against him, he realized that to emerge victorious he must use craft. He rallied the Red forces and led them to strategic points on the field. He battled the Blacks, and slaughtered them from behind as well as from the front. He taught his Reds to climb boulders and leap on to the backs of the unsuspecting Blacks. He saved so many of his allies that he soon had a body of them around to protect him and repay him if he needed aid. He dashed hither and thither, reconnoitering, advising, rescuing, reassuring, and in a few hours had completely annihilated the enemy. The survivors crowded around to acclaim him. They hastily buried their dead and, now and again, paused to finish a remaining enemy. The wounded were carried on litters made from the fibers of blades of grass. They waited patiently until he became aware of the fact that they were waiting for him to precede—then they formed silent ranks behind him and followed. He heard a steady, thumpy, buzzy sound that kept time to his steps. Every now and then it rose and filled the air like a marching song—triumphant return of the victors! In the rear and on each side, a Red ant carried aloft in proudly flaunting manner a red leaf on a willowy bamboo pole. The flags of the winning army! He swelled with pride. These were his! They had rescued him any number of times when he had fallen or been attacked from behind. They had fought with him and he had led them to victory. They had all fought for Arev!

At the entrance to a tunnel into the ground they halted. In a few moments Arev appeared, face wreathed in smiles, gloriously happy—perhaps to see him, Arad thought.

She spoke to the warriors; Arad did not understand her. When she was finished, there was a death-like calm—then he was deafened by a roar, an angry roar that came from the horde of ants. Some rushed wildly to and fro, gesticulating with

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To Elaine

By DAVID MATHEWS

*Enchanting you are**Like a magic star**Ablaze with bewitching passion!**Interesting you are**Never, tho' to mar**Excerpts of fascination!*

The Russian Contribution

By RICHARD A. CHACE

THE empty silence beyond the Vistula to which the more energetic Western races had accustomed themselves seems to have been broken at last, and the hoarse voice of the Slav is now heard across the barren steppes. Western ears, attuned to more polished accents, have found themselves forced to listen to a new tongue, an alien rhythm, and have discovered in the rough contours of its characteristic jargon a message they are obliged to heed.

Until very recently Muscovy has been denied participation in an international world of letters that has been the unquestioned due of every other race, however small and scattered it may otherwise have been. Regard, for a moment, the Celtic contribution, the Teutonic, the Moorish, even the appreciable Gaelic, and the pointed lack of the Slav can be grasped more readily. Economic and political causes, with their basic roots in the innately passive will of the Russian, his slow, almost stupid reaction to external stimuli, his former acceptance of things as they were, with no overmastering desire to change them, nay, his very indifference to what did not seem to concern him, made of that vast, inert country a void in the restless world of art and letters milling just across its borders. Until very recently, indeed, she had made no appreciable contribution and had thus become synonymous with all that was backward and slow.

Within the past fifty years, however, Russia has taken, almost as a matter of course, the important position she now holds in international affairs, and, though her entrance has been belated, no man can dispute her future economic and social significance.

The prophecy of the current upheaval was contained in the literary work of those writers of the last generation whose gifts we have somehow come to recognize, without seeing, by their means, within the Russian consciousness the emotional ferment of a new force. We can feel, perhaps abstractly, a strangely veiled intensity, a tremendous fervor that hesitates long in inaction and brooding doubt, but which shall some day, possibly tomorrow (the Soviet Regime is a proof of how near tomorrow has been!), generate one of the most far-reaching crises the world has ever known. There is a barbaric recklessness, a splendid extravagance, an unsatisfied, almost morbid urge to expenditure once that dormant energy is fairly aroused. We can see it now. We should have sensed it before.

Foreshadowed glimpses of racial qualities, however dim and seemingly indistinct, omens betraying a nation, are to be found in its literature, and he who reads holds in his mind a precious key too little recognized for its abstract values. Dostoiévsky has been, perhaps, the most valuable sign-post of the new Russia, and, in his men and women—often con-

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THE BOOK WORLD

DANIELS' CONTRIBUTION

CLASH OF ANGELS. By Jonathan Daniels. Brewer and Warren, Inc. 1930. \$2.50.

It's a strange and brave thing that Jonathan Daniels does in this, his first novel. Shaking off completely the autobiographical fixation that causes most first novels to outline dull childhoods and duller adolescences, he makes the brief, but perilous, step from life to legend. He tosses his words into an uncharted Birthplace of Gods and causes them to reissue from the gay lips of Lucifer, the thin lips of Jehovah and the hot, red lips of Lucretia, loveliest of angels. He almost does it well.

The story? An ageless one. Jehovah and Lucifer, opposite in all, wake in the beginning of angels and become friends. But Jehovah broods on the origin of life while peering over the edge of Heaven and Lucifer leads the mad revels in the grove. To Jehovah comes an ugly dream of a Contriver to whom homage must be paid and to whom the sight of fair, naked bodies is horrid; so garbed in a mat of grass he stalks into the grove, mouthing the dire essence of a dream. First laughter, then a convert in Lucretia, slave to a lust for his vigor, and another in sly Gabriel who follows two things, Lucretia and the scent of power. Through Gabriel's scheming the cult of the Contriver grows strong. Cant and cruelty is rife in the great city of Zion and Lucifer is finally moved to protest in the name of those abused.

* * * * *

Having proved the purity of the surface gloss and the soundness of the structure, yet still sensing a flaw, one finally sees that the fault lies in the philosophy. The creed in which the story is rooted is rich and true—too true to need the tedious and at times bombastic over-emphasis that the author gives it. Organized religion, he says through his puppets, is spurious, hypocritical and base; the pagan worship of natural pleasures holds all that is inherently intelligent and fine.

* * * * *

The heroism and nobility of Lucifer is set before the reader with unneeded insistence and no heaviness is spared in limning the paltriness of Jehovah and the villainy of Gabriel. Repetitions come like hammer blows on the coffin of finesse. As a result a certain touch of awkward priggishness creeps unintended into the character of the supreme pagan and a left-handed sympathy (the queer sympathy universally wasted on an undeserving under-dog) is felt for the badgered Almighty. No other spot in this bitter fantasy betrays the youth of the writer; nowhere else does enthusiasm lead to poor craftsmanship. It is a pity that his inability to mute and restrain causes the portrayal of a life-deep truth to verge upon the intolerant harangue of a street-corner atheist.

But all this can and should be ignored in the face of the unusual qualities of the book. There is beauty and a reverence for the actual and a sense of having brought the stars a little closer. Daniels has laughed at the austerity of *Paradise Lost* and reset it to the surge of modern music.

—R. K. F.

Song of Kara to the Sun

By JAMES DAWSON

"... and the heavens reject not."

*Come, god, and strike into my dazzled eyes,
Burn out the countless days of pent desire
When I have watched your wheels of golden fire
Flash through the heat-encrusted, worshipping skies.*

*Warm is your glance, and the heart of me leaps at
its singing,*

*Golden your arms, and I burn as their radiance en-
folds me.*

*The sear of your touch in its infinite cruelty holds
me*

*Away from the delicate lilacs your summer is bring-
ing.*

*Coral I wear for you, see,
From a sunless ravine;
Lilacs I bear for you three,
And a girdle of green.*

*I bring you my body, the bronze of its uncaressed
slenderness,*

*Hair, where your fingers have reddened the gold
of its flowing,*

*Eyes that have followed the diurnal path of your
going,*

*Aching to hold to my breast all the pain of your
tenderness.*

*Come striding down the slopes of evening skies,
Take me and hold me near your mighty flame.*

*Uncounted maids have loved your shining name,
Come, god, and strike into my dazzled eyes . . .*

NARRATIVE GUSTO

AUGUST STRINDBERG: THE BEDEVILED VIKING. By V. J. McGill. New York: Brentano's. 559 pps. \$4.00.

A brilliant combination of narrative gusto and philosophical analysis differentiate Dr. McGill's style from that of most other biographers with whom we have become accustomed, and in this estimate of a great nature neither is allowed to predominate at the expense of the other—thus assuring throughout a certain maintenance of attention. Only in the first few chapters does the author allow his personal enthusiasm for the subject any freedom; otherwise his work is characterized by an impartial study of the nature of the man Strindberg, copiously amplified and developed through a masterly analysis of the underlying causes.

Literature is not created spontaneously and can not develop without precedent. Literature is lived—and lived fully, if only in the seething brain of a great personality. And so a study of the life of the man whose works are of interest to us is of definite value, if only to enable us to understand the particular point the author wished to make in certain pieces and to amplify their more amorphous outlines for our own individual appreciation. Dr. McGill has shown, in almost photographic detail, the active external life of a man and, parallel to this development, he has filled in the flat surface with light and shade, giving depth to the portrait and exposing the inner flame that shines

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PRIMITIVE RHYTHMS

BEHIND DARK SPACES. By Melville Cane. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co., \$2.

SONGS OF THE COAST DWELLERS. By Constance Lindsay Skinner. New York: Coward-McCann. \$2.

Mr. Cane's talent is a very peculiar one. He has that extraordinary gift of being able to catch transitory objects in stubbled phrases and yet make his impression clear and sharply defined. His art is that of brittleness. He catches a mood or a half-mood in staccato. Mr. Cane is no flinger of words. In that respect, he is as conservative with language as any writer I have read. His impressionistic pictures are filled out with a fine thinness of detail. This poet is saliently concerned with his fame; and so attractive is the frame that the reader feels as if the interior were stuffed with detail, the exterior would be spoiled. Nor is the verse of Mr. Cane the less lyrical because of its lack of words. True, it is a staccato-like music which he writes. Not all of these poems are in rhyme, though the author seems to be proficient in both rhyme and free verse. I quote "Lady Poet (of Either Sex)":

She loves to whittle
And shave her feelings
And save the peelings
Pretty and brittle;

Enjoys the titil-
lation and subtle
Play of verbal
Shuttle and burble;

Toys with mystic
Rapture and terror—
All in a narcissistic
Mirror.

In *Songs of the Coast Dwellers* Constance Lindsay Skinner has written a group of dramatic lyrics, intended to carry out the spirit of the primitive folk dwelling along the British Columbia coast. In her introduction to the book the author states that "The succession of lyrics presents, in primitive symbolism, the characters of an imaginary community and the interweaving of their lives." The poems themselves are primitive rhythms sung by the lovers, the women, the hunters, the priest, the poet and others of the tribes. They remain one of the North American chants, lovely in lyrical quality, beautiful in phrase, and often strong with poignant emotion. There is nothing of sophistication in this work; the songs are colored with the beauty of actual nature, free and unrestrained. The following is a short lyric called "Parting Song":

You have gone, leaving my nights lonely.
How shall I know your trail?
My longing follows your footprints;
I will follow my longing,
Though I see not you nor your footprints,

And only my sorrow clasps my hand.

Most of these songs are much longer than the piece quoted above. They are songs of grief and longing, of happiness and free-reined joy.

—ARTHUR RIDING.

AT THE GAMING TABLES

AT THE GAMING TABLES 卍 卍
A PARTY OF BACCARAT. By Donn Byrne.
New York: The Century Co. 212 pps. \$1.25.

In this latest novel of Donn Byrne to be published in book form, admirers of the late young Irishman will find a delightful little story of the Riviera of the gaming tables. Here one finds not the lyric Byrne of *Hangman's House*, nor the historic Byrne of *Brother Saul* and *Messer Marco Polo*, but a very keen observer of the people of the Riviera whom he must have known intimately. The restlessness of the Riviera, the fascination of chance, and romance—these are the elements which compose this tale of a sophisticated society in a world of chance.

Angela Turnbull is one of the countless many who have bowed to the Golden Goat of the Riviera. As is the fate of most gamblers, she wins in the beginning at Monte Carlo's roulette wheel, but in subtle Var the beckoning baccarat tables reduce her to poverty. In this predicament she is faced with the alternatives, as she sees it, of either marrying Dariano, a wealthy Greek gambler whom she admires but cannot love, or killing herself. She chooses the latter, and even meticulously lays plans for suicide. She realizes, in contemplating death, that she really loves an American youth in Var, Morrie Sullivan, whom she has known since childhood. But marriage with Morrie is quite impossible because of his poverty and because of the opposition of Mrs. Turnbull, Angela's mother, to him. In the end, however, Morrie's luck at the tables causes Angela to change her plans, and the two lovers decide to go back to Morrie's farm in Connecticut.

Byrne's characters are appealing and well-drawn. Angela is pictured as perhaps the typical person in the casino. One might think at first that she is hedonistic, but as the story proceeds one is led to believe that the atmosphere of the Riviera has entranced her. Morrie is a quiet American boy who likes the outdoors; he dislikes crowds. Mrs. Turnbull, rather jealous of her daughter and vain, has matrimonial ambitions of her own and regrets that she has a daughter as old as Angela. Dariano, who is particularly well-portrayed, is a powerful man, but is much disliked by most people.

The atmosphere of the Riviera has been caught by Byrne in this book. There is a pervading feeling that the Golden Goat, the beautiful but merciless god, rules supreme, and that all who gamble at his tables must make forfeit. It seems that here, af- the atmosphere has had its effect upon the reader, the author falls short when he has Angela now bowing to the god but really laughing at it. Nevertheless the story, written in the characteristically pleasant style of Byrne, is enjoyable reading for those who are interested in the short novel.

BEVERLY MOORE.

THE ANSWER

(Continued from page four)

their antennae—others merely shouted at her, or growled. Arev silenced them with her upraised hand, said a few words, and dispersed them with a commanding gesture.

The ants departed and Arev walked toward him, arms outstretched. They kissed each other on the forehead—then she led him down into the opening.

They walked on and on and on, holding hands, until they came to a gold door. Arev spoke and the door opened. They entered and Arad saw a room that was furnished like one he had seen somewhere before; he could not think; for the life of him, where. Arev locked the door behind him, pointed to the satiny divan, and met him there. She held his hand and whispered things that meant nothing—were not meant to mean anything but that she loved him; and he replied in kind.

A square of darkly tinted night sailed through an opening in the ceiling. Supple arms entwined, close and soft and sweet. Tender caresses and luring kisses, all hurriedly, to recapture lost time. Arad knew that he had loved her before he was born. He had been born for her pleasure and happiness. She had been born for him.

And the entity that was Arev and Arad nestled together—gathered souls in a flaming galaxy of emotion. And with her kiss everything returned, the flying soul returned to rest ecstatically beside her. Heart and all surged to his throat; hot blood throbbled and pulsed through his veins to reach out to her.

“. . . Was there ever such a night? Twin stars gazing out of a diadem into my eyes—straggling wisps of hair enveloping my face. Two lips pressed lovingly to mine . . . Full ripe breasts pressed and caressed; divine body clenched tightly, close to mine. Not a body, *the* body! The body of all bodies. All that woman has meant to man—all that woman can ever mean to me—you are. All the perfection that I worship, all the charms I prize—are in you, my paragon. Above all else I love you—more than the apple of my eye, more than my high priestess—you are the heart of my heart, the soul of my soul, the life of my life! . . .

And Arev sighed a sweet sigh. And music came from nowhere. Music that slipped like the silent light into them. Spell of music and love . . . over them both, covering them like the night, quenching his fears and doubts, resuscitating his weary body—with her. Shouting riotously, laughing gaily, happily—together.

“. . . What a heavenly sojourn; folded in your arms, enraptured! Charmed beyond recall, ever to be a captive in your web of beauty . . .”

A tiny nook in the subterranean chamber, neath the root of a tree—a tree that raised its arms on high in eternal supplication to the gods; even as those two did.

Obstreperous lights blinked intermittently at them—encouraging, friendly. Later, nearer the dawn, Pan came down to them. Oblivious, enchanting came the notes of his harp. Two shifting bodies, mingling into one; the blissful passion of a true love creeping mysteriously upon them. Milky, panting, white-hot flesh in close communion. Pouring hearts of love to one another, ages of faith for an age-old passion, through eternity, adamant, unconditional, and welcomed.

Dancing souls . . . dancing to the music of Pan . . . music or love . . . whirling, gliding, rhythmically moving, binding them together ever more tightly. Faster . . . and faster . . . ever gaining meaning . . . on, on, on, until at last the dance climaxes in one supreme spurt.

And time is overcome and passes wearily by.

“. . . Arad, my love, we are eternal now! . . . We live the past, present, and future in this one instant of our love . . . to last forever.”

“Arev, my life, why must there be an instant of

our love? We have unlimited time before us . . . together.”

“No, Arad, my people forbid me to marry you. There has never been a married priestess. They let me have you for these few hours, but for them you shall die! Our love will live, but we will not be together until Isis, the eternal Goddess of all things, brings me to you.”

Arad stared amazedly at her. What had he heard? What had she said?

The door swung open and three Red warriors entered Arad rose and unsheathed his sword.

“Arad!” cried Arev, “if you resist them they will sacrifice me too.”

He did not listen, but turned his back to her and faced the intruders with drawn sword. He saw them looking over his shoulder and turned slightly, just in time to see Arev's dagger come down at him. He remained stationary, bewitched, as it neared his neck. Then all went black . . . he rose . . . rose . . . higher and higher . . . into the light of the sun.

Arad twitched and groaned before he opened his eyes. Arev! Arev! What have you done? What does this mean? YOU are killing me!

He opened his eyes and stared stupidly, entranced, at the leaves above him. The sun was gone; twilight lent the neighboring things a somber, sympathetic look. Arad stared at the ground where numerous Black ants and parts of them were strewn over the ground. He contemplated the late battle field silently—until from the corner of his eye he saw a white square. He picked up the letter, reread it carefully, and sneering sardonically, tore it to pieces and watched them float away with the night wind. He remembered that Arev was very much like Vera. She had her answer now!

NARRATIVE GUSTO

(Continued from page five)

through, lending perspective.

In the restricted lines of a review one can scarcely cover a field that required a long volume in the hands of the biographer, and we should be presumptuous, indeed, to attempt a life in a line. Suffice is to say, however, that Strindberg owed his prolific genius to a consistent discontent that turned his mind vigorously in many directions and forced production as an outlet for a profound inner turmoil. Like a massive bull, his bellowing could be heard all over Europe and, though the direction of his attack might change, the echo of his charge was never still. As a man he was difficult to get along with and the few friends he may have acquired were such for no more than brief periods. Being suspicious of others by nature, as soon as a friend was discarded he was ruthlessly exposed in a sequent work, the example in hand being thinly disguised and brutally obvious to all who might have been aware of the circumstances. Some men were used continuously and their motive publicly held up to the unsympathetic light he alone could wield. Distrust of women, engendered by unpleasant experience, was a dominating factor in both his external and literary life and his greatest works—such as, for example, *The Father*, *The Dance of Death*, and *Toward Damascus*—are poignant evidence of this influence.

More than Goethe and Rousseau, more, even, than Tolstoy, Strindberg spent his life in a long self-confession.

RICHARD A. CHACE.

THE RUSSIAN CONTRIBUTION

(Continued from page four)

tained in the nature of a single character—, are the magnificence and squalor of his race, its towering hopes and possibilities, its impotent depths of hopeless yearning. Nastasya Philipovna, of *The Idiot*, is one of the most profound and penetrant creations of literature. Dostoevsky has drawn, with a sure understanding of consequence, a living woman with a generous range of feeling and an impulsive nature which seems to mirror her people's reckless sweep. Raskolnikow, in *Crime and Punishment*, is an introvert who sickens for action, an idealist with a gnawing conscience. He commits a horrible crime as a gesture, theoretically significant, and then goes to pieces on a moral issue of which he had not been aware until too late. Although anti-climax, his expiation is provocative, if only to show to what lengths the Russian soul is capable of action. It stops at nothing, even though it hesitates long in mid-air.

Another great mind of the pre-Revolutionary period, during which so many minds were seething in a sort of premonitory intimation, was that of Turgenev, whose work is also illustrative of the Russian spirit torn between theoretical idealism and the necessity for prompt measures, however disillusioning its result. *On the Eve* shows the practical consequence of revolt in a fastidious nature, even while affirming the need of that nature's energy. It is a beautiful interpretation, but melancholy. *Fathers and Children* shows family relations of the new order, suggesting the future school of efficiency as opposed to the old-fashioned morality of the home. Its significance is broad and extends beyond the national borders of the man who wrote.

Another whose scope was international, though eminently Russian in expression, is Tolstoy whose *Kreutzer Sonata* is an intense and bitter indictment of the marriage system. His power in interpretation, however, and symbolic grasp of detail, his often morbid analysis of relations we have long since accepted, is a national characteristic. *War and Peace* is a more objective creation, dealing, in an exhaustive way and with a truly epic sweep, with a whole epoch—the Napoleonic invasion. *Anna Karenina* is a character study whose application has not the essential scope of those of Dostoevsky, although none the less valuable as a social document delineating St. Petersburg society in the nineties.

In their drama, however, we find the sublimation of the Russian genius, and, through their searching character analyses, the essentials of their racial characteristics. Tchekov is the man who seems most nearly to have approximated those qualities we assume to be inherent, although Artzabasheff and Gorki have an almost mutual grasp of the essentials. Tchekov's men and women, highly developed in their own subjective consciousness, are all absorbed in personal problems, irrespective of the group of which they may be a part. They are thwarted. They brood. They realize an inner impotency. Despair chokes action, though intense emotionalism sometimes sweeps all hesitation aside for the moment and something grand and beautiful is accomplished. Mostly, all is bleak and futile. *The Three Sisters*, because of innate discrepancies, are unable to act and their mutual desire remains abortive. Andrey, brother of the three sisters, sums up the general mood of the piece, the ineffective regret, in the following speech:

"Oh, where is it all gone? What has be-

come of my past, when I was young, gay, and clever, when my dreams and thoughts were exquisite, when my present and my past were lighted up by hope? Why on the very threshold of life do we become dull, grey, uninteresting, lazy, indifferent, useless, unhappy? . . . Our town has been going on for two hundred years—there are a hundred thousand people living in it; and there is not one who is not like the rest, not one saint in the past, or the present, not one man of learning, not one artist, not one man in the least remarkable who could inspire envy or a passionate desire to imitate him . . . They only eat, drink, sleep, and then die, and not to be bored to stupefaction they vary their lives by nasty gossip, vodka, cards, litigation; and the wives deceive their husbands, and the husbands tell lies and pretend that they see and hear nothing, and an overwhelmingly vulgar influence weighs upon the children, and the divine spark is quenched in them and they become the same sort of pitiful, dead creatures, all exactly alike, as their fathers and mothers . . ."

The Cherry Orchard carries the theme of quietism to its ultimate conclusion of defeat. *The Sea-Gull* shows individuals working at cross-purposes to no end and the attendant misery of all. There is no co-ordination of purpose, although the drama is admirably developed as to general molding of detail. The effect is that of individuals fighting lone and hopeless battles in the dark, but the threads are interwoven so skilfully that nothing could be omitted of the whole without a definite loss of effect. Tchekov was a master of technique, although his plays often seem loose.

Although the average American reader is apt to resent the "gloomy" attitude of these Russians and often turns away with a narrow score of superficials, there is genuine understanding of life to be found in such men as have been under discussion and an authentic feeling for subtle change of mood. Nor should their domestic and social environment, the political peculiarities to which they have been subjected, be forgotten in considering them. The Slav is, by nature, the most emotional of all peoples, the most dangerously unrestrained when his passions are aroused. He is the mongrel of races, equally exposed to the quietism of the Orient and the energy of the West. His despair and overwhelming sense of personal futility is often profound, and I understand that there are few Russian families without their suicides. On the other hand, his spiritual exaltation is tremendous and vigorously expressed. Witness the mad revel at the country inn in *The Brothers Karamazov*, in which is such a barbaric extravagance of spiritual and monetary values, such splendid waste of material, and whose consequences were so far-reaching. And in this same volume is an admirable interpretation of the spirit of Russia, which is likened to a galloping troika. One of the characters, in a moment of ex cathedra penetration and far-reaching prophecy, says: "Our fatal troika dashes on in her headlong flight perhaps to destruction and in all Russia for long past men have stretched out imploring hands and called a halt to its furious reckless course. And if other nations stand aside from that troika that may be, not from respect, as the poet would fain believe, but simply from horror. From horror. Perhaps from disgust. And well it is that they stand aside, but maybe they will cease one day to do so and will form a firm wall confronting the hurrying apparition and will

check the frenzied rush of our lawlessness, for the sake of their own safety, enlightenment and civilization. Already we have heard voices of alarm from Europe, they already begin to sound."

But still that troika dashes madly on and nobody has dared to cry "Halt!"; however reckless its course.

RAIN ON A SOUTHER PLANTATION

By CLIFF BAUCOM

Rain is the most welcome diversion that can come to a Negro in the midst of a dry growing season. The blazing sun beats down pitilessly upon both plant and animal life, leaving the finely pulverized soil of a farm in a dusty, parched, and unpleasant condition. The tender young plants assume the color of parchment, shrivel up, and apparently cease growing altogether. A succession of dry, torrid, monotonous days causes life to become almost unbearable.

A group of plantation workers, shoulders stooped as if in pain, are bending wearily over their hoes digging intermittently at the curled up blades of grass between the struggling young corn plants and casting occasional apprehensive glances at the white foreman standing indolently, but watchfully, under the spare shade of a stunted oak.

A glittering white ribbon of dusty highway stretches alongside the wide field of corn, and occasionally a motorist passes and stirs up a fog of dust which envelopes the blacks in a suffocating cloud for many minutes. The dust aroused by the hoes is almost as bad and is a continual nuisance except when a lazy breeze wafts the cloud away temporarily.

The pain aroused by the blistering heat of the dust causes the bare toes of the Negroes to squirm and twist continuously and evokes means of discontent and misery from the panting, sweating blacks. Occasionally one of them leans wearily upon his hoe, gazes earnestly, almost imploringly, at the vast cloudless expanse of blue sky, then stoops over and resumes his pained digging upon receiving a sharp reprimand from the vigilant foreman.

Suddenly the blacks seem to be electrified into renewed activity, for a distant rumble of thunder becomes audible, thunder heads begin to appear, followed by billows of black clouds chasing each other in mad confusion. Soon the blinding rays of the sun are obscured by the angry black clouds and huge drops of moisture begin to splatter and to arouse a cloud of dust which is immediately borne down. The blacks throw down their hoes and with delirious whoops of joy proceed to forget their erstwhile fatigue in a mad rush for their little two by four huts.

Once safely under their shelter they watch, with beatific expressions on their weather-beaten faces, the torrential downpour of the rain and its rapid absorption by the parched, dusty soil. The delicious odor emanating from the rainswept cornfield causes the blacks to sigh occasionally and lick their cracked lips from sheer enjoyment of the treat.

Nightfall comes all too soon. The Negroes cooperate with the simple household chores, eat heartily of their frugal fare, fall wearily upon their hard straw pallets to be almost immediately lulled to sleep by the rhythmic patter of the raindrops on the clapboard roof and the window panes.

The following morning the Negroes wake early, prepared to resume the painful labor of the pre-

(Continued on page eight)

RAIN ON A SOUTHERN PLANTATION

(Continued from page seven)

ceding day, hear raindrops pattering on the roof and roll over luxuriously. They soon reawaken to the insistent call of hunger, get up leisurely, eat their molasses and corn pone with a relish any millionaire would give a fortune to possess, loll around lazily, croon softly, contentedly above the patter of the raindrops.

Steady fall of rain. Little rivulets form between the sloppy corn rows and break over the tiny ridges. The blades of corn have already acquired a beautiful green luster and can almost be seen growing.

Miserably, bedraggled birds with feathers all askew chirping discontentedly among the dripping verdure of the oaks accompanied by the insatiable call of a rain frog. Rain. Patter, patter, patter, Nigger Heaven!

FRONT PAGE ARTICLE

(Continued from page one)

ter by calling at the *Times* office.

"The body has not been recovered this morning, but . . ."

"Why, you damn fool! What do you mean by writing stuff like that about yourself? Isn't that talking about you?", from the left.

"Surely that is talking about me. Haven't you caught the drift yet? Did I . . ."

"Oh, hell, if he is still lost just tell me what happened," roared the man on the right who had not yet caught the joke. "This suspense is most nerve-racking!", sarcastically.

"Well," said Bill, lowering his voice from the dramatic pitch, "it worked just like magic. Nancy went up to the office and asked for the stranger that had the letter for her. She . . ."

"And he was drowned too," laughed Jordan.

"No," said Bill. "I wish now he had been drowned but he was right there. He was dressed in a derby hat and wore long black mustachios. He walked up to Nancy and . . ."

"Please hurry, said the man on the right. "Have you no compassion on my poor nerves?"

". . . lifting her hand tenderly in one of his own," continued Bill, "reached in his pocket for the letter with the other one. The letter came out fresh from the Clerk's office and the stranger . . ."

"Come here Bill, said Nancy from the partly opened door, "we are going to Kress's."

Bill reached for his hat and coat and, pushing back his chair from the table, prepared to leave.

"Well say, what did that low-down, high-browed, stuck-up villian with the long black mustachios do?", asked the man on the left.

"Knocked your damn block off if you don't stop blaspheming against me like that," said Bill, swinging wildly. "But pay me \$2.98 and keep the rest for change 'cause we are Kress's bound!"

"New adventure," chuckled Jordan as Bill obediently walked out the door. "I'll bet it's old as hell by now!"

AUXILIARY LANGUAGE

(Continued from page one)

of the church—in short, to allow "radical" and sincere reforms.

There is still a possibility of *avoiding* a revolutionary reformation in the field of linguistics. The

"*conditio sine qua non*" is the willingness of one of the modern languages (preferably English, the most simplified language, or French, or German) to be reformed as thoroughly as are some Protestant churches, to abolish antiquated regulations, unnecessary difficulties, unreasonable distinctions (e.g. between strong and weak verbs, nouns and adjectives), innumerable exceptions (so-called irregular conjugations, declensions and positions of words), doubling of inflections, ambiguities, senseless spellings, etc. And that nation which would be far-seeing and progressive enough to sacrifice sentimentality for the benefit and in the service of humanity by radically pruning its own language would find its reward in becoming the spiritual leader of mankind by the fact that its language would be chosen and used as the *auxiliary international language*.

Unfortunately, however, there is very little hope for a far enough vision on the part of the average representative of any of the modern languages, as long as "orthodoxy" rules in the field of linguistics. To be sure, many would agree to throw overboard much or all "nonsense" in any other language but their own. And, no doubt, the students of modern languages would be very thankful if the linguists were to do that. But the biblical word of the beam in one's own eye and the mote in a brother's eye still holds good. Let us propose a vote among the poor sufferers in our modern language classes as to whether they would like the simplification of all languages, e.g. by reducing the three, or two, genders to one, the five declensions or ten conjugations to one, by simplifying spelling according to the only sensible rule, "write as you speak and speak as you write" instead of having, for example, twenty-five different writings for one and the same sound. It takes neither a linguist nor a psychologist to know the outcome of such a vote, with every voter making the Pharisaic restriction: do not touch my own language, which is superior to all the rest.

But, even if the representatives of one language would agree to such "radical" simplifications, there is still to be reckoned with the national pride of the *other* nations. As "nationalism" has been for the last fifty years in continuous ascendancy and has developed nowadays among the peoples of the earth a state full of bitterness, rivalry, hatred and suspicion, there is at present less hope than ever of inducing the other great or small "powers" to accept the language of an enemy or even an allied nation. Would, for example, the Italy of Mussolini accept the French language, or Russia the English language, or England and the United States either French or Spanish as the one auxiliary international language? If we face without illusions these facts we must confess that the probability of making, e.g. English the universal auxiliary language is very remote; first, because the English people would hardly be willing to make the sacrifice of radical simplification of their own language for the benefit of mankind; secondly, because, even if the English could be induced to do that, it is extremely doubtful that all the other civilized nations would be ready to accept England as the mistress of their speech as she had been the mistress of the sea. Only a continuous energetic and resourceful propaganda by progressive thinkers can overcome those obstacles.

IV

ESPERANTO

Time and space forbid going into detail about Esperanto or the other universal languages which

have been proposed up to the present time. It can only be stated that, at present, Esperanto seems to be the best fitted for international use, on account of its scientific simplification of grammar and of its vocabulary's being based on the best known and most used Greek, Latin (including French, Italian, Spanish words), and Germanic roots.

However, improvements are still possible and necessary. They could and should be made gradually by an organization similar to the "Academie française," composed of linguistically trained and internationally minded representatives of the leading nations, possibly as a sub-committee of the League of Nations, who would receive, examine and report about any suggestions for further improvement and for the spreading of the international language through the higher educational institutions.

The number of people who, from their observations of the trend toward international cooperation in the fields of religion, science, art, exploration, transportation and general humanities, feel the necessity of an universal means of mutual understanding in the hundreds of international congresses, at least for people of international interests, has steadily increased since the beginning of the twentieth century. The League of Nations has indorsed such a language, the radio demands it. We have international signs for musical compositions; we have the system of the so-called Arabic numbers, universally employed because it represents the utmost simplifications over the various preceding systems; we have the so-called Latin script and print, accepted by more and more countries (Turkey, Japan, soon to be followed by Russia), without allowing national sentimentalities to hinder the progress toward unification, felt as demanded by the interests of mankind. In Europe the railroads are more assimilating their methods, engines, cars, trains, tracks, to one another, so that travelers are carried in the same coach from England to Constantinople. Air travel knows no boundaries of lands or of seas. Even a man like the Danish philologist Jespersen, one of the greatest leaders in the field of linguistics, a scholar whose views cannot be laughed away by ignoramuses, has become an advocate of a universal language and has published a new attempt of his own for such a medium of international understanding.

Should not all this make it impossible for intelligent people to fight against, or try to ridicule, the endeavors of thousands with no less intelligence to solve the problems confronting mankind in its international relations? Surely, narrow nationalism, racial pride, self-sufficiency, and especially ignorance, should not stand in the way of approaching and finally attaining this highly desirable goal—an easily acquired means for the interchange of news, thoughts, discoveries and inventions among the intelligent and advanced peoples of this earthly globe. What was possible in the "dark" Middle Ages, on which we are prone to look down with Pharisaic condescension, by means of the old, very complicated and difficult language of the Romans, should *that* be impossible or foolish to attempt, after more than six hundred years of "progress" and "enlightenment" in this glorious twentieth century with its slogan—resounding in the churches, echoed in the universities, trumpeted by the newspapers, believed—theoretically and sentimentally—by the peoples! *universal brotherhood of humanity?*



