H.S.S.
Sept 17, 1917.

pp 627-637 "With W. W. in Camden"

THE SEVEN ARTS

YOUNGEST IRELAND
By Padraic Colum

SEPTEMBER, 1917

NOTES ON NAMES

SHERWOOD ANDERSON is the author of "Windy McPherson's Son" and of many stories which have established "Winesburg, Ohio," as the type of the Middle-Western town. He lives in Chicago.

GRANVILLE BARKER is widely known as a forward-looking stage-producer and as a dramatist. He has long led the theatrical revolt in London; but has done some of his best work in New York. Among his plays are "Waste," "The Madras House," and "The Voysey Inheritance."

MAXWELL BODENHEIM is a poet and writer of plays. He has co-operated with Maurice Browne in his Chicago theater and contributes widely to the magazines. He lives sometimes in New York, sometimes in Chicago.

JEAN DE BOSSCHÈRE belongs to the youngest school of radical French poets; but he is equally well known as a draughtsman. His work is widely considered, not only in France, but as well in England and Russia.

PADRAIC COLUM is perhaps the best known Irish playwright and poet of the younger generation. He shares with Synge the credit of originating the Irish peasant drama. At present he is living in this country.

ALICE CORBIN has been an associate editor of "Poetry" since its founding in 1912. Although she lives in Chicago, her people come from Virginia and her childhood was spent in that state. Miss Corbin has published several volumes of verse and plays.

MABEL DODGE was born in Buffalo and lives in New York. She has long been identified with artistic movements in America.

MINA KIRSTEIN, who comes from Boston, is still an undergraduate at Smith College.

KENNETH MACGOWAN is looked on by many as the first important critic of the motion-picture so far produced by America. His studies have appeared with frequency in THE SEVEN ARTS and will continue to do so.

PAUL ROSENFELD is the regular music critic of THE SEVEN ARTS.

THEODORE SCHROEDER was born in Wisconsin and practiced law for several years in Salt Lake City. Here he made a study of Mormonism and came under the influence of Robert Ingersoll. He is an authority on the legal aspects of freedom of speech and of the press and is secretary and attorney of the "Free Speech League." Among his works are: "Obscene Literature and Constitutional Law," "The Free Speech Anthology," and "The Blasphemy Problem" (in preparation).

HORACE TRAUBEL, poet, editor, revolutionist and biographer of Walt Whitman, needs no introduction to the American reader.

MARGARET WIDDEMER was born in a small town of Pennsylvania, and has been writing almost ever since—which is not very long. Her best-known book of poems is "Factories, with other Lyrics." She lives in New York.

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THE SEVEN ARTS

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A War Diary

By Randolph Bourne

TIME brings a better adjustment to the war. There had been so many times when, to those who had energetically resisted its coming, it seemed the last intolerable outrage. In one's wilder moments one expected revolt against the impressment of unwilling men and the suppression of unorthodox opinion. One conceived the war as breaking down through a kind of intellectual sabotage diffused through the country. But as one talks to people outside the cities and away from ruling currents of opinion, one finds the prevailing apathy shot everywhere with acquiescence. The war is a bad business, which somehow got fastened on us. They don't want to go, but they've got to go. One decides that nothing generally obstructive is going to happen and that it would make little difference if it did. The kind of war which we are conducting is an enterprise which the American government does not have to carry on with the hearty co-operation of the American people but only with their acquiescence. And that acquiescence seems sufficient to float an indefinitely protracted war for vague or even largely uncomprehended and unaccepted purposes. Our resources in men and materials are vast enough to organize the war-technique without enlisting more than a fraction of the people's conscious energy. Many men will not like being sucked into the actual fighting organism, but as the war goes on they will be sucked in as individuals and they will yield. There is likely to be no element in the country with the effective will to help them resist. They are not likely to resist of themselves concertedly. They will be licked grudgingly into mili-

tary shape, and their lack of enthusiasm will in no way unfit them for use in the hecatombs necessary for the military decision upon which Allied political wisdom still apparently insists. It is unlikely that enough men will be taken from the potentially revolting classes seriously to embitter their spirit. Losses in the well-to-do classes will be sustained by a sense of duty and of reputable sacrifice. From the point of view of the worker, it will make little difference whether his work contributes to annihilation overseas or to construction at home. Temporarily, his condition is better if it contributes to the former. We of the middle classes will be progressively poorer than we should otherwise have been. Our lives will be slowly drained by clumsily levied taxes and the robberies of imperfectly controlled private enterprises. But this will not cause us to revolt. There are not likely to be enough hungry stomachs to make a revolution. The materials seem generally absent from the country, and as long as a government wants to use the war-technique in its realization of great ideas, it can count serenely on the human resources of the country, regardless of popular mandate or understanding.

II. If human resources are fairly malleable into the war-technique, our material resources will prove to be even more so, quite regardless of the individual patriotism of their owners or workers. It is almost purely a problem of diversion. Factories and mines and farms will continue to turn out the same products and at an intensified rate, but the government will be working to use their activity and concentrate it as contributory to the war. The process which the piping times of benevolent neutrality began will be pursued to its extreme end. All this will be successful, however, precisely as it is made a matter of centralized governmental organization and not of individual offerings of goodwill and enterprise. It will be coercion from above that will do the trick rather than patriotism from below. Democratic contentment may be shed over the land for a time

through the appeal to individual thoughtfulness in saving and in relinquishing profits. But all that is really needed is the co-operation with government of the men who direct the large financial and industrial enterprises. If their interest is enlisted in diverting the mechanism of production into war-channels, it makes not the least difference whether you or I want our activity to count in aid of the war. Whatever we do will contribute toward its successful organization, and toward the riveting of a semi-military State-socialism on the country. As long as the effective managers, the "big men" in the staple industries remained loyal, nobody need care what the millions of little human cogs who had to earn their living felt or thought. This is why the technical organization for this American war goes on so much more rapidly than any corresponding popular sentiment for its aims and purposes. Our war is teaching us that patriotism is really a superfluous quality in war. The government of a modern organized plutocracy does not have to ask whether the people want to fight or understand what they are fighting for, but only whether they will tolerate fighting. America does not co-operate with the President's designs. She rather feebly acquiesces. But that feeble acquiescence is the all-important factor. We are learning that war doesn't need enthusiasm, doesn't need conviction, doesn't need hope, to sustain it. Once manœuvred, it takes care of itself, provided only that our industrial rulers see that the end of the war will leave American capital in a strategic position for world-enterprise. The American people might be much more indifferent to the war even than they are and yet the results would not be materially different. A majority of them might even be feebly or at least unconcertedly hostile to the war, and yet it would go gaily on. That is why a popular referendum seems so supremely irrelevant to people who are willing to use war as an instrument in the working-out of national policy. And that is why this war, with apathy rampant, is probably going to act just as if every person in the country

were filled with patriotic ardor, and furnished with a completely assimilated map of the League to Enforce Peace. If it doesn't, the cause will not be the lack of popular ardor, but the clumsiness of the government officials in organizing the technique of the war. Our country in war, given efficiency at the top, can do very well without our patriotism. The non-patriotic man need feel no pangs of conscience about not helping the war. Patriotism fades into the merest trivial sentimentality when it becomes, as so obviously in a situation like this, so pragmatically impotent. As long as one has to earn one's living or buy tax-ridden goods, one is making one's contribution to war in a thousand indirect ways. The war, since it does not need it, cannot fairly demand also the sacrifice of one's spiritual integrity.

III. The "liberals" who claim a realistic and pragmatic attitude in politics have disappointed us in setting up and then clinging wistfully to the belief that our war could get itself justified for an idealistic flavor, or at least for a world-renovating social purpose, that they had more or less denied to the other belligerents. If these realists had had time in the hurry and scuffle of events to turn their philosophy on themselves, they might have seen how thinly disguised a rationalization this was of their emotional undertow. They wanted a League of Nations. They had an unanalyzable feeling that this was a war in which we had to be, and be in it we would. What more natural than to join the two ideas and conceive our war as the decisive factor in the attainment of the desired end! This gave them a good conscience for willing American participation, although as good men they must have loathed war and everything connected with it. The realist cannot deny facts. Moreover, he must not only acknowledge them but he must use them. Good or bad, they must be turned by his intelligence to some constructive end. Working along with the materials which events give him, he must get where and what he can,

and bring something brighter and better out of the chaos.

Now war is such an indefeasible and unescapable Real that the good realist must accept it rather comprehensively. To keep out of it is pure quietism, an acute moral failure to adjust. At the same time, there is an inexorability about war. It is a little unbridled for the realist's rather nice sense of purposive social control. And nothing is so disagreeable to the pragmatic mind as any kind of an absolute. The realistic pragmatist could not recognize war as inexorable—though to the common mind it would seem as near an absolute, coercive social situation as it is possible to fall into. For the inexorable abolishes choices, and it is the essence of the realist's creed to have, in every situation, alternatives before him. He gets out of his scrape in this way: Let the inexorable roll in upon me, since it must. But then, keeping firm my sense of control, I will somehow tame it and turn it to my own creative purposes. Thus realism is justified of her children, and the "liberal" is saved from the limbo of the wailing and irreconcilable pacifists who could not make so easy an adjustment.

Thus the "liberals" who made our war their own preserved their pragmatism. But events have shown how fearfully they imperilled their intuition and how untameable an inexorable really is. For those of us who knew a real inexorable when we saw one, and had learned from watching war what follows the loosing of a war-technique, foresaw how quickly aims and purposes would be forgotten, and how flimsy would be any liberal control of events. It is only we now who can appreciate "The New Republic"—the organ of applied pragmatic realism—when it complains that the League of Peace (which we entered the war to guarantee) is more remote than it was eight months ago; or that our State Department has no diplomatic policy (though it was to realize the high aims of the President's speeches that the intellectuals willed American participation) ; or that we are subordinating the political management of the war to real or supposed military advantages,

(though militarism in the liberal mind had no justification except as a tool for advanced social ends). If, after all the idealism and creative intelligence that were shed upon America's taking up of arms, our State Department has no policy, we are like brave passengers who have set out for the Isles of the Blest only to find that the first mate has gone insane and jumped overboard, the rudder has come loose and dropped to the bottom of the sea, and the captain and pilot are lying dead drunk under the wheel. The stokers and engineers, however, are still merrily forcing the speed up to twenty knots an hour and the passengers are presumably getting the pleasure of the ride.

IV. The penalty the realist pays for accepting war is to see disappear one by one the justifications for accepting it. He must either become a genuine Realpolitiker and brazen it through, or else he must feel sorry for his intuition and regretful that he willed the war. But so easy is forgetting and so slow the change of events that he is more likely to ignore the collapse of his case. If he finds that his government is relinquishing the crucial moves of that strategy for which he was willing to use the technique of war, he is likely to move easily to the ground that it will all come out in the end the same anyway. He soon becomes satisfied with tacitly ratifying whatever happens, or at least straining to find the grain of unplausible hope that may be latent in the situation.

But what then is there really to choose between the realist who accepts evil in order to manipulate it to a great end, but who somehow unaccountably finds events turn sour on him, and the Utopian pacifist who cannot stomach the evil and will have none of it? Both are helpless, both are coerced. The Utopian, however, knows that he is ineffective and that he is coerced, while the realist, evading disillusionment, moves in a twilight zone of half-hearted criticism, and hopings for the best, where he does not become a tacit fatalist. The latter would be the manlier position, but then where would be his

realistic philosophy of intelligence and choice? Professor Dewey has become impatient at the merely good and merely conscientious objectors to war who do not attach their conscience and intelligence to forces moving in another direction. But in wartime there are literally no valid forces moving in another direction. War determines its own end,—victory, and government crushes out automatically all forces that deflect, or threaten to deflect, energy from the path of organization to that end. All governments will act in this way, the most democratic as well as the most autocratic. It is only "liberal" naïveté that is shocked at arbitrary coercion and suppression. Willing war means willing all the evils that are organically bound up with it. A good many people still seem to believe in a peculiar kind of democratic and antiseptic war. The pacifists opposed the war because they knew this was an illusion, and because of the myriad hurts they knew war would do the promise of democracy at home. For once the babes and sucklings seem to have been wiser than the children of light.

V. If it is true that the war will go on anyway whether it is popular or not or whether its purposes are clear, and if it is true that in wartime constructive realism is an illusion, then the aloof man, the man who will not obstruct the war but who cannot spiritually accept it, has a clear case for himself. Our war presents no more extraordinary phenomenon than the number of the more creative minds of the younger generation who are still irreconcilable toward the great national enterprise which the government has undertaken. The country is still dotted with young men and women, in full possession of their minds, faculties and virtue, who feel themselves profoundly alien to the work which is going on around them. They must not be confused with the disloyal or the pro-German. They have no grudge against the country, but their patriotism has broken down in the emergency. They want to see the carnage stopped and Europe decently constructed again.

They want a democratic peace. If the swift crushing of Germany will bring that peace, they want to see Germany crushed. If the embargo on neutrals will prove the decisive coup, they are willing to see the neutrals taken ruthlessly by the throat. But they do not really believe that peace will come by any of these means, or by any use of our war-technique whatever. They are genuine pragmatists and they fear any kind of an absolute, even when bearing gifts. They know that the longer a war lasts the harder it is to make peace. They know that the peace of exhaustion is a dastardly peace, leaving enfeebled the morale of the defeated, and leaving invincible for years all the most greedy and soulless elements in the conquerors. They feel that the greatest obstacle to peace now is the lack of the powerful mediating neutral which we might have been. They see that war has lost for us both the mediation and the leadership, and is blackening us ever deeper with the responsibility for having prolonged the dreadful tangle. They are skeptical not only of the technique of war, but also of its professed aims. The President's idealism stops just short of the pitch that would arouse their own. There is a middle-aged and belated taint about the best ideals which publicist liberalism has been able to express. The appeals to propagate political democracy leave these people cold in a world which has become so disillusioned of democracy in the face of universal economic servitude. Their ideals outshoot the government's. To them the real arena lies in the international class-struggle, rather than in the competition of artificial national units. They are watching to see what the Russian socialists are going to do for the world, not what the timorous capitalistic American democracy may be planning. They can feel no enthusiasm for a League of Nations, which should solidify the old units and continue in disguise the old theories of international relations. Indispensable, perhaps? But not inspiring; not something to give one's spiritual allegiance to. And yet the best advice that American wisdom can offer to those who are out of sympathy

with the war is to turn one's influence toward securing that our war contribute toward this end. But why would not this League turn out to be little more than a well-oiled machine for the use of that enlightened imperialism toward which liberal American finance is already whetting its tongue? And what is enlightened imperialism as an international ideal as against the anarchistic communism of the nations which the new Russia suggests in renouncing imperialist intentions?

VI. Skeptical of the means and skeptical of the aims, this element of the younger generation stands outside the war, and looks upon the conscript army and all the other war-activities as troublesome interruptions on its thought and idealism, interruptions which do not touch anywhere a fibre of its soul. Some have been much more disturbed than others, because of the determined challenge of both patriots and realists to break in with the war-obsession which has filled for them their sky. Patriots and realists can both be answered. They must not be allowed to shake one's inflexible determination not to be spiritually implicated in the war. It is foolish to hope. Since the 30th of July, 1914, nothing has happened in the arena of war-policy and war-technique except for the complete and unmitigated worst. We are tired of continued disillusionment, and of the betrayal of generous anticipations. It is saner not to waste energy in hope within the system of war-enterprise. One may accept dispassionately whatever changes for good may happen from the war, but one will not allow one's imagination to connect them organically with war. It is better to resist cheap consolations, and remain skeptical about any of the good things so confidently promised us either through victory or the social reorganization demanded by the war-technique. One keeps healthy in wartime not by a series of religious and political consolations that something good is coming out of it all, but by a vigorous assertion of values in which war has no part. Our skepticism can be made a shelter behind which is

built up a wider consciousness of the personal and social and artistic ideals which American civilization needs to lead the good life. We can be skeptical constructively, if, thrown back on our inner resources from the world of war which is taken as the overmastering reality, we search much more actively to clarify our attitudes and express a richer significance in the American scene. We do not feel the war to be very real, and we sense a singular air of falsity about the emotions of the upper-classes toward everything connected with war. This ostentatious shame, this grovelling before illusory Allied heroisms and nobilities, has shocked us. Minor novelists and minor poets and minor publicists are still coming back from driving ambulances in France to write books that nag us into an appreciation of the "real meaning." No one can object to the generous emotions of service in a great cause or to the horror and pity at colossal devastation and agony. But too many of these prophets are men who have lived rather briskly among the cruelties and thinnesses of American civilization and have shown no obvious horror and pity at the exploitations and the arid quality of the life lived here around us. Their moral sense had been deeply stirred by what they saw in France and Belgium, but it was a moral sense relatively unpractised by deep concern and reflection over the inadequacies of American democracy. Few of them had used their vision to create literature impelling us toward a more radiant American future. And that is why, in spite of their vivid stirrings, they seem so unconvincing. Their idealism is too new and bright to affect us, for it comes from men who never cared very particularly about great creative American ideas. So these writers come to us less like ardent youth, pouring its energy into the great causes, than like youthful mouthpieces of their strident and belligerent elders. They did not convert us, but rather drove us farther back into the rightness of American isolation.

VII. There was something incredibly mean and plebeian

about that abasement into which the war-partisans tried to throw us all. When we were urged to squander our emotion on a bedevilled Europe, our intuition told us how much all rich and generous emotions were needed at home to leaven American civilization. If we refused to export them it was because we wanted to see them at work here. It is true that great reaches of American prosperous life were not using generous emotions for any purpose whatever. But the real antithesis was not between being concerned about luxurious automobiles and being concerned about the saving of France. America's "benevolent neutrality" had been saving the Allies for three years through the ordinary channels of industry and trade. We could afford to export material goods and credit far more than we could afford to export emotional capital. The real antithesis was between interest in expensively exploiting American material life and interest in creatively enhancing American personal and artistic life. The fat and earthy American could be blamed not for not palpitating more richly about France, but for not palpitating more richly about America and her spiritual drouths. The war will leave the country spiritually impoverished, because of the draining away of sentiment into the channels of war. Creative and constructive enterprises will suffer not only through the appalling waste of financial capital in the work of annihilation, but also in the loss of emotional capital in the conviction that war overshadows all other realities. This is the poison of war that disturbs even creative minds. Writers tell us that, after contact with the war, literature seems an idle pastime, if not an offense, in a world of great deeds. Perhaps literature that can be paled by war will not be missed. We may feel vastly relieved at our salvation from so many feeble novels and graceful verses that khaki-clad authors might have given us. But this nobly-sounding sense of the futility of art in a world of war may easily infect conscientious minds. And it is against this infection that we must fight.

VIII. The conservation of American promise is the present task for this generation of malcontents and aloof men and women. If America has lost its political isolation, it is all the more obligated to retain its spiritual integrity. This does not mean any smug retreat from the world, with a belief that the truth is in us and can only be contaminated by contact. It means that the promise of American life is not yet achieved, perhaps not even seen, and that, until it is, there is nothing for us but stern and intensive cultivation of our garden. Our insulation will not be against any great creative ideas or forms that Europe brings. It will be a turning within in order that we may have something to give without. The old American ideas which are still expected to bring life to the world seem stale and archaic. It is grotesque to try to carry democracy to Russia. It is absurd to try to contribute to the world's store of great moving ideas until we have a culture to give. It is absurd for us to think of ourselves as blessing the world with anything unless we hold it much more self-consciously and significantly than we hold anything now. Mere negative freedom will not do as a twentieth-century principle. American ideas must be dynamic or we are presumptuous in offering them to the world.

IX. The war—or American promise: one must choose. One cannot be interested in both. For the effect of the war will be to impoverish American promise. It cannot advance it, however liberals may choose to identify American promise with a league of nations to enforce peace. Americans who desire to cultivate the promises of American life need not lift a finger to obstruct the war, but they cannot conscientiously accept it. However intimately a part of their country they may feel in its creative enterprises toward a better life, they cannot feel themselves a part of it in its futile and self-mutilating enterprise of war. We can be apathetic with a good conscience, for we have other values and ideals for America. Our

country will not suffer for our lack of patriotism as long as it has that of our industrial masters. Meanwhile, those who have turned their thinking into war-channels have abdicated their leadership for this younger generation. They have put themselves in a limbo of interests that are not the concerns which worry us about American life and make us feverish and discontented.

Let us compel the war to break in on us, if it must, not go hospitably to meet it. Let us force it perceptibly to batter in our spiritual walls. This attitude need not be a fatuous hiding in the sand, denying realities. When we are broken in on, we can yield to the inexorable. Those who are conscripted will have been broken in on. If they do not want to be martyrs, they will have to be victims. They are entitled to whatever alleviations are possible in an inexorable world. But the others can certainly resist the attitude that blackens the whole conscious sky with war. They can resist the poison which makes art and all the desires for more impassioned living seem idle and even shameful. For many of us, resentment against the war has meant a vivider consciousness of what we are seeking in American life.

This search has been threatened by two classes who have wanted to deflect idealism to the war,—the patriots and the realists. The patriots have challenged us by identifying apathy with disloyalty. The reply is that war-technique in this situation is a matter of national mechanics rather than national ardor. The realists have challenged us by insisting that the war is an instrument in the working-out of beneficent national policy. Our skepticism points out to them how soon their "mastery" becomes "drift," tangled in the fatal drive toward victory as its own end, how soon they become mere agents and expositors of forces as they are. Patriots and realists disposed of, we can pursue creative skepticism with honesty, and at least a hope that in the recoil from war we may find the treasures we are looking for.

Following Freedom

By an American Immigrant

"Liberty means the assurance that every man shall be protected in doing what he believes to be his duty against the influence of authority and majorities, opinion and custom."—LORD ACTON.

IN each of the belligerent countries during the present war and, finally, in our own, wise observers have remarked at the outbreak of the struggle a widespread sense of liberation and even of peace. Men dropped the hardy energy of thought, the grim conflicts of private responsibility and action and flung themselves into the roaring sea of public passion. They found liberation from thinking; they found peace through merging their separate beings into the tribal self. This process is often held to be the chief glory of war. And, doubtless, the mood and the spectacle have a wild and barbaric splendor. But the splendor is brief, the glow turns sinister, and there is left tribal ferocity and tribal stubbornness. All the hard-won virtues of personality go down in disaster. The individual was merciful, the tribe is callous; the individual was reasonable, the tribe is in the grip of dark, irrational instincts. All saints are solitary—alone with God: has a solitary inquisitor been heard of? It takes a group of sane men to be cruel. Thus public passions, however noble in their origin, degenerate into unreason and brutality. A public passion of religion sees miracles, a public passion of indignation sees atrocities. Both are well attested in all countries and in all ages of a religious or a warlike mood. Immemorial and savage im-

pulses which the individual dare hardly express, he vents under the supposed righteousness of a tribal sanction and becomes a persecutor, a lyncher, a warrior. Such, from any civilized point of view, is the basic tragedy of war. Destruction is reparable: death is the noblest of human ills—it cannot corrupt the soul. But the merging of the individual in the tribe wipes out all the difficult gains of a humane civilization. It hurls us back into the red primordial mists of hate and cruelty and self-righteousness. The imaginative vision comes to see in the tense atmosphere of still peaceful cities symbolical scenes of a forgotten age—the flashing cymbals, the foaming devotees, the shrill cry of the human sacrifice in the storm-shaken grove. . . .

The highest virtue that a man can exercise at such a time is the austere preservation of his self-hood; the best gift he can make to his fellowmen is the gift of his unbending soul. At least in the quietude of his own mind he can live as though war were but a disastrous accident and the achievement of permanent and serene values our real goal. He can remember, for those who have forgotten it, that we shall have to live together again in a more human way and that, to do so at all, we must some day be saved from obliteration by the mass. He can point, even now, to some of those national problems which, more than ever after the war, we shall have to face and solve. And he must found his statement of them on individual experience—on that which alone has any ultimate significance: the contact of a lonely soul with reality.

In describing that contact and that struggle he will also be an asserter and a guardian of liberty. For that word is used in strange senses today. Yet it is only for the man who has arisen from the blind delusions of the mass, who has attained his true self, that liberty has a meaning. When the personal consciousness separates itself from the merely tribal consciousness—there is the birth of liberty. Hence in a deeper sense the

common phrase is true: liberty means progress—the liberty of personalities to be themselves, to rebel against the mass-life, to repudiate mass-thinking, to shatter the folk-ways, to be leaders, teachers, prophets. A society in which majority opinion and public law have not risen to the tolerance of free personalities is a society without liberty. It may build machinery and heap up wealth. It stagnates and breeds poisonous vapors. . . .

Such is the lower and more practical necessity for liberty —liberty to do as you like, liberty, above all, for others, whose ways are not your ways, to do as they like. But there is a deeper necessity. Search history and you will find not a single value that is permanent, that is valid, that has some chance of being in touch with the inner meaning of the universe but this—personality, free personality. Truth and beauty and justice are not the fruits of committee-meetings. The eternal things are the personal and lonely things. Where free personalities cannot develop, where all the expansive forces of life are throttled, there may be votes and wealth and ease and speed, there is no liberty and thus no truth, no beauty and no justice.

The right of free personalities to be utterly themselves is not only, however, the test of a society's liberty. It is, clearly, the supreme test of a society's right to be or to have been at all. Persia was a great empire. It is less than a little dust. Greece is eternal because Greek personalities were free and great. Why have men hoped for democracy and liberty? To vote for some rich man's man? To boast of some master's wealth? To be robbed of wine and art and speech? They have striven for liberty and in dark days gone down to death for it because they hoped that life might become more flexible, man more human. They hoped that the sullen and intolerant tribes with their incantations and ferocities might break up into societies of free men. And by a free society they did not mean one in which a turbulent majority

stamps out dissent, but one in which each man is free. Therefore they were the enemies not only of kings and priests, but of war and of persecution for conscience' sake. For these two are the weapons of the tribe against the bodies and the souls of men. . . . Democracy was to produce singers and sayers and thinkers, free personalities in numbers and loftiness beyond the past. Man was to be "free, uncircumscribed," he was to be

> "Exempt from awe, worship, degree, the king
> Over himself."

He was to be "free from guilt and pain,"

> "Which were for his will made or suffered them."

Such were once the implications of liberty, the hopes for democracy. Such they were once. . . .

The Song of the Uprising

By James Oppenheim

I—Joy.

Joy wings his way,
—(O bells of heaven!).
Joy wings his irresistible way,
—(O winds, O sun!)
Joy wings his irresistible, his radiant, his ineluctable way,
—(Morning! morning of the winds,
Morning strong with song!)
Joy wings, wings, *wings* his way
And now the wild great song of dawn
Mounts heaven on beams of light
Scattering the dew in the path of the veering bee,
And from the house the girl and boy bare-headed
Come fresh from sleep
And lift young voices toward blue skies . . .

Lift young voices toward blue skies
Meeting the young god, Joy.

Joy is the carrier of news . .
He laughs over the battlefields . . .
Joy is the sun . .
He shines on the democracies . . .
Joy is exultant with tidings . .
He flings on the Earth in the road of the hosts the luminous
flame of the future . . .

O the Earth, it is bled,
It is black, clawed with death,
But victory, but victory, but irrepressible victory
Shouts from the lips of Joy
Who shall raise up the dead.

I will make a prophecy
To your swelling heart,
That the heavens open
Presently with Peace . . .
I will make a prophecy of glory
To your dark-swelling heart . . .
The peoples shall be one,
The Earth shall be our home,
The children shall lead us forth with a scattering of roses,
And the heavens in all their splendor of stars shall sing: "One
people, one planet."

O my heart!
How wonderful is the age we dwell in . . .
We are climbing up on the new tableland of man,
Beyond cedars of sorrow, beyond hemlocks of lamentation,
There where the grass blows wild,
There where the oak and the maple sway in the wind,
There where the festival is held, and the sun gleams on the
steel of the workshops . . .
Gleams on the steel and on the miraculous flesh of men's
faces . . .

(Hear, O softly, O faintly, sweetly,
Hear the cooing murmur of the mothers,
The lisp of laughing babes,
The bird-like love-notes, the lark-like mate-calls
Of passionate girls and boys,
And hear, hear,
Voices of men together in workshops where work is glory.)

Truly triumphant from the massive enginery of destruction
and battle
Where great guns leveled Louvain and rifled Europe of
grandeur,
Truly triumphant out of the thunder-roar, the tempest-shriek,
the hurricane-blast,
Out of the horrible bleeding of boys,
Out of the torrents of blood,
Out of the anguish of countless hearts,
Truly triumphant the saved shall stand and march with a
blowing of the trump
And march with a throbbing of the drum
Heroic and renewed to the lands of the new age . . .

They shall march!—
(O Joy, thou news-bringer!)
They shall march!—
(O Joy, thou sun in the windy heavens!)
They shall march!—
(O Joy, thou art approaching beamed with the glory of the
free!)
They shall march, they shall sing, they shall swing with radi-
ant ranks,
Down the fields, down the streets, down the continental roads,
They shall march, they shall ship, they shall fly on the planes
of rejoicing,
They shall be one mass of triumph in the peace that crowneth
all.

II—Darkness.

Death darkens, darkens . . .
—(O cry of breakers!)
Death darkens, darkens on the deeps . . .
—(O rocks, O sea!)
Death darkens, darkens on the moving, the interminable
deeps . . .

—(Midnight! midnight of no stars!
Midnight bowed with cloud!)
Death darkens, darkens, *darkens,*
And the wild blown dirges of the sea
Break into lamentation,
Break into anguish on the rocks, on the sands, on the dunes,
Wail along the dunes, weep along the dunes,
And the sea cries,
And the wind skims the sea-tides with an empty moaning,
And the clouds crowd together dropping their tears upon the
war-bled world . . . .

O the black midnight!
Winds howl and sand blows,
The broom wails and snaps and the breakers burst writh-
ing . . .
O the blackness of this midnight . . .

Must I walk these shores, lost in grief?
Must I walk these stormy shores at the salt fringes of the
tragic sea
In a vision of the human Earth I tread,
In a vision of an Earth of men and women
Stripped and maimed,
Trapped and slain,—
Must I walk these naked shores, dreadfully, slowly, stricken
in my heart?

Unbearable sorrow!
Fiendish anguish!
Among the old that line the streets, among the faded and the
war-worn,
Radiant miles of youth glow by, laughing with the bugles,
Radiant rivers of youth flow by,
Flow into the trenches . . .

I see the Hell they have entered with its pitiless flame-fledged skies,
With its mud and stenchent carrion, with the murderer and the murdered . . .
I see the Hell they have entered and the radiance gone out . . .

O my heart . . .
How terrible is the age we dwell in . . .
None . . none . . none
Shall assuage great grief . . .
None . none . . none
Shall restore the lost to us . . .
Roll, muffled drums, you heart-beats of despair,
Boom, O you brass, for the burial of our boys.

I have mounted midnight
To gaze in the abyss,
In the midst of heaven
Hangs a red, red heart . . .
I have mounted mournful midnight
To gaze in the abyss,
And I have seen that red heart
Dripping drops of blood . . .
That heart is the Earth,
In the darkness it hangs red,
In the darkness it bleeds red with human grief and anguish . . .

But is not the Earth as a husk of beauties and glories and powers
Which stripped, reveals the kernel, the naked body of man?
Is not man her consummate miracle?
Is he not strong with engines and strong with song?
Can he be this beast of the jungle?

Can he be this darkness-maker?
Has his great past opened only in this?

Sea of the interminable tides,
Sea, of dirges and of moving deeps, and of darkened song,
I will turn from you, I will call the beloved of my
heart . . .
Turn and call her, that in her face
I may read of youth's betrayal,
And the treason of the strong . . .

They have betrayed us . . .
(Silence, you false seas!)
They have betrayed us . . .
(Silence, you lying dirge-singing seas!)
They have betrayed us . . .
(Silence, you seas awash with ignoble anguish!)
They have betrayed us, they have sold us, they have carried
off our youth
To the slaughter, to the murder, to the deepest pits of Hell,
They have betrayed us, they are traitors, we shall rise against
their power,
We shall shake the Earth with tumult and the thunders of
Revolt.

III—The Call.

Whither goest thou, beautiful and beloved, O Earth,
Whither goest thou?

Dawn is not yet:
We sit in a cranny of the eastward rocks of the mountain-
top;
Among shapes of the wind, shadows of the stars, and the Earth
darker than the skies.

The Song of the Uprising

O my beloved,
Your hands are warm in my own, your hair blows against my cheek:
You are glimmering beside me, your eyes bright with the wild animal:
We are of the darkness of Earth dipped in the eddying gleam of the heavens:
We taste the freshness of wind-blown pines.

Vastness . . . ten stars are gone . . .
Grayness . . . the Earth sighs . . .
Twilight . . . the East twinkles . . .

O rise, my beloved, rise, for the runners of the sun
Appear with their bugles upon the mountains and blow long blasts of light
Swelling and shattering Night . . .
Rise, we must meet the miracle . . . Dawn's joy swells:
Stirring, Earth tosses her covers of the dark aside,
Laughing, leaps from her bed: naked, bathes in the dew . . .
Look, where the peeping chimney smokes, look, the grey lake,
Listen . . . the waking!
Birds are fluttering, brooks are babbling, leaves are dancing, woodfolk scurry . . .
The color of the dawn
Scattered, drowns in blue . . .

We are blown on the topmost rock,
We cannot be still . . .
Your hair, my beloved, is a golden gale,
Your lips are cold . . .
Look to the East, behold . . .
Look—*gold* . . .
Pure gold, flame gold, growing, emboldening gold!
Mark!

The sons of light—
The sons of light charge heaven on golden gallopers,
And struck out of fire, with song,
The morning star is born—
The morning star is born—the sun, the sun—*Day!*

Ecstasy! splendor!
Wild are white waters!
Songs from the birds burst, shouts from our lips rise . . .
In abandon, unburdened, we dance, dance . . .
We are beams of the morning sun,
We are blowing pines of the peak,
And *sunrise*
Bursts through these human bodies,
Sunrise
Leaps through these singing bodies,
Sunrise
Dances along the blood, and opens in our hearts
The secret of Man's glory: the thrill of what Life is.

(A shadow crosses the sun . . .
The Earth grows grey below us . . .
We are hushed of a sudden, and chilled . . .
Doubt . . . dread.)

Whither goest thou, darkened and solemn, O Earth,
Whither goest thou?

Is there then, beloved, no forgetting of sorrow?
Must there be pausing for lamentation?
Is there an hour for cedars?
Shall the drums roll for the lost and the bugles blow for the
dead?

I heard a voice say: None,

None shall heal empty arms.
I heard a voice say: None,
None shall assuage great grief . . .
For he is dead, whose young lips
She kissed in the intervals of song . . .
—In the intervals of song . . .

Death darkens, darkens,
(O cry of breakers!)
Death darkens, darkens on the deeps,
(O rocks, O sea!)
Death steals into the ecstasy of life,
Steals in, snatches the loved ones, and leaves bereaved hearts . . .

It is *Man* who darkens,
It is Man himself who darkens his own world,
Who has misused his gift,
Who has turned the upward vision downward,
Whose greed devours, whose passion sinks back to the beast beneath his humanness,
Whose treasure becomes engines of death, and his song a shriek . . .

O Man, what hast thou wrought?
How hast thou scarred the beautiful slopes of thy planet with gun-pocked havoc,
And how excoriated thy divine body with blasting anguish?
How from thy glories hast thou turned to maim and slay thine own?
O enemy of thyself! O mad beast! O stupid fiend!

Thou hast made thy living valleys, thy mass-pent cities, thy human plains
Red with unneeded agony and black with burnt ruins . . .

In mill and trench thy peoples moan,
The cry rises of betrayed multitudes,
Thou hast made Earth sick and a stench and a place of
cinders . . .
Thou hast wrought a glory and put it to the torch . . .

Beloved, beloved,
How can we abide on the mountain of our joy
Where even touched with sunrise we quiver through invisible
nerves to the ends of Earth,
And the agony of man darkens our dawn . . .
We must descend into the pit of a thousand million out-
stretched imploring hands,
The pit of bloody faces, and wailing lips . . .
Down to the sorrow of Earth,
The anguish of Man.

For Earth, like a staring maniac, bearing a firebrand,
Goes shrieking down the skies,
Shrieking "Famine", shrieking "Pestilence", shrieking
"War" . . .
That orb of destruction burns balefully in the august mag-
nificence of night . . .
The mad world runs amuck . . .
Is Man ending himself?
Is the miracle of that mind and passion which dreamed and
built Asia and Europe
Stopped in suicidal madness?
Beloved, were we born to see this, and to live this?
Are we among the doomed?

The doomed! the doomed!
Where shall we flee? Where shall we hide our heads?
There is no corner of the storm that is still . . .
The wind blows us into the whirlpool.

O cities crashing about us, O ships gone down,
O the wounded and the dying,
O the bereaved, the bereaved!
Deluge of death! Day of the last judgment!
The heavens open, the dazzling Judge calls the multitudes of peoples before him,
The thunder rolls, the lightning bares those livid faces, the doom is given . . .
The Earth cracks asunder:
Darkness . . .
Death . . .

(Yet—what song is in my heart?
O has the mother heard the stir of life in her side?
Is there the faint, the tremulous stir of the unborn?)

Lift up your heads, O ye gates,
And be ye uplift, you everlasting doors . . .
The glory of the Lord is risen upon us . . .
We shall not bend before the storm: we shall not bow before great death:
We put the darkness from us with a loud shout:
We put the temptation of despair away with resolution:
We arise: we arise clothed in courage:
We arise: we are that which has refused darkness: we are MAN . . .
MAN, the fire-bringer,
MAN, the Creator.

We call mountain to mountain . . .
We raise a torch of Revolution . . .
We bring forth the peoples out of their darkness
And the nations out of their wrath . . .
We behold the Earth in parturition . . .
We see the Mother in birth-throes . . .

We greet the child with calls of welcome and the sound of
cities of joy . . .

O, blow, you bugles, with triumph,
O, shout, you peoples, with victory . . .
Hurl down the mighty from their seats,
And raise yourselves to freedom . . .
Raise up yourselves, ye slaves and chained ones,
Raise up yourselves, ye toiling peoples . . .
Be upraised, ye sorrowers and ye spent ones,
Get up on the peaks of the morning and proclaim the triumph
of Man,
The victory of Man,
Get up on the peaks of the morning and greet the child, the
New Age,
On tablelands of democracy,
On heights of man, the creator,
Get ye up, get ye up, get ye up, ye triumphing peoples . . .
New Man is born from the Old: Joy shall leap laughing from
Sorrow.

Black Magic

By Margaret Widdemer

OF course nothing in this world is absolutely one person's fault. Any amount of people and things and environments, most of them well-meaning, are to blame every time something breaks. Yet it does seem to me that if Catherine's own people had been just a little more fantastic in their point of view nothing need have happened. If they had not tried to make a conventional young lady out of a woman who could have been the leader of a great movement or the prophetess of a faith——

But there it is again. They saw things as most fathers and mothers in the world would have seen them, from the sensible, walled-in cell of middle age: as Catherine herself might have seen them if she had married and had daughters of her own.

No more could Mira help being what she was, I suppose. She always reminded me of some destructive natural force. She mayn't have been normal, but she was certainly amazingly dynamic, and people say now that the way your brain is built is responsible for whether you are kind-hearted or not. She was always a little afraid, herself, of going mad, I know. No, I suppose in a way it was nobody's fault. But I always wanted to have Mira punished for it. Such as she usually get poisoned in the end by some anonymous person, in their proper habitat, the Renaissance. Those good days are over, alas!

Catherine James was the stuff from which are made saints and martyrs and perfect mothers. She was strong and single-hearted and—there are very few people to whom the word

really applies—noble-minded. I have never known her to believe even the most obvious evil of anyone. Yet—strong? I scarcely know. Perhaps I should have said strong to endure. It was never a strength of aggression.

She grew up clipped into conventional shape by a mother and governess who were even more afraid of "queerness" than they were of undesirable friends. If you have fine enough material you can twist it into almost any shape, and Catherine at twenty must have been as good a semblance of your sensible, narrow-interested, pleasure-loving girl as heart could wish—or break over. All the wild white dreams had been laughed down and scolded under and hushed out of sight. Catherine was the kind of girl your own people held up to you as an example.

If she had been the ordinary romantic, sentimental dreamer it would have made no difference. She would have enjoyed not being understood, and married somebody on the strength of it, and everything would have been all right. But she was great-minded, which means humble-minded, and when they told her that to be unusual was to be wrong she believed it. The little people around her said she was silly. They were older than she, so of course they knew, she thought; and she crowded under all the wild, innocent, noble wishes and desires and struggles and beliefs that go to the making of heroines, and hid her Shelley and Kant away, and dutifully read young-girl books that bored her piteously. One will do almost anything at twenty not to be different. Of course all the realities in her were burning hard, ready to break through at a touch.

Well, the touch came—through a perfectly proper, meritorious church-work errand. The Girls' Friendly, or some such thing, sent Catherine to visit among others a girl named Mira Doremus. Mira was sixteen then, and she and her aunt had just come to the city. She is a great actress now, Mira, married to a foreigner with a title, her second husband,

I think: but then she was merely a thin, wistful-looking child with hungry black eyes and a mop of incongruous light-brown hair. Nine years afterward Catherine told me about their first meeting, dwelling on the little details as a mother dwells on the things a dead child has done.

"She was sitting quite alone in a high green chair in the very middle of the room, like a little princess," she said. "She rose and took both my hands, and said in that wonderful voice of hers, 'So you are the Catherine they said I would love! I think they were right.' "

I do not know what Catherine answered. I don't believe she knows. But Catherine had met Romance.

Of all Mira's gifts the most subtle and wonderful is her capability of making you feel that to you, and you alone, she is most attuned. And you know that Catherine had never found anyone like herself in all of her life before. Can you imagine the stifling loneliness of it? And can you think what Mira seemed to Catherine? All the things they had told her were foolish, the things that were everything to her, Mira divined and echoed and made great. All the questionings and breakings of conventional idea and belief that Catherine had dreamed and wondered over secretly, Mira played with unafraid. And Mira, wrapped in that subtle quality, magnetism, charm, personality—call it what you will—exerted every scrap of power in her to hold Catherine. She loved her genuinely for awhile. She is still fond of her in a way, I think. Catherine is a very lovable person. She was even more lovable then, according to Mira. "A Gabriel Max Madonna with a touch of Brunhild," is Mira's description of what Catherine was at twenty. Mira always speaks in hyperbole—she sees things that way. Life is all Turner sunsets and Ibsen dramas to her. But Catherine at twenty must have been very lovely, for she is sweet-faced now. She had the coloring of apple-blossoms, Mira told me, and her fair hair was so heavy that it massed naturally around her face, like a halo.

The "touch of Brunhild," the height and straightness, and boyish, austere impatience of shams and sentimentalisms and pettinesses—she has them still.

Some people cannot give all of themselves to anyone, even if they want to. Catherine has never been able to give except entirely. Such people as she always do throw down everything at once. They would be glad if their love were returned, but if it isn't—why, that doesn't stop them from giving. Mira, with her wonderful gift of seeming likeness of soul, drew out of Catherine, or was freely given, everything. Then she began to hurt Catherine as much as she could, to see how much power she had, and just how far Catherine would bear. I suppose power was a new plaything for her in those days, and she wanted to see what she could make it do.

She did everything to Catherine's soul that an ingenious mind, interested in proving its own power, could suggest. You know how people can hurt you when they know everything about you, and your least, most noble (which can be made most ridiculous) inward feelings. They have what Holmes calls the "back-door key" to your soul, and they can enter at will. The better you are, the larger-minded, the more forgiving, the happier hunting-ground there is for people with a fondness for soul-vivisection. Mira knew that whatever she did to Catherine's feelings, for very loyalty's sake Catherine would pretend not to be hurt.

It may have been good for Catherine, in a way. I know that she thinks it was. Mira boasted to me once that she had "developed and strengthened the range of Catherine's emotions." Doubtless she told the truth. She did make out of her a most wonderful instrument for the registering of fine shades of feeling. Like her predecessors in the molding of Catherine, she had fine material to work in. She had Catherine's nerves trained at one time to the thrilling, fine responsiveness of violin-strings, and—Mira played the violin. No one took what went on with any particular amount of

seriousness. They were both so young, you see. By the time anyone noticed, and it took some years, it was too late to do anything.

By the time I knew the girls Catherine was beyond the most acute suffering-point, or was trained to a very wonderful stoicism. I think myself that the vibrations were deadened, spoiled by over-use. You can't suffer, even at the hands you love best, beyond a certain point.

It was at Mira's I met Catherine. I scarcely noticed her at first, under the spell as I was of Mira's slow, thrilling voice and passionate personality. Gradually she became a real figure to me, the smiling blonde girl who was always in the background, smoothing down the sharp things Mira said and showing off the flattering ones. Something, finally, in her attitude, a certain determined lightness of manner at variance with a natural placidity and dignity, attracted my attention sharply. Anywhere else I would have seen nothing incongruous, but at Mira's one was in a state of heightened mental tension which took note of morbidly small things—a sort of clairvoyance. Mira's atmosphere—well, someone described her once as a "mental cocktail," and it wasn't bad. You would spend a tense evening talking to her, and go home with mind and body keyed to the height of their powers, as if you'd been taking a drug. Indeed, next day you would be quite as exhausted as if the drug had been a physical reality.

The first time I saw anything real of Catherine was a night when Mira kept me too long to be able to get a train home. Catherine volunteered to put me up for the night. All the way back to her house, and for hours afterwards, we talked of Mira, how wonderful she was, what a living force——

"But she's—cruel, isn't she?" I asked timidly. I was very young, and not quite sure, as yet, how much one might speak of emotions. But I had to—emotions were what Mira exhaled. She played on your nerves, and deliberately woke for her own interest all those elemental feelings you had sup-

posed were only in book-people—not you.

"Cruel?" said Catherine with her little laugh. "Yes, I suppose so, but don't you think she's worth it? She can give you—thrills. Thrills are all that's worth having—don't you think so?"

That was what Mira had done to her in four years.

We went on talking—talked late into the night. Both our tongues were loosened by the strong stimulant of Mira's personality. Catherine showed me, little by little, all the soul of her: the amazing loyalty, the honesty and innocence of purpose, the thwarted instincts of protection and motherhood —and the cruel havoc, too, that Mira had wrought. Mira had made Catherine so that her chief desire was for emotional excitement—"thrills." She had taught her to analyze herself as she analyzed others, and to find her greatest interest in people's feelings. It sounds over-strained, I know, but it reminded me of the superstition that if a vampire sucks your blood something of the vampire-nature is left in you. Mira had laid Catherine's soul out and dissected it till the girl herself learned to take an interest in the process. Mira could not kill the gentleness, nor the instinct of motherhood, the guardianship of anything weak or hurt, but she had taught Catherine, nevertheless, something which was a passionate, selfless sympathy, but which still watched your soul hungrily for signs of its workings—even while she helped it through some black place.

She was trained, too, to a curious scorn of men. Mira had the Brunhild-austerity of her to work on in the beginning, of course. The love and protectiveness that goes with the type Mira diverted to herself; the mating instinct, of no use to her, she tried to crush out. Mira's own attitude to men, at that stage of her development, was inevitable. She did not attract them, then; she alarmed them by oddness; so she hated them, and trained her devotees to hate them too. It was a self-defensive, automatic thing. You couldn't like a man and

Mira at the same time. So Catherine crystallized Mira's mood of the time, and despised men with her whole innocent, serious mind.

The more you knew of Catherine the lovelier she was. Long after I had seen all that was necessary to conviction of Mira's temperamentalisms, Catherine and I were very close to each other. Mira's schooling had made her the ideal friend; I suppose she knew what not to do to the last iota. But she never spoke of herself, only of yourself—and Mira—things you were interested in—and Mira—music and books and pictures—and Mira. She talked wonderfully, wisely, with a tolerant sympathy and interest for everything, but Mira was the continuous overtone of it all. I don't mean that she spoke of her so much. It was, as well as I can describe it, that Mira was in the air when you were with Catherine, affecting your senses as vividly as the faint wood-violet scent Catherine always had on. She was a part of Catherine's life in the literal sense of the word.

Once Catherine tried to break the spell. It was after a very cruel scene with Mira, who was angry at someone else. She wasn't sufficiently sure of the other girl to act to her as she felt. So she summoned Catherine, late at night, and spent four solid hours wilfully wounding and insulting and humiliating her by every means in her knowledge, all in that wonderful, cello-like voice that Catherine loved so dearly. Catherine sat under it all silently. In the end she rose, dazed, and—if you can believe it—not resentful in the least; only hurt, hurt, hurt so badly that it was worse, she told me, than any physical pain she had ever known.

"I don't think we had better see each other any more," she managed to say in a low voice, rising to go away. Mira darted after her and caught her wrist hard.

"You'll be the first to crawl back," she said. "I may take you if you are very abject! Now, go!"

Catherine went home physically ill. It was a week before

she ate or slept normally. After that she held no communication with Mira for a month. She sent back all her letters, and her maid answered the telephone and refused her to Mira about once a day. Catherine used to lie on her couch, she said, gripping its sides with both hands to keep from rising and taking the receiver herself and replying. But finally she fought herself to a point where she could think of Mira quietly, and with no desire to see her. If her mother had been willing to have her go away for awhile just then I think she could have got free enough to hold firm, for Mira's spell is a personal one to a great degree, weaker the farther away she is. But for some reason it was not convenient, and Catherine's mother would not let her go. Fascination and the power of personality were as ridiculous to the mother as a belief in ghosts. If Catherine's loyalty had permitted her to tell her mother some of the things Mira had said to her Mira would never have been allowed in the house again, I know. Unfortunately, those were just what Catherine would not tell.

The end of it was that Mira slipped into the house unchallenged one day, gained Catherine's sitting-room, and fled across the room into her arms.

"Oh, comfort me, comfort me!" she sobbed. "I've been so wicked and cruel to you that I can never be happy any more!"

Catherine, worn and blanched as she was with the struggle Mira had caused, sat up and closed both weak, protecting arms around Mira and—comforted her. The fetters were locked on again.

All this was a long time before Catherine met her lover. She was thirty when he came, and I was married. Mira was away. It was at my house they met—he was my cousin, Hugh Allan.

Catherine is not the kind that has many lovers. Even if she wanted them, she demands a very great deal, and stoops to none of the little alluringnesses men desire. Any lover of

Catherine's would have to go all the way alone without help from her. But Hugh was ready and glad to go every inch of the way. He loved her as soon as he saw her. He did not, or I think not, see all the high, brave soul of her, under the sweetness and straightforwardness that were her most visible charm. But what man ever does love a woman for the things in her that are most loveworthy? Hugh cared for her so entirely that whatever she did or was or said was perfect because she did it, and would have been—will be—to the end of time. He was a man any girl would have been glad to marry, aside from the worldly part of it, for his sheer sweetness and straightforward, unself-conscious strength and charm. Any girl, that is, not blinded and drowned in Mira's ruthless fascination.

Hugh laid siege to Catherine as steadily and swiftly as if he had been one of the knights she used to dream about. Soon it seemed that he had won. I was very, very glad, but a little frightened. It seemed too good to be true—too happy an ending for anyone as strong to bear suffering as Catherine. They were so youthfully, carelessly happy—I never remembered being as light-hearted as they were. It was the most beautiful thing to see them going about together, Catherine flushed and serious and girlish, and Hugh watching her in the unmistakable lover-fashion. It was so new to Catherine to be petted, and have her feelings considered and her wishes watched for, that she must have felt bewildered. She bought pretty, fluffy clothes and did her hair to please Hugh, and for one little month she was a real, normal woman with a lover, and all the little vanities and foolishnesses and merriments that go to lover-time. She had been living so long on heights of strained emotion that this descent into the valleys must have been very wonderful to her. If any two people ever were brave and kind and merry, and absolutely fitted to make each other's happiness for a lifetime, those two were.

We met them one night in the lobby of a theater, after a

musical comedy, talking nonsense to each other like a couple of children.

"She looks like a Christmas-card angel, doesn't she?" Hugh said fondly, looking down at her mischievously. I looked too, and smiled. She did indeed, tall and straight, and pink-cheeked with excitement, with her pretty yellow hair all curled, and her blue eyes laughing and childlike above the swansdown of her long white cape.

"I'm not an angel at *all!*" she protested, laughing and glancing up at him challenge-fashion. He bent and whispered something that made her flush and drop her eyes.

It was all such a poignant contrast to my first memory of Catherine, smiling and enduring behind Mira's chair in that little room full of tense emotion, that something came over me—a wave of second-sight, I've thought since.

"Oh, Hugh dear!" I said, "I do wish you'd marry her soon —tonight—this week! Marry each other quick, before anything happens to stop either of you from being happy!"

"It would be an adventure, at least!" laughed Hugh. "What do you say, Kitty—shall we take her and Ralph for witnesses, and go off and do as she says?"

He loved her as much as a man can, but I don't think he knew what he had achieved in winning her through the crystallized distaste for men that Mira had taught her. He was just as sure of her, naturally, as he was of sunrise.

"Oh, no, no!" said Catherine gaily. "What would happen to our lovely wedding and all the blue bridesmaids? We have all the rest of our lives to stay happy in."

"If Mira lets you," I said involuntarily.

The girl-look faded for a moment, and the old expression of devoted endurance crossed her face, followed by her little old Mira-laugh—not the childish mirth of girls with lovers.

"You always think Mira is so dreadful," she said. "She'll like Hugh almost as much as I do."

But it was only three days afterwards that Mira came back

and the thing I had feared happened. I never knew much more than the brutal fact that Catherine broke off short with Hugh. Mira needed her to sit behind her chair, with the old look of pleasant, patient watchfulness on her face, I suppose. At any rate, there were two evenings alone with Mira—and Catherine was back under the spell. Cocaine or opium would have been as easy a thing to fight.

It was a long while since I had been near Mira, but I went straight to her then.

"How could you *dare* do what you did to Catherine? Do you know that you've spoiled her life and maybe Hugh's?" I cried out as she ran into the room, childish and vibrant and seductive as ever.

"Dare?" laughed Mira, lighting on a corner of the table like a butterfly. She always seemed poised for the moment, rather than seated like other people. "Don't be melodramatic, you foolish child! I haven't done anything to Catherine—the thing's ridiculous. Catherine doesn't really care for the man at all. She doesn't like men any more than I do. She was just amusing herself with him, I suppose. He's ridiculous, too—forgive me, dearest! And Catherine's a free agent—you know that perfectly well. You always talk as if I had her in my power, like a melodrama!"

It does seem impossible and melodramatic, one woman's complete power over another by sheer personal influence, and Mira knew it and acted on it in all her dealings with her satellites. She laughed at me, and then grew angry, and denied and mocked and laughed again—went through her series of moods artistically, and enjoyed herself very much. She knew there was nothing I could do, and I knew it, too.

Hugh fought hard, of course, but what could any man do against Mira's powers of darkness? Mira had mocked a little and appealed a little and cajoled a little—and the thing was done. Moreover, Catherine denied in all sincerity that Mira had any connection with what she had done. She was

mistaken, she said—it was not right for her to marry—there were other things to do in the world—that was all. It would have been the same, she said and believed, if Mira had never existed.

Hugh went away, at last, out of the country. He made me promise before he went that I would send him word if ever Catherine expressed the least desire to see him. He is away still. I wish it hadn't been Hugh, of all people. Most men would not have kept on caring.

Catherine sat behind Mira's chair for two years more, smiling and comforting the girls when Mira hurt them too much. Then suddenly the natural, inevitable thing—the thing that none of us had ever thought of—happened. Catherine called me hurriedly over the telephone one morning.

"Mira's going to be married," she said breathlessly without preface. *"Married.* And . . . She always said marriage was dreadful and degrading . . . I thought she didn't like men . . . Isn't it—queer?"

Mira had taken Catherine from her lover. She had taken her from most of her friends. She had taken her youth, and deadened her capacity for the enjoyment of normal people and normal things. She had even taken her away from her God—that kind, concrete God, half Keats, half clergyman, whom Catherine used to go to for comfort when Mira hurt her first. She had put herself, Queen Mira, instead of all these. And now she was taking herself away.

Catherine's voice was steady, and she told the story almost brightly. Oh, she had learned stoicism well! "Isn't it—queer?" That was all.

"But she doesn't love him at all," she went on. I could see that there was a happiness to her in that last, forlorn comfort. "She is only marrying him because he is rich and can put her on the stage—you know Mira will make a wonderful actress. He is mad about her—you should see him!"

She was always so proud when anyone was mad about Mira.

There isn't very much more to it. Catherine was maid of honor at the wedding. It was a very beautiful wedding, and the man was undoubtedly mad about Mira, and she, in spite of her assurances to Catherine, was undoubtedly mad about him for the time. When they went away there was on his face, it seemed to me, Catherine's very set, bright smile, the mark Mira lays on her chief worshipper.

Nobody wanted Catherine any more, but it was too late for her to swing to normal again. The last breath of her girlhood had died when she gave up Hugh. She is—what is it they say of steel that has been permanently warped by electricity? "Depolarised" is the word, I think. Anyway, it describes what has happened to Catherine. There is the same set brightness about her that there was in Mira's day. She devotes a great deal of time to her mother, who likes waiting on. For interests, she amuses herself with little passing adorations of first one woman and then another. She laughs at anything you say about loving men or children. But then she laughs a little at everything. So did Hugo's Gwynplaine, you remember.

I don't mind what women do to *men*. It's a fair game, as old as Eve, and the balance has always been on men's side. But to take a great white soul like Catherine's and set it to playing pitiful little games in the dust with little souls not worth tuppence——

If it was Catherine's mind she'd hurt—but that's a clear, strong, straightforward thing, as it always was, and I've always understood that in any life hereafter your mind doesn't count much. It was the straight-standing, sweet soul of her, that might have been so great, that is crippled.

She has one pitiful comfort left, I know. I don't often see her now, but one afternoon we met by accident, and fell to talking what Catherine calls "insanities" in the old way. The talk swung round to reincarnation, and she said breathlessly and strongly, "Oh, but it's so—it must be so!"

I smiled.

"One likes to play with the idea," I said, "but, dear, you don't mean that you really hold to the belief, as your mother does to predestination?"

"I have to," she said. Then she caught herself up, and laughed a little in the old way, to make her words seem light. "Mira and I have an appointment under the walls of Babylon in a thousand years, you know—just we two!"

She laughed again, but I didn't dare to. I was afraid I would cry.

Farmhands

By Mabel Dodge

THE first thing that Jerry was conscious of in the raw early morning was the wind howling past the house. It had howled so for a week past—day and night—day and night. It had hustled him up the long road to the house, late the night before on his way from the saloon. He shuddered at the sound and turned to the cement wall without opening his eyes. He had stumbled into the cellar in the dark, and fumbled his way to the old sofa in the washroom. He never trusted himself to climb all the stairs to the third story when he came home drunk in the night.

His clothes were gathered into hard lumps on his body and pressed against his shaking nervous flesh.

He wished he need not open his eyes and see all around him the terrible same things.

He had been ten years on the farm—ten years—winter and summer.

For ten years he had opened his eyes every day on the same things; the white farmhouse turning grey from the smoke of the passing trains below at the river edge, the barnyard with its cowhouse, the stalls for the horses, the pig pen, the chicken houses . . . always the same—always backed by the ruin of the great cement haybarn, gaunt and empty, with its walls roofless to the sky, since it had been burned out fifty years ago.

Each year, though, it had seeemd to Jerry to be different, each winter more dreary, each summer more heavy to carry. And this made him go oftener to the village for drink to change his view of it. Oftener and oftener he had to get the

drink now, to change his view of the Farm—to make him forget the plots.

Everyone, he thought, was plotting. He did what he could, and he never bothered anyone. Why couldn't they, then, leave him alone? Last night when he had come in, he had stumbled against a cardboard box in the passage in front of the door, and as he fell he had heard the bottles in it crash together and break. Who had put it there to catch his stumbling feet and throw him? He wouldn't have done a mean trick like that to nobody. . . .

The wind came around the corner with a roar and he felt it reach his disgusted body—chilling him.

With a terrible sinking in his spirit he opened his eyes and faced the Farm, and with the remnant of his sickened courage he got off the sofa and went out into the early chill morning.

Already the animals were moving—claiming him—calling him. They always claimed him—the animals—morning and night. Morning and night he felt their heavy call on him——their incessant, cold clamor.

Long successions of animals had passed and gone, over the last ten years. They were always the same. All cows were the same—all pigs—all fowls. They never let him be. He hated their heavy, cold, impatient eyes, and he felt sick as he answered their look. Their eyes were distant and cold and yet urgent upon him. He was indispensable to the animals, and yet he was nothing to them, nor they to him. So soon as he portioned out their food to them they turned their gaze away, and he was forgotten by them. He hated them still more when he was utterly forgotten by them.

He moved over the uneven cobble-stones of the barnyard and passed into the hollow, roofless haybarn. It was more aloof than the village church in its empty bareness. It would never have a roof on it again. It stood there so empty. It made Jerry know his own empty feeling. He felt the wind race around in it and shake his clothes on him. He felt the

wind was at him.

He went out again and stood chewing on a wisp of hay as he looked over the fields in front of the farmhouse.

He felt his old dizziness come over him as he looked out over the plowed-up land. Plowed for corn—plowed for potatoes—plowed for vegetables—days of plowing more acres than had ever been plowed up in all the ten years he had been on the place. Why?

"I can't never cover it all," he mumbled. "I just can't get over that land." He felt weak and faint as he looked. Then the thought came to him that it had been done to him on purpose. It was just their meanness. He knew, now, what McCarty had meant when he had told him about plowing up more land.

McCarty came over from his own place and ran the Farm for the Boss. He came over often. He gave the orders. Then he went away.

When he had told Jerry to plow up that land he had come straight from a talk with the Boss.

"She says," said McCarty, jerking his thumb in the direction of the farmhouse, "we got to get out'a this land all there is in it, and from the look of her she means to get *more* out of it than there is in it," and he spat on the ground between his high boots.

He seemed to transfer to Jerry some of the hard, unrelenting purpose of the Boss. Jerry had felt her drive ever since she had come on to the place two years back, when she rented it from the Carsons. She had worked him harder than they had—she had driven him at a faster pace through his rounds on the farm. He had felt her hand heavy on him through the repeated visits from McCarty, who brought him her orders, and saw them carried out. He had seldom seen her in the barnyard—most often he saw her as she rode down the road in her motor. He had rarely had any talk with her, but always he felt her eyes on him through the windows of

the farmhouse. He felt her driving him faster on his everlasting circle. And this plowing for more corn—more potatoes—it was just meant to get more out of him, too, than there was in him.

He wondered why he was marked out for all this, and why everyone plotted against him.

While Jerry wondered, his eyes fell on the new brooder standing near the barn. He saw that its cover lay half on the ground—one end wrenched off its hinge.

He went up to it and stood looking. Someone had done that on purpose.

He had left the cover of the brooder open and someone had turned it back and half wrenched it off to show him he had forgotten to close it.

He felt again a wave of sickness and dizziness and a sinking hatred of everything.

He picked up the new water feeder of the ducklings, and hurled it with the slam of the weak man, against the cement barn.

McCarty suddenly appeared in the doorway.

"Here you blamed ass! What's that you're doing? What's wrong with you? Drink again, hey? You want to lose your job, I guess. You want to look out. *She's* getting sick of your drinking. Now look at that brooder cover! Did you leave it open for the wind to wrench it off?"

The wind. All right, then—the wind was against him like everything else was.

He seemed to have lost his identity and his sense of being human. He was worked like the land was worked, for more than was in him . . . and the wind worked wrong to him as it worked wrong to the young saplings.

If he made a move to get out of this deep, dreary fatality of nature, he would lose his job.

His "job."

What was his job? Was it something good for anything

that he should be threatened with losing it?

What if he did lose it?

His slow eyes moved across the plowed fields to the village.

The village meant the saloon for him.

Without his job he couldn't go to the saloon. Without the saloon he couldn't keep his job, for he couldn't go on seeing things as they were and do his work, yet if he drank to forget how things were he would lose the job.

He saw no way out of this. He knew he couldn't work without drinking or drink without working.

McCarty went on talking. "Now what I want to know is what's the meaning of that pile of manure being out there by the chicken roost with that old dead cat under it? The dog just unearthed it. What kind of work is it for you to be leaving that kind of thing around the barnyard? Haven't you any *pride* in your work? Don't you *care*—man?"

Jerry didn't answer him, but he dragged himself over to where the cat lay in the manure half protruding its ugliness, and he took it up on a shovel and carried it out to the field and buried it in the field.

The field was the new plowed field where the corn was to go. Then Jerry went to the kitchen for his breakfast.

He avoided the eye of the cook, for he suspected her of leaving empty bottles in the passage for him to trip over. It made him feel ashamed for her that she had done this.

He drank some coffee and ate a hunk of bread and his thoughts wandered over the fields to the village—the saloon.

What if he did let go and lose the "job"? What lay beyond? The world. What was the world? More barnyards full of cold watching animals? More plots? More heaps of forgotten refuse covering over dead cats? And the wind? And fields to plow? Or if not this, then thirst again—thirst—and hunger?

In the front part of the house the Boss was reading the morning paper.

There seemed to be a deep strong glowing in her. A strong energy was filling her.

She read out loud to the others in the room the phrases that moved her:

"For it shall come to be our privilege as well as our duty to arrogate to ourselves at this crisis in the struggle for democracy, the task of feeding the world."

The Thinker

By Sherwood Anderson

THE house in which Seth Richmond of Winesburg, Ohio, lived with his mother had been at one time the show place of the town, but when young Seth lived there its glory had become somewhat dimmed. The huge brick house Banker White had built on Buckeye Street had overshadowed it. The Richmond place was in a little valley far out at the end of Main Street. Farmers coming into town by a dusty road from the south passed by a grove of walnut trees, skirted the fair ground with its high board fence covered with advertisements, and trotted their horses down through the valley past the Richmond place into town. As all of the country north and south of Winesburg was devoted to fruit and berry raising, Seth saw wagonloads of berry pickers, boys, girls and women, going to the fields in the morning and returning covered with dust in the evening. The chattering crowd and the rude jokes cried out from wagon to wagon sometimes irritated him sharply. He regretted that he also could not laugh boisterously, shout meaningless jokes and make of himself a figure in the endless stream of moving giggling activity that went up and down the road.

The Richmond house was built of limestone and, although it was said in the village to have become run down, had in reality grown more beautiful with every passing year. Already time had begun a little to color the stone, lending a golden richness to its surface and in the evening or on dark days touching the shaded places beneath the eaves with wavering patches of browns and blacks.

The house had been built by Seth's grandfather, a stone quarryman, and it together with the stone-quarries on Lake Erie, eighteen miles to the north, had been left to his son Clarence Richmond, Seth's father. Clarence Richmond, a quiet passionate man extraordinarily admired by his neighbors, had been killed in a street fight with the editor of a newspaper in Toledo, Ohio. The fight concerned the publication of Clarence Richmond's name coupled with that of a woman school teacher, and as the dead man had begun the row by firing upon the editor the effort to punish the slayer was unsuccessful. After the quarryman's death it was discovered that much of the money left to him had been squandered in speculation and in insecure investments made through the influence of friends.

Left with but a small income, Virginia Richmond had settled down to a retired life in the village and to the raising of her son. Although she had been deeply moved by the death of her husband she did not at all believe the stories concerning him that ran about after his death. In her mind the sensitive boyish man whom all had instinctively loved was but an unfortunate, a being too fine for every-day life. "You'll be hearing all sorts of stories but you are not to believe what you hear," she said to her son. "He was a good man, full of tenderness for everyone and should not have tried to become a man of affairs. No matter how much I were to plan and dream of your future I could not imagine anything better for you than that you turn out as good a man as your father."

Several years after the death of her husband Virginia Richmond had become alarmed at the growing demands upon her income and had set herself to the task of increasing it. She learned stenography and through the influence of her husband's friends got the position of court stenographer at the county seat. There she went by train each morning during the sessions of the court and when no court sat spent her days

working among the rosebushes in her garden. She was a tall straight figure of a woman with a plain face and a great mass of brown hair.

In the relationship between Seth Richmond and his mother there was a quality that, even at eighteen, had begun to color all of his traffic with men. An almost unhealthy respect for the boy kept the mother silent in his presence. When she did speak sharply to him he had only to look steadily into her eyes to see dawning there the puzzled look he had noticed in the eyes of others.

The truth was that the son thought with remarkable clearness and the mother did not. She expected from all people certain conventional reactions to life. A boy was your son, you scolded him and he trembled and looked at the floor. When you had scolded enough he wept and all was forgiven. After the weeping and when he had gone to bed you crept into his room and kissed him.

Virginia Richmond could not understand why her son did not do these things. After the severest reprimand he did not tremble and look at the floor but instead looked steadily at her, causing uneasy doubts to invade her mind. As for creeping into his room and bestowing a kiss—after Seth had passed his fifteenth year she would have been half afraid to do anything of the kind.

Once when he was a boy of sixteen Seth, in company with two other boys, ran away from home. The three boys climbed into the open door of an empty freight car and rode some forty miles to a town where a fair was being held. One of the boys had a bottle filled with a combination of whiskey and blackberry wine and the three sat with legs dangling out of the car door drinking from the bottle. Seth's two companions sang and waved their hands to idlers about the stations of the towns through which the train passed. They planned raids on the baskets of farmers who had come with their families to the fair. "We will live like kings and won't have to spend a

penny to see the fair and horse races," they declared boastfully.

After the disappearance of Seth, Virginia Richmond walked up and down the floor of her room filled with vague alarms. Although on the next day she discovered, through an inquiry made by the town marshal, on what adventure the boys had gone, she could not quiet herself. All through the night she lay awake hearing the clock tick and telling herself that Seth like his father would come to some sudden and violent end. So determined was she that the boy should this time feel the weight of her wrath that, although she would not allow the marshal to interfere with his adventure, she got out pencil and paper and wrote down a series of sharp stinging reproofs she intended to pour out upon him. The reproofs she committed to memory, going about the garden and saying them aloud like an actor memorizing his part.

And when at the end of the week Seth returned, a little weary and with coal soot in his ears and about his eyes, she again found herself unable to reprove him. Walking into the house he hung his cap on a nail by the kitchen door and stood looking at her. "I wanted to turn back within an hour after we had started," he explained. "I did not know what to do. I knew you would be bothered but I knew also that if I did not go on I would be ashamed of myself. I went through with the thing for my own good. It was uncomfortable, sleeping on wet straw, and two drunken negroes came in and slept with us. When I stole a lunch basket out of a farmer's wagon I could not help thinking of his children going all day without food. I was sick of the whole affair but I was determined to stick it out until the other boys were ready to come back."

"I am glad you did stick it out," replied the mother, half resentfully and kissing him upon the forehead, she pretended to busy herself with the work about the house.

On a summer evening Seth Richmond went to the New Willard House to visit his friend George Willard, reporter

on the Winesburg Eagle. It had rained during the afternoon but as he walked through Main Street the sky had partially cleared and a golden glow lit up the west. He went around a corner and turning in at the door of the hotel began to climb the stairway leading up to his friend's room. In the hotel office the proprietor and two traveling men were engaged in a discussion of politics.

On the stairway Seth stopped and listened to the voices of the men below. They were excited and talked rapidly. Tom Willard was berating the traveling men. "I am a democrat but your talk makes me sick," he said. "You don't understand McKinley. McKinley and Mark Hanna are friends. It is impossible perhaps for your mind to grasp that. If anyone tells you that a friendship can be deeper and bigger and more worth while than dollars and cents or even more worth while than state politics you snicker and laugh."

The landlord was interrupted by one of his guests, a tall grey-moustached man who worked for a wholesale grocery house. "Do you think that I have lived in Cleveland all these years without knowing Mark Hanna?" he demanded. "Your talk is piffle. Hanna is after money and nothing else. This McKinley is his tool. He has McKinley bluffed and don't you forget it."

The young man on the stairs did not linger to hear the rest of the discussion but went on up the stairway and into a little dark hall. Something in the voices of the men who talked in the hotel office started a chain of thoughts in his mind. He was lonely and had begun to think that loneliness was a part of his character, something that would always stay with him. Stepping into a side hall he stood by a window that looked into an alleyway.

At the back of his shop stood Abner Groff the town baker. His tiny bloodshot eyes looked up and down the alleyway. In his shop someone called the baker, who pretended not to hear. The baker had an empty milk bottle in his hand and

an angry sullen look in his eyes.

In Winesburg, Ohio, Seth Richmond was called the "deep one." "He is not like his father," men said as he went through the streets, "but like his father he'll break out some of these days. You wait and see."

The talk of the town and the respect with which men and boys instinctively greeted him, as all men greet silent people, had affected Seth Richmond's outlook on life and on himself. He, like most boys, was deeper than he was given credit for being but he was not what the men of the town and his mother thought him to be. No great underlying purpose lay back of his habitual silence and he had no definite plan for his life. When the boys with whom he associated were noisy and quarrelsome he stood quietly to one side. With calm eyes he watched the gesticulating lively figures of his companions. He wasn't particularly interested in what was going on and sometimes wondered if he would ever be particularly interested in anything. Now as he stood in the half-darkness by the window and watched the angry baker he wished that he himself might become thoroughly stirred by something, even by the fits of sullen anger for which Baker Groff was noted. "It would be better for me if I could become excited and wrangle about politics like windy old Tom Willard," he thought as he left the window and went again along the hallway to the room occupied by his friend George Willard.

George Willard was older than Seth Richmond, but in the rather odd friendship between the two it was he who was forever courting and the younger boy who was being courted. The paper on which George Willard worked had one policy. It strove to mention by name in each issue as many as possible of the inhabitants of the village. Like an excited dog George Willard ran here and there, noting on his pad of paper who had gone on business to the county seat or had returned from a visit to a neighboring village. All day he wrote little facts upon the pad. "A. P. Wringlet has received a shipment of

straw hats. Ed Byerbaum and Tom Marshall were in Cleveland Friday. Uncle Tom Sinnings is building a new barn on his place on the Valley Road."

The idea that George Willard would some day become a writer had given him a place of distinction in Winesburg and to Seth Richmond he talked continually of the matter. "It is the easiest of all lives to live," he declared, becoming excited and boastful. "Here and there you go and there is no one to boss you. Though you are in India or in the South Seas in a boat you have but to write and there you are. Wait till I get my name up and you shall see what fun I shall have."

In George Willard's room, which had a window looking down into the alleyway and one that looked across railroad tracks to Bill Carter's lunch room, facing the railroad station, Seth Richmond sat down in a chair and looked at the floor. George Willard, who had been sitting for an hour idly playing with a lead pencil, greeted him effusively. "I have been trying to write a love story," he explained and laughed nervously. Lighting a pipe he began walking up and down the room. "I know what I'm going to do. I am going to fall in love. I've been sitting here and thinking it over and I'm going to do it."

As though embarrassed by his declaration George Willard went to a window and turning his back on his friend leaned out. "I know who I'm going to fall in love with," he said sharply. "It's Helen White. She's the only girl in town with any 'get-up' to her."

Struck with a new idea George Willard turned and walked toward his visitor. "Look here," he said. "You know Helen White better than I do. I want you to tell her what I said. You just get to talking to her and say that I'm in love with her. See what she says to that. See how she takes it, and then you come and tell me."

Seth Richmond arose and went toward the door. The words of his comrade irritated him unbearably. "Well, goodbye," he said briefly.

George Willard was amazed. Running forward he stood in the darkness and tried to look into Seth's face. "What's the matter? What you going to do? You stay here and let's talk," he urged.

A wave of resentment, directed against his friend, the men of the town who were, he thought, perpetually talking of nothing, and most of all against his own habit of silence, made him half-desperate. "Ah, speak to her yourself," he burst forth and then going quickly through the door slammed it sharply in his friend's face. "I'm going to find Helen White and talk to her but not about him," he muttered.

Seth went down the stairway and out at the front door of the hotel muttering with wrath. Crossing a little dusty street and climbing a low iron railing he went to sit upon the grass in the railroad yard. George Willard he thought a profound fool and he wished that he had said so more vigorously. Although his acquaintanceship with Helen White, the banker's daughter, was outwardly but casual she was often the subject of his thoughts and he felt that she was something private and personal to himself. "The busy fool with his love stories," he muttered, staring back over his shoulder at George Willard's room. "Why does he never tire of his eternal talking?"

It was berry harvest time in Winesburg and upon the depot platform men and boys loaded the boxes of red fragrant berries into two express cars that stood upon the siding. A June moon was in the sky, although in the west a storm threatened, and no street lamps were lighted. In the dim light the figures of the men who stood on the express truck and pitched the boxes in at the doors of the cars were but dimly discernible. Upon an iron railing that protected the station lawn sat other men. Pipes were lighted. Village jokes went back and forth. Away in the distance a train whistled and the men who loaded the boxes into the cars worked with renewed activity.

Seth arose from his place on the grass and went silently past

the men perched upon the railing and into Main Street. He had come to a resolution. "I will get out of here," he told himself. "What good am I here? I'm going to some city and go to work. I shall tell mother about it tomorrow."

Seth Richmond went slowly along Main Street, past Whacker's Cigar Store and the Town Hall and into Buckeye Street. He was depressed by the thought that he was not a part of the life in his own town but the depression did not cut deeply as he did not think of himself as at fault. In the heavy shadows of a big tree before Dr. Welling's house he stopped and watched half-witted old Turk Smollet who was wheeling a wheel-barrow in the road. The old man, who had an absurdly boyish mind, had a dozen long boards on the wheel-barrow and as he hurried along the road he balanced the load with extreme nicety. "Easy there, Turk! Steady now, old boy!" he shouted to himself and laughed so that the load of boards rocked dangerously.

Seth knew Turk Smollet, the half-dangerous old wood chopper whose peculiarities added so much of color to the life of the village. He knew that when Turk got into Main Street he would become the center of a whirlwind of cries and comments, that in truth the old man was going far out of his way in order to pass through Main Street and exhibit his skill in wheeling the boards. "If George Willard were here he would have something to say," thought Seth. "George Willard belongs to this town. He would shout at Turk and Turk would shout at him. They would both be secretly pleased by what they had said. It is different with me. I don't belong. I'll not make a fuss about it but I'm going to get out of here."

Seth stumbled forward through the half-darkness feeling himself an outcast in his town. He began to pity himself but a sense of the absurdity of his thoughts made him smile. In the end he decided that he was simply old beyond his years and not at all a subject for self-pity. "I am made to go to

work. I may be able to make a place for myself by steady working and I might as well be at it," he decided.

Seth went to the house of Banker White and stood in the darkness by the front door. On the door hung a heavy brass knocker, an innovation introduced into the village by Helen White's mother, who had also organized a local woman's club for the study of poetry. Seth raised the knocker and let it fall. Its heavy clatter sounded like a report from distant guns. "How awkward and foolish I am," he thought. "If Mrs. White comes to the door I won't know what to say."

It was Helen White who came to the door and found Seth standing at the edge of the porch. Blushing with pleasure she stepped forward and closed the door softly. "I'm going to get out of town. I don't know what I'll do but I'm going to get out of here and go to work. I think I'll go to Columbus," he said. "Perhaps I'll get into the State University down there. Anyway I am going. I'll tell mother tonight." He hesitated and looked doubtfully about. "Perhaps you wouldn't mind coming to walk with me?"

Seth and Helen walked through the streets beneath the trees. Heavy clouds had drifted across the face of the moon and before them in the deep twilight went a man with a short ladder upon his shoulder. Hurrying forward the man stopped at the street crossing and putting the ladder against the wooden lamp post lighted the village lights so that their way was half-lighted, half-darkened by the lamps and by the deepening shadows cast by the low-branched trees. In the tops of the trees the wind began to play, disturbing the sleeping birds so that they flew about calling plaintively. In the lighted space before one of the lamps two bats wheeled and circled as they pursued the gathering swarm of night flies.

Since Seth had been a boy in knee trousers there had been a half-expressed intimacy between him and the maiden who now for the first time walked beside him. For a time she had

been beset with a madness for writing notes which she addressed to Seth. He had found them concealed in his books at school and one had been given him by a child met in the street while several had been delivered through the village post office.

The notes had been written in a round boyish hand and had reflected a mind inflamed by novel reading. Seth had not answered them although he had been moved and flattered by some of the sentences scrawled in pencil upon the stationery of the banker's wife. Putting them into the pocket of his coat he went through the street or stood by the fence in the schoolhouse yard with something burning at his side. He thought it fine that he should be thus selected as the favorite of the richest and most attractive girl in town.

Helen and Seth stopped by a fence near where a low dark building faced the street. The building had once been a factory for the making of barrel staves but was now vacant. Across the street upon the porch of a house a man and woman talked of their childhood, their voices coming clearly across to the half-embarrassed youth and maiden. There was the sound of scraping chairs and the man and woman came down a gravel path to a wooden gate. Standing outside the gate the man leaned over and kissed the woman. "For old times' sake," he said, and walked rapidly away along the sidewalk.

"That's Bell Turner," whispered Helen and put her hand boldly into Seth's hand. "I didn't know she had a fellow. I thought she was too old for that." Seth laughed uneasily. The hand of the girl was warm, and a strange dizzy feeling crept over him. Into his mind came a desire to tell her something he had been determined not to tell. "George Willard's in love with you," he said, and in spite of his agitation his voice was low and quiet. "He is writing a story and he wants to be in love. He wants to know how it feels. He wanted me to tell you and see what you said."

Again Helen and Seth walked in silence. They came to

the garden surrounding the old Richmond place and going through a gap in the hedge sat on a wooden bench beneath a bush.

On the street as he walked beside the girl new and daring thoughts had come into Seth Richmond's mind. He began to regret his decision to get out of town. "It would be something new and altogether delightful to remain and walk often through the streets with Helen White," he thought. In imagination he saw himself putting his arm about her waist and feeling her arm clasped tightly about his neck. One of those odd combinations of events and places made him connect the idea of love-making with this girl and a spot he had visited some days before. He had gone on an errand to the house of a farmer who lived on a hillside beyond the fair ground and had returned by a path through a field. At the foot of the hill below the farmer's house Seth had stopped beneath a sycamore tree and looked about him. A soft humming noise had greeted his ears. For a moment he had thought the trees must be the home of a swarm of bees.

And then looking down Seth had seen the bees everywhere all about him in the long grass. He stood in a mass of weeds that grew waist-high in the field that ran away from the hillside. The weeds were abloom with tiny purple blossoms and gave forth an overpowering fragrance. Upon the weeds the bees were gathered in armies, singing as they worked.

Seth imagined himself lying on a summer evening buried deep among the weeds beneath the tree. Beside him lay Helen White, her hand lying in his hand. A peculiar reluctance kept him from kissing her lips but he felt he might have done that if he wished. Instead he lay perfectly still looking at her and listening to the army of bees that sang the sustained masterful song of labor above his head.

On the bench in the garden Seth stirred uneasily. Releasing the hand of the girl he thrust his hands into his trousers pockets. A desire to impress the mind of his companion with

the importance of the resolution he had made came over him and he nodded his head toward the house. "Mother will make a fuss, I suppose," he whispered. "She hasn't thought at all about what I'm going to do in life. She thinks that I'm going to stay on here forever just being a boy."

Seth's voice became charged with boyish earnestness. "You see I've got to strike out. I've got to get to work. It's what I'm good for."

Helen White was impressed. She nodded her head and a feeling of admiration swept over her. "This is as it should be," she thought. "This boy is not a boy at all but a strong purposeful man." Certain vague desires that had been invading her body were swept away and she sat up very straight on the bench. The thunder continued to rumble and flashes of heat lightning lit up the eastern sky. The garden that had been so mysterious and vast, a place that with Seth beside her might have become the background for strange and wonderful adventures, now seemed no more than an ordinary Winesburg back yard quite definite and limited in its outlines.

"What will you do up there?" she whispered.

Seth turned half around on the bench and tried to see her face in the darkness. He thought her infinitely more sensible and straightforward than George Willard and was glad he had come away from his friend. A feeling of impatience with the town that has been in his mind returned and he tried to tell her of it. "Everyone talks and talks," he began. "I'm sick of it. I'll do something, get into some kind of work where talk doesn't count. Maybe I'll just be a mechanic in a shop. I don't know. I guess I don't much care. I just want to work and keep quiet. That's all I've got in mind."

Seth arose from the bench and put out his hand. He did not want to bring the meeting to an end but could not think of anything more to say. "This is the last time we'll see each other," he whispered.

A wave of sentiment swept over the girl. Putting her hand

upon Seth's shoulder she started to draw his face down to her own upturned face. The act was one of pure affection and cutting regret that some vague adventure that had been present in the spirit of the night would now never be realized. "I think I had better go along," she said, letting her hand fall heavily to her side. A thought came to her. "Don't go with me, I want to be alone," she said. "You go and talk with your mother. You'd better do that now."

Seth hesitated and as he stood waiting the girl turned and ran away through the hedge. A desire to run after her came to him but he only stood staring perplexed and puzzled by her action as he had been perplexed and puzzled by all of the life of the town out of which she had come. Walking slowly toward the house he stopped in the shadow of a large tree and looked at his mother sitting by a lighted window busily sewing. The feeling of loneliness that had visited him earlier in the evening returned and colored his thoughts of the adventure through which he had just passed. "Huh!" he exclaimed as he turned and started in the direction taken by Helen White. "That's how things will turn out. She'll be like the rest. I suppose now she will begin to look at me in a funny way." He looked at the ground and tried to think his way through this new difficulty. "She'll be afraid," he whispered to himself. "That's how it will be. That's how everything will turn out. When it comes to loving someone it won't be me. It will be someone else—some fool—someone who talks a lot—someone like that George Willard."

Echoes of Childhood

A Folk-Medley

By Alice Corbin

Uncle Jim

Old Uncle Jim was as blind as a mole
But he could fiddle Virginia Reels
Till you felt the sap run out of your heels,
Till you knew the devil had got your soul—

Down the middle and swing yo' partners,
Up ag'in and salute her low,
Shake yo' foot an' keep a-goin',
Down the middle an' do-se-do!

Mind yo' manners an' doan git keerless,
Swing yo' lady and bow full low,
S'lute yo' partner an' turn yo' neighbor,
Gran'-right-an'-left, and aroun' you go!

Delphy

Delphy's breast was wide and deep,
A shelf to lay a child asleep,
Swing low, sweet chariot, swing low,
Rocking like a lifted boat
On lazy tropic seas afloat,
Swing low, sweet chariot, swing low.

Delphy, when my mother died,
Taught me wisdom, curbed my pride,
    Swing low, sweet chariot, swing low,
And when she laid her body down,
It shone, a jewel, in His crown,
    Swing low, sweet chariot, swing low.

(Underneath the southern moon
I was cradled to the tune
Of the banjo and the fiddle
And the plaintive negro croon.)

Cross-Eyed Peter's Valentine

Liza Jane, O Liza Jane,
O my pore heart, Mis' Liza Jane,
Ef it hadn't a been fur Liza Jane,
O my pore heart wouldn't had this pain!

Mandy's Religion

I'se got religion an' I doan care
Who knows that God an' I are square,
I wuz carryin' home my mistis' wash
When God came an' spoke to me out'n de hush.

An' I th'ew de wash up inter de air,
An' I climbed a tree to the golden stair.
Ef it hadn't a been fur Mistah Wright
I'd had ter stayed there all the night!

(Underneath the southern moon
I was cradled to the tune

Of the banjo and the fiddle
And the plaintive negro croon.)

Betsy's Boy

Betsy's boy could shuffle and clog,
Though you couldn't get him to saw a log,
Laziest boy about the place
Till he started to dance—and you saw his face.
It was all lit up like a mask of bronze
Set in a niche between temple gongs—
For he would dance and never stop
Till he fell on the floor like a spun-out top.
His feet hung loose from his supple waist,
He danced without stopping, he danced without haste.
Like Shiva, the Hindu, his feet were bound
In the rhythm of stars and of streams underground:

Banjo playin' and the sanded floor,
Fiddle cryin', always callin' more,
Can't help dancin' though de preacher says
Can't git to heaven doin' no sich ways,
Can't help dancin' though de devil stan's
With a pitch-fork waitin' in his brimstone han's,
Got—ter—keep—dancin',—can't stop—now,
Got—ter—keep—dancin'—, I—doan—know—how!

Banjo playin', and the sanded floor,
Fiddle cryin', always callin' more,
People's faces lookin' scared an' white,
Hands a clappin' an' eyes starin' bright,
Can't help dancin' though de candle's dyin',
Can't help dancin' while de fiddle's cryin',
Got—ter—keep—dancin', can't stop—now,
Got—ter—keep—dancin',—I—doan—know—how!

Alice Corbin

The Old Negro Alone

Who dat droppin' froo de crumblin' roof?—
Mah soul am ole, I don' sinned mah sin;
I'se waitin' fo' de Lawd to let me in:
Doan you dah show no debbil's hoof
Drappin' on down froo de hole in de roof!

Who dat croakin' on de winder-sill?
I'll tek dis poker in mah han'
An' mek you join de joyles' ban'
Ob dem dat's crossed de holy will
Ef yo' doan stop croakin' on de winder-sill!

O Lawd, hab mussy! Mah soul am ole,
I'se heahed de cock crowin' an de bayin' houn';
H'it's still an' da'k in de undergroun',
I doan wan' ter lie in de rain an' de cole:
Lawd, hab mussy, an' save mah soul!

Two Poems

By Jean de Bosschère

(Translated by Ezra Pound)

Electrician

NERVOUS system, woven into the flesh of houses. Sensible epidermis of dwelling. House lives in all its corners, wires climb into its angles. If you poke the wall it shrieks, shakes, yells: elevated hysteria.

Electrician elongator of will. Elongates it with wire. In cellar and garret at once. Both in garden and porte-cochère. Prospero had no swifter Ariel. Wing'd servant squirms through small wire.

Chair-Maker

Chair-maker = democratizer of thrones.
chairs = thrones for all.
king = throne.
chairs = thrones, all men on thrones.

EH, the bear sits sagaciously on his rump, on the thick moss, *still* he has never concocted a chair. Lack of invention! Leech, pig, both eat. So does mankind, BUT it has had the decency to make chairs, and since then it eats with distinction, it consumes its food with éclat, it is lifted above all the beasts.

The maker of chairs and tables has unglued us, he has unstuck us from the crust of the earth. It is, as he says, unfitting that we should eat on a surface beneath which the worms await us. No! the table lifts the food half way to our faces. The table is the entresol of the earth . . . and heaven the garret. How admirable is that artificer, the maker of chairs and tables, who has lifted us above all the beasts.

Greece has done no more for sublimity.

The Wanderer

By Maxwell Bodenheim

THE WANDERER
GRIEF-MAIDEN
JOY-MAIDEN
THREE OLD MEN

The fronts of two village shops, with large gaudy awnings. The awnings make a canopy over the flat grey walk before the shops and throw cool shade over the scene. The shops have narrow dim white windows, and tall black entrances barely wide enough for passage. The front wall of the shops is a cool brown. Three old, silver-bearded men, smoking long black pipes, sit on low black stools in front of the shops. There is silence. The Wanderer appears, slowly walking from the right—a tall man in a long crimson cloak, black boots and a large soft dark blue cap. He stops a pace away from the nearest old man.

THE WANDERER

You sit, like happy priests burning, in their gentle prayer-pipes, thoughts that are too fluttering for words.

FIRST OLD MAN

Fluttering?—ah, no, they fluttered when we were young, and then we smoked huge silver pipes—the gifts of our slowly laughing hearts.

SECOND OLD MAN

(*In the manner of one groping for recollection.*) The huge silver pipes had little silver cherubs whose smiles were like warm, white wine—little silver cherubs each making a different gesture.

THIRD OLD MAN (*eagerly*)

Yes, the cherubs were symbols of our loves, and the little silver gestures held prisoned the whole of each love.

FIRST OLD MAN

Each silver cherub meant the death of a love—they were on our pipes to be touched by smoke-strands of remembrance.

WANDERER

I thought I saw old silver-beards—but you are children.

FIRST OLD MAN

Old men are children who see themselves for the first time, and spend the rest of their lives whispering to their unveiled hearts.

WANDERER

No, old men become finally mad and see a glimpse of the childhood they might have had.

THIRD OLD MAN (*after a pause*)

You are like a statue that has gone parading and stolen robes along the way. Did some mist maiden plunging over the faded blue carpet of the sky, wrench you from your pedestal by dropping feathery mist-kisses down upon you?

WANDERER

The cold breath of two maidens has made stone of my skin. They are Grief and Joy-Maidens and their hearts are red and white goblets filled with little forgotten words. My Grief and Joy-Maidens follow me always—come to me standing straight on the pale swinging feet of morning, or springing from the quivering caverns between the long curls of night's air, or walking, like slow memories, through the limpid sleep of noon. Whenever I stop to rest, my Grief and Joy-Maidens dance before me, for my heart.

FIRST OLD MAN

Give them your heart—they will dance with it, like

mothers dressed for a festival, and throwing their naked babes up and down, in soft glee.

WANDERER

I cannot give them both my heart. Each wants it for herself and strikes the other to whom I give it. That is why I take it back again, and walk on. And the jest of it is that my heart is only a worn pale red cap flung aside by some drunken emotion. I tell that to my Grief and Joy-Maidens, but they say that their fingers would change it.

SECOND OLD MAN

Why not give it to one of your maidens, and see?

WANDERER

Sometimes I do, but the other maiden tries to snatch it away, and I stand softly dizzy, watching them fight each other. I do not like this because then they seem weeping children, so I take it away from them, and go on.

SECOND OLD MAN

In the end they will tear your heart apart and each go waltzing off with a piece of it.

WANDERER

And I, with an empty breast, will use the rest of my life, wildly running after them? Perhaps.

THIRD OLD MAN

Then when you are old, they will limp back to you, gently offering you the pieces, and will sit down and look at them.

WANDERER

Perhaps by that time I shall have made a make-believe heart, and I will not know them when they come.

(*The Grief and Joy-Maidens dance suddenly upon the scene, from the right. They are both slender, and pale brown with long black hair hanging loose. The Grief-Maiden wears a simple one-piece robe which falls a little below her knees. It is dark purple and has a huge pink lily embroi-*

dered over the breast. Its sleeves are long and trail over the ground. Long-stemmed, grey flowers hang from her ears, and a long-stemmed black flower drops from the hair just over her forehead and rests upon her face. Her feet and lower legs are bare.

The Joy-Maiden wears a simple one-piece robe of the same cut, but pale green with a pale red lily embroidered over the breast. Pale blue flowers hang from her ears and over her face. The maidens bow in unison to the Wanderer who stands surveying them.)

JOY-MAIDEN

You are wrong when you say your heart is a worn pale red cap flung aside by some softly mad emotion. I must tell you what your heart is. It is a great golden bird that lies dead. I would raise it again and follow it through the skies.

GRIEF-MAIDEN

I killed it but only to give it stronger life. It must follow me into an old dark palace where I will give it old wine, and make it sing.

THE WANDERER (*with a hopeless gesture*)

I would give it to you for it does not matter what it is since to you it would always be different. But I am afraid that neither of you is stronger than the other, and I should spend the rest of my life watching you struggle.

(*All three stand silently for a while. Then The Wanderer suddenly stretches out an arm.*)

THE WANDERER

Come to me and let me touch you.

(*The Joy-Maiden rushes forward first. The Wanderer gently stabs her with a thin black dagger and she falls limply. The Grief-Maiden rushes unheeding, over her body. The Wanderer stabs her and she falls. He turns at once to the old men.*)

THE WANDERER (*joyfully*)

They are dead, before me, like friends gone to sleep awhile. The simplest way always comes to you like a sudden, radiant child. I will buy pale, red stretchers from you old men, and you must take them slowly away.

(*The old men rise, enter their shops, and appear a moment later with the stretchers. They bear the maidens away. The Wanderer stoops, picks up a grey flower loosened from one of the maidens and stands looking down upon it. Then he fastens it to his dark blue cap, with a quick smile. He gathers his cloak about him and takes a step onward, but stops at the appearance of the three old men, striding in haste.*)

FIRST OLD MAN

As we carried them on they suddenly sprang up, like bewildered birds, and rushed away. And we eyed our stretchers with quaint relief.

(*There is a long pause during which The Wanderer stands motionless facing the old men. Finally he speaks.*)

THE WANDERER (*slowly*)

I knew I had not killed them. My dagger was only tipped with a little sleep.

(*There is a pause. He goes on.*)

No, why should I lie to you, old drooping-beards? I thought them dead and tasted happiness as though it were my first cup of wine. But I shall kill them some other time—perhaps.

(*He smiles, gathers his cloak about him, and strolls away. The old men stand, watching him.*)

Youngest Ireland

By Padraic Colum

I HAVE been asked, as an Irish writer and an Irish nationalist, to give you my view of Ireland—to state, in short, what Ireland stands for in relation to the humane civilization that every civilized country is ambitious to add something to. Well, here is my view—or rather, since one's view is varying, here is the approach to it.

Ireland is one of the European countries that have a real geographical importance. Look at the map and you will perceive it. She is the link between Europe and America and between the Scandinavian and the Iberian peninsulas. She has a grand coast-line and magnificent harbors. The recognition by one power of her geographical importance has gone to make Ireland a dependent—nay, an isolated, a hermit state. The consideration of it by a league of powers may go to make Ireland a free state. If such a league should agree to keep the Atlantic an open ocean where could the seat of their authority be better established than in Ireland? That island may yet be governed by an Atlantic Commission—a new Atlantis.

And in terms of her people's genius Ireland is important too. Here, in an accessible western island, is a youthful people—youthful in the only sense in which the word can be applied to a people—in the sense that they are still native to the soil and that their minds and their imaginations are yet fresh. Of course Ireland is industrialized to some extent and the drawing-rooms of Dublin are intellectually more sophisticated than the drawing-rooms of New York. But the bulk of the people, although they keep an old tradition and have

a religion that makes them European rather than British, have minds and imaginations that are yet untried.

Within the past twenty years this people has produced a new literature in English—drama, poetry and narrative, with the beginning of a critical literature. They have had an intellectual movement that gave remarkable and devoted leaders. Have they the possibility of making an effort toward a new social construction? Many outside observers think they have. Indeed, because there seems such a possibility many beyond her frontiers are today looking toward Ireland with friendly and hopeful eyes.

It seems to me that European and American civilization will become more and more apart. Central Europe, no matter what wedges are driven between Germany and Austria and between Germany and the East, exists, and will become more and more socialized—that because of dense population and bounded territory. England too will modify her individualism and become socialized for production. America, on the other hand, with her unoccupied territory and her boundless resources, can persist in her individualistic production. But may there not be a link between the two systems? The genius of the Irish people seems to incline them toward co-operation—toward the establishment of a Co-operative Commonwealth. And, as a Co-operative Commonwealth between socialistic and individualistic states and super-states, Ireland may have a distinctive and notable function to fulfil in the civilization of tomorrow.*

Thirty years ago Arthur James Balfour was Chief Secretary—shall I stay Satrap—of Ireland. Charles Stuart Parnell was tribune of the people. A smothered civil war ex-

* This point would have been developed, I think, in a work on which Francis Sheehy-Skeffington was engaged, "An Irish Commonwealth in Relation to an International Polity." The militarists who murdered him destroyed all Skeffington's papers—this particular work amongst them.

isted and every day casualties on one side or the other were spoken of. The conflict had to do with the land—whether the peasant should or should not have to pay to the landlord a big proportion of what the land earned. The peasants in fighting for better land tenure were actually attacking a whole social system which in Ireland was based on the ownership of land—they were attacking it by combinations that prevented a peasant from getting possession of a farm off which another tenant had been evicted; they were attacking it by terrorism—even by assassination.

This wide-spread, organized attack was remarkable. Peasant Ireland had been in the mood of a retreating army. Here and there there had been rallies; now and again a leader had appeared who was able to make a demonstration. But in their hearts the people felt that any stand they made was temporary. It was hardly worth while to build the house or dig the well; certainly it was not worth while to plant the flower-garden. There were the disorders, the betrayals, the demoralizations that might be in an army pressed, cowed and continuously falling back. The retreat was an actual as well as a moral one, for the ships sailing for America were crowded with emigrants.

It was the famine of 1846-47 that had made the retreat. For an agonizing year people had watched food fail and fevers flourish. The potatoes rotted. Ireland had grain and live stock but the people might not touch such supplies for they were impounded for rents—for the tribute, as one might call it, that was drawn from Ireland to England—the owners of Irish land being largely residents on the other side.

Famine, famine-diseases and the exodus to America that followed swept away half of Ireland's eight million population. Families that survived surrendered to the landowners their farms for the mere passage to America and walked to the fever-riddled hulks that were the emigrant ships of that day. And, in the hour of his calamity, nothing was forgiven

the Irish Celt. Those who had authority over him made vaunt of his disappearance. "The Celt is gone," wrote the London *Times*. "The Celt is gone with a vengeance. Soon the Celt will be as rare on the banks of the Shannon as the Red Indian on the banks of the Hudson." The Celts who read that great journal were made to feel it was a consummation devoutly to be wished.

The kindly intangible ties that knit people to their locality and their community were breaking. The peasant's door that before was never bolted was bolted now, for want made people dangerous. The gatherings for labor and amusement—the *meitheal* and the *celidh*—were left over. The tragic silence of the fields became noticeable. Before, wherever people labored there was song. Petrie, who made a great collection of Irish folk-music, noted the sudden silence of the fields and he lamented that he did not begin his collection until after the famine years. A great part of the national inheritance in song and music was now lost.

And, like a tree the bark of which has been stripped off, the Irish language began to wither to all but its death. Still, it must be said that this language spoken by five million people had received injury before. The Catholic middle class had committed treason against it, first when they allowed a Catholic seminary to be established that gave no recognition to the Irish language—and this for the training of the people's priests—and secondly, when O'Connell, an Irish speaker, addressed his audiences made up of hundreds of thousands of Irish-speakers in the English language exclusively. But after the famine the people turned from Irish as from the language of a God-forsaken race. A whole culture, rich, distinctive and original, perished. Poetry, romance and history that had long been handed down for oral recitation were lost: the old people who were naturally the custodians of such lore, were swept away. In the times that followed there were few who cared to preserve or glean.

Through the fifties, the sixties, the seventies, the mood of retreat persisted. The people submitted to "clearances" that swept them from farm and homestead. They produced no writer. The Banims, Gerald Griffin and Carleton—writers whose work had prophesied an Anglo-Irish literature—had appeared with the rise of O'Connell, but their activities did not go beyond the famine, and they left no successors. Nothing seemed stable—no stand was being made, and nothing was being created. Then, thirty years ago, a word was spoken that the people harkened to and in harkening showed that the retreat was being halted. It was Parnell's "Keep a firm grip on your homesteads."

Let me speak of a time fourteen or fifteen years afterwards. A man I know, elderly and retired from business, shows me some little books he has been studying. They are first lessons in the Irish language. A branch of the Gaelic League has been founded in this outlying Dublin suburb and my friend has joined it. I, too, become a member.

Classes are held two evenings in the week. I find myself with about thirty people, men and women, most of them in the twenties, but with several middle-aged and a few elderly persons. The saloon-keeper's wife who is on the committee is elderly. How eagerly she applies herself! She thinks that if she can spell her way through these first books she will touch on some shore of romance. The political extremist who is being kept off the Committee is middle-aged. He has spent his years battling with every political organization in the locality—a Fenian in the days of the constitutional movement and a Parnellite when anti-Parnellite influences were at their strongest. But most of the students are young men and women—assistants in shops, clerks, students, civil-servants. All are serious-minded. They have come together not merely to learn a grammar and a vocabulary but to propagate an idea. The idea to them is uplifting. Each one knows that he or she

thinks differently about the country from the person next in the shop or the office. This young man can never play tennis again—tennis is a West British, not a Gaelic game. And the girl who works in a bitterly anti-Irish and Freemason shop has pledged herself to create a little demand for goods of Irish manufacture—she has to set about doing it with the wisdom of the serpent and the innocence of the dove.

When the class is over there is dancing—dancing is looked upon as part recreation, part reconstruction. The dance is a Gaelic one and is taught seriously by a young man from the West.

How many of these students, ill-equipped by training for the learning of a language and with ill-equipped instructors, will make sufficient progress to be able some day to converse with that remote being, "a native speaker"? How many will make themselves able to read the Irish text of "The Love Songs of Connacht" or "Seadhna"? Perhaps one or two—perhaps not one. But whatever effort they make is not wasted.

We are members of the Gaelic League—members of a brotherhood—of a secret community. We address each other, Gaelic fashion, by Christian name. Our letters to each other begin "A Chara," "My Friend." Every event that the League inaugurates is exciting. There is the Oirechtas, a literary and musical festival that is being made an annual affair in Dublin. How exciting it is to watch the plays written in Irish by people who do not know the difference between narrative and dramatic writing and acted by peasants who have never been on a stage before! We try to understand the words spoken and are thrilled to learn that such a young man or such a young woman in the cast did not know any Irish a year ago. We listen to long folk-songs sung in the traditional Gaelic style and encore them. In the crowd of native speakers and learners we pick up and use words and sentences. The meeting is sacramental, one might say—here in Dublin (Bla'a'cliah as we must call it) the capital of foreign ascen-

dency—we receive some element from the idealized Gaelic Ireland.

"Whatever be thought of the literary and philological claims of the Irish language, it cannot be denied that the 'Language Movement' brings into prominence an aspect of Irish nationality of which a good many Irishmen have hitherto been content to ignore the existence. Dragged from obscurity in the hovels of the West, like a forgotten representative of some old dynasty restored by a sudden revolution, the ancient language of this country hears itself saluted as 'Our Own Tongue,' 'The *Irish* Language,' even in the presence of that rival who has supplanted it, and who is now so securely established as the language of the country that it can afford to wink at these pretensions and even to extend municipal hospitalities to Gaelic in the decayed but still haughty capital of the Ascendency. 'Irish' Language is indeed only a title of courtesy: the ancient language of the Celt is no longer the language of Irish nationality. And in fact it never was."

So wrote the aloof Anglo-Irish essayist, John Eglinton.* But to us the movement was a revival not merely of a language but of a mood—the proud and militant mood of a resurgent people. The sentences we spoke were occult—they were symbols of our race. We were Celts—not Anglo-Irish—we were of the breed of those "who shook all empires although they founded none," of those whose heroic type Cuchullain was more human than Seigfried, more noble than Achilles. This pride and this mood of militancy was carried from the class-room and the lecture-room into last year's barricades. Thomas MacDonagh spoke out of that mood in the lectures which he gave before taking up arms:

> The Gaelic revival has given to some of us a new arrogance. I am a Gael and I know no cause but of pride in that—*Gaedheal mé agus ní h-eol dom gur náir dom é.* My race has survived the wiles of the foreigner here. It has re-

* Preface to "Bards and Saints."

fused to yield even to defeat, and emerges strong today, full of hope and love, with new strength in its arms to work out its new destiny, with a new song on its lips and the word of the new language, which is the ancient language, still calling from age to age. The adorable delicacy, the shrinking sensibility, the paralysing diffidence which has its root in charity, the qualities which make for temporary defeat and yet, being of their nature joined with the unwavering conviction of truth and right, for ultimate victory—these live on. Now with them, in the same breasts with them, lives this too: its day is come. This arrogance is a sign of energy, of vitality, and so here is good.*

The same militancy, the same pride, is shown in the writings of other leaders whose inspiration came to them through the Gaelic Revival. It is in Plunkett's poem that begins—

> This heritage to the race of Kings—
> Their children and their children's seed
> Have wrought their prophecies in deed
> Of terrible and splendid things.†

It is in Pearse's bitter reaction to the acquiescence—the slavishness he would have called it—of unaroused Ireland—

> Keating (whom I take to be the greatest of Irish Nationalist poets) used a terrific phrase of the Ireland of his day: he called her "the harlot of England." Yet Keating's Ireland was the magnificent Ireland in which Rory O'Moore planned and Owen Roe battled. What would he say of this Ireland? His phrase if used today would no longer be a terrible metaphor, but would be a more terrible truth, a truth literal and exact. For is not Ireland's body given up to the pleasure of another, and is not Ireland's honor for sale in the market-place?‡

There was a growing interest in literary expression—in the expression, first of all, of ideas and opinions. In every branch of the Gaelic League there was someone who wanted to present a play or write a ballad that would be an appeal to pa-

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* "Literature in Ireland." These lectures were delivered to the students of the university established since the formation of the Gaelic League—the National University.

† Joseph Plunkett: Collected Poems.

‡ From a Hermitage (pamphlet). The Keating whom he refers to is better known as a historian than as a poet. He was a Gaelic writer of the seventeenth century.

triotism. Such eagerness for expression assured an alert audience to the writers that the country already had. And it so happened that Ireland was fortunate enough to have at the time three remarkable writers—W. B. Yeats, George Russell (A. E.) and Standish O'Grady. They had been remote from the Irish public. But now they began to make statements in the propagandist journals and their statements met with response. Students, clerks, mechanics began to read Yeats' "Wind Amongst the Reeds," A. E.'s "Homeward," Standish O'Grady's "History of Ireland, Critical and Philosophical." And they were made to feel that a new literary movement was present when such a propagandist journal as *The United Irishman* announced that W. B. Yeats was a greater poet and one more essentially Irish than Moore or Mangan or Davis.

It was a patriotic society searching for forms of propaganda that, in collaboration with Mr. Yeats created the Irish Theater. The vice-presidents of the new theater group were John O'Leary, who had been imprisoned and exiled for his political activities, and Miss Maude Gonne, whose visits to Dublin always woke up the secret police. An audience conscious of a resurgent nationality made the theater vital. I remember the initial production of the Irish National Theater Society—I was on the stage for I had been drafted into the company. The plays were by A. E. and W. B. Yeats—they were "Deirdre" and "Kathleen ni Holohan." Both authors addressed their audience in speeches that, as I remember them, were really lofty. Yeats praised them for their response to a line in A. E.'s play—"And there was another there, a boy named Cuchullain . . . there were some who said he was a god in exile." At the mention of the heroic name, Yeats told them, he felt a thrill go through the house.

The audience that were drawn to the plays of the Irish theater had a dangerous acuteness. I remember, a year before, at the production by the Bensons of Moore's and Yeats' "Dermot and Grania" in one of the regular theaters one of the

characters was made to say at a tragical moment "I have heard the laughter of the gods." Instantly the sixpenny gallery—"the gods," became vociferous, "ha, ha, ha." It was an extraordinarily responsive audience. Yeats knew that it would be attentive to the words of his verse-plays and would have ears keen enough to follow their rhythm. Synge knew that the characters he put into his plays would be taken with enthusiasm or else with fury. The audience might be enraptured or hostile but it could be reckoned upon to send a thrill to the players on the stage and to the authors in the front row.

I was the first of the young authors produced—in a double sense—by the Irish Theater. I had become a member of the group when it was still indistinguishable from the political society that had helped to form it by specialization—the society that was the nucleus of the Sinn Fein organization. My "Broken Soil" and Synge's "In the Shadow of the Glen" were produced within a month of each other. These two plays inaugurated the drama of peasant life. W. B. Yeats' "Kathleen ni Holohan," in which the characters are peasants, was produced first, but "Kathleen ni Holohan" is symbolic and not a play of actual peasant life.

It was then, fourteen years ago or so, that Ireland began to have a dramatic literature. She had produced dramatists before—Goldsmith and Sheridan, Oscar Wilde and Bernard Shaw—but these had always to de-nationalize themselves before they could appeal from the stage they had chosen; they could not put into plays intended for London managers, London actors and London audiences the sum of instincts, traditions, sympathies that make the Irish mind distinctive. Now when plays authentic in idiom and character were put upon a stage for an audience that responded to them a revolution was accomplished.

The Irish instinct for character and language was given a means of expression. This method of expression reacted upon all who were beginning to write. In the plays the peasant

characters were expressing themselves in a vivid language. If one gave the characters moments more intense and used the language in a more intense way one reached a poetry that was as actual as the plays.

At least, so it was with one writer. I began to write poems of peasant life after my feeling for situation and for speech had been quickened by my work in the drama. The popular Irish poetry that was then current had aimed at influencing rather than at expressing the people. But the poetry that strove to be as actual as the plays would express rather than influence them. So a new Irish poetry grew up. It took the form of the dramatic lyric, a form until then fairly rare in English. If you look through the poems of the younger writers you will find that the dramatic lyric predominates—it does in the poems of Joseph Campbell and James Stephens—it does in my own verse, and there are significant poems in that form in the work of Thomas MacDonagh and Seumas O'Sullivan.

This new Irish poetry is the most democratic that is being written—it is democratic, not only because it deals with the folk of the country and the town, but because it attempts to give everyone a voice and because it is written out of recognition of the fact that in every life there are moments of intensity and beauty. It may be that this feeling for spiritual democracy manifested and propagated by the poets and dramatists is preparing Ireland for a new crystallization of ideas—a crystallization that will have an effect on her social and economic life.

If there had been no conception of a new social order for Ireland the activities of the Gaelic League would have been merely an exhibition of national vanity. But every word spoken denoted thought of a new order. Of course there were people for whom the new order meant picture postcard views of striking figures in Gaelic costume beside some ancient rath.

But the leaders of the movement were constantly directing the enthusiasm toward social and economic ends. But as yet no social idea had been projected that would gather to itself this enthusiasm.

It was significant that the first piece of Irish economic history written was pro-Gaelic in its thesis. James Connolly, writing for the workers in the towns and the country, showed in his book "Labor in Irish History" that all conquest and all confiscation in Ireland was for the purpose of substituting the feudal for the Celtic land-system. Under the Celtic system the land was held freely by the clansmen and their chief was not a landowner but the military leader and the president of the clan-assembly. A labor-leader then was advising the proletariat to get back to Gaelic origins for the basis of their economic life. On the other hand the enthusiasts who had picturesque dreams were being taught something about the appalling social realities in Dublin by long drawn out strikes.

It was at this stage that the English Conservatives and Sir Edward Carson gave the signal for the arming of a section of the Irish people. A year afterwards the Dublin workingmen began to arm and drill as "The Irish Citizen Army." Military ardor was aroused in the country. The Nationalist farmers and middle-classes formed the National Volunteers, a body that came under the control of the Professor of Early Irish History in the National University, Eoin MacNeill. In the second year of the war the Citizen Army with the National Volunteers of Dublin struck a blow for an Irish Republic: the outstanding figures in the insurrection were Padraic Pearse the Gaelic poet and educationalist and James Connolly the protagonist of social revolution in Ireland.

Had the insurrectionary leaders succeeded they would have begun the organization of a Co-operative Commonwealth. From what source would they have taken their ideas and their plans? They would have taken them from an organization already in existence and from a programme which had been

considered and commended by the labor leaders.

A mystic and a poet, George W. Russell (A. E.) had, twenty years before, taken up as his every day business the organization of co-operative societies amongst the farmers. Horace Plunkett was the founder of the movement. From lecturing and the work of organization, A. E. went to the work of shaping a policy for the societies through his conduct of the weekly journal *The Irish Homestead.* Brooding upon the co-operative organization that was being built up as Hegel brooded over the Prussian state he reached to a great social idea which he was able to embody in a practical programme. His editorials in *The Irish Homestead,* his book "Co-operation and Nationality" and his conferences with the labor leaders made his policy familiar to those who were working for social and economic reconstruction. His most important statement has been published since the insurrection.*

A. E. thinks, not of a national culture, but of a national being. Nations are not arbitrary collections of individuals—they exist to make potent an idea. That idea may be of beauty, or of order, or of justice, or of power, or of righteousness. (In A. E's personal philosophy these ideas belong to the divine order—they incarnate first in the higher minds of the nation and are by them reflected down through the masses.) All the forces within the nation have to be brought into harmony with the typical idea. The more that unison is attained to the more powerful becomes the national solidarity—the national being.

It seems as if it were impossible to bring about this unison within the modern state. There is a conformity of religious belief and a conformity of political effort, but every state is torn by divergent economic interests. It is necessary, first of all, to create an economic harmony within the state. But the

* The National Being, published in this country by Macmillan. Its noble vision and its practical thought make this book the most heartening plea for social reconstruction that has been made in our time.

method of competitive production is now so deeply entrenched that no thinker would propose a frontal attack upon it. What A. E. proposes is a turning movement against it—a turning movement of humanity along the lines of co-operative organizations.

In Ireland the idea which seems most native is that of an aristocratic democracy—a democracy for economic production with an aristocratic leadership. The typical Celtic organization was such, and the Celtic clan in Ireland was the last organization in Western Europe to hold out against the feudalist-capitalist economy.*

Typically Irish characters show a combination of the aristocratic and the democratic elements; Swift, Berkeley, Goldsmith, O'Grady, Shaw, Wilde, Parnell, Davitt, "however they differed from one another, in so far as they betrayed a political character, were intensely democratic in economic theory, adding to that an aristocratic freedom of thought."

The problem then, as A. E. sees it, is to bring all the forces in the country into unison with this special idea so that the national being in Ireland may manifest itself with power. Economic interests must first be brought into harmony. Beginning with the parish that already has its co-operative centers—a creamery, perhaps, or a rural bank—these centers would be developed until the whole production, distribution and purchasing for the district is done through them. In this way the divergent economic interests of a particular locality would be brought into unison and a communal spirit would be formed. The directorates of the co-operative societies—the members being the whole community—would at-

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* Tammany Hall, in a degenerate way, reproduced this typical organization in America. The chiefs were selected for their capacity and their audacity and in that sense they formed an aristocratic leadership. The relation between them and their people was always personal—"Spend me and defend me" (i.e., "Use me, but protect my interests") the salutation of the Clansman to his Chief on the Chief's inauguration, might have been the motto of Tammany Hall. The Celtic characteristics of Tammany are spoken of in the past tense. It is ceasing to be an Irish organization.

tract to themselves the best intelligence and the best character, and in this way the economic democracy would be given an aristocratic leadership. This process is actually going on.

Federation of the co-operative communities is the next movement. As the federations become nation-wide an economic state would come into existence in which there was an approach to a harmony of interests. A. E. would have the cities form co-operative communities to meet the movement coming from the rural districts. But he would not have the societies in the cities begin with co-operative production; he would have them begin with co-operative distribution. Their first effort should be toward the establishment of co-operative stores. The control of agencies for distribution would enable the workers to start productive enterprises more safely and with less expense for publicity than the capitalists can start them. Moreover, through these co-operative agencies the workers of the towns could enter into alliance with the workers of the country. As the city stores increase in number an analysis of their trade would reveal in what direction the co-operative production of single articles might be attempted. The workers of the towns too would have to attract to their directorates men of capacity who would make themselves leaders in fresh enterprises. When one gets so far one begins already to live in the Co-operative Commonwealth.

Ireland is, perhaps, the one country in Europe in which such a commonwealth has a notable chance of being realized. Few great industrial interests have been established there. The bulk of the people are small farmers whose economic status makes co-operative combinations more and more a necessity. The people have always worked well in combinations from the time of the Celtic clans who so ably and for so long resisted a great military aggression to our own time when their combinations for boycott destroyed a feudal system that had the might of an empire behind it.

Such a commonwealth, democratic for production, aristo-

cratic in leadership, would move more and more toward a brotherhood. The literary movement of today may be a prophecy of or perhaps a preparation for that brotherhood. The theme of the new Irish poetry, as I have said, is a spiritual democracy.

The ideal of the Co-operative Commonwealth is apt to gain the allegiance of every vital force in the country. To those who would have Ireland an independent state it shows the way to economic independence; to those who would have Ireland a resurgent Gaelic nationality it shows the way of return to a Gaelic form of social organization; to those who react from the dreadful economic conditions in many parts of the country it shows the way to economic betterment. And A. E. appeals powerfully to those detached people—poets, artists, scientists and thinkers—who find they can give little service to the modern state. He calls upon them to make great the subjective life of the people—to fill up the waste places in the nation's imagination and thought.

THE SEVEN ARTS

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Editorial

Remember this:
Today we are separated, drift before the storm, toys of the whirlwind—
Tomorrow we shall come together and rule the world.
Our task today is to hold against panic and loneliness,
To put from us the temptation of the drums and the bayonets,

To shut the gates of the heart against the seducing myth of
Slaughter,
To be, each one of us, a rallying-point, a call and a summons
to the War beyond War,
To the fighting civilization we shall create.
Not to be led to the war that kills and destroys,
But to lead forth in the war that creates,
Not to be a recruit in the armies of death,
But to enlist in the battalions of birth. . . .
To leave as our epitaph, not, "They died that we might live,"
But, "They *lived* that we might live."
It is our task to be the vanguards of Great Change,
Couriers of Revolution,
It is ours to be outriders of the Future. . . .
To be seed-sowers and harbingers, to be pioneers.
We must be the hard enemies of Magic. . . .
Rebels against Divine Rights, Kings, Priests, Heroes and
Traditions
Blasting with the cannon of uproarious laughter the hocus-
pocus of patriotism and battle,
Discrediting by our lonely endurance the lies of victory and
conquest,
The foul lie of the glory of war,
The lie that dying in a war of traders is worthy of a man.

If we must die, let us die for ourselves:
Ourselves, the broadcast race of man,
Ourselves against the power-greedy, the overweening Kings
and Presidents, Financiers and Intellectuals,
Ourselves against the self-seekers.
If we must have a sacred land to die for,
It shall be no acre in France or in Indiana,
But the Earth—only the Earth itself is sacred to us.
If we must have a religion,

Our God shall not be a Chosen People in the shape of a
    Thunderer,
Our God shall be Man, in every land, of every people.

J. O.

With Walt Whitman in Camden*

By Horace Traubel

H*umor in Great Men.*—W. talked abount Garland. "He's greatly interested in the George movement: is strongly impulsive: is maybe a little one-idea'd—though as to that I don't feel quite sure: is wonderfully human: gets at the simple truths—the everyday truths: is not professional." I said: "You speak of one-idea'd men as though you rather discredited them." "Do I? I don't mean to: they certainly have a place—a vast big vital place: they can't be skipped—escaped." I said again: "You may think you're not, but you're a little one-idea'd yourself—and every man is." He nodded. "No doubt: I never heard it put quite in that way: Jesus was one-idea'd, I admit, for instance." I asked him: "Well—have you some objections to Jesus?" "Yes: why not? Emerson had, too: the dear Emerson: he felt that Jesus lacked humor, for one thing: a man who lacks humor is likely to concentrate on one idea." I parried him again. "Why, that's a familiar charge against you, Walt: didn't even Ruskin say that? and I hear it every now and then from somebody or other." He retorted a little hotly: "Well—you've rather got me: I'm not much good in an argument. But on that Jesus matter: take that: I've heard it discussed often: some of the bright fellows have been saying it for a long time: not Emerson alone: others: radical fellows—the strong men: thinkers. Yet I confess I'm not altogether clear in the matter." He used the phrase at one point: "Whether genius needs to be funny"—but caught himself short over it: "I should not say that: that is unjust to Emerson: to all of them:

*Excerpts from "With Walt Whitman in Camden," volume four, to be published shortly by Doubleday, Page & Co. The conversations are all of the year 1889.

when they say humor they don't mean fun in the narrow sense of that word—they don't mean what we call joking, badinage —anything like that." Spoke of Emerson himself as "not what you would call a funny man: he was something better than that: he would not cut up—make a great noise: but for cheer, quiet, sweet cheer—good humor, a habit of pouring oil on waters—I have never known his equal. Emerson was in no sense priggified—solemnfied: he was not even stately, if that means to be stiff." The word "humor," he said, always "mystified" him. "I think Shakespeare had it—had it to the full: but there have been others—great men, too—who had little or none of it. The question is, was Shakespeare's humor good natured? Good nature is the important equation in humor. Look at Heine, for example: I'm not sure of his place: but look at him—consider him: ask yourself whether he was not a mocker as well as a humorist. They do charge me, as you say, with lacking humor: it never seemed to me it could be true: but I don't dispute it: I only see myself from the inside—with the ordinary prejudice a fellow has in favor of himself: but O'Connor—oh! how he used to boil when he heard me accused of that defect: he'd boil, he'd boil—he'd boil over! The idea that anybody imagines I can't appreciate a joke or even make jokes seems preposterous. Do you find me as infernally impossible as that, Horace? Bryant said to me in one of our chats: 'The most humorous men I have met have been the lightest laughers.' You can't always tell by a man's guffaws whether he is a real humorist or not."

The Future Menace Against Free Speech.—We talked of Bradley's conviction in the Camden courts yesterday. "Yes, I have read the story: Bradley was monstrous—monstrous: but would you not think him abnormal? I see no other way to account for it: certainly he can't be explained by the ordinary process of reasoning. In the present condition of our criminal laws—of crime—as in affairs like this—these extra sex developments—abnormality is the only word that will cover the

case. Then we must remember that such individual abnormality comes from the abnormality of society at large. I think any judge would admit that—perhaps express it almost in my words: it seems to me to arise—so much of it, who knows but all of it?—in an absence of simplicity—in a lack of what I may call natural morality. Perhaps that's not the exact word for it, but as I said, any judge would correctly diagnose the case, I have no doubt." "Speaking of judges," said W. the minute after, "would you not like to take the paper along?—Sidney's paper?" Handed me the mail from the table. Had he read it? "O yes: every word of it: with great care: with as much interest as care: I say amen to it all, too: amen, amen: if I find it possible I shall tell him about this feeling in me. If you write to Sidney—to any of the fellows out there—say this —say it for me: in my name if you choose. I feel like thanking the man for myself, for America, for Americans." It had appeared to him "rare among rare decisions." "I know that in regard to these Anarchists there are contending impulses drawing us two ways: but for liberty, abstract, concrete—the broad question of liberty—there is no doubt at all. I look ahead seeing for America a bad day—a dark if not stormy day— in which this policy, this restriction, this attempt to draw a line against free speech, free printing, free assembly, will become a weapon of menace to our future."

Paine.—After continued general talk of Poe W. said: "I have seen Poe—met him: he impressed me very favorably: was dark, quiet, handsome—Southern from top to toe: languid, tired out, it is true, but altogether ingratiating." Was that in New York? "Oh, yes: there: we had only a brief visit: he was frankly conciliatory: I left him with no doubts left, if I ever had any." Poe was "curiously a victim of history —like Paine. The disposition to parade, to magnify, his defects has grown into a habit: every literary, every moralistic jackanapes who comes along has to give him an additional

kick. His weaknesses were obvious enough to anybody: but what do they amount to, after all? Paine is defamed in the same way: poor Paine: rich Paine: they spare him nothing." I said: "You should write about Paine." He nodded. "So I should: I don't think there's anybody living—anybody at all—(I don't think there ever was anybody, living or dead)—more able than I am to depict, to picture, Paine, in the right way. I have told you of my old friend Colonel Fellows: he was an uncommon man both in what he looked like and in what he was: nobly formed, with thick white hair—white as milk: beard: striking characteristics everyhow." W. asked: "Does this interest you?" I said: "You bet: don't stop." He proceeded: "We had many talks together in the back room of the City Hall. The instant he saw I was interested in Paine he became communicative—frankly unbosomed himself. His Paine story amounted to a resurrection of Paine out of the horrible calumnies, infamies, under which orthodox hatred had buried him. Paine was old, alone, poor: it's that, it's what accrues from that, that his slanderers have made the most of: anything lower, meaner, more contemptible, I cannot imagine: to take an aged man—a man tired to death after a complicated life of toil, struggle, anxiety—weak, dragged down, at death's door: poor: with perhaps habits that may come with such distress: then to pull him into the mud, distort everything he does and says: oh! it's infamous. There seems to be this hyena disposition, some exceptional (thank God, rare) venom, in some men which is never satisfied except it is engaged in some work of vandalism. I can forgive anything but that."

Shakespeare's Feudalism.—Harned said: "Walt, you're hitting a lot of nails on the head today: you almost weaken my faith in Shakespeare." W. said: "Shakespeare stood for the glory of feudalism: Shakespeare, whoever he was, whoever they were: he had his place: I have never doubted

his vastness, space: in fact, Homer and Shakespeare are good enough for me—if I can by saying that be understood as not closing out any others. Look at Emerson: he was not only possibly the greatest of our land, our time, but great with the greatness of any land, any time, all worlds: so I could name galaxy after galaxy." Harned asked: "You have decided feelings about the defects of Shakespeare?" "Yes: it is not well for us to forget what Shakespeare stands for: we are overawed, overfed: it may seem extreme, ungracious, to say so, but Shakespeare appears to me to do much toward effeminacy: toward taking the fiber, the blood, out of our civilization: his gospel was of the medieval—the gospel of the grand, the luxurious: great lords, ladies: plate, hangings, glitter, ostentation, hypocritical chivalry, dress, trimmings"—going on with the strange long catalogue "of social and caste humbuggery" pronounced with the highest contempt. "I can say I am one of the few—unfortunately, of the few—who care nothing for all that, who spit all that out, who reject all that miserable paraphernalia of arrogance, unrighteousness, oppression: who care nothing for your carpets, curtains, uniformed lackeys. I am an animal: I require to eat, to drink, to live: but to put any emphasis whatever on the trapperies, luxuries, that were the stock in trade of the thought of our great grandfathers—oh! that I could never, never, never do!" Then suddenly he fired out with more heat than ever: "And now that I think of it I can say this fact more than any other fact lends weight to the Baconian authorship: I have never written, never said, indeed I have never thought of it as forcibly as at just this moment sitting here with you two fellows: but the emphasis that the author of the Plays places upon these fripperies points an unmistakable finger toward Bacon. Bacon himself loved all this show, this fustian: dressed handsomely: tunic: fine high boots: brooches: liked a purse well filled with gold money: the feel of it in his pocket: would tinsel his clothes: oh! was fond of rich, gay apparel: affected the com-

pany of ladies, gents, lords, courts: favored noble hallways, laces, cuffs, gorgeous service—even the hauteur of feudalism." W. then added: "Feudalism has had its day: it has no message for us: it's an empty vessel: all its contents have been spilled: it's foolish for us to look back to some anterior period for leadership: feudalism is gone—well gone: peace to its dung: may my nostrils never know its stink again. One mustn't forget, Tom, and you, Horace, that thankful as we have a right to be and should be to the past our business is ahead with what is to come: the dead must be left in their graves."

Were the Shakespeare plays the best acting plays? W. said: "That's a superstition—an exaggeration." Harned said something which induced W. to add: "If O'Connor was here and heard you say that he'd quarrel with you." As to Shakespeare as actor W. said: "Even if he never got beyond the ghost, as has been said, we must acknowledge that to do the ghost right is a man's, not a ghost's job: few actors ever realized the possibilities of the ghost." W. said: "William speaks of Winter as Littlebillwinter—all one word: I often think of Ben Jonson as Littlebenjonson—all one word: I remember what Emerson said of Jonson: 'He thought himself a good deal greater man than Shakespeare.' " The "Shakespeare personality" was "very mystifying, baffling. . . . Yet there are some things we can say of it. . . . Whoever Shakespeare was not he was equal in refinement to the wits of his age: he was a gentleman: he was not a man of the streets—rather of the courts, of the study: he was not vulgar. As for the Plays, they do not seem to me spontaneous: they seem laboredly built up: I have always felt their feudal bias: they are rich to satiety: overdone with words." I never saw W. more vigorous. He finally said: "I am so sure the orthodox notion of Shakespeare is not correct that I enter fully into the discussion of those who are trying to get at the truth."

On Being Misunderstood.—"It has always been a puzzle to me why people think that because I wrote 'Children of Adam,' 'Leaves of Grass,' I must perforce be interested in all the literature of rape, all the pornography of vile minds. I have not only been made a target by those who despised me but a victim of violent interpretation by those who condoned me. You know the sort of stuff that's sent to me here."

Art for Art's Sake.—"The trouble is that writers are too literary—too damned literary. There has grown up—Swinburne I think an apostle of it—the doctrine (you have heard of it? it is dinned everywhere), art for art's sake: think of it—art for art's sake. Let a man really accept that—let that really be his ruling—and he is lost." I suggested: "If we say politics for politics' sake they get mad." W.: "So they do: that is very good: it's true: politics for politics' sake, church for church's sake, talk for talk's sake, government for government's sake: state it any way you choose it becomes offensive: it's all out of the same pit. Instead of regarding literature as only a weapon, an instrument, in the service of something larger than itself, it looks upon itself as an end—as a fact to be finally worshipped, adored. To me that's all a horrible blasphemy—a bad smelling apostasy."

Kaiser Wilhelm.—Talked of young Emperor William. "I find I can't think of him patiently: he rubs my fur the wrong way: I had great hopes of his father: they may have been based on nothing, but I had them: but this boy only excites my distrust. I never cease wondering how a people so enlightened as the Germans can tolerate the king, emperor, business anyway. The Hohenzollerns are a diseased mess, taking them all in all: there seems to be a corrupt physical strain in the family: what does it come from? Can it be syphilis?" He was silent for a while. Resumed: "I am

aware that that is often said of Frederick: it is the pet theory of doctors—their staple explanation: but the question is, is it true? How much of it can be true? I am not easily convinced in such matters: I call for absolute testimony—and that no one outside has got in this case. Doctors put all the iniquities of courts, palaces, high society, down at this one door—but do they belong there? I listen to the stories—yet am not convinced: I am not willing to contradict them or ready to acquiesce."

The Oriental Strain.—"I do not worry: I determine not to worry—let come what may come. Resignation, I may call it: peace in spite of fate." I broke in: "Peace at any price?" Laughed. "Almost that: what the religious people call resignation: the feeling that whatever comes is just the thing that ought to come—ought to be welcomed." But this element in him "is not explained" by his "Occidental origins." His vision drew him into the past. "Somewhere, back, back, thousands of years ago, in my fathers, mothers, there must have been an Oriental strain, element, introduced—a dreamy languor, calm, content: the germ, seed of it, somehow—of this quality which now turns up in me, to my benefit, salvation." Had this anything to do with fatalism? The Mohammedan temperament? "No: it antedates all that: we find it in Hindustan, Palestine, all over the East: rich, suffused with the glow of peace: in nations of men: before what we call civilization."

Bret Harte, Mark Twain, and Brander Matthews.—W.: "As a general thing I don't enjoy dialect literature: it's rather troublesome stuff to handle: yet Jim [Bludso] took a powerful hold on me: but though I don't care much for the dialect writers myself I acknowledge their validity, value, pertinence: that some of them are remarkably gifted: they indicate, stand for, exemplify, an important phase in our literary development." He had "particularly in mind"

one of Bret Harte's "lesser quoted" poems. "It is mighty fine. I have regarded it as his most eminently splendid bit of work: what the locomotive from the Pacific says to the locomotive from the Atlantic when they meet: have you read that? Oh! it's capital: it's a perfect creation." Had he any objections to The Outcasts of Poker Flat? "Not a single objection: I like it—more than like it: all of it." Where did he rank Bret Harte? "I hardly know what to say to that." Above Mark Twain? "The English have taken to Harte: they seem to understand him." What was his idea of Mark Twain. "I think he mainly misses fire: I think his life misses fire: he might have been something: he comes near to being something: but he never arrives." I quoted Brander Matthews. W. asked at once: "Who is he? Where is he from? I have neither met nor read him."

Government by Millionaires.—"Horace, we are all under the thumb of millionaires: ours is a millionaire government, without a doubt." "Ain't all modern governments millionaire governments?" "I suppose they are or getting to be." Then he added: "And I do not know that I complain: the millionaires must have their innings, too: that is a phase we are going through—can't skip." I asked: "Then you don't think we'll always have millionaire governments?" He answered quickly: "You don't need to ask me such a question: the people, who are now asleep, will yet wake up." I said: "Sometimes you quarrel with the people who try to wake them up: you call them doctrinaries and partisans." "Do I?" "You certainly do: yet you are a fierce doctrinaire and partisan in your own way." He said he wasn't "inclined to dispute" me. But how did I make that out? "No one is more stubborn for what he considers the truth than you are. That's all the other fellows are: stubborn for the truth as they see it."

Naturalists and Materialism.—W. turned to me and said

with great energy: "But, Horace, have you never noticed the tendency in naturalists—men who live out of doors, in the woods, the supposedly freest life: the tendency toward depression, if not actually depression itself? the taint of it?" Could it be that a withdrawal from human comradeship had something to do with this? He answered very deliberately: "Something of that sort might be said in discussing Thoreau: it could not be urged in John's case: John has never wanted for companions: the world is always wide open to him: he likes people." "Then you have no explanation?" "I have notions but no conclusion. One of the remarkable facts is that naturalists are made materialists often by the very experiences that would make me the opposite."

The Tyranny of Miracles.—B. spoke of something as "a miracle." W. said: "Miracles are dangerous affairs, Maurice." B: "You may not be a believer in miracles, Walt, but you are a worker of miracles." W. said: "You are a liberal interpreter, Maurice: you construe me far beyond what I am or could be—far beyond what I want to be." Yet he also said: "What greater miracles than the telegraph, telephone—all the wonderful new mechanism of our day!" At the same time he said he always "wanted to be 'quoted against the theological miracles.'" Bucke's insistence that there was a background for it all, W. said, did "not explain the case." W. added: "The whole miracle dogma business has been swung as a club over the head of the world: it has been a weapon flourished by the tyrannical dynasties of the old world—dynasties murderous, reeking, unscrupulous, barbarous: they have always tried to justify their crimes by an assumed divine grant of some sort. I have often wondered about the Greeks—how much of their mythology they really believed: it looks to me as if their gods like other gods were mostly used not for liberation but oppression: the gods intervened, but often in mean, despicable, poisonous, dastardly

ways, to blind, to paralyze, to afflict, rather than to bless. Think of Mercury sent forth by Jupiter. It was oftener as a bad unscrupulous angel than a curer of souls—the inflicter rather than the healer of wounds. The people have always suffered: they have always been the victims of their gods."

Our Universities.—I asked W.: "What would you say of the university and modern life?" "I wouldn't say anything: I'd rather be excused." "But suppose you couldn't dodge it—had to say something?" He took my quizzing genially this time. "You know: I have said everything to you before: I have nothing new to announce." "But suppose you had to talk?" "Had to? I never have to: but you know my feeling about the colleges: I do not object to anything they do that will enrich the popular life—emphasize the forces of democracy: the trouble is that so much they do is bent the other way—seems to me simply hopeless scholarism or encourages reaction: is bookishness rather than revelation: is not vital brutal instant instinct but the distillation of distillations God knows how many removes from origins." I said: "Well—I got you to say something, anyhow!" He added: "Yes, you did: I don't take it back: so much of the work we might be warranted in expecting the university to do has to be done outside universities to-day: the university is only contemporary at the best: it is never prophetic: it goes, but not in advance: often, indeed, as dear Sidney used to say here, has its eyes set in the back of its head." I asked: "Isn't this all inevitable as long as the university is an aristocratic rather than a democratic institution?" W.: "I do not deny it: in fact, that may be the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth."

Scriàbine

By Paul Rosenfeld

THERE are gorgeous pages in the symphonic poems of Scriàbine. And yet, despite their manifold splendors, despite the fulgent "Prometheus," these works are not his most significant. Though Scriàbine handled the orchestra with rare sympathy, it was not his proper medium. His medium was primarily the piano.

There have been few composers better acquainted with the instrument. There have been few who plumbed its resources more fully, few who held it in greater reverence, few who listened as solicitously for its proper voice, so dissimilar from that of other instruments. Of all piano music, only that of Ravel and Debussy seems as thoroughly steeped in the essential color of the medium, seems to lie as much in the black and white keys, part of them, not imposed upon them. As one plays Scriàbine, the hands become possessed of a curious intelligence, make significant gestures, move with a new and delightful life. Indeed, beside these works, those of Liszt appear curiously unpianistic, like orchestral music transcribed for the instrument. Beside them, those of Chopin and Schumann, even, appear a little hesitating and unventuresome. It is as if this man employed the definitive pianistic style.

It is as if the currents of Scriàbine's life had set with mysterious strength toward the instrument, till it became an eternally fresh and marvellous experience for him, till between him and the thing there came to be an interchange of life. There was something more than science in his playing, especially during the latter years of his life, when his own indi-

vidual being broke so wonderfully into flower. He played the piano as one of two persons who had shared life together might address the other, knowing what complexity and depth of intention a phrase, a smile, a brief gesture, conveyed. And so, because of his great devotion, the piano lured out of Scriàbine his creative genius. As he gave more and more to the instrument, the instrument gradually discovered him to himself, and through himself, to all the world.

His piano music is the record of the unfolding. It is the history of the gradual divestment of the influence of Chopin and Liszt, the uncovering of a personal manner of sensation. The process was a lengthy one. In fact, it is only in the compositions subsequent to Opus 50 that Scriàbine emerges completely liberated. The preceding works, for all their sumptuousness and style, are but a minor manifestation. The influence of his masters, though waning continually, is still evident. For Scriàbine's art, more than that of any modern master, more than that of Schoenberg, is rooted in the romantic tradition as it comes to us through Chopin, Wagner, Liszt and Strauss. In a sense, it develops logically out of it. The "Poème Satanique" rests directly on Liszt. The influence of Chopin is ubiquitous throughout the earlier works. Scriàbine wrote mazurkas, preludes, etudes, nocturnes and valses, modelled on his master's. And yet, "Bits filched from Chopin's trousseau," César Cui's caustic summary of the pieces, is unjust. Elegant and Chopinesque the music is, without a doubt. But it has obvious and attractive original elements. The treatment of the instrument is bold and inventive. The coloring, the harmonic feeling, are gorgeous, richer even than Chopin's. The emotional quality, though held in fastidious check, is more disquieting. There is Russian depth and vehemence and largeness in this now languid, now mystical, now leonine music. Examine, for instance, the Piano Concerto, or, better yet, the Third Sonata, perhaps the most successful of the longer works written during the transition

period. The latter is one of the best romantic pieces of this genre. Without doubt, it is the composition of one who loves his Chopin and has studied his Liszt. But it is more than that. It is unmistakably the output of one conscious of his own life, eloquent of his own experience. The feeling for color that it manifests, especially in the lambent andante movement, is almost new in piano literature. More delicate than that of a Borodin or a Rimsky-Korsakow, one has the sense of having encountered it in sumptuous Eastern stuffs, in silken carpets and golden mosaics, rather than in European music. But the voluptuousness and vehemence are held in aristocratic restraint. Throughout, there is evidence of the control of an intelligence intolerant, for all the splendor of its speech, of any excess, of any exaggeration, of any breach of taste. The craftsmanship is impeccable, quite worthy of Taneiew's aptest pupil. And throughout the work, there is evidence of the bourgeoning of another quality. We are already in the presence of an exquisite sensibility. The unfolding of the man's proper personality is well in progress.

How strange, how infinitely curious a matter they are, after all, those following later sonatas and poems of Scriàbine, works born of that sensibility, works in which his genius realized itself! For some, to be sure, this music is but a design, ingratiating or unpleasant, of tones of various resonance, set apart from one another at arbitrary distances. They are aware of certain technical qualities developed in it, of the abandonment of the major-minor system, the substitution of another originally constructed on the "mystic chord" that persisted in Scriàbine's imagination, a chord built up in fourths from the tones c, d, e, f#, a, and b♭. They are aware that the form of Scriàbine's later sonatas, for all the innovations, is really the classical, the binary form, the combat between two contradictory themes. They are aware that Scriàbine's later preludes are in reality strictly classical preludes. But, for others, there is little music less ostentatious of its means, little that manifests

more clearly and precisely its content. For such, there is little music that throws into sharper relief the miracle of communication through material form. For such, to hear these priceless last pages is to experience the eternal miracle of art. A few sounds, broken and elusive, are struck out of an instrument, and die away again. And yet, through those vibrations, life for an instant becomes incandescent. It is as if the auditors themselves are transformed into more sensitive instruments. It is as if their apprehensions are refined, and prepare them for less ungracious participation in the common experience. It is as if much that has hitherto been shy and lonely experience undergoes a sudden change into something clarified and significant and universal. It is as if the ability to feel beauty quickens, like that in one who has never before seen the spring come over the land, and glances upward, and beholds a flowering apple bough against the blue.

For it was the power to experience life with rare sensibility that elemented this music. The music is the work of one who had the gift of fixing with classic precision the most delicate and evanescent of emotions. As one listens to ths subtle, poignant, intensely colored music,it comes to us that there have been scarcely any composers endowed with perceptions more exquisite than Scriàbine's. Certainly, there have been few without the East. Sometimes, the music is like clustering flowers breaking suddenly from the cool and shadowy earth. Sometimes, it is like the beating of luminous wings. Sometimes, it is of another poignancy, like the weariest of self-realizations, the saddest of confessions of helplessness. And then, at times, it is like the whispers, the sighs, of one sinking from the world in some mortal illness. It is the work of a man who must have experienced with the intensity of the child what the child does not feel, the complicated, quivering life of men. It is the work of one who must have suffered an almost ecstatic subjugation to the manifestations of beauty, must have been consumed with a sort of passion of communicating his brief,

sharp, sensuous impressions. Indeed, the sensation is oftentimes so intensely, so uncompromisingly, communicated, that it excites commingled pleasure and pain. One shrinks from such a music as from some too poignant revelation. Certain of the works of Scriàbine one might hesitate to perform, as one might hesitate to illuminate the intimate and passionate manifestation of the love of a well-loved being. Small wonder that Scriàbine fled all his life into shining dreams! To one possessed of such a sensibility, there was no other means of existence.

His music is full of the gesture of flight. It is full of flutterings, of brief sharp ascents that sink back broken. All these pieces are "Poëmes ailés," flights toward some island of the blessed, aspirations "Vers la flamme," the flame of joy, momentary transports into a paradise of divine pleasure and divine activity. All through the music of Scriàbine one hears the beating of wings. White gleaming pinions wheel and hover in the godlike voluptuous close of the "Poème divine." Impotent caged wings poise themselves for flight, in the mystic Seventh Sonata, flutter for an instant, and are still. Is it irresolution? One cannot tell. And in all those last bleeding, agonizing preludes, one hears another motion. But this time, it is

> "The groundswirl of the perished leaves of Hope,
> The wind of Death's imperishable wing."

And as in his music, so in his thought. The gesture of flight, too, informed his curious, very personal, very modern religion. That bizarre mixture of theosophy and neoplatonism and Bergsonian philosophy was but the rationalization of the impulse of withdrawal. The man longed passionately for some azure unoppressed world without the limits of this. Here was a faith that promised flight, even though it was flight in another direction. It was the flight of transport. And so Scriàbine came to formulate all life as the effort to attain certain planes of ecstasy, and through ecstasy, godhead. Few, no doubt, will agree with the admiring lady who found Scrià-

bine's thought "a philosophy of life that would satisfy the most advanced thinker." And yet, it is fortunate that it satisfied the man. Whatever its quality, it fulfilled its function admirably. For a while, at any rate, it made life supportable for a rare genius. It ordered a world in which one constituted as Scriàbine was could thrive and create. Unlike the intellectual systems of many other musicians, it did no violence to his genius. It was no compulsion to reform and redirect his sensation. On the contrary, it proved itself most serviceable to his art, and supplied his symphonic poems, for instance, with programmes flexible enough to permit unhampered musical expression. Indeed, not a little of the originality and beauty of the "Poème divine," the "Poème d'extase," and of "Prometheus" are due to the ideals that governed Scriàbine. The atmosphere of the religious ceremony, the slow hieratic gesture with which the music is unfolded, the half mystical, half sensual coloration, were introduced by them. For Scriàbine conceived these poems as ceremonies of elevation and deification by ecstasy, rites in which performers and auditors engaged as active and passive celebrants. Together, enkindling one another, they were to ascend from plane to plane of ecstasy, experiencing divine struggle and bliss and creativity, till their common emotion became God. With Jules Romains, Scriàbine would have cried to his audience—

> "Tu vas mourir tantôt, sous le poids de tes heures;
> Les hommes, déliés, glisseront par les portes,
> Les ongles de la nuit t'arracheront la chair.
> Qu'importe!
> . . . . Tu es mienne avant que tu sois morte;
> Les corps qui sont ici, la ville peut les prendre:
> Ils garderont au front comme une croix de cendre
> Le vestige du dieu que tu es maintenant!"

And it is only when, in development of his theory of sensation, he begins to plan, like Wagner and d'Annunzio before him, a conjunction of arts to produce a super-art, introduces a

clavier à lumière into a symphonic poem, projects, in the unfinished "Mysteria" the supplementation of the music by dance, perfume and light, that one begins to regret the theosophic leanings. However, no actual harm was done. The light-keyboard will doubtless be omitted definitely from all future performances of "Prometheus," for it precludes the full enjoyment of the music. The "Mysteria" exists in sketches only. And it is doubtful whether Scriàbine, had he lived, would long have attempted to subject his music to arbitrary alliances with mechanical effects. He was too much, too sensitive, an artist.

To many, it will appear highly doubtful that the music of Scriàbine, product as it is of an inordinate, a flowerlike, sensibility, could be acceptable to any but an over-refined and over-exquisite few. And yet, in Russia, it has been accepted by the musical public. Returning travellers tell us that it is Scriàbine, Scriàbine, and Scriàbine only, who is performed in Russian concert halls. But it is not only Russia that can find herself in this music. To-morrow, such may be the experience of the cultivated world. For Scriàbine was one of those in whom the age that is slowly expiring about us became conscious and articulate. Russia bore him, it is true, elemented him, gave him her childlike tenderness and barbaric richness and mystic light. But he is more than a purely racial expression. He is of the line of Russian artists who have been most at home in Switzerland and France and Belgium, who are more an international than a national product. Indeed, he is one of those into whom an age entered, who seems to have felt the life of an age in its intensest form, and to have become symbolic of it. The time that created Scriàbine in its proper likeness was a time when motive power in human beings was inhibited, when side by side with the sense of impotence there waxed an inordinate power of feeling. In Scriàbine, those qualities attained something like heroic, supernatural stature. And so, he is one of those artists who come

to us like the discovery of ourselves. What was beautiful and sick in the age had entered into his art. Through it, we learn afresh not a little of how and what we feel, not a little of what those about us and eternally separate from ourselves feel and live. Through it, a ray of understanding falls into the chaos within.

That music is not the contribution of a dilettante, the contribution of one who stood apart and noted daintily what he observed. It is a thing created in the flesh of a man, out of his own agony. "Eine Entwicklung ist ein Schicksal," Thomas Mann once wrote. For Scriàbine, the development of his personality, the awakening of that aerial, palpitant sensibility, was such. It devoured him like a brand. One can only shudder before the tragic destiny of one who came to feel life as it is felt in those last quivering poems, "Guirlandes," "Flammes sombres" he entitles them, or in the mysterious Tenth Sonata, that glows with the feverish light of the dream, or in those last haunted preludes. Existence for the man who could write such music, in which unearthly rapture contrasts with unearthly suffering, must have been a sort of exquisite martyrdom. And, like a fragile thing suddenly ignited, he flared up, fiercely, magnificently, and then died out. Through that conflagration, an age, not yet superseded, has attained some manner of permanence.

Hours with a Revivalist

By Theodore Schroeder

ON the outside of the church, a revival was advertised. That tempted me, as it was designed to do. Recently I had attended a negro church, there witnessing the only revival I had seen since my boyhood. Except for a few meetings of the colored folk, many years had passed since I had been inside of a church. Perhaps I could get a new sensation. It occurred to me also that it would be interesting to compare the black man's and the white man's "spirituality." I had read several accounts of that "great awakening," the New England revival which is credited to Jonathan Edwards, and I had seen those extravagant performances duplicated under the stimulation of one of the tribe known as "the colored Billy Sunday." Now, I thought, I might see at a white man's Methodist church a repetition of this extraordinary exhibition. The meetings and the subsequent events, however, were so different from my anticipations that I am impelled to record the facts.

The church had a seating capacity approaching six hundred and the seats were mostly occupied. In the pulpit was a young man of perhaps 35 years of age, well built and over six feet tall. He had a large square face, rather characterless, I thought, set upon a large neck supported upon large, broad, square shoulders. He must have weighed nearly two hundred and fifty pounds. Reared in Podunk he would have become the ideal village blacksmith. In Milwaukee his build would have qualified him for the job of Rausschmeiser. A mother's sentimentalism and an education had probably com-

bined to make him a Methodist parson. Education, without the mother, might have made him a country lawyer or a village doctor. By unconscious processes the subjection to the maternal dreams, or something similar, had impelled him to stay on the pulpiteering job, though with an evident conflict between intellectual attainment and emotional compulsion.

When pleading with the audience to come to the mourners' bench, it almost seemed to me at times as if he expected us to express an emotional appreciation of divine love just because he considered this a perfectly logical thing to do. Then again it was as though we should come forward merely as a personal favor to God, or as a matter of living up to somebody's conception of good manners. Nothing was said or done to induce the conviction, or stimulate the feeling, that it was of any great consequence *to us* either that we or he should accept God. It was as if it were all for God's sake. Doubtless he was quite unconscious of all this, probably because his impulses were neither strongly religious nor coördinated with the needs of his audience. Of course, the thought came to me that his religion had never acquired real meaning to him in the sense in which religion had meaning to Jonathan Edwards or to "the colored Billy Sunday."

In sermon and prayer he told us what fine fellows were God and Jesus. In fact he recommended them both very highly. Yet, while he bestowed much rhetorical flattery on God, there was never a fervent appeal for his help to sinners. It was as if the parson didn't need help, or perhaps, never having received any from God, had no confidence in the efficacy of prayer. This was all so contrary to what I had heard in boyhood, or had recently seen at negro revivals, that I marveled and became interested in observing more closely its effect upon others.

One might have gathered the impression that the parson really desired others to identify him with God's work so that, as an added means to greater self-exaltation, it was expedient

for him to extol the master. In trying desperately to persuade himself that the Methodists' God is really omniscient and omnipotent, he succeeded only in assuring his audience that God was "worth while."

There was none of the confident assumption of one who knows that he has God on his side, and that therefore he can point the way for others, compelling their assent to the need of salvation, and belief in his authority to offer it. It would not have been different if confessedly the exhibition had been that of a man defending himself against his own doubts, not claiming to be a confidence-inspiring leader of other doubters.

He told us that "we *really* ought to do" this, and that "we hope" that, and that "we cannot afford to take the position" of some persons. He told us how faith in the son of God was "reported" to have saved others but gave no assurance that he considered himself saved. He told us how the Bible "reports" what Christ is said to have done for the sinning woman 2,000 years ago, but expressed no confidence in any such service rendered in more recent times. He had many sorrows over the demons of lust, of drink, of covetousness, cards and dancing, but not a word of rebuke for the sin of unbelief, blasphemy, or hypocrisy.

In short, he spake not as one with authority, but rather as a hired man, too modest or too indifferent to use the personal pronoun, or to claim the authority of a true believer who has felt the "inspiration of the Holy Ghost." Once he half closed his eyes as he spoke in slow measure. I felt that he was more concerned to have us believe in *his* earnestness and his nearness to God than that we ourselves should become earnest, as seekers after God. Although occasionally he pulled the tremulo stop to his voice, and once or twice evinced great lung power on the basso profundo, yet it all seemed dead. The exhortation was drawing to a close and none had come to the mourners' bench.

On the first evening of my attendance he had especially

requested the parents and teachers to see that the Sunday School pupils should come. For once he warmed up in good form. Manifestly he really and truly felt that religion was of great importance to children. Yet no children came to the mourners' bench. The revival season of a month was about to close, and out of the large audience in regular attendance during the whole month, only about a score had consecrated themselves to God. With pitiful humility he begged us to come forward, but no one moved. In deepest pleading tones he concluded with: "I need your prayers. Don't forget *me*." He mopped his massive brow, and the choir began its solemn function. This was Friday, the last night of the revival season. The next Sunday morning service would be the last of the present series of invitations to accept salvation. Then would come baptisms and receptions into the church.

I waited at the door for the pastor to emerge. Many detained him, as if to show their friendliness or even silently to express their apologies for disappointing him. At last he came out, seeming pleased that I wished to walk and talk with him. Evidently he had derived some comfort from what others had said to him on his way out. Wondering if I would prove a painful antidote, I proceeded directly to my object.

In reply to my first question he admitted his disappointment as to the fruits of his revival effort. When I asked him how he accounted for his failure, he spoke hesitatingly and half absent-mindedly of the power of evil and Satan, the stiff-neckedness and pride of the people, and other such religious commonplaces. I expressed doubt as to this being the explanation of his failure, and then he turned my question back upon me. It was up to me, and I delivered myself about as follows:

It seemed to me that his audience was a fair average of religious audiences, just such an audience as Jonathan Edwards or the Rev. Charles G. Finney or Moody and Sankey

would have got great results from. More than half were women over 45 years of age with sad and troubled faces. Roughly estimated, fifteen per cent were young women under 23 years of age; there were a few old men and some young men. Aside from the choir members and the ushers, there were scarcely ten vigorous, contented, healthy-appearing persons of middle age in the entire crowd. Manifestly these troubled souls were humble and distressed, and came there for help and consolation. They did not receive the spiritual uplift which they needed and desired. Manifestly also their craving for the "true spirit" and their conscious need of salvation, were as great as in any average gathering of Methodists. A few nights back, when all were waiting for some "hungry spirit" to go to the mourners' bench, an old man had arisen near the right front and in a few vehement sentences had appealed to sinners to repent and accept Jesus. Twenty-five *amens* had responded to his appealing voice. I said to the pastor: "Great possibilities were manifested in this little outburst of enthusiasm, which you never once elicited. Had your entire sermon been shaped and delivered with the fervid spirit of that old man, I believe you would have had abundant results for your effort. When you think upon this, don't you see that after all this was an average audience 'ripe for the harvest' "?

The parson hesitated a moment and then slowly said: "Well, I don't know but that you are right."

I persisted in my quest: "If the cause of failure in this revival is not in the special character of your audiences, then where are we to look for an explanation?" After a pause he said: "I don't know, I wish you would tell me what you think about it."

I reminded him that I was a stranger and therefore might not be pardoned for saying what an intimate friend might take a chance upon. He assured me, however, that he was much concerned and really would like some light upon the

situation, and he thought he could stand anything I might be inclined to say. I accepted the invitation.

"The first evenings of my attendance I studied the audience and your effect upon them." So I began. "When I saw that the effects were negligible, I proceeded to study you. I began by listening to what you did not say. During my attendance upon your meetings you never made one statement about salvation on the faith of your own religious experiences. You quoted St. Paul or Jesus, just as one might quote Wilson or Roosevelt. You added nothing of your personal religious experience by way of reinforcement or to impress us with the value of your authorities. So impersonal was your discourse, even in form, that a mere agnostic could have delivered your sermon without doing much violence to his convictions. He too, could say 'the apostle Paul informs us' or, 'Jesus is reported to have said' and under his breath he might have added: 'What of it?' "

Then I commented upon his want of zeal and enthusiasm. I pointed out that his hymns were all like dirges, when they should have been of the rousing, thumping, rhythmic, "Onward Christian Soldier" sort, if they were meant to aid the revival spirit. The parson evidently was not selecting his music, any more than his sermon, with a conscious view to the emotional craving of his audience. All was too manifestly the unconscious choice of a morose temperament, probably made so by emotional conflicts within. If this conflict concerned doubt as to his efficiency or fitness for the preacher's task it might explain much of his conduct. Thus the character of his sermons might be determined by the unconscious urge to find rationalistic justification by a special plea for his presence in the pulpit. This same relative obsession with the internal conflict may have compelled him to ignore the emotional needs and "spiritual hunger" of his audience. I expatiated on these psychological aspects of his character and advised him to study his half-conscious and unexpressed

moods, to discover if he might not be much happier outside the pulpit and church. He protested mildly against my conclusion and thanked me for my frankness. We had reached his home and now said "good night."

On Sunday morning, I went to the church to see if my talk had had any effect. After the service I again waited at the door and asked the parson if he would allow me to walk home with him.

He really seemed pleased that I had been there. Perhaps he thought that he had redeemed himself in my estimation. As soon as we had extricated ourselves from the crowd, he asked me with an air of confidence what I thought of the sermon. I told him that I concluded that I had irritated and stimulated him. He admitted that I had done him some good in making him more conscious of his privileges and duty.

"Yes," I said. "In the substance of your sermon you were nearer right with God. Also you put a little more ginger into it than formerly. But"—I continued—"there were no newcomers to the mourners' bench, so evidently you were no nearer right with your audience than before. Perhaps you were preaching at me and again forgetting the needs of the great crowd. Perhaps you were making a new kind of defense for your own doubt, instead of focusing your attention upon the process of entrancing others. Where formerly you were defending yourself to yourself, today you seemed to be defending yourself to me. Intellectually and emotionally I am very unlike your audience and so once more your effort was inefficient in answering to *their* spiritual needs."

He demurred but could give no better explanation of his failure to induce anyone to "hit the trail." (This phrase of the Rev. Billy Sunday reminds me that my parson was one of a committee to invite the Rev. Billy to come to his city to revive the unregenerate. Incidentally the parson had expressed to me some disapproval of the Rev. Billy's methods, but thought that on the whole his large results were an ample

justification.) I returned to my diagnosis of his troubles. I reminded him that in this sermon he had made two emphatic statements on his own responsibility. After the first he had paused a moment and then earnestly and deliberately said to the congregation: "And—this—is—not—mere—cant—but—is—said—out—of—the—fullness—of—my—own—heart." I asked him to focus his attention for a moment upon the probable effect of this statement upon his congregation, to estimate how many of them might have experienced a mild shock which, if it had become conscious and articulate, might have found expression in the question: "I wonder why the parson thought it necessary to defend his sincerity!"

He silently nodded his assent, showing me that he saw the point. Furthermore, he seemed more interested than offended, and this gave me courage to proceed with my efforts to help the man to a better understanding of his own psychology and the possible solving of a conflict which after all was largely far below the surface of consciousness. Had the parson been a conscious hypocrite he could not possibly have maintained a calm interest through the criticisms which I am reporting in condensed form. He was honestly interested in the self-revelation, just as he was honestly unconscious of the mental and emotional processes involved in his religious conflict. I believe he was quite unaware that he possessed a minimum of what I might call the differential essence of religion, which is a subjective experience. My parson had only an objectively derived conviction about certain theological formulas.

I proceeded thus: "When making the second statement on your own responsibility, your eyes unconsciously wandered over toward me, and when your gaze met mine you stuttered. I have been taught to believe that this signifies that upon seeing me your subconscious doubt about the statement you were then making was crowding toward the surface, for recognition and expression. In other words at that precise moment

you were desperately near to a consciousness of your internal conflict. The stuttering was the product of an unconscious automatic effort to get time in which to solve your conflict, to dispel your doubt, and decide what was really true for you. In other words, that stutter, in the light of our prior conversation, convinced me that you are not fully at peace with yourself in the matter of your preaching."

I ignored another mild protest and continued my analysis by reminding him that in his opening prayer he had uttered a fervent appeal for the skeptics, telling God that perhaps during the past week some in that very congregation had been grieved and perplexed by their doubts and fears. I suggested that it seemed to me as though he had in mind his own doubts, perplexities and fears, and that he was really uttering that prayer for himself and not for the congregation.

Here came another protest, with the explanation that a minister always has poured into his ears the troubles of those who are sad and depressed, that he thought such experiences adequately accounted for the prayer, and that therefore my inference was unjust. I ignored the fact that even now he did not claim to have had any specific tale of doubt poured into his ears during the past week and that probably he was only attempting an intellectualized mode of suggesting to me an objective fact, the existence of which his conscience would not allow him to assert positively.

Instead I proceeded as follows: "Allow me to tell you another reason why your explanation does not explain. In your opening prayer you knelt on your left knee. Your right knee supported your right elbow, while your right hand covered your face from the eyes down. Your left forearm rested on the pulpit. Your left hand hung unsupported over the front of the Bible. In your prayer you implored the Almighty to restore peace in Europe. Here your voice was calm and your brow placid and the disengaged hand hung lifelessly. When you reached that part of your prayer where

you implored God to aid doubters your brow was wrinkled, your voice grew more tense, and the left hand was raised almost to a straight line with your forearm and opened and closed several times, convulsively clutching at the atmosphere. These changes in face, voice, and hand evidenced an excitement within which did not exist when you prayed for peace in Europe, where perhaps more than a hundred thousand men had been killed or maimed during the week. If the inner excitement had been objectively conditioned, then it seems inevitable that it should have been more conspicuous over the war-slaughter of many who had not yet accepted salvation, than over two or three doubting Thomases who had told you of their troubles during the week. Only your personal afflictions are likely to outweigh the sorrows of the war. Therefore it seems to me that the excitement, unconsciously manifested, did not originate in other people's troubles but was occasioned by your own half-conscious conflicts and doubts."

I saw that this struck home. Then I tried to show him how to deal with such a conflict by allowing himself to become more conscious of its submerged elements and then to resolve the conflict by working toward a decision of it on the basis of its objective factors.

By this time we had reached the parson's residence. I had never been censorious in my manner, had never thought, felt, or implied any reproach. I had never discussed the truth or falsity of any tenet of his religion. I contented myself with trying to illuminate his understanding as to his own psychology, the behavior of the forces within himself. I was really trying to help the man, and he seemed equally willing to look squarely in the face his subconscious impulses and his conflicts. Hence there was never a moment of friction, never a particle of resentment on his part. Had he been a conscious hypocrite he would scarcely have been able to listen calmly. His conscious desires were really functioning on a pretty

high evolutionary level and his desire to know the truth, even about his own emotions, was strong enough to eliminate the aversion which is often felt by less highly evolved persons. Quite in consonance with this estimate of him, he invited me to have Sunday dinner with him. I accepted.

After dinner the psychological study was resumed in his library. We covered a wide range but finally got back to his failure as a revivalist when he asked me what he could do to increase his efficiency in that part of his work. He insisted that he wanted to know the truth and that I might feel secure in speaking frankly. So I went on as follows:

"Those elderly women of your congregation showed in their sad faces the disappointments of a misspent life, disappointments produced by and in turn accentuating emotional conflicts. According to that school of psychologists whose theories are most convincing to me I quite believe that practically all of these emotional conflicts have their origin in disturbed sexual emotions. In short, we all have sexual desires, phantasies or experiences, which are more or less shameful secrets with us. Just as the feeling of shame is great, its conflict with desire is intense and our resulting anxiety keen. This anxiety about sexual sinning and suppressed desire, or unintelligent erotic expression, is the condition the revivalist must accept if he wishes to succeed. So then, your task is one of playing upon the guilty consciences of these disappointed older people, these adolescent victims of sex-suppression, who have not yet lost all the hope of realizing their desire. Preach an insinuating sermon on the sins of the flesh, until every suppressed desire, every shameful experience, has become a vivid, conscious phantasy. Then portray the penalty of these sins in terms of eternal torment amid the lurid gloom of hell. Above all things make the picture graphic and in swift, loud, excited speech suggest the agonizing shrieks of the damned, until the hearers' guilty imaginations are filled with pictures of themselves crying aloud in pain, and writhing amid loath-

some fumes of fire and brimstone; until they can feel the very flames already consuming their clothes and scorching their limbs, until they actually cry aloud in agony over their own degradation. In this way you will induce 'the conviction of sin,' which the church recognizes as the first step toward salvation. After that will come the 'change of heart.'

"Then tell these love-sick sinners of the infinite love of God, who sent his only begotten son to redeem a sinning world. Picture him on the cross, his naked limbs exposed to the scoffers' gaze, with the bleeding side and sad, sweet, forgiving face of a near adolescent or early middle-aged divine man, in whom alone love is guiltless. When this portrait of the sweet agony of the divine lover has been so drawn as to create upon their already sensitized erotic imagination a correspondingly vivid phantasy almost as clear and insistent as would be the living presence, then woo them with mellow pleading and cooing voice and with outstretched hands ask them to embrace the gospel by coming to the loving arms of Jesus and accepting his gracious pardon and salvation without price, though purchased by his precious blood.—When you can do that efficiently, they will come to the mourners' bench even over the tops of the seats. Don't you think so?"

I had put considerable life into my narrative of the revival process. I now paused for a reply. Presently he said: "But I don't know that I am willing to do that." This sentence, in the light of what had preceded, tells the whole story of the decline in the influence of evangelical religion.

What, then, is the trouble with our revival preacher and with other preachers? They have been too well educated. Without knowing it they have more or less formed the habit of checking the intellectualization of their feelings by the use of at least a portion of the secular ideal. In other words our revivalist possessed theological opinions derived he knew not whence which he sought to justify by a more or less crude application of the scientific method. His audience had no

appetite for his rationalistic processes, and he had outgrown the capacity for playing rag-time on their emotions. Therefore, he was inefficient and the audience largely disappointed. A Billy Sunday, black or white, is still in that backward state of development where he can successfully make the emotional appeal to those whose development is also arrested, mentally.

I feel quite certain that my revivalist had no conscious lack of faith in his creed, but manifestly it had relatively small positive value for him. His difficulty was not over credal formulas, because these are always subject to an interpretation that is quite consistent with the individual's other intellectual attainments. Instead of being concerned with the end product of his thinking, the difficulties had more to do with his feeling attitude toward those end products and toward the underlying intellectual methods by which these formulas are attained. By the unconscious effects of conscious educational effort this parson had been habituated to intellectual methods that incapacitated him for efficient work as a revivalist. His intellectual self-respect had come into conflict with his desire for efficiency, in a field where untrained or hysterical emotions are everything and calm intellectual processes, acting in conscious relations with objectives, are as nothing. The Rev. Billy Sunday and his negro imitators are more efficient because they are free from the handicap of a better intellectual development.

The Seven Arts Chronicle

for September

At the Moscow Art Theater

"You've missed Hamlet," said my friend, as I got out of the train at Moscow.

This was—when? A few days before Lent, 1914. I had missed Hamlet and The Brothers Karamazow and the sight of several other plays, by quite foolishly forgetting that Lent would close the theaters. So instead of coming straight through to Russia I had been spending time in Berlin, seeing Reinhardt's Shakespeare. Not wasting time. I could admire whole-heartedly the full color, the relentless vigor of the work and much in it besides. While if they missed—those bold Berliners—some of the sweetness of my English Shakespeare, some of his careless tolerance, some of his sheer spiritual beauty—well, people find what they look for and only that! But I was angry; "for," said I, "Berlin from London is a 24 hours' journey, but when shall I find time again to travel to Moscow?" Moscow is nearer to me now than Berlin will ever be.

What a change it was from the Deutsches to the Art Theater! Two little talks I had can illustrate it. One of Reinhardt's men had said to me, "We can't get the actors nowadays—the Falstaffs and Hotspurs, they've all turned into respectable married men interested in their homes and politics and what not."

I said, "You should keep them in cages, feed them on raw meat, exercise them on the chain."

Stanislawsky was telling me a week later that what he always needed was a company of good citizens. "Acting is not acrobatics, but the expression of life; and of life at its normal not less than at its moments of crisis. And how are they to express what they do not understand?"

Then I saw Tchekoff played.

I saw "The Three Sisters" and "The Cherry Orchard." Well, I had not believed till then that there could be perfection of achievement in the theater. Twenty years of rough and tumble stage work in London had driven me not only to accept the limitations of my trade but to exaggerate them, sometimes, forgetting my dreams, almost to boast about them. That infinite variety of human material with which the producer of plays must work, varying in itself, moreover, from day to day—a glory to him that he works not with dead stone or paint, an added glory that, as the work grows, it escapes his hands, that his work, indeed, is to set it free! "A play never is cast right and never will be," was what one said. "The hurry of production. Macbeth is due on Friday week, but there are scenes and scenes to get right yet. Well, worry at the worst of these, or the most important; the others must stay wrong." I have post-

poned a play a bare week and my business manager has nearly wept at the cost and the complication.

So—"Plays never are properly produced and never will be," one shrugs. I asked Stanislawsky how long he rehearsed a play. "Till it is ready," he answered.

Let me use the space I have only in writing my memories of those two Tchekoff plays. Of the others I saw—Le Malade Imaginaire, L'Oiseau Bleu, La Locandiera—I could speak, no doubt, with more critical judgment, since my own English detachment from their originals is, though different, no further a one than Stanislawsky's. I even saw one performance, liking neither play nor production, and was glad in a way to be able to test my joy in the others by this contrast. But on a week's acquaintance with the work of such a theater who can criticise constructively? There may be some value though in the record of a simple surrender. Tchekoff in his native place was to be accepted unquestioned.

I had studied the plays of course. I had been tempted to try my hand at producing them, but my instinct told me that more material was needed than even the exactest translation of words could supply, and when I saw these two I thanked my instinct indeed.

I remember, after that performance of "The Three Sisters," re-reading the book in my room at the hotel. It was like reading the libretto of an opera, nothing more. The acting had been the music, yes, as much, I felt, the life and soul of it as that. Not in an "operatically" emotional way, not, certainly, in any sense of individual display, but rather that it was harmonized as fine music is into a unity of effect by which themes and players are given not less value but more and more meaning, not less, as parts of an ordered whole. And, just as music dwells with one, I can still recall the interwoven scheme of that first act, its comings and goings, the clustered meal table at the back, the quiet talk on the balcony. Then the scene at night time with its atmosphere of broken rest. Then the last act with its held-back message of death; with that sound of the marching regiment and the gate closing on a separation which is to be death, too, in its kind; with that central figure of the three sisters, who has neither loved nor lost, truest figure of tragedy. If I had to name the most telling stage picture I have ever seen, I think it would be that final moment in the play when, with hardly a word said, just by a bringing together of those three, just by a look in the woman's eyes, the depth of the whole play's meaning is bared to you. Who was the chief painter of it? Tchekoff, Stanislawsky or the three actresses? As it holds you, and for long after, that is a question you forget to ask, and there is a part of its triumph.

But I went to "The Cherry Orchard" I confess a little eager to note how it was all done. For I had my lesson to learn.

Here is work where character counts far more than theme, where at least the strokes of personal painting are stronger, the color of character more deeply dyed. So I judge from finding that I think of the play and its meaning most easily in terms of its people. One salient effect in my memory of the acting of it lessens all others. He has bought the cherry orchard, he, Lopakin, the peasant, the son of a serf. And he boasts and boasts, while the merriment of that party still jangles in the background. And there stands Ma-

dame Ranevsky at the table listening, till at last she drops into her chair and the curtain falls. Madame Tchekoff was playing the part and, released for the moment from the play, I remember I drew a long breath, as one does, in a sort of sympathy with an actress who has been through a big emotional scene. And then I glanced back over my book. There were Lopakin's speeches printed large and long which had seemed but a clattering interruption to the main passion of it all. I found that Madame had not spoken a single word.

Yes, I did want to know how that was done. But these are not tricks, is the answer. The doing of that, and of things like that, is an integral part—of more than the doing—of the very being of the whole theater. It is because plays are produced there when they are ready—are born, not aborted, as Stanislawsky says—that they are living things, that their power over the audiences (such audiences sitting to such fare) is the amazing power of interpreted life. It it because that Moscow stage is not an arena where some "leading man" carries all before him, not a hothouse where the "leading lady" seduces an excited public, that it is not a Russian plaything, but a power in Russia and a part of Russia's true power in the world.

These things come not save by prayer and fasting. Some twenty years of single-minded service can the Moscow Art Theater look back on. The makers did not search first for profits, they waited quite patiently for that token of success to come. They may sometimes make a failure that their public will applaud and crowd to see—few artists escape that ill-luck. They seldom make a success on which their public turns its back. In their freedom from fear of that is the reward of patience and of the so single-minded service of their idea.

What idea?

The very simple one that you must think of art in terms not of profit or success, but of life and of normal life—as, if you also wisely think of life in those same terms, you will. And that life interpreted through art has double power. And that the theater served aright, keenly, sweetly, merrily with passion and thought, its gifts given and taken in their own kind, for their own sake, is not the least life-giving of the arts by which we both live and know we are alive.

H. Granville Barker.

New Books

MYSTERY AND MAGIC

Both of these unusual properties are in two of the notable books that appeared simultaneously a few weeks ago. And, though the larger volume ("Peacock Pie" by Walter de la Mare; published by Henry Holt and Co.) may contain more evocations of mystery, the slighter and less pretentious collection ("Poems" by Ralph Hodgson; published by The Macmillan Co.) reveals a greater power of sheer magic. In these sixty small pages there is a quality of thought so simply exalted, a speech so casually pure, a vision so clear and *naïf,* that one wonders why no American publisher has brought out Hodgson's work before this. A year or two before the war, Hodgson's poems were issued in sections by a semi-private publisher in Westminster, and the few copies of the yellow-

covered "Flying Fame" booklets that reached these shores immediately convinced lovers of poetry that a new and full-throated lyricist was singing across the seas. There was seldom a feeble and never a false line in any of those quaintly-turned songs; never a forced image or a merely effective phrase; never an effort to intrigue the imagination by a spectacular twist or a rhetorical handspring. Always the fluent line that never became glib; always the poignance and tenderness that somehow avoided sentimentality. A re-reading, in the new form, of "Eve", "The Bull" and "The Song of Honour", that trio of little masterpieces, confirms the early impressions and sets one searching again for the thing that gives to these direct and almost colloquial lines their strange glamor and suggestiveness. Take the opening lines of "Eve", with that delicately drawn picture not of "the mother of men" or the first rebel, but of the timidly innocent, naked little country-girl:

"Eve, with her basket was
Deep in the bells and grass,
Wading in bells and grass
Up to her knees.
Picking a dish of sweet
Berries and plums to eat,
Down in the bells and grass
Under the trees."

This same grave and rich simplicity individualizes even the shortest of his lyrics. It mingles with a mystical note in "Babylon", or "Time, You Old Gypsy Man"; it adds a social under-current and rage at oppression, as in "The Journeyman" and "Stupidity Street." And it is often content to do nothing more than make its own decoration, as in this perfect thumb-nail sketch:

"God loves an idle rainbow,
No less than labouring seas."

Or this, with its suggestion of Wordsworth who, with Coleridge, has definitely influenced many of Hodgson's patterns if not his vision:

"Reason has moons, but moons not hers
Lie mirrored on the sea,
Confounding her astronomers
But, O! delighting me."

It is nothing less than magic that touches these light syllables and transmutes them into something more than words. It is a cumulative power, felt at its best in the longer poems; but it is always haunting. And it is never more moving and memorable than in the brief revelation with which Hodgson concludes the volume, "After":

"How fared you when you mortal were?
What did you see on my peopled star?"
"Oh, well enough", I answered her,
"It went for me where mortals are!

"I saw blue flowers and the merlin's flight
And the rime on the wintry tree;
Blue doves I saw and summer light
On the wings of the cinnamon bee."

Walter de la Mare is the more puzzling of the two; and it is not only what he says but his manner of saying it that points the paradox. He accepts and is faithful to the actual world; yet he often seems completely detached from it. His lines are full of archaisms, inversions and such worn-out rubber-stamp poeticisms as *athwart, thridding, amaranthine*—and somehow he achieves poetry that is surprisingly fresh and spontaneous. His verses are touched with moonlight and mystery, and a

cool wind from Nowhere murmurs among them. "The Listeners", which appeared in this country about a year ago, shows de la Mare at his greatest; but "Peacock Pie" reveals him at his most charming and, in some ways, his best. Both volumes betray that magic that has its roots in fact as well as fantasy; they combine a physical liveliness with a spiritual loveliness. In "Peacock Pie", he surprises us again and again, by transforming what began to be a child's nonsense rhyme into a suddenly thrilling snatch of music. A score of times, as I have pointed out elsewhere, he takes casual scenes and incidents like the feeding of chickens, the taking of physic, berry-picking, seeing mermaids and hair-cutting, and turns them into verse that is as clear and unforgettable as a lyric written by Heinrich Heine and translated by Mother Goose. It is this trick of catching the commonplace off its guard, as it were, that is the first of de la Mare's two great gifts.

His other cardinal quality is his sense of the supernatural, of the fantastic other world that lies on the edges of our crowded consciousness. It is as real as the dark lands of Poe and Hoffmann but it is far less foreign and forbidding. There are ogres and dark riders and black forests in this eerie dominion, but there is nonsense in it too, and lollipops and laughter and dancing farmers and fairies that sometimes talk with a tongue in their fat cheeks. De la Mare is alternately elfin and eldritch, and sometimes he mingles the two. Among the best, in the first vein, are the tripping and whimsical "Jim Jay," "The Lost Shoe," the quiet-colored "Full-Moon." In the second manner, there is the ghostly exaggeration of "At the Keyhole," the windy whispering of "Nobody Knows," the half-heroic mysticism of "The Song of Finis." And nowhere is the blend of the two so appealing, as in the half-humorous, half-pathetic "Sam" or the gaily galloping tale of "Off the Ground." Here is one of the loveliest of the shorter pictures:

FULL MOON

One night as Dick lay half asleep,
  Into his drowsy eyes
A great still light began to creep
  From out the silent skies.
It was the lovely Moon's, for when
  He raised his dreamy head,
Her surge of silver filled the pane
  And streamed across his bed.
So, for awhile, each gazed at each—
  Dick and the solemn moon—
Till, climbing slowly on her way,
  She vanished and was gone.

The book is enriched by its sumptuous format and marred only by Heath Robinson's dull, unimaginative and, in many instances, stupidly misinterpretive drawings. But these commonplace and almost commercial cuts can scarcely spoil a volume that contains that magic combination: the ingenious rapture of the artist and the ingenuous wonder of the child.

L. U.

THE MARRIAGE OF TRUE MINDS

It is Mr. J. E. Spingarn's contention in "Creative Criticism" (Henry Holt and Co., $1.25 net) that there is not only a unity between artistic effort and critical appreciation, but that only by the marriage of dogmatic with impressionist criticism can this unity be consummated. He defines impressionism as the having and the expressing of sensations, and to the objection that this shifts the interest from the work of art to the

critic's emotional and intellectual constitution he replies that criticism of all kinds, historical, psychological, dogmatic, have the same fault. It remains for the modern school to make of this fault a virtue. The impressionist at least tries to replace one work of art by another. Nor will our author admit that the relativity of taste in any sense affects its authority. The war between dogmatism and impressionism that every age has witnessed must be resolved in our own.

The idea that criticism and creation are one in essence has rich implications. In an essay on "Dramatic Criticism and the Theater" Mr. Spingarn makes a valuable distinction between the outer influences on a work of art and the inner impulse which gives it birth. He boldly declares that "for aesthetic criticism the theater does not exist." And he invites comparison of Castelvetro, a sixteenth century critic who initiated the attack on Aristotelian dramaturgy, with his modern progeny, who flourish alike on university rostra and the Gay White Way.

In applying his theory to free verse we find the same distrust of formulae, the impatience with categorical imperatives which animates the whole discourse. In fact Mr. Spingarn finds the only way out to be the abolition of categories, thereby letting in all potentially productive experiment. The volume includes a letter on "creative collecting," which contrasts the glamorous Lorenzo with Messrs. Widener and Morgan somewhat to the latters' disadvantage. And the final paper is a reply to Galsworthy's distinction between the critic, "tied to the terms of the work that he is interpreting," and the artist, whose creative processes are "untrammeled by anything except the limits of the artist's own personality." Mr. Spingarn suggests that the artist is somewhat confined to and by his subject and concludes by reiterating that genius and taste can no longer be opposed. Self-expression and understanding are common human property, and only where criticism rises to the heights of creation does it fulfil its true function.

The Bergsonian bias is obvious throughout, with its attendant lights and limitations. Criticism shares this much with other institutions, that it oscillates between two extremes, it is happily not static. Mr. Spingarn's little book follows the lead of contemporary philosophy in its emphasis on the intuitive method. Certainly if we accept life as a more and more highly coördinated response, we may value art as the multiplication of personality, and its enhancement in criticism as fundamentally creative.

B. D.

YOUNG PUBLISHERS

Several new publishers have lately appeared in the field, young publishers and publishers in a small way, for the most part, but with a vocational sense that most of the established houses have long since lost. There is almost as much of a break between the older and younger generations in the conception of business as in that of art: the established institutions evolve so little that in time, probably, a whole new set of magazines and publishers will grow up like underbrush in a forest, overshadowed at first, but absorbing more and more of the moisture of the soil till eventually they rise to the sunlight among the rotting trunks of their predecessors. Four publishers of this kind have sent us their books this month, slim and very unpretentious books, but almost all of them printed and bound with notable

taste. Especially is this true of The Lyric Publishing Co.'s first venture, "The Shadowed Hour," by John Erskine, and that of the Philip Goodman Co., George Jean Nathan's "Bottoms Up." Unfortunately, in both cases, the publishers have scored much more conspicuously than the authors. The Little Book Publisher of Arlington, N. J., has found worthier material in Scudder Middleton's "Streets and Faces," which contains at least one poem of striking beauty, "The Clerk." Still another publishing house in embryo is that of R. Frank, who sends us an attractive little pocket volume containing "From Death to Life," by Apukhtin, with pen and ink drawings by Franklin Booth, being vol. I. of a projected "Gems of Russian Literature" series. May we hope that, in one or two cases at least, these adventurers into the publishing world will be able to follow up some of the brilliant opportunities which the modern trade offers and which the established houses have generally neglected?

As the Movies Mend

The student of the screen—surprising off-shoot of a surprising art—has reached the ripe state at which he can detect and catalogue at least three lines of technical development which the movies have followed from the birth of the American feature film, four or five years ago, till today; and he can hail a new one which is about to make its appearance.

He begins, of course, with Griffith. He is very careful, however, to add the name of Griffith's long-time scenario-writer and studio manager, Frank Woods, and to credit him with much of the rapid narrative, well-fused detail, sparkling "continuity" and clear naturalism which have distinguished the work of the producer of "The Escape," "The Birth of a Nation" and "The Avenging Conscience" (Griffith's least known but best photoplay), and the productions of his now defunct Fine Arts Studio.

Next the student chronicles the advent of the Lasky Company. This brought to the screen something of the older and richer Belascoan touch, however mythical may have been Belasco's actual coöperation in the reproduction of his "Warrens of Virginia" and "The Girl of the Golden West." A bit "stagey" to this day, it has never absorbed the invaluably vital scenario technique of Griffith and Woods. But with the guidance of Cecil de Mille and the acquisition of Wilfred Buckland (a Belasco expert) as art director, the Lasky studio has perfected a style of lighting and setting of unquestionable distinction that goes far beyond the patterns or possibilities of the stage.

Finally our dissector of the lens would record the formation of the "NYMP" under the ægis of Thomas H. Ince. Its striking productions, released until recently on the Triangle programme, have been distinguished, aside from excellent direction, for the swift and easy flowing scenarios put out from C. Gardner Sullivan's department, and the rich, dramatic lighting which Art Director Robert Brunton has thrown round the actors to the proper subordination of his tasteful and solid settings.

And now the student of the screen—if he is lucky enough to invade private "projection rooms" with such dignitaries as presidents and press agents—may forecast the advent of a new contribution to moving picture technique in the coming releases of

Goldwyn Pictures. The particular student in hand saw one completed production, "The Eternal Magdalene," with Maxine Elliott, one production, "The Bird Doctor," wherein Mae Marsh displayed her charming art without the assistance of the printed "leaders," which were not yet finished, and various disconnected sections of "Polly of the Circus," "Baby Mine," "The Field of Honor," and "Fighting Odds." In the bulk of this celluloid, he found a very definite, original and valuable advance in the methods of screen art.

The Goldwyn Corporation has sought to fuse three arts in the personnel of its advisory board, bringing together Samuel Goldfish, of the Lasky Company, from the screen; Edgar and Archibald Selwyn, Arthur Hopkins, Margaret Mayo and Roi Cooper Magrue, from the stage; and Irvin S. Cobb, from the long neglected fields of prose fiction. It happens that, though literature and the screen have contributed excellent things in the way of stories and organization, it is the stage that has made the vital contribution. And it happens that the stage has contributed the last thing we might expect from the stage, scenic reform. The thing that is only just beginning to penetrate the theater after decades of struggle, has put its seal upon the movies when their age is still numbered in years. Arthur Hopkins happens to have a large share of responsibility for both advances.

It is hard to say whether the scenery of the conventional stage or the scenery of the movies has been the worse. The movies are fortunate enough to be able to employ those much-touted tobacco experts, Dame Nature and Father Time, in the designing of their exterior settings. They have escaped the canvas of the stage and the splay corners of its drawing rooms. But the movies have fled into acres of genuine mouldings, forests of Grand Rapids products, oceans of fur rugs and china statuettes, and, in general, whole hemispheres of aimless clutter. The Goldwyn Pictures that I saw were distinguished pictures because at one blow they annihilated all this mess of bad scenic taste and put simplicity and beauty in its place.

The means by which this was accomplished were quite as revolutionary. Arthur Hopkins, as director general, added another art to the three already enlisted by hiring artists to design settings and costumes and to supervise lighting. In the productions which I saw, two artists figured—Hugo Ballin and Everitt Shinn—while a third—William Cotton—has since been added to the technical staff. Shinn, it is hardly necessary to explain to those who know his magazine illustrations, was not hired for simplicity. But he does achieve in the films to which he has been assigned—"Polly of the Circus" and "The Bird Doctor"—a unity of homely, atmospheric detail which is just as essential to a certain type of American story. Ballin, best known perhaps as a mural decorator, has turned himself into an architect for the purposes of Goldwyn and has contributed to "The Eternal Magdalene," "Fighting Odds," and "Baby Mine" that simplicity of the new stagecraft which stands out so strikingly in its newly captured world of the screen.

It is easy to guess the Shinn quality; let us look more closely at the Ballin productions. His few rooms in "The Eternal Magdalene" are quite devoid of devitalized polar bears, bronze statues of Shakespeare and gold picture frames. The bareness of his smooth gray walls is broken by simple pilasters devoid of decora-

tion. A stairway turns upward with something of both grace and graciousness in its lines. "Baby Mine" seems ornate beside "The Eternal Magdalene"; yet its gay, deft ornamentation of beds, mirrors, window frames, pictures and cradles is restraint itself compared with what the decorators of movieland lavish on such flats. Some of Ballin's best work is to be found in "Fighting Odds." With a suggestion of Gordon Craig and Sam Hume, he has made a handsome, plausible yet quite un-copied Sherry's out of sections of plain, flat stone columns, very tall, with black draperies between. As a background for Maxine Elliott he has designed boudoirs rich with the most starkly simplified use of Eastern motives. Even the interior of a jiggling taxi is the jiggling and very little more. With these settings goes an excellent light of medium brilliance but of splendid sculptural qualities. In its evenness, however, in its neglect of the dramatic qualities of shadow demonstrated by Ince and Brunton, and in its usual position above the actors, lies one of the few technical shortcomings of Goldwyn Pictures. Naturally this new company is still feeling its way, looking for flaws and correcting them.

It is remarkable in the movie-world to see so Minervan a birth. Yet still more remarkable development is aimed at. Artists were introduced because those in charge of production believed that the story must be drawn out of the pictures, not pictures worth looking at produced occasionally in the course of story-telling. These artists have been given an even share in the direction of the acting as well as complete charge of designing the settings, because it is felt that ultimately artists must be in entire control of the whole process of composing a photoplay. It is an epoch-making idea; its accomplishment will put the movies securely upon their feet as a fine art.

Goldwyn production seems to contribute one other novelty to screen methods. It is the attempt to stamp each production with a distinctive and appropriate something which no other story would call forth. This approach to the "stylization" of the German stage appears in the way in which Arthur Hopkins tells the dream in "The Eternal Magdalene." He avoids all realism in this tale of a hard heart softened by scenes of sadness, terror and death. He plays the whole of it against a black velvet semicircle in which appear bits of walls, doors and other suggestive details as the swinging camera follows the principal figure on through the dream. Perhaps a student of the screen may here suggest that the effectiveness of this method might have been enhanced had the background been more nebulous or the lighting of the various episodes been more varied in intensity and filled at times with the terror of shadows. But the student who went on to suggest to Goldwyn a greater freedom in scenario writing, a closer naturalism in acting, as well as much, much more shadowed lighting, would be no student at all. He would have no grateful knowledge of the big step that Goldwyn has taken toward genuine photoplay art.

KENNETH MACGOWAN.

One of the Little Foxes

I am at a college where there are nearly two thousand girls, most of whom come from middle-class families. They have always been ma-

terially and spiritually satisfied (at least I speak of the majority. I realize that there are exceptions). Their desires and ambitions are not great, but they curtail them with little effort. They want the best in their own sphere but they are careful to keep within that sphere. If you ask them why they came to college the two most frequent answers are "to be broadened" or "I couldn't stand just staying home and doing nothing." Never have I heard anyone say that she came to college because of any true love of culture or any desire to train herself to do creative work. Their ideas on most subjects are those of their parents, and they look patronizingly, curiously or pityingly at the unenlightened few who have attempted to formulate their own opinions. And after college they will marry or teach or do social work with determination and possible efficiency, but with how much inspiration?

Most of the girls think very straight and logically in the class-room but to few does the relation between class-work and life outside mean anything. They think it odd that I should have books in my room that are neither reference nor text-books. And when I tell them that I love these books; that each one is a friend to me and that I enjoy seeing them smile or mock at me from the shelves; that I revel in the musty smell of the old ones and the feel of the smooth leather ones and that I sympathize with the poor unfortunates who came to life in the eighteen nineties and were afflicted with grey-green and black figured cloth covers —when I tell them these things, they smile and label me queer or high-brow. It is this quality in the college girl of labelling her specimen according to some conventional standard that she has never analyzed that seems to me most discouraging. I have been labelled dangerously radical because I have mentioned subjects that it seems uncivilized to me not to discuss, but that a girl from Kansas or New York or Vermont or even my next-door neighbor has been brought up to consider taboo and therefore has dismissed from her mind. I have been consigned to the pigeon-hole for eccentrics because I enjoy riding alone on an ambling horse with no gaits and turning down every road that strikes my fancy, rather than regulating my horse's gait to another's or spending my time persuading someone that my way is the best. I have no desire to do this. All that I ask is to go my own harmless way and still have the companionship of others; not their curiosity, their condemnation, or their efforts at reform.

It seems to me that one of the fundamentals not only of humanity but of culture is "live and let live." Yet most girls judge and even condemn by their own personal standards of right and wrong, with no respect and little consideration for the moral codes of others. They go blithely on their way praising the possessors of "democracy" and "college spirit"; and how many of them know what these terms mean to themselves, much less to their neighbors?

Yet who am I to criticize? I have not only always had every want filled but I have been brought up in luxury, material and intellectual. I am accustomed to the best or nothing. My parents are intelligent, cultured persons with broad interests and I have come in contact with people of all sorts. But instead of profiting by all this, it has made a parasite of me. I receive no stimulus from any but those people who have the power

to accomplish successfully the things I should like to do and cannot, because I have no talents and no creative ability. The country is filled with dilettantes like me, who are educated to be rich men's wives, charming hostesses, purveyors of background and who—not content to do this—take up a pseudo-bohemian type of life to indulge their desire for freedom, or their curiosity, and to cover up their lack of force. We are the ones who give the quirks to the feminist problem and they, the safe and sane college girls, who develop into average American mothers, excellent managers and committee-workers are the ones, I suppose, who will solve it.

And is the college or the individual at fault? Why is it that those who do so little thinking are the ones that the college trains to be the most useful women while it makes those who passionately desire to be of some use, more dissatisfied and ineffective each year?

. . . . .

I wrote these fragmentary thoughts in the fall. I am re-writing them now because I am weary of reading the articles, which seem to be so fashionable at present, written by sympathy-seeking professors with an excellent sense of humor, who complain at the docility of their students. When I wrote this the wind was howling. It blew the clouds across the moon. It blew the leaves from the trees in whirlpools and it shook the apples and pears down with a thump. And so it is with the thoughts of youth. Like clouds they recur in a thousand fantastic shapes shading the light of the moon, making the world black one moment and bright the next. Some fall like dead leaves to the ground and are burnt or go back into the earth and nourish the tree that bore them. And some fall with a thump like the green apples or pears and are left to rot or are eaten by those who have the capacity for appreciating fruit before it is ripe.

MINA S. KIRSTEIN.

Communication

DEAR SIRS:

With the central idea of Mr. Moderwell's *A Modest Proposal,* that ragtime is the only music written in America worth shucks, I heartily concur; with some details of his expression of the idea, however, I beg leave to take issue.

Mr. Moderwell asserts that for the interpretation of ragtime "no special technique is needed. There are only two kinds of singing, good and bad. Ragtime must be well sung, that is all. By this I mean that the notes must be sung as they are written, with pure tones and natural phrasing." This, it seems to me, is an absolute misstatement of fact. "Pure tones" will not help an interpreter of ragtime, nor will "natural phrasing." Just as much of a special technique, perhaps more, is required for the proper interpretation of these songs as for the performance of Spanish or Hindoo folk-songs . . . or for the singing of Brahms *lieder,* for that matter (and Mr. Moderwell may discover how little pure tones or natural phrasing will help a singer if he puts Mme. Melba to work at *Wie Melodien* and *Der Schmidt*). I have heard two of the

greatest of living singers attempt, at home, the singing of ragtime. The results were unrecognizable and wholly ineffective. It is not possible to put the spirit of ragtime on paper. . . . For example, remember how a Parisian or Viennese orchestra can destroy the rhythm of *Waiting for the Robert E. Lee,* although the notes are played exactly as they are printed. . . . I believe with Mr. Moderwell that a ragtime song recital would meet with great success in Europe, but it would have to be given by a ragtime singer, not necessarily, of course, a vaudeville singer; still I would trust Al Jolson or Nora Bayes or Fannie Brice farther in the matter than Emma Eames, Alma Gluck, or Amelita Galli-Curci. The accompaniments, too, must be put in trained hands. Frank La Forge is an expert accompanist but I doubt if he could play these songs as well as many performers on the vaudeville stage.

It is not only modern ragtime that requires special interpretation. The negro folk-songs Mr. Moderwell refers to also demand special technique. None but negroes can sing them and only certain negroes. One has only to hear the Fisk Jubilee Singers, who sing with impeccable tone and unimpeachable phrasing, to know this. It is obvious to the tyro that the songs may be better heard from the mouths of any negroes in any back-yards south of the Mason and Dixon line. A white man cannot sing them at all. When the negro Clef Club performed a few of the old songs at a concert at Carnegie Hall a few seasons ago, so good a folk-song authority as H. E. Krehbiel complained that they were given with nothing of the old darky style. As a matter of fact, good tone (in the sense in which one would speak of good tone in the singing of classic *lieder* and opera is the last thing in the world needed for the correct interpretation of either negro folk-songs or modern ragtime. If Mr. Moderwell will get some good opera or concert singer of his acquaintance (and I give him leave to try as good a one as he can find) to sing the programme he has selected, with the aid of a concert accompanist, he will be the first, I think, to agree with me.

I could quarrel with the programme, too. Cook's *Exhortation* and *Rain Song* are darky imitations of "grand" opera, recitatives and all, and are absolutely worthless as either genuine negro music or as ragtime. Muir's best song, perhaps the best piece of ragtime yet composed, is placed second on the programme, while a very inferior bit of work by the same composer, *Ragtime Cowboy Joe,* for which I could suggest a thousand better substitutes, is reserved for the last number. Mr. Moderwell describes *The Memphis Blues* as "nothing short of a masterpiece. In sheer melodic beauty, in the vividness of its characterization, in the deftness of its polyphony and structure, this song deserves to rank among the best of our time." Before this verdict I halt in mute astonishment. As warm praise, but not in the same words, I would willingly allot to *Waiting for the Robert E. Lee* or *Alexander's Ragtime Band* or even *Everybody's Doing It* or *Hitchy-Koo* . . . but *The Memphis Blues!* Besides, so far as I can discover, this is not a song at all . . . but merely a rag without words.

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CARL VAN VECHTEN.

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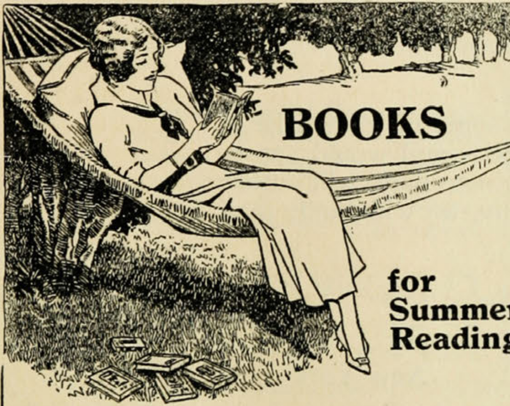

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