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An experiment in Southern letters : The Reviewer, 1921-1925

Elizabeth Spindler Scott

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ABSTRACT

The Reviewer (1921-1925) was a "little magazine" created by four iconoclastic young editors, Emily Clark, Hunter Stagg, Margaret Freeman, and Mary Street to counter Mencken's claim that the South was a "Sahara of the Bozart." Aided by H. L. Mencken, James Branch Cabell and Carl Van Vechten the editors secured contributions from the most famous writers of the time to publish with their "discoveries." This thesis contains the magazine's history, an extensive bibliography, and an anthology drawn from the most representative sections in each genre. Copies of The Reviewer are extremely rare, and the anthology is intended to show that The Reviewer was the progenitor of the Southern Literary Renaissance.

In 1925 The Reviewer was given by its Richmond, Virginia editors to Paul Green of the University of North Carolina. In 1926 Green gave it to J. B. Hubbell who merged it with The Southwest Review where it remains today.

An Experiment in Southern Letters: The Reviewer, 1921-1925

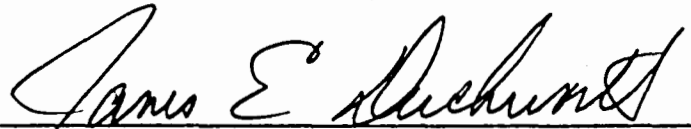
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AN EXPERIMENT IN SOUTHERN LETTERS:

THE REVIEWER, 1921-1925

By

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B.A. Longwood College, 1949

M.H. University of Richmond, 1978

A Thesis

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Introduction

It is a curious quirk of fate that a fascinating experiment in Southern letters should be known to relatively few scholars. The Reviewer, a little magazine of the early 1920's, deserves to be known by a wider circle of sophisticated readers, for its pages contain the early work of a number of important writers as well as some beautiful writing of a quality seldom found in contemporary periodicals. The magazine was the forerunner of what came to be called the Southern Literary Renaissance (or Renascence, as Louis Rubin, Jr. calls it), and the circle of writers who revolved around it were recognized as having created the "Second American Renaissance."¹ Indeed, in the thirties many of the writers and critics who had contributed to The Reviewer believed that this little magazine was the progenitor of the Southern Renaissance because it had consciously set out to revive belles lettres in the South.

The Reviewer presents an interesting challenge to historians as well as to scholars of American literature, particularly to those working in two relatively recent fields, the history of ideas and women's studies; and to the social historian it holds a wealth of fact, opinion, and rhetoric on the evolving New South as it emerged from the shroud of that "secular religion" known as the Lost Cause. This evolution is especially evident in the writing of certain Southern women, making their contributions

valuable to those engaged in women's studies, for one can see the strangle hold of the "Genteel Tradition"² being broken, and the iconoclasts--Johnston, Glasgow, Newman, Peterkin, and Dargan--paving the way for Porter, McCullers, O'Connor, and Welty who belonged to the forefront of the literary renaissance when it flowered.

The Reviewer was a pioneer in its field, not as a little magazine, but as one of the first of that genre in the region. It declared as its purpose the abolition of mediocrity and sentimentality which was inciting northern scorn on southern letters. In true pioneer fashion The Reviewer moved in the traditional migratory pattern from the Tidewater to the Piedmont and thence to the Deep South/Southwest. In the Tidewater phase it helped writers such as Glasgow, Newman, Peterkin, Pinckney, and Heyward to break away from romanticism and the "moonlight and magnolia" tradition of Thomas Nelson Page. Then it moved in a transitional phase into the very epicenter of social re-evaluation at Chapel Hill, North Carolina, where the ideas of the New South were being formulated by Howard Odum and his group who published the Journal of Social Forces. The New South ideology was reflected by Paul Green and his associates in their editions of The Reviewer. But the youthful zeal of the Richmond editors did not carry over into the Chapel Hill phase, and Green soon found it too arduous to carry on; so The Reviewer finally came to rest at Southern Methodist University in Dallas, Texas, where it remains still. Jay B. Hubbell and George Bond had just inherited Stark Young's Texas Review and were revamping it into the Southwest Review when The Reviewer was orphaned, so they combined the little magazines into

a new regional and forward-looking publication, which has maintained many of the principles upon which The Reviewer was founded.³ In response to what has been called most aptly "the Mencken goad,"⁴ these little magazines had set themselves the task of creating oases in Mencken's "Sahara of the Bozart."⁵

Throughout its sojourn in Richmond, Virginia, The Reviewer "blazed a way through the literary sand flats of the South"⁶ creating a "center of cultural renaissance"⁷ around itself and serving, as Mencken observed, "to break down the old Southern tradition and prepare the path for better things."⁸ It has been called both the darling of the literati and a harbinger of the Southern Literary Renaissance by James Branch Cabell, who also noted that during its heyday to appear in its pages was "a species of accolade...."⁹ The great, the near-great, and the would-be great writers of the decade contributed to it graciously or eagerly, for The Reviewer was conceived and executed solely on the pleasure principle in its Richmond phase, and to appear in the magazine brought the reward of fame by association, because the founding editors never mixed business with pleasure by paying contributors.

A great deal has been written about H. L. Mencken's influence on the intellectual and cultural development of the South in the 1920's, and The Reviewer has been cited in context of this influence, but little scholarly attention has been focused on the magazine itself and on the type of material it presented. Changing tastes, a scarcity of complete sets of the magazine, and the misleading tone of the comments made in the memoirs of one of its editors have all combined to rob The Reviewer of its pride of

place in the very forefront of the South's literary awakening. One of the factors which may account for The Reviewer's having fallen into neglect is the scarcity of complete sets for study. (At times it is painfully obvious that historians are reading each other and have limited access to The Reviewer itself.) Jay B. Hubbell complained in 1934 of having to go to the New York Public Library to complete an essay on southern magazines¹⁰ because southerners had been so lax about preserving these particular representatives of their culture. To help alleviate this shortage this anthology has been compiled from the most notable examples of each genre published in The Reviewer. It may in some measure make up for the lack of primary material by reprinting many of the articles and poems which figure prominently in the published letters of Emily Clark, James Branch Cabell, Frances Newman, and H. L. Mencken as well as material that appears in the commentary of contemporary historians. The pieces chosen are not always of the highest literary merit; The Reviewer was never able to maintain a consistently high quality even though the editors hoped for it. In fact, to include only the best would give an inaccurate picture of the publication. Furthermore, it is instructive to see some of the work which elicited adverse critical comment. Some of the essays, while decidedly mediocre, are included because they illustrate the dilemma the editors faced between pleasing their mentors and contributors and maintaining their subscribers.

A second and perhaps more critical factor in The Reviewer's lapse into obscurity was the treatment it received at the hands

of those who sought to be its historians. Emily Clark and James Branch Cabell both wrote reminiscences of the magazine which are charming, witty, and sadly misleading. Clark's account in Innocence Abroad is written in her light, frivolous tone from which most critics or historians have inferred that the experiment in southern letters was a dilettante effort, designed to amuse a select few, and not a serious effort to refute Mencken's contention that the South was a cultural wasteland.¹¹ Only by reading The Reviewer itself can the historian judge the worth or the seriousness of the publication. Reading H. L. Mencken's "Morning Song in C Major," Gerald Johnson's "The Congo, Mr. Mencken," or Paul Green's "A Plain Statement About Southern Literature," one is struck by the fact that The Reviewer was far more than a plaything. A very serious vein, instigated by Mencken, runs through The Reviewer during its Richmond years, and with material for evaluation more readily available, perhaps future historians will be less inclined to view it as "a garden party to which the clever and the creative were invited (provided the latter minded their manners!)"¹²

Emily Clark realized too late that her flippant way of describing her project was misleading. She complained to Joseph Hergesheimer that she was often misquoted by the writers and critics she talked to in New York.¹³ She also recounts an incident which occurred near the end of the Chapel Hill experience which reveals rather clearly this situation. At the final Reviewer board meeting Dr. Archibald Henderson of the University of North Carolina took her seriously when she gave her version of her editorship of The Reviewer. He failed to recognize that

she had a penchant for making an amusing story of even the most mundane occurrence. She wrote:

Dr. Henderson apparently received erroneous ideas from my remarks that evening about the seriousness with which The Reviewer's affairs in Richmond had been conducted, for months later in the New York Times Book Review, to my hurt surprise, he referred to our magazine in its Virginia incarnation, as a "revolution poudrée" and a "pretty plaything."¹⁴

James Branch Cabell remarked in Let Me Lie that between February 1921 and October 1924 Richmond was a mecca to which "Authors of all four sexes came singly and in bright shoals" on account of The Reviewer, which was creating an "efflorescence of polite letters" in the South.¹⁵ Translated roughly from the Cabellian this statement means that the little magazine was creating a new literary awareness that became the catalyst for the so-called Southern Literary Renaissance, a credit too often given unjustly to a better known publication, The Fugitive. The Fugitive, a little magazine published in Nashville, Tennessee between 1922 and 1925, was primarily devoted to poetry. It published the poems of the group of the same name, and made no attempt to provide a forum for other young southern writers.¹⁶ Cabell went on to say that The Reviewer was "without any exact peer, inasmuch as it was conducted for the diversion of its contributors; and to appear in The Reviewer became, throughout the insecure small world of American letters, a species of accolade."¹⁷ Here again we see an example of dry wit masking the seriousness of the undertaking. In his version of the venture he makes a special point that The Reviewer and its editors were ignored in Richmond. Research into the social climate of the

city at this time does not bear this out.¹⁸ Mencken, however, in championing Cabell in the national press, had built up a public portrait of him as a lone, unappreciated artist, and Cabell--liking the pose--had continued to hold it. He later observed:

When some yet to be born historian prepares to deal candidly with that which Virginians of the first quarter of the twentieth century thought to be their civilization, then his will be the task to discover through what miracle, or art, or accident, four youngsters caused Richmond-in-Virginia to become a literary center between the February of 1921 and the October of 1924.¹⁹

This remark was echoed recently by the literary historian, Richard King:

Intellectual historians, literary scholars, and sociologists of culture urgently need to take up a comparative investigation of cultural creativity. How can we explain those amazing outbursts of intellectual production which, as often as not, seem to appear in the most unlikely places, far from the centers^{20f} political, economic and social power.

It appears that serious consideration of The Reviewer, and the four novices who created and nurtured it, is long overdue.

Just who were these miracle-workers who, in the course of having an enormous amount of fun--by their own admission--managed to "stage a well-attended dress rehearsal [for the Southern Literary Renaissance] in Virginia considerably prior to its formal opening further South"?²¹ Four young friends in the area of Richmond now known as the Fan decided on a winter Sunday afternoon that it would be fun to start a "little magazine," that genre being very much in vogue at the time. Emily Tapscott Clark, who would become the editor and the magazine's historian, called its

foundation "snatching our little magazine out of thin air."²² They had no editorial experience, no capital, nor any idea of how to acquire it--and no rationale other than to prove that the South was not a cultural desert. Yet Clark and her friends set out to establish a "small voice...honest and disinterested" where "real criticism and creative work could react beneficially" on each other.²³ Her cofounders were Margaret Waller Freeman, Hunter Taylor Stagg, and Mary Dallas Street. All four of them were young, bright, and enthusiastic; and, notably, none of them was college educated. Margaret Freeman, who later became the second Mrs. James Branch Cabell, claimed to have had the idea for the project, and she made the original plan feasible by obtaining credit from a local printer for a Prospectus and one issue, and a family friend donated the money for postage. Hunter Stagg was a brilliant young man, handicapped by epilepsy at a time when that disease was not understood or controllable. He showed great promise during The Reviewer years, but he failed to live up to his potential, and he was the only one of the four who never produced a book. Mary Street was older than the others and "of independent means," as wealth was tactfully described in that era. She lent the magazine its major capital--\$200.75. Ellen Glasgow wished the group luck, remarking that their youth and inexperience might be a factor in their success; and they proved her right, for their experiment brought them international acclaim.²⁵ Their little magazine looked utterly unpretentious; its contents were printed on the self-cover, for the editors could never afford a heavier, colored cover. But these plain covers carried the names of some

of the most famous writers of the decade: Gertrude Stein, H. L. Mencken, Louis Untermeyer, Amy Lowell, and Mary Johnston, to name a few.

In later years Emily Clark was to write in Innocence Abroad that the foursome organized the magazine to amuse both themselves and their contributors, and that the editors gave it up one by one when each found something more interesting to do. In the beginning, however, they brought to the enterprise wit, charm, intellectual brilliance, cultivated taste, and a youthful recklessness that made them scoff at raised eyebrows. They were, to quote Mr. Cabell, "enfranchised" as to the best drawing rooms in town, which he regarded as being no asset, but which was the very thing that brought them to Mencken's attention. They were aristocrats, but bright and brash, and they took a certain delight in baiting the stuffy or the pompous. This willingness to upset the status quo--in literature at least--and to flirt with the outer limits of what was then considered "good taste" was the key to their creation of what was for its day a very chic, very avant-garde magazine for the South. Toward the end of The Reviewer's independent career, DuBose Heyward observed in an article on southern literature in The Bookman that:

It has been said that good taste is an outstanding characteristic of Southern letters, and that this in itself contributes no mean contribution to contemporary American art.... Now the task that confronts the south today is simply this: to readjust the standards of good taste. Good taste in manners if you will. But for art, its own code of good taste, based on a fearless and veracious molding of the raw human material that lies beneath the hand.²⁶

It is certainly no mean accomplishment that The Reviewer was able to be iconoclastic during its short independent life, and that it was able to break the iron grip of Sir Walter Scott and Sir Thomas Browne on the imagination of Southern writers. Without losing either its sense of humor or its dignity it waged successful war against imitation and sentimentality in Southern letters and this anthology bears testament to the contention that The Reviewer stands in the first rank among the little magazines.

The Richmond Years 1921-1924

The Reviewer began at a party according to Emily Clark and Margaret Freeman, and all its business was conducted at parties, if Clark's account can be believed.²⁷ No wonder the contemporary historians have inferred that it was a dilettante diversion and passed over it lightly. An impression such as this comes from a lack of understanding of the social milieu from which The Reviewer sprang. In Richmond during Prohibition a party--unless there were out-of-town visitors--usually implied a cup of tea, something sweet from Cole's Confectionary, and plenty of conversation--real conversation about ideas and events with a modicum of gossip thrown in, as spice gets into an elegant dish.

For many years bluestocking Richmond women had gathered to talk, first about suffrage, then when that was won, about nascent feminism as seen in Mary Johnston's novel Hagar, or Kate Langley Boshers's Miss Gibbie Galt, or in the rebellious heroines of Ellen Glasgow. They also worked tirelessly for higher education for women, prison reform, and for an enriched cultural climate for Richmond. There were undoubtedly some of these "movers and shakers" at the party at Helena Lefroy Caperton's West Avenue home, where The Reviewer was proposed, for she was one herself. The magazine did not spring up overnight like a weed in a sidewalk crack and flourish in spite of the concrete. It was

nurtured in fertile soil, and Emily Clark's letters to Joseph Hergesheimer are filled with references to people he had met in Richmond who took a very active interest in the magazine and the writers who visited the city. On that Sunday afternoon the talk was of the demise of the book review page of the News Leader, and others beside Clark and Stagg were distressed because it meant an end to a freelance forum to several of the ladies. It was not surprising, in light of the spirit of the time, that a "little magazine" should be proposed as an alternative place to publish. Little did they know that their magazine would soon outgrow "local talent."

It would be highly significant to know just who attended the Caperton party. In reading between the lines of Ingénue Among the Lions we can make an educated guess just by knowing who lived in the neighborhood. The late Willis Shell described West Avenue in the 1920's as "a hotbed of women writers." In addition to Helena Caperton, Margaret Freeman, Emily Clark, and Hunter Stagg, there may have been Nellie Tompkins, Cally Ryland, and perhaps Emma Speed Sampson and Kate Langley Boshier, all of whom have been mentioned as aiding the infant publication.²⁸ The late Emma Gray Trigg, a pillar of strength to the editors, though she never allowed her name to be listed on the staff, said that she was not at the party but remembered well being told of the idea for the magazine within a few days.²⁹ It is also highly probable that Louise Burleigh, the director of the Little Theatre League, was at the party, or was promptly informed of the plans, for The Reviewer and the Little Theatre League always maintained an

interlocking group of supporters. It was undoubtedly discussed also at the next meeting of "The Cabineers," a literary-dramatic social group who comprised the core of The Reviewer's readership.³⁰

One of the most important unacknowledged sources of support and inspiration came from Miss Virginia Randolph Ellett (founder of Miss Ellett's School) who, if not at the party, was surely consulted right away, for she attended the organizational meeting of the magazine. With her, if the truth be known, lies the secret of "the miracle, or art or accident" Cabell referred to in Let Me Lie,³¹ when he marvelled that four inexperienced young people not only could conceive but could carry out such an unusual publication. "Miss Jennie," as she was called, was a powerful force in the intellectual life of the city. No literary, artistic, or theatrical visitor of importance came to the city without being taken to call on her.³²

Two factors point directly to Miss Ellett's influence on The Reviewer. First, she had a profound commitment to excellence which she transmitted to her students, and secondly she maintained a life-long interest in their activities and welfare. Although her name is seldom mentioned today in discussions of The Reviewer, her imprint is there; clearly visible to one who knows how to look for it. In the first place, she taught her students to write well. She not only insisted upon it, but she began early in their schooling to have them taught the basics of rhetoric, and before they were graduated she personally taught them English, and burnished their skills to a fine polish. Few

college English majors today write as well as her students did. Always an innovative educator, she had a technique for inspiring her students to do exceptional work which, to this day, is remembered as a special distinction. She sent the best of the girls' compositions to Harvard to be critiqued and graded.³³

Without doubt, the three women on the staff had talent, but the training they received at Miss Ellett's hands gave them the taste, the discernment, and the style which became the hallmark of their magazine. But the most important, and the most tangible of Miss "Jennie's" influences, was that she was always forward-looking. She taught her students the traditions of the Old South, not for slavish emulation but to use actively in the creation of a better society. She believed resolutely that women could and should be well-educated for the betterment of the Southern way of life, and she sent out her young women to be examples. If Clark, Freeman, and Street were rebels to the literary tradition of the South, they were doing exactly as their teacher wanted; they were looking forward and striving for something better. The foreward to the first issue contains their tribute to her:

There is in all art, it seems to us, a daily struggle between mediocrity and distinction, as to which shall be the standard of the time. Not success or failure, but that the impetus of our effort shall count toward distinction, is our chief concern.³⁴

Hunter Stagg remains the eminence gris in the history of The Reviewer. He has left no account of his involvement, and Emily Clark's letters intimate--but never state--that he always did what she wanted. When a Richmond newspaper referred to The Reviewer as a creation of a group of "unconventional young

ladies" Clark wrote to Hergesheimer that Hunter and Mr. Cabell were "very much peeved" at being called young ladies.³⁵

The first few weeks of life of The Reviewer were filled with feverish activity. The editors took advantage of the Thanksgiving and Christmas social events to contact many of the prominent people they sought to be endorsers of their project, and to solicit contributions from well-known writers visiting the city. They drew up an impressive Prospectus, with a list of endorsers artfully chosen to refute Mr. Mencken's charges that there were no artists, musicians or writers left in the Old Dominion.³⁶ The endorsers were not asked for money, only for their approval and endorsement of the venture. Their signatures appeared under the statement:

We, the undersigned, realizing the need of a literary review in Richmond, and the growing demand for such a publication throughout the State, wish to express our cordial approval and endorsement of The Reviewer, the initial publication of which will take place on February the fifteenth, nineteen hundred and twenty-one, in Richmond, Virginia.³⁷

The foregoing endorsements and a statement from the editors were printed by Whittet and Shepperson and were sent with reckless enthusiasm to every major newspaper in the country to announce the advent of the new little magazine. The New York Times, mistaking the endorsing authors for the staff, printed a laudatory editorial hailing the new publication. The editors learned a valuable lesson from this mistake, for they carried an advertisement for the magazine in the April issue listing the names of their illustrious sponsors as "contributors," and asked:

"Do you know of any other magazine that presents such a staff [sic] of writers?"³⁸

Emily Clark's account of the meeting she and Hunter Stagg had with James Branch Cabell is delightfully recounted in Innocence Abroad, for the initial success of the magazine depended on securing a well-known patron and the two of them succeeded in arousing Cabell's curiosity. The advent of The Reviewer occurred just as the suppression of Jurgen made Cabell a cause célèbre on the national literary scene, and his interest in the venture extended to bringing two of his friends and champions, Joseph Hergesheimer and Henry Mencken, into contact with the magazine. After visiting Cabell in Richmond and meeting the ebullient editors, both Hergesheimer and Mencken became their mentors (more like legendary fairy godfathers for they worked numerous "miracles" for the ingenuous youths.) After his first visit to Richmond, Emily Clark wrote to H. L. Mencken:

I'm glad to know you mean to be friends. I was afraid, from Mr. Hergesheimer, that you didn't. He said I was childish and school-girlish and he was frightfully cross.... I like every word you write, even when occasionally it hurts my feelings.... When will you write us something more? Soon? And will you speak to Mr. Nathan? And get us some more contributors? I seem to have been unduly garrulous here about the great. So don't tell, please.³⁹

To Joseph Hergesheimer she wrote one of her rambling, charming letters a few days later, saying:

I like Mr. Mencken much better than I did at first. He has written such nice letters and said he was coming back, and asked to be friends. So I said I would.... Everyone here, nearly, is mad with me.... when I told Alice about it she wouldn't sympathize, and

merely said that I'd been trying to drive four-in-hand when I hadn't the years or the brains to do it. I don't know what she means.... The world has been looking almost as black to me as it does to you and Mr. Mencken and Mr. Cabell and Francois Villon....⁴⁰

And a little later she wrote him:

...I like Mr. Mencken lots better. He's so big and knows so much about everything, and yet, in a way, is so innocent. Do you think that?⁴¹

Hergesheimer became the recipient of a flood of letters from Emily Clark begging for advice and help in obtaining contributions from his famous friends, and containing a wealth of information on the daily problems of the editors.⁴²

During Emily Clark's editorship she must indeed have felt that she was driving four-in-hand, or more aptly, a Russian troika, in trying to balance the advice from her mentors. Cabell wanted the magazine to be urbane and clever, and he accepted manuscripts from his friends that she did not want to publish. Hergesheimer wanted the magazine to be chic and worldly and "upper crust" and he advocated an air of "georgette crêpe and silk stockings": while Mencken, the only one of the three who saw clearly what the possibilities were for real achievement, wrote her almost daily letters of advice urging her to "take and hold the offensive" in making the magazine iconoclastic and consciously Southern. During the summer of 1921 she wrote Hergesheimer:

Mr. Mencken is taking a hectic interest in The Reviewer, and averages a letter a week of advice--whether I answer or not. Last week, on the heels of two letters which I hadn't had time to answer, came a note, written instead of typed--the first time I'd realized he was a human being--enclosing the Reviewer article from the August

Smart Set.... Mr. Cabell says he means to be extremely nice, but it isn't fulsome. Why does he think the South is controlled by Baptist and Methodist ministers? I've never even met one of either.... They [the Troubetzkoy's whom she was visiting at their Albemarle home, Castle Hill] say not to bother about Mr. Mencken. I told them some of the things he said, and they think it would be absurd for us to fight and scream, and "expose" people. That's what he says I must do to people like poor old Mr. Tom Page, and Mr. Armistead Gordon, who have known me since I was born. Don't you think it's better for us just to ignore them and not ever let them contribute? Your "Georgette crêpe and silk stockings" would be torn to shreds in the sort of riot Mr. Mencken wants.⁴³

At almost the same time Mencken was confiding to Hergesheimer that he held out little hope for the survival of The Reviewer because "the gals are too timorous."⁴⁴

In retrospect, Hergesheimer's influence and advice, which she seemed initially to prefer to Mencken's, did little to advance the publication except to draw contributions from several British writers. He did not introduce a single "discovery." Of all the major contributors, his pieces in the magazine seem the most "dated" to the modern reader. But his name on the cover always assured sales, and could be counted on to provide the "fame" the magazine promised its contributors in lieu of payment.

Like Hergesheimer, who is in eclipse today, Mary Johnston was another early and staunch friend of The Reviewer whose name on the cover was a guarantee of sales. She had written America's first "best seller," To Have and To Hold (1900), and had built a solid reputation with her Colonial Virginia romances. But Mary Johnston, too, was forward-looking, and following her deep involvement in the suffrage movement she wrote the remarkable (for

its time) feminist novel, Hagar, in 1913. Then she turned away from the popular romances which had made her famous, and from her masterful Civil War novels, to produce three novels based on her interest in the transcendental works of Blake and Swedenborg. The book, Sweet Rocket, which appeared just as The Reviewer was launched, was a resounding failure, but Richmonders still loved and revered her and agreed with the critic who declared that she didn't know how to be boring. After her death Edward Wagenknecht remarked that "many readers have already dismissed her as belonging to the past, while the real difficulty is that she has gone so far ahead into the future that they find it impossible to catch up with her."⁴⁵ Her Reviewer story, "There Were No More People on the Earth," has a very modern, futuristic cast to it, and fantasy writers as well as feminists are reexamining her work. Her supernatural pieces published in The Reviewer also deserve some scholarly attention, for she was experimenting with the time and space concepts growing out of Einstein's theory, just as her contemporaries, the artists Picasso and Brach were, and some of her more avant-garde work resembles verbal Cubism. It is unfortunate that her correspondence with the editors has not survived, for it would be instructive to know whether she urged them to be consciously Southern or to strive for universality.

Initially, all the members of the staff undertook the solicitation of manuscripts for the magazine. They wrote to their friends, and they asked the help of the writers who endorsed them. Miss Johnston sent them an essay on "Richmond and Writing" for the first issue. Ellen Glasgow had given them her blessing, but

no manuscript was forthcoming. They later published the text of an address she had given in Richmond, but she never wrote anything specifically for them. This is not to say that she was not a great help to The Reviewer; she just did not write for it.⁴⁶ Margaret Freeman wrote to her friend Mary Wingfield Scott (who was later to become Richmond's preeminent architectural historian) in New York. The outspoken Miss Scott was an early prototype of the liberated woman, and she was living in Greenwich Village while writing her dissertation on Balzac. She sent them a review of Eugene O'Neill's The Emperor Jones, which the Provincetown Players had just opened with a Richmonder in the title role. In the premier issue Hunter Stagg's review of H. L. Mencken's Prejudices: Second Series makes it clear that The Reviewer was committed to a role as oasis-maker in the Sahara of the Bozart.

In this fashion the editors managed to fill the first twelve issues with material written by friends and friends of friends, which gives Volume I its distinctive local flavor, but by this time it was out of money and in peril of going under. Then the "mentors" stepped in. Cabell offered to guest-edit three issues to teach them how it should be done; Mencken decided to take an active part in their support, and to give them public recognition in his writings; and Hergesheimer secured the promises of material from some of his "literary lion" friends. Emily Clark protested to him in an August letter that she had not told Douglas Southall Freeman of the Richmond News Leader that he and Mencken were "coaching" the staff, but Freeman was right in deducing that they were.

With the October 1921 issue The Reviewer became a monthly instead of a fortnightly publication, and the editors made some significant staff changes. Emily Clark became "editor," though Cabell actually performed the duties to teach her how. Hunter Stagg was designated "literary editor," and he was given the responsibility for all the book reviews. Margaret Freeman left Richmond to study in Paris, but her name was retained on the masthead as a contributing editor; while Mary Street was designated an associate editor. As she was of independent means and peripatetic, she helped with the actual production of the magazine when she was in town, but her chief contribution was always financial.

About this time, according to Margaret Freeman, someone told them that all great writers had sketches too short to sell to the big magazines.⁴⁷ With that, Emily Clark began her letter writing campaign to every well-known writer in the United States, many of whom were charmed by her request and sent their work gratis. (The Reviewer, in Richmond, never paid for anything except for printing and mailing.) It was even recorded that by the time The Reviewer was a year old it had become so popular with the literary world that the poet Amy Lowell had her feelings hurt because she felt she was the only leading poet who had not been asked to appear in its pages.⁴⁸

Under Mr. Cabell's guidance The Reviewer became urbane and highbrow, with Cabell and his friends using its pages to play literary games with one another. Examples of this type of belletristic gamesmanship are found in Ben Ray Redman's "Bülg the Forgotten" and Joseph Hergesheimer's "A Note on John Partins."

After Carl Van Vechten became interested in the magazine, contributions from established writers poured in. Their well-known names supplied the incentive to struggling young Southern writers to contribute without being paid. The masthead of the magazine carried the terse message that "payment for such MSS as may be found available will be in fame not specie." But the "discoveries," Frances Newman, DuBose Heyward, Julia Peterkin, and Gerald Johnson, were only too pleased to have their very Southern-flavored but strongly iconoclastic work published side by side with John Galsworthy, Louis Untermeyer, or Agnes Repplier. Carl Van Vechten himself not only collected manuscripts, such as the incomprehensible "Indian Boy" from Gertrude Stein, but also emptied his notebooks for them in his "Pastiches et Pistaches." He and Emily Clark became friends, and he introduced her to the literary and artistic circles in New York.

The Reviewer's spectacular success in its literary endeavors did not extend to its business affairs. It never attained any semblance of financial security in spite of the efforts of many men who could and would have set up a corporation and managed it efficiently. None of the magazine's business records have survived, but a picture of its tangled affairs emerges from Emily Clark's letters. Before they began publication she had received a letter from Thomas Nelson Page urging her to wait till the magazine was properly financed before going to press. She scoffed at the advice, bragged about the fact that they always managed to get by on "capital so slender as scarcely to merit the scathing description 'shoestring'"⁴⁹ and proceeded systematically to sabotage every

effort to put The Reviewer on a sound financial basis. Margaret Freeman was listed on the masthead as business manager, but she denied in a recent interview that she ever served in that capacity. She was, she said, in effect the managing editor, and that the printer handled the advertising for them.⁵⁰

The Reviewer had a succession of business managers after Freeman resigned the title, but they all repeated a pattern of beginning with great enthusiasm and leaving a short time later in anger and frustration. Emily Clark steadfastly refused any money with "strings attached." She so feared that a business-like board of directors would dictate editorial policy or curb her free-wheeling activity that she rejected any suggestion which would have stabilized the magazine. Russell B. DeVine is notable among the business managers for his epic battle with Clark, which is recorded with less than justice to him in Innocence Abroad. He is known to have burned her letters to him, with the intimation that they would have caused spontaneous combustion if stored in a dry place. G. H. Winfree, a friend and neighbor, is known to have stepped in as business manager when the business affairs were in a hopeless tangle, but he did not remain long. The final business manager was Mary Harris West, whose name was gleaned from the last Richmond letterhead, and about whom nothing has been learned.

In 1924, after four years of cajoling writers, battling with the printer, feuding with a succession of business managers, losing half the staff, and becoming enamoured of the idea of becoming a writer herself, Emily Clark decided to give up The Reviewer, and Hunter Stagg had to give in to her. She, therefore,

announced to the world at large that she was relinquishing the editorship with that issue (October 1924). She went on to say that the magazine was "solvent" and had a "friendly circulation" (thought to be about 1200 subscribers, nearly all of them outside Virginia). She did not name the new editor; indeed, a new editor had not been found. Nor did she mention that it was a wealthy Philadelphia man, Edwin Swift Balch, who had bailed the magazine out in its darkest hour by buying up all the stock and placing it in Clark's name. Helena Caperton explained years later that "Emily married him and went to Philadelphia to live and so The Reviewer came to an end. It is a comfort to know that it was because of romance and not malnutrition."⁵¹

None of the letters concerning the transfer of the ownership of the magazine to the group in North Carolina have been found. There is, however, a letter from Hunter Stagg to a friend unconnected with The Reviewer which sheds a bit of light on the matter.

There have been endless strings of people here. It began with two men from Chapel Hill, North Carolina, who came up representing a group who wanted to take over The Reviewer which Emily and I were dropping. That business was accomplished—we gave it to them, free, because they seemed to be the only people we knew that we could bear to have it. There were three other groups who wanted it, strange to say But there were business meetings after business meetings, and stockholders meetings - on one day there were four, not to mention those on other days, ending in a large gathering here at my house, which, when the transference was finally accomplished, was followed by a large, long and wet party, to celebrate. Emily had come down from Philadelphia, of course, and our business manager was a woman, and so, with them, and the N.C. men, and one or two others the merriment was high, and the next morning was sad. Then a few hours after those visitors got out of town Hamilton Owens, one of the editors of the Baltimore Evening Sun, arrived, after having long

distanced the news of his approach, and I had to see that he had pleasant things to do.⁵²

When DuBose Heyward wrote to congratulate Paul Green on becoming the new editor, he wrote: "I am proud and pleased to know that you have taken The Reviewer in from the doorstep and given it such a promising home. That is splendid!"⁵³

It is commonly inferred from the tone of Innocence Abroad that The Reviewer was given up with the same sense of reckless abandon with which it was launched. The surviving letters, however, do not bear this out. Although the story of the transfer of the magazine from the "insanely gallant" group to the equally "gallantly insane" group at Chapel Hill has not been recorded, it is evident from the correspondence which has been preserved that H. L. Mencken was vitally interested in what was to become of the magazine. It is clear that Clark was determined that the group centered around the Poe Shrine should never have it to turn into a revival of the Southern Literary Messenger. What is conjectural is the identity of the other groups Stagg mentioned as wanting it, as well as who the backers were (other than "Papa" Balch) who lost all they had put into it when it was given away in such cavalier fashion. It would also be instructive to know how and when Green was informed that he had been chosen to take over, for a postscript of a letter of his to Jay B. Hubbell, written on the fifteenth of December (1924)⁵⁴ indicates that he had no idea at that time what would become of The Reviewer. Perhaps someday letters will come to light which will explain more fully what transpired between the publication of the last Richmond issue and its reappearance at Chapel Hill.

The Reviewer at Chapel Hill

The only published account of the transfer of the magazine from Richmond to Chapel Hill occurs in Innocence Abroad. Clark wrote:

I had resigned from The Reviewer after the issue of October, 1924, which appeared in November, according to The Reviewer's erratic custom. As I have said, Paul Green had decided to undertake the editorship of The Reviewer, with Gerald Johnson and Addison Hibbard, among others, as directors. In December he came to Richmond to take the magazine to Chapel Hill under his personal escort. He was, at this time, exalté, englamoured without too much seriousness; altogether, to me, a quite new variety of young man, and I watched his entranced face with a sinking heart, feeling old and cold, for I had then learned every evil trick that a little magazine can play upon its adoring nurses and guardians.⁵⁵

In Richmond the editors had been able to rely on a group of volunteer helpers who gave everything from clerical and office help to complicated legal service, and Clark does not seem to have told Green the extent of their involvement. She also failed to will him the services of the "mentors." Even with the grant Green was able to secure, he could never hope to pay people to do what had been done for the magazine when it was considered "the pet charity of the literati," as Clark called it in her farewell editorial.⁵⁶

The transfer was haphazard at best, for Green's file of correspondence is filled with query letters from writers wanting

to know what had happened to manuscripts, or from subscribers who had become "lost in the shuffle." The business manager was Green's publisher, Robert Pickens, in Hickory, North Carolina, and the editor-business manager relationship does not seem to have been any more harmonious than it had been in Richmond. The typography was an obvious decline from the high standard set by the Richmond printer, and Green was forced to make an expensive change in the summer of 1925. (The rough draft of a promisory note in his papers seems to indicate that he had to make up the deficit personally.)

It is worth noting that the absence of help from Emily Clark's friends made a recognizable change in The Reviewer, but the absence of Emily herself was more noticeable. The tone of the whole thing changed gender; from the airy expressions of a flirty girl, it took on the sobriety of a college professor. It also lost its air of being Mencken's Southern voice. Mencken did not suddenly abandon the magazine as soon as it moved, for he had always favored The Reviewer over the other Southern little magazines, The Double Dealer and The Fugitive. But he was genuinely committed to his own writing and his new American Mercury, and he must have felt that with Gerald Johnson (the chief of his disciples) on the staff, they didn't need him to be the gadfly to sting the editors into action against the "booboisie." Emily Clark Balch wrote several times to urge Green to write to her benefactors, especially to Joseph Hergesheimer and to Carl Van Vechten, to ask them to solicit manuscripts for him. She herself continued to keep the magazine before the New York

critical community and to persuade them to mention The Reviewer in their gossip columns, but Green seems to have ignored her advice.

An advertisement for The Reviewer, similar to the original Prospectus, but very different in tone, was issued in the spring of 1925. On the back of the small, poorly printed card in the guise of the July table of contents there is this statement:

The magazine intends to remain a literary periodical, publishing only the best or not publishing at all. In no case will it cater to the pull of names or to the expediency of local pride or prejudice. We are not after the gesture and the sound of accomplishment. Nor, on the other hand, do we intend to set ourselves up as highbrows and ultramodern beyond the reach of the honest worker in literature. For he is the person we are in search of. It is he we wish to encourage. And in the belief that there are a growing number of such workers in the South; even in the belief that there is an unmistakable literary renaissance of vast possibilities going on here--this magazine hopes to live.

The Reviewer during the coming year will publish critical articles, essays, poems, stories, plays and book reviews by both well-known and unknown writers.⁵⁷

Rubin claims that The Reviewer "suffered a sea change"⁵⁸ on its journey from Richmond to Chapel Hill. Not only had the old "in fame, not specie" policy of nonpayment been replaced by a system of modest payment (one cent per word), but the editors became more professional in the solicitation of manuscripts. Clark's breezy demands were replaced by short formal requests from Green, and in return he got short, formal regrets from many of the old standbys. Hunter Stagg was in Europe (where he visited Gertrude Stein and did not ask her for a contribution); DuBose Heyward was working on a book and had no time; Emily Clark Balch

complained bitterly that her new social status in Philadelphia was compelling her to pay innumerable duty calls, but that her new husband had promised that she would have time to write when they were done. She promised Green a book review for the January issue, but she was so used to lax deadlines that she did not send it in time; so the January 1925 Reviewer is the only issue which does not contain anything from her pen. The only "discovery" to answer his request was Julia Peterkin, who did so with reservation. She replied to his letter that Hunter Stagg had confessed to her that every time The Reviewer published something of hers, it lost Southern subscriptions, and she wondered if he would afford to carry one of her stories in his first issue. He replied that he welcomed controversy, and he published all of "Maum Lou" which she sent him, even though they both agreed that it was not one of her best stories and was too long. He was short of copy for the first issue after having rejected a number of manuscripts he had brought from Richmond.

There are in the Chapel Hill papers many letters of compliment and congratulations to Green as the new editor, most notably one from Jay B. Hubbell, who had published some of Green's work in the new Southwest Review. He said the new Reviewer was "jimdandy" and that "The Reviewer is the real thing in your part of the world."⁵⁹ Donald Davidson of The Fugitive was also complimentary of the Chapel Hill Reviewer and contributed to it until the ideological split between the Fugitive/Agrarians of Vanderbilt and the New South sociologists of Chapel Hill cut off their correspondence. Jonathan Daniels of the Raleigh News and Observer

summed up the first issue with great perspicacity, writing to Green on March 21, 1925:

I enjoyed the first issue of The Reviewer very much in spite of the fact that I had to read it in snatched.... The only possible criticism I would have of it would be this. Somehow I didn't think it was young enough or free enough. It was all clean, workmanlike stuff, but I suppose I wanted fireworks. I think the first issue was better than the Double Dealer or the Laughing Horse or the Fugitive ever were! I enjoyed your lambasting the collectors of "Southern literature." There is a set of the darned things here in the office collecting dust.⁶⁰

Emily Clark Balch was complimentary but not effusive.⁶¹

In his search for material, Paul Green ranged far afield. He requested material from Donald Davidson and his colleagues, and Davidson sent him several poems, from which he selected "Bryony." Laura Riding Gottschalk, who as a woman was never admitted to full standing as a Fugitive, sent two poems, and Green accepted both. Allen Tate was a "discovery," having published some of his earliest works in The Reviewer, but Green returned the poem he sent in. There are letters between Green and Davidson asking whether Davidson thought his poem "Bryony" was cast in the vein of "Miniver Cheevy" and "Richard Cort," to which Davidson replied a bit testily that neither he nor his fellow poets thought so, and that they had liked the poem very much.⁶²

At the other end of the literary spectrum, an advertisement in a writers' magazine brought a flood of queries from the West. A sheaf of poems appeared from a woman homesteading in the Far West who said she had never seen The Reviewer nor had she ever written any poetry before, but her husband had just died and

left her with small children and debts, and she would appreciate being paid immediately for her poems. He also received some poems from a missionary in China, translations from ancient Chinese, inspired perhaps by Amy Lowell's "The Plumb Blossom Concubine Writes to the Emperor Ming Huang." It seems likely that Clark would have published these, if only to show that The Reviewer was read in China, but Green returned them as "not meeting the current needs of The Reviewer."⁶³

While The Reviewer was consciously developing as a forum for Southern writers, the editors did not hesitate to refuse articles by known writers if they felt that the tone was too strident, the view too provincial, or the subject matter too far removed from the prevailing canons of good taste. Green, for example, sent John dos Passos' Manhattan Transfer back to an agent in Kansas by return mail, possibly feeling, as Paul Elmer More did, that it resembled "an explosion in a cesspool."⁶⁴ He also replied negatively to a query by a young Richmond journalist, who would become a Pulitzer winner, for an article debunking Paul Revere on the occasion of Revere's elevation to the Hall of Fame. Most unsolicited manuscripts got a polite note saying that their contribution did not meet the magazine's needs. Nor did Green hesitate to send something back for revision. He sent "Fast Color" back to Emily Clark, who had written that Mencken liked it, and she dutifully revised it for him.

By the summer of 1925 it was becoming evident that Paul Green was beginning to find the editorship more arduous than he had imagined. He had worked in the spring very closely with Gerald

Johnson and Addison Hibbard, having them read the manuscripts and help in the choice of those to be accepted. But in the summer Mencken lured Johnson to Baltimore to work on the Sun papers, and shortly thereafter, Hibbard was elevated by the University of North Carolina to be Dean of the College of Liberal Arts. It also became evident in the late spring that the arrangements with the printer were very unsatisfactory and that Green, now without the help of his associates, would have to make a change. He also found himself in a bind, such as Clark had described to Hergesheimer, between the advisors who wanted more realism and more daring and the subscribers who wanted less!

In August of 1925 Gerald Johnson had written him about the July magazine, commending him on the issue and saying:

The news about The Reviewer is excellent, and so is the magazine except for its physical appearance. I think Nell Battle Lewis did Raleigh in fine shape, but I agree with you that Brawley's stuff has little kick to it.⁶⁵ Still you can't butcher the man to make a Reviewer⁶⁰ holiday.

Johnson went on to complain bitterly about the poor printing job and urged that it be turned over the University of North Carolina to be printed. Emily Clark Balch also was urging him to change printers.

On the other side of the coin, Green had a letter from a lady in South Carolina. In a cultivated hand, and on expensive stationery she wrote:

I cannot have on my reading table a magazine, whose leading article is written by a negro-- and one outstanding feature of the said article, impudence--In several other articles slurs are cast on Southern places and manners. The whole tone therefore is offensive--so much so that

one is forced to the conclusion that it is intentional. I am at a loss to account for such sentiments emanating from Chapel Hill, but from whatever point they come, they cannot be accepted by us. Therefore, please discontinue The Reviewer ...⁶⁷

Green ignored her implied threat to the University and published the letter in "About Contributors" in the October issue. About Benjamin Brawley he wrote:

Brawley, a professor of English in Shaw University, concludes in this issue the story of his Southern boyhood. Through his writings and teachings he has done a great deal toward helping his race on to a sane enlightenment. We applaud him and other workers like him. His articles printed in The Reviewer have been written with exceeding reticence, and yet apropos of these and other things, down upon our heads comes the following:

And here Green repeats the latter part of the lady's letter. He concludes:

Well, so be it. But let it be put down now that this magazine never dreamed of being⁶⁸ impudent.

This was more daring on his part than it would seem, for The Reviewer was again in financial difficulty and Green could not afford to antagonize the University nor wealthy Southern patrons. He was experiencing difficulty in attracting sponsors, and Emily Clark herself wrote to apologize for only contributing \$100, saying that she had to use her own money as Mr. Balch had bailed her out with \$3,000 the year before and she could not ask for more.

The summer issue must have been particularly difficult for Green. The Prospectus sent out in the spring was printed in the guise of the cover of the July issue. It promised two signifi-

cant pieces which did not appear in the magazine. Gerald Johnson planned a blast at H. L. Mencken--with Mencken's blessing--to be called "Gentleman With a Meat Axe," but Frances Newman is an article in the New York Herald Tribune Books "rather took the wind out of his sails," as Hubbard observed,⁶⁹ so the article was withdrawn. Johnson also wrote a review of Mencken's Prejudices: Fourth Series for the issue, but wrote Green that when he showed it to Hamilton Owens (of the Baltimore Sun), Owens "blew a 10-inch hole in the middle of it, so it is now laid up for repairs."⁷⁰ The other disappointment was that Olive Tilford Dargan withdrew her play Candy Cake after Green told her he thought it "slight."

The last issue of The Reviewer is that of October 1925. There is no indication either in the magazine or in the extant correspondence that Green planned to give it up. It just seems to have folded its tents like the legendary Arab and crept away in the night to Texas where Jay B. Hubbell took it under his wing and merged it with the Southwest Review. It had a rather respectable subscription list for a small magazine, and it had a core of supportive writers who still contributed to it after it moved to Texas. In its heyday, it had 1200 subscribers (more than double The Fugitive's maximum). In 1926 the Southwest Review announced that it had over a thousand subscribers; so the merger must have brought a large number of Reviewer readers to the younger magazine.⁷¹

Just at the time that The Reviewer was transferred from Chapel Hill to Dallas to be merged with the Southwest Review there was another shake-up in that publication's staff positions,

and we learn from an exchange of letters in the Hubbell Collection at Duke that Hubbell was elected Chairman of the American Literature section of the Modern Language Association, so he turned the editor's chair over to his associate, George Bond. It was Bond's duty to sort out the jumble of material sent down from North Carolina, and his letters to irate freelancers who thought their stories had been accepted give a poignant view of the unattractive side of editing a journal.⁷²

The Reviewer and Southern Literary History

In 1924 Jay B. Hubbell contributed a chapter on Southern Magazines to W. T. Crouch's Culture in the South in which he wrote:

The southern magazines--probably the best expression of the mind of the South--were never adequately supported in their day, and all but a handful have been forgotten. We have seldom cared enough to collect their back files, and as a result the literature of the South is better studied in Northern libraries. It was impossible to complete this essay on Southern magazines without going to Northern libraries for much of my material... It was only in the New York Public Library that I found nearly complete files of certain important magazines of the twentieth century: The Double Dealer, The Reviewer, The Fugitive, and Uncle Remus' Magazine. The literature of the South is of considerable importance...but we shall never know much about it until we stop boasting of our literary⁷³ achievements and study them.

Though this was published in 1934, little had changed significantly since. He went on to say that if Southerners had conducted the study and collected the books, there would be "no occasion to complain that the rest of the country had failed to recognize our legitimate claims."⁷⁴

Louis Rubin, Jr., never mentioned The Reviewer in The Literary South, implying instead that The Fugitive led the way into realism and a new interest in intellectual pursuit. The Fugitive may have brought Modernism to the South, but it was The Reviewer which consciously picked up Mencken's flung gauntlet

and set itself to prove that there were poets and critics in the "Sahara of the Bozart" of an intellectual calibre equal to anything coming out of the contemporary Northeast, and writers of fiction just as capable of "realism" as the Midwest was producing.

Today there is, at last, a glimmer of hope. The historians are beginning to do what the literary critics and anthologists were unwilling to do--they are reading The Reviewer and finding it a rich source both for women's history and for the history of ideas. Many of the critical books published in the last five years have been returning to the "forgotten" authors themselves to gain an understanding of the mind of the South and to assist in reappraising the literature. The trend is heartening. Even the admirable C. Hugh Holman in his final essay repudiated his famous formula which he said he constructed in his "literary nonage." It says:

These characteristics of Southern literature are: a sense of evil, a tragic sense of life, a deep-rooted sense of the interplay of past and present, a peculiar sensitivity to time as a complex element of narrative art, a sense of place as a dramatic dimension, and a thorough-going belief in the intrinsic value of art as an end in itself.⁷⁵

He said he was trying in his youth to find "the" tradition, which was what the critics and historians of the Southern Renaissance were trying to do, but with the weight and wisdom of years he had come to realize that the formula, for all its merits, was simplistic and forced too limited a view of the content and intent of Southern Literature. He pointed to a number of Southern writers who had been declared by Rubin and others "not of the first rank" who are today being reconsidered, as well as authors such as

Thomas Nelson Page and James Branch Cabell who were denigrated and considered "period pieces" and of interest to only a precious few. "All of us" he wrote, "have exercised our common tendency to take the thing we work with and love and to construct out of it a monolithic structure...." But, he pointed out, Southern literature is not monolithic; it is diverse. It has "richness and variety" and a "almost endless number of forms and impulses." And he ends his essay with a plea to the "custodians of southern literature to try to be more historical and descriptive in the treatment of the writing of our region." ... "No more monoliths, please!" he begs.⁷⁶

Holman emphasized the fact that literary historians were slow to give up "comfortable categorizing tendencies," but he pointed out the necessity for us to adopt the wider view and range of those working in the fields of women's and black studies and those historians and sociologists working with the history of ideas. His view confirms the feeling that we have been looking at The Reviewer through the wrong end of our binocular for far too long. Instead of emphasizing how small and limited it was, we should be looking at how large it loomed in its day when "every day's mail brought something new and exciting."⁷⁷

The Reviewer is a mine of information, and only the scarcity of available issues for the use of scholars or anthologists has prevented it from being recognized as such. It is with this in mind that the selection has been made for this history-anthology. The original intent was to include only the best, but that would have given a false semblance of high quality; it would also have

given a false semblance of high quality; it would also have robbed the reader of knowing what detractors such as Singal meant by "the effusions of a hopeless Richmond dowager."⁷⁸ The anthology is arranged chronologically rather than categorically, for The Reviewer grew as it built its reputation, and it is interesting to observe this process. The Reviewer has been called by Singal "a very chaste happening." Perhaps he, like Jonathan Daniels, was disappointed with the lack of "fireworks." But reading the articles of Peterkin, Newman, and Johnson in comparison with what was being published in other magazines of the day should go a long way toward dispelling that notion. There are, admittedly, plenty of "georgette crêpe and silk stockings" and party manners, but these are exciting instances such as the one Newman described in which "...Half the right thinkers have been in to express their gratitude for my whole defense of the South."⁷⁹

The time has come for the "right thinkers" to join Paul Green in his recognition of the woman who exemplifies the "whole defense of the South":

...Emily Clark, the inspiring spirit of this magazine since its beginning, in fact the beginner of it,... continues her untiring efforts in our behalf, and some day her value to us and the South generally will be better understood.⁸⁰

Notes

¹ Bruce Kellner, "Friends and Mentors: Richmond's Carl Van Vechten and Mark Lutz." Address, The Friends of the Boatwright Library, May 29, 1979.

² The "Genteel Tradition" is a literary term referring to a tradition of manners and correct form in letters. It was carried over from the nineteenth to the twentieth centuries in Virginia by such writers as Thomas Nelson Page and Mary Johnston before she broke with it to write feminist and futurist novels. It was a form of Romanticism.

³ Hubbell had recently (1924) taken over Stark Young's Texas Review and was in the process of expanding it to cover the entire South when the fortuitous gift of The Reviewer allowed the Southwest Review to gain wide recognition and support. (See Hubbell's notice of the merger in the Appendix.)

⁴ John Finn Zeugner, The Stomped-on-Mind: Studies in the Rationale for the Southern Literary Renaissance, diss., The Florida State University, 1971, p. 119.

⁵ Henry L. Mencken, "The Sahara of the Bozart" In Prejudices: Second Series, (New York: Alfred A. Knopf), 1920. See Appendix.

⁶ "What They Say About the First Volume." The Reviewer, 2 October, 1922: n.p.

⁷ Park Rouse, Jr., "The Literati," Richmond Magazine, July, 1976: 48+

⁸ H. L. Mencken, in "What They Say About Its First Volume."

⁹ James Branch Cabell, Let Me Lie (New York: Farrar, Straus and Company, 1947), p. 216.

¹⁰ Jay B. Hubbell, "Southern Magazines" in W. T. Crouch, ed., Culture in the South (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1934), p. 159. Even Emily Clark had to write to Paul Green for back issues so she could make up a bound set for her mother.

¹¹ Emily Clark, Innocence Abroad. (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1931). See Appendix "An Experiment in Southern Letters."

¹² Daniel J. Singal, The War Within: From Victorian to Modernist Thought in the South, 1919-1945. (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1982), p. 86. This is a typical contemporary assessment of The Reviewer.

¹³ See letter 43 in Ingénue Among the Lions, ed. Gerald Langford (Austin: University of Texas Press, 1965), pp. 108-113.

¹⁴ Innocence Abroad, p. 265.

¹⁵ Let Me Lie, p. 216.

¹⁶ The Fugitive can be credited with fostering New Criticism and Agrarianism, and for bringing the Modernism of Pound and Eliot to America, but it was not the well-spring of the renaissance as some writers claim. The survival of The Fugitive in southern literary history is due largely to the fact that most of its editors subsequently became America's leading poets.

¹⁷ Let Me Lie, p. 216.

¹⁸ Richmond friends and relatives of Mr. Cabell and Miss Glasgow tend to regard their contention that they were ignored or misunderstood as an artistic posturing; they wanted to be

lionized and left alone simultaneously. Several octogenarians have pointed this out to the author.

19 Let Me Lie, p. 203.

20 Richard H. King, A Southern Renaissance: The Cultural Awakening of the American South (New York: Oxford University Press, 1980), p. viii.

21 Louis D. Rubin, Jr., "Scholarship in Southern Literature: Its History and Recent Developments." In American Studies International 32, April, 1983: p. 22.

22 Emily Clark, "Postscript." The Reviewer IV, October, 1924, p. 407.

23 The Reviewer Prospectus. See Appendix.

24 No amount of research has been able to account for the seventy-five cents, but both Emily Clark and James Branch Cabell have mentioned it.

25 Innocence Abroad, p. 55.

26 DuBose Heyward, "A New Note in Southern Literature." The Bookman 61, April, 1925, p. 153.

27 See "An Experiment in Southern Letters," p.

28 These ladies are more fully identified in Welford D. Taylor, Virginia Writers Past and Present (Richmond: William Byrd Press, 1972.)

29 Author's interview with Mrs. Trigg, taped October 1976. New Virginia Review Collection, Special Collections, James Branch Cabell Library, Virginia Commonwealth University.

30 See Elizabeth S. Scott, "The Cabineers" Ellen Glasgow News-letter 6 March 1977, pp. 11-12.

31 Cabell, p. 203.

32 For a discussion of Miss Ellett and her school, see: Natalie Blanton Miss Jennie and Her Letters (1955), Love Remains (1960), and Ninety-nine Notes to Love Remains (1962). These lectures were given to The Woman's Club, East Franklin Street, Richmond. (Richmond: privately printed, 1955, 1960, 1962). Also see Pocohontas Wight Edmunds Virginians Out Front (Richmond: Whittet & Shepperson, 1972); and Josephine Knight Symbols of the South (Richmond: Garrett and Massie, Inc., 1941).

33 Professor John Macy, himself a noted critic, was a friend of Miss Ellett's and he performed this service for her for many years. Though not college-educated herself, Miss Ellett attended the summer sessions at Harvard and Oxford for many years. She was also a close friend of Dr. M. Carey Thomas, President of Bryn Mawr College, which led her to institute the Bryn Mawr entrance exams as the finishing touch offered to her brightest students. Not many Southern girls went to college in the period under consideration, but Emily Clark and Margaret Freeman were proud of having passed their examinations though they never intended going on to college. It was Miss Ellett's stamp of approval.

Her influence on the two men is not negligible either. James Branch Cabell started to school under her tutelage, for she taught both boys and girls in the primary grades when her school was new. Nothing is known of Hunter Stagg's education except that he was kept out of school for fear of "fits." It is likely, however, that Miss Jennie took interest in him, and may have overseen his tutoring. They were neighbors.

34 "Foreword" The Reviewer 1, February 1921: 1.

35 Langford, p. 22.

36 Mencken, "Sahara of the Bozart." Appendix.

37 See Prospectus in the Appendix. Only two original copies are known to be extant: one in the Special Collections, Cabell Library, and one in the Valentine Museum Library.

38 The Reviewer 1, April 1921, back cover.

39 Emily Tapscott Clark, letter to H. L. Mencken, "Friday December second," 1921. Mencken Collection, Pratt Free Library. This letter, presumed lost, was found by the author inside Mencken's personal, autographed copy of Innocence Abroad, which leads to the conjecture that it was Clark's first personal letter to Mencken. (She had previously protested to him at the Baltimore Evening Sun when he left The Reviewer out of an article on Southern little magazines. See Hobson, Serpent in Eden, p. 37.)

40 Ingénue Among the Lions, pp. 35-36.

41 Ingénue Among the Lions, pp. 54-55.

42 It needs to be pointed out that the posthumously published letters comprising Ingénue Among the Lions has done irreparable damage to Emily Clark's image in her home town. The editor failed to point out that what seems to be spite and malice was only a calculated persiflage that Clark adopted to amuse the gossip-loving Hergesheimer. She never intended for him to think that her catty remarks were true, and he knew her well enough to understand this. She would have been extremely upset had she known that he did not destroy the letters promptly, as she requested. She was far less "gossipy" in her letters to Mencken and later to

Paul Green; perhaps she had learned to be more discreet.

43 Ingénue Among the Lions, p. 11 and p. 15.

44 Letter from Mencken to Hergesheimer, July 26, 1921, in the Mencken Collection, Princeton University Library.

45 Edward C. Wagenknecht, "The World and Mary Johnston" Sewanee Review 44, April 1936, p. 188.

46 The Ellen Glasgow Newsletter has numerous letters which show that Miss Glasgow gave advice to the staff, entertained visiting authors for them, and served as a "magnet" to draw writers to Richmond to meet her and Mr. Cabell. A great deal of Reviewer business was conducted at her dinner parties, one of which is described in Carl Van Vechten's essay on the Sabbath Day Glee Club in "Pastiches et Pistaches," The Reviewer 4, January, 1924: 98-99.

47 Interview with Margaret Freeman Cabell, taped April 8, 1977. In possession of author.

48 Ingénue Among the Lions, p. xxiii.

49 Cally Ryland, "A Worthy Scion." Richmond News Leader, October 20, 1923.

50 Taped interview with Margaret Freeman Cabell.

51 Helena Lefroy Caperton, "Richmond Magazines" Richmond Times-Dispatch, January 1, 1950.

52 Hunter Stagg, letter to an unidentified friend, "Willis." There is no date, but the context indicates late December 1924. This letter is in the McDonald Collection, Special Collections, James Branch Cabell Library, Virginia Commonwealth University. Used by permission of Dr. Edgar McDonald.

53 DuBose Heyward, letter to Paul Green, December 30, 1924.

Paul Eliot Green Collection, Southern Historical Collection,
Wilson Library, University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill.

54 Green Collection, Chapel Hill.

55 Innocence Abroad, pp. 262, 263.

56 A whole article could be written on the friends and neighbors who worked without recognition on The Reviewer. Mailing the issues involved families and friends--and it had to be done twice a month during the first subscription period. A review of the footnotes in Ingénue Among the Lions turns up a host of Richmond people who helped in one way or another. They lent money, gave a great deal of free legal advice, entertained the visiting "literary lights" who were being wooed for contributions, and were defensive when the magazine came under attack even if they did not always approve of it themselves. Emily Clark recalls with glee that it was considered "very chic." The idea that Richmonders turned up their noses at literary figures was a common complaint of Miss Glasgow and Mr. Cabell, but "not necessarily so." One group especially gave great encouragement and support to the young editors. The late Emma Gray Trigg gave the writer a great deal of information on the people who belonged to a little group called the Cabineers who met regularly at the little log cabin in the yard at "Reville," the Mulford Crutchfield's estate on Cary Street Road, to entertain each other with plays, readings, and good conversation. This group, Mrs. Trigg felt, best represented the audience The Reviewer was designed for; literate, sophisticated, travelled, and "upper crust." They would have objected, perhaps,

to being called dilettantes as Gerald Langford has done; they might have called themselves "intelligentia" instead. Their support was vital to The Reviewer, and they gave to it generously.

Marie Keene Dabney, in her autobiography Mrs. T. N. T. (Richmond: Dietz Press, 1949) has a chapter on the Cabineers, and recounts an anecdote about a visit from Joseph Hergesheimer. She called the group "the most sought-after group in town." It was probably too "high-brow" for the taste of many who aspired to it, but its small membership gave it tantalizing unavailability. The group was small because the cabin was tiny, explained Mrs. Trigg in a succinct assessment. Emily Clark tried to take all the illustrious guests (except Achmed Abdulla and Gertrude Stein, whose lifestyles were too advanced for even the most broadminded of Richmond society to accept) out to "Reville" to a Cabineer gathering, as well as to "Tuckahoe" and to the downriver historic plantations, to experience the best of Southern hospitality. The letters to Hergesheimer mention many of these people in remarks and in messages from them.

Perhaps for the sake of that yet-to-be-born historian, Mr. Cabell predicted, we should include here an excursus on the Cabineers. Mrs. Trigg felt strongly that their influence was vital to The Reviewer, and she devoted an entire interview to her recollections of the group. As has been stated, they met in the log cabin at "Reville" on Cary Street Road (now obscured by the large church building), which had been furnished by the owners, the Crutchfields, with a small stage. The common denominator of the group was their interest in the theatre. Mrs. T. T. Dabney says there were twenty members, that is, ten couples. Mrs. Trigg

listed them as the Crutchfields, the Pernet Pattersons, the Wallace Gills, the T. T. Dabneys, the Frank Pratts, the Richard Carringtons, the William R. Triggs, the Stuart Reynolds, the Archer Jones, the Berkley Williams; there were also at some time the Robert Winfree, and the H. A. Sampsons. Anyone who has read Ingénue Among the Lions will recognize most of these names. The Crutchfields were often cited for their hospitality, as are the Gills. Mrs. Stuart Reynolds, who was a niece of Emily Dickinson, is referred to frequently. She was obviously admired by Emily Clark, who smarted under her criticism. The Triggs and the Carringtons were key figures. Emma Gray Trigg and Delia Carrington were intimate friends and schoolmates of Emily Clark and Margaret Freeman, and they were involved in the affairs of The Reviewer without ever being on the staff. Emma Gray Trigg published some of her earliest poems in the magazine, but her main contribution was not her literary talent. Through them Emily Clark had entree into the soirees of the Cabineers. She was never a member for the group did not begin to include "singles" until after she had left Richmond. Hunter Stagg and the James Branch Cabells also joined after The Reviewer days. Richard Carrington and William R. Trigg were frequently impressed into service to rescue the unfortunate editors from the business and legal messes they kept incurring. Mr. Winfree, though not named in Innocence Abroad, was the business man who undertook briefly to untangle their business affairs after Margaret had resigned and before Russell DeVine joined the staff. It was, however, the Archer G. Joneses who were the most actively involved with The Reviewer. Their pet project was the rescue of the Old Stone House, and its subsequent restoration

and use as a museum for Poe memorabilia. At a time when The Reviewer was at its lowest ebb, down to a staff of two and almost bankrupt, the Joneses attempted a rescue by offering quarters in the Old Stone House, plus financial support. Their desire to turn The Reviewer into a successor to The Southern Literary Messenger was nonetheless met by fierce opposition from Emily Clark. Russell DeVine, however, resigned from The Reviewer and went with the Poe Shrine organization. (He realized his dream of resurrecting The Southern Literary Messenger, briefly, in 1939.) Only the Santa Claus-like appearance of Edwin S. Balch to buy up the stock in Emily Clark's name saved The Reviewer from this fate. Her letters of December 1923 (letters 77 and 78, pp. 197-203 in Ingénue Among the Lions) describe the situation vividly. As she remarks archly, Hunter called Mrs. Jones "Mrs. Poe"--accidentally-on-purpose.

In writing of the Cabineers, Mrs. Dabney says: "We had many distinguished visitors, among whom were Ellen Glasgow, James Branch Cabell, Mary Johnston, Joseph Lindon Smith, Nancy Byrd Turner, Margaret Prescott Montague, Joseph Hergesheimer, Virginia Tunstall, and even the then popular Prince Louis of Bourbon. Many of our members too, were authors--Dr. Frank Pratt, Emma Gray Trigg, Mrs. Rupert Hughes, Pernet Patterson and Emma Speed Sampson. We were undoubtedly the most sought after group in town but our number was of necessity limited. For we met in one great room beamed with unskinned pine trunks, heated by four foot logs in a huge stone fireplace, and lighted by electrified stable lanterns. We often staged one-act plays with very personal caricatures of our members. (Mrs. T. N. T., p. 127)" The group disbanded after the tragic

death of Mr. Crutchfield, but that was long after the demise of The Reviewer.

Another group that gave great aid and comfort to The Reviewer staff was the Little Theatre League. A 1921 playbill for a production of James Branch Cabell's "Balthazar's Daughter" reads like a combined roster of the Cabineers and a Reviewer table of contents. We find Emma Gray Trigg and Delia Carrington and Frank Beirne and Elizabeth Preston among the actors. Jim Allison, Louise Burleigh, Frank Pratt, Mrs. Stuart Reynolds, Mrs. Wallace Gill, and Mrs. Frank Beirne (Rosamund Randall Beirne), all of whom were either Cabineers of Reviewers, or both, were on the production staff. Mrs. Archer Jones was also an enthusiastic Theatre Leaguer, and it was she who adapted James Branch Cabell's "Simon's Hour" for the stage, and produced it at The Woman's Club. Emma Gray Trigg was in those days as renowned as an actress and dramatic singer as she later became as a poet. Helen deMotte, the newspaper critic, wrote of her that her acting was of professional quality, and "one is tempted to the thought that in one of Richmond's most charming young matrons the professional stage has lost a great actress." Emily Clark, herself, was recording secretary of the League, and Margaret Freeman a member of the board at the time The Reviewer was founded.

57 Advertisement for The Reviewer issued in the spring of 1925, presumably between the April and July issues. Paul Green Collection, Chapel Hill.

58 Rubin, p. 22. It is assumed that he is using "sea change" in the Shakespearian sense meaning a change of heart or of attitude.

- 59 Jay B. Hubbell, letter to Paul Green, April 3, 1925.
Paul Green Collection, Chapel Hill.
- 60 Jonathan Daniels, letter to Paul Green, March 21, 1925.
Paul Green Collection, Chapel Hill.
- 61 Emily Clark Balch to Paul Green. Several letters.
Green Collection.
- 62 Exchange of letters in the Green Collection, Chapel Hill.
- 63 Green Collection, Chapel Hill.
- 64 Exchange of letters with May Brown of Salinas, Kansas,
January 1925, Green Collection, Chapel Hill.
- 65 Benjamin Brawley, a professor at Shaw University in
Greensboro, was the only black contributor who wrote regularly for
the magazine.
- 66 Gerald Johnson, letter to Paul Green, August 13, 1925.
Green Collection, Chapel Hill.
- 67 Letter in the Green Collection, Chapel Hill.
- 68 The Reviewer 5, October 1925, p. 125.
- 69 Addison Hibbard, letter to Paul Green, no date, Green
Collection, Chapel Hill.
- 70 Gerald Johnson to Paul Green, August 19, 1925. Green
Collection, Chapel Hill.
- 71 Southwest Review 11, first inside page.
- 72 Letters in the Jay B. Hubbell Collection, Manuscript
Department, William R. Perkins Library, Duke University, Durham,
North Carolina.
- 73 Jay B. Hubbell, "Southern Magazines," p. 159.
- 74 Hubbell, p. 159.

75 C. Hugh Holman, "No More Monoliths, Please: Continuities in the Multi-Souths." In Southern Literature in Transition: Heritage and Promise. eds. Philip Castille and William Osborne (Memphis: Memphis State University Press, 1983), p. xiv.

76 Holman, p. xxiii.

77 Innocence Abroad, p.

78 Singal, p. 82.

79 Frances Newman to Emily Clark. Quoted in Innocence Abroad, p. 191.

80 Paul Green, "About Contributors" The Reviewer 5 (July 1925), p. 134.

CHAPTER I

*The Reviewer—
An Experiment in
Southern Letters*

The Reviewer--
An Experiment in
Southern Letters

In November 1920 someone said at a party in Richmond: "Let's start a little magazine." The only book-page carried by a Richmond newspaper at that time had just died, quietly and suddenly. Hunter Stagg and I had assisted at its death-bed. We may, indeed, have been a part of the disease which killed it. "We will start," the talk continued, "a fortnightly book-review. Richmond has been always full of writers, and why should not books be reviewed here?" There was no money available, and to Hunter and me this seemed unimportant. Margaret Freeman immediately reminded us that printers must be paid, although editors and contributors need not be. There was, however, only an instant's thoughtful pause, for Margaret mercifully added that she, personally, would collect enough advertisements from Richmond merchants to support a fortnightly pamphlet for six months. She did. And she resigned this job at the end of six months, after an illness, although remaining longer on the editorial staff of The Reviewer. No one, after Margaret's

resignation, succeeded in collecting sufficient advertising to make The Reviewer a financially independent magazine. Two weeks after the magazine was planned Mary Street joined the self-elected editorial staff, and assisted in the composition of an amazing prospectus sent to possible subscribers in the South and to editors, publishers, and literary critics in New York. Mary, moreover, contributed a necessary two hundred dollars for printing and postage, which Margaret, as a result of the advertisements she had collected, was able to return to her at the end of six months. We asked only a six months' subscription as a trial, reserving the right to stop the magazine at the end of that time if our subscribers were less enthusiastic than ourselves. Our prospectus was slightly bombastic in tone, calling the attention of the public, through several paragraphs, to the literary tradition of Richmond, and to its present needs. "We believe that a small voice," we concluded, "if honest and disinterested, may receive a hearing. Therefore, we announce to you the coming publication of The Reviewer, the initial issue of which will appear February 15, 1921. It will continue as a bi-monthly periodical during six months, in which time we shall learn whether there is a demand for it." This prospectus was endorsed by a number of Virginian writers and artists. The editors had confused bi-monthly with semi-monthly, for The Reviewer during its first six months appeared at intervals of two weeks instead of two months. Several newspapers commented on the minute size of its first number, viewed as a bi-monthly, instead of a bi-weekly affair.

The literary scene in the fall of 1920, when The Reviewer's prospectus went abroad, was quivering with undeveloped and unex-

ploded potentialities. They had laid Paul Elmer More in his grave and had not yet resurrected him. The post-war insurgence in America and Europe was nascent and exciting. Jurgen had been suppressed, but not released. Main Street came off the press almost simultaneously with the mailing of our prospectus and was not yet an accepted part of the American language. Babbitt was not to begin his triumphal march down the years, along with Mr. Pickwick and Don Quixote and other universal characters, until September 1922, nearly two years later. Mencken's Prejudices, Second Series, containing his essay on contemporary Southern letters, "The Sahara of the Bozart," appeared exactly in time for a review in the first issue of our magazine. Stuart Sherman was still in Urbana, Illinois, vigorously fighting for Americanism in American letters, and had not yet shown any symptom of the decadence which overcame him in his later, softer years, after the Herald Tribune had summoned him to the easier agreements and compromises of New York. The American Mercury was not yet conceived, and its birthday was more than three years in the future. The old Smart Set was continuing its cheerfully impertinent experiments under the direction of Mencken-and-Nathan, at that time as inextricably hyphenated as Gilbert-and-Sullivan, or Abercrombie-and-Fitch. The Little Review was still in mid-career, and Broom, Secession, and the Wave had not yet lived and died. Harry Hansen had not come East, and Burton Rascoe had just arrived from Chicago, and had not yet begun his unpredictable "Bookman's Day Book" on the old New York Tribune. George Doran owned the Bookman, and John Farrar edited it. Cyrus Curtis had not then acquired the New York Evening Post, and Henry Seidel Canby, Christopher Morley, and William Rose Benét were in full

charge of its Literary Review, with no need of a Saturday Review of their own. Irita Van Doren was literary editor of the Nation, and Carl Van Doren was editor of the Century. The death of the Dial and the Freeman and the birth of the New Yorker were years away. There was no Literary Guild and no Book-of-the-Month Club. People who liked books were spontaneous and excited about discovering them for themselves. The first novels of Carl Van Vechten and Thomas Beer were still unwritten, and Elinor Wylie's first small book of verse had not appeared. A boy just out of Princeton had written This Side of Paradise, and he and Zelda Fitzgerald between them had just invented flappers. The revolt of youth was serious and intense, and no one dreamed that within ten years the feminine world would go quietly back to long hair, long skirts, curves, and corsets--and like them. Ernest Hemingway and Glenway Wescott were names unknown, and Laurence Stallings, Henri Barbusse, R. C. Sherriff, and Erich Remarque were equally unknown. Aldous Huxley, as a novelist, did not exist. The Round Table was not then dissolved, and the Algonquin was the Mermaid Tavern and the Cocoa Tree of America. Ellen Glasgow had not written Barren Ground, and Zona Gale had not written Miss Lulu Bett. James Branch Cabell and Joseph Hergesheimer then, as now, maintained an aesthetic attitude, and Theodore Dreiser's long loneliness had been only lately lifted by Sherwood Anderson's Winesburg, Ohio. Southern letters, with the axiomatic exceptions of Ellen Glasgow and Mr. Cabell, were deeply and softly sunk in their age of innocence. Frances Newman, Julia Peterkin, DuBose Heyward, Paul Green, and Gerald Johnson had not then made their first appearance in The Reviewer; and Elizabeth Madox Roberts and Maristan Chapman were

still to emerge from the Southern provinces, Isa Glenn from her more cosmopolitan background, quite without benefit of The Reviewer. The barren ground of ten years ago is recalled by an announcement in the New York Times of 1921 that we were "Blazing a way through the literary sand flats of the South."

After we had published twelve issues, from the first number-- exactly ten years ago--February 15, 1921, through August 1, 1921, we had accumulated an extraordinary number of press notices throughout the country, and our circulation had increased. But its increase was not sufficient to persuade either local or national advertisers to pay our expenses for another year. New York publishers, as well as Richmond merchants, were called upon, but their responses were uncertain and infrequent. Alfred Knopf alone would be relied upon for material support here, and his advertisement appeared in our pages more regularly than any other during our later period. Without further financial assistance it would have been impossible to continue after August 1921. We wanted desperately to continue, for new uses for The Reviewer became more apparent each week, and each morning's mail was a glorious adventure. We had already published Frances Newman's first writing, and Julia Peterkin's first contribution had arrived three weeks too late for our trial six months. We were holding it for the time when we could resume publication. We had no policy beyond a fixed standard of good writing, and a determination to make articulate the new Southern consciousness then becoming apparent. We cared little what our contributors said, if they said it well. A number of established writers had already rushed to our assistance, and their names were attracting many young writers--as well as the

metropolitan press--to The Reviewer. And these writers furnished an equivalent of cash payment to the young, obscure writers whom we hoped to launch. During the four years of our existence they were indispensable in luring to us the new writers for whom The Reviewer was created. Among these earliest patrons were writers as fantastically diverse as James Branch Cabell, Ellen Glasgow, Joseph Hergesheimer, Mary Johnston, Agnes Repplier, George Sterling, and Louis Untermeyer. Many others, of America and England, soon followed these patrons of our first six months. After August 1 our chances of survival receded far into a black mist. Mary Street, who had supplied us with our first prospectus, again came to the rescue, with sufficient money to print ten monthly issues of The Reviewer. Immediately we distributed circulars composed of our most distinguished press notices, and announced to our subscribers that we would resume publication in October 1921, and continue through July 1922, as an enlarged monthly magazine. After ten months we would again decide if it were at all possible to go further.

At this time one of the most valuable gifts of all the incredible gifts that we received fell into the astonished lap of The Reviewer. Mr. Cabell, who had first signed the endorsement of The Reviewer, and had already twice contributed to it, offered to edit three issues, those for October, November, December 1921. We believe that in the future it will be as well remembered that James Branch Cabell edited The Reviewer for three months as that Poe edited the Southern Literary Messenger for a much shorter period than is generally known. "Mr. Cabell," said A. L. S. Wood, our unfailing promoter in Massachusetts, in the Springfield Union, "has given The Reviewer a tradition of

freedom." In our monthly organization Hunter was given the entire department of book-reviewing, and made that department a notable element of our magazine. Mary was a regular contributor, and I was assigned the editorial department and the responsibility for collecting manuscripts for nothing. On our inside cover we displayed regularly a warning composed by Mr. Cabell: "The payment for such MSS. as may be found available will be in fame not specie." Young writers in the North and West, as well as in the South, soon wrote for The Reviewer. Robert Nathan, whose first book, Autumn, had just been published, brought fame to us, if not to himself, in several issues. On one of these occasions this fame became downright notoriety, when we published, in October 1922, "Joan to Her Father." "Joan," Mr. Nathan wrote me, enclosing this poem, "is my daughter--six now, and two when the poem was written." This poem seemed to us naïve and charming, peculiarly in the tone of The Reviewer. All four editors joyfully acquiesced in its publication, never dreaming of the violence of the immediate reaction to it. Several Southerners cancelled their subscriptions. The Poetry Club of Savannah wrote to inquire in what respect this poem "contributed to modern poetry in any way," and many letters of protest arrived. One of these deplored The Reviewer's "new yellow-news-sheet predilection for the horrible and the disgusting." Since this poem has never been reprinted in any of Robert Nathan's books, I shall here present it more publicly:

Before the milkman's early tread
Has brought my breakfast up the hill,

And drowsy parents lie in bed
Behind a door, aloof and still,
And only cook, dispassionate,
Kindles a fire in the grate,

Nurse picks me up, and if I've wet me,
She tells me heaven will forget me.

But later when the day grows jolly,
And even heaven forgets to frown,
And I to soothe my melancholy
Am reading novels upside down,

Nurse comes to find me in my play,
And takes my books and things away,
Puts them in order on the shelf,
And I must sit all by myself,

Alone, despite the morning's beauty,
To do my duty.

Ben Ray Redman, too, was a frequent contributor, and Guy Holt wrote his first and last verse for us. Babette Deutsch, Burton Rascoe, Jean Starr Untermeyer, James Oppenheim, Gordon King, Robert Hillyer, Paul Eldridge, Allen Porterfield, Maxwell Bodenheim, Henrie Waste, Edwin Björkman, Vincent Starrett, Thomas Caldecott Chubb, Barrett Clark, MacKnight Black, Michael Monahan, Charles Divine, Lewis Piaget Shanks, and Edward Hale Bierstadt were among our contributors outside the South. It must also be said here that John Hemphill, known to us always as "The Reviewer's Philadelphia lawyer," known now as the first man for whom Philadelphia has gone Democratic, was delightfully patient with various legal affairs of ours, with which he became involved, without financial reward. I find in several of his letters, concerning an eccentric situation with copyrights, created by our own ignorance, the repeated assertion that in the case of "that excellent paper, The Reviewer, we must proceed upon the theory that nothing at all out of the ordinary has happened." This statement was invariably followed by an apology for "the stupidity of the laws." Two young Richmond lawyers, quite without reward, unwound us, on several occasions, from webs of our own unconscious

weaving. From the South, of course, arrived a flood of new material, not only from our own five Southern discoveries, who compose four chapters of this book, but from Allen Tate, not yet an author, but an editor of the Fugitive, the poetry magazine born in Nashville, Tennessee, soon after The Reviewer in Richmond; from Hervey Allen; from John Bennett; from Hansell Baugh; from John Powell; from Jesse Lee Bennett; from Sara Haardt; from Josephine Pinckney; from Henry Bellamann; from Arthur Crew Inman; from George Stevens, and many others. Mr. Tate and Donald Davidson, another member of the Fugitive staff, and editor of one of the best of the Southern literary columns in the Nashville Tennessean, were especially active in our magazine's interests, and Charles Finger, of All's Well, was a very public and discriminating friend. The Reviewer's correspondence was wide and colourful. It ranged from Hugh Walpole to Ronald Firbank; from Amy Lowell to Thomas Nelson Page.

Mr. Page sent me thirty pages of advice in longhand from Monte Carlo, on ending his term as Ambassador at Rome. "Richmond and Virginia and the whole South," wrote the author of "Marse Chan," "need badly a literary periodical, alive and virile and informed, with a divine zeal to make something of the intellectual forces which lie fallow or run often into useless channels throughout the South. . . . The South is today without a serious and valid literary magazine of any pretension to be established on lines that would enable it to cope with any one of a hundred first, second and third class periodicals in the North--and Heaven knows many of these are poor enough. Now what is the matter? First that our people are not generally sufficiently interested in such efforts to make them take

a really practical interest in such enterprises. And this is due in considerable part to the fact that we have developed no one capable of conducting a magazine which could compete with those I have referred to above. Yet Richmond supported a magazine for many years, and it contained as good work as any magazine of its time. . . . Don't go into this until you have enough money in sight if not in hand to run you for two years. . . Start in and canvass the South and first get a corps of contributors whose names will be a a guaranty of serious intention. Get a good promoter to advertise and secure advertisements; and a good business man to organize and run the thing for you. Make them hold up some of those who have money, and force them--and this will be your most important and difficult step--to disgorge. . . . Why not start again the old Southern Literary Messenger? It began modestly, and made a go of it. . . . You should draw the line at amateurs and our local poets. In politics it should be broad; but it should stand for the principles of the Liberal South. And whenever it speaks it should become the mouthpiece of these principles. . . . There is a field for a real Review in the South conducted on sound business principles and there is not room for any other kind. You may think I have no idea of your difficulties; but I have--and I may be helping you more than you may think--if only by saving you six months' loss of time." A few months later, when I saw Mr. Page in Richmond, he was disappointed that we were not conducting our magazine "on sound business principles," and that we were proceeding without an endowment. For a preliminary endowment was essential in order to "canvass the South." And none was in sight.

Another Virginian, William Cabell Bruce, author of John Randolph

of Roanoke, and Benjamin Franklin, the Pulitzer prize biography of its year, at that time Senator from Maryland, the single patron of The Reviewer who belonged to Mr. Page's special Virginia, and who, with Mr. Page, formed a sharp contrast with everyone else even faintly interested in The Reviewer, agreed with Mr. Page. "If this plan is adopted, I will certainly be a subscriber to an endowment fund myself; and in the meantime, I will be glad to do anything that I can be reasonably expected to do, to promote the plan. Any other plan, in my judgment, would be a mere temporary makeshift. . . . Whatever else may be said of The Reviewer, it is not dull; and when that can be said Phoebus Apollo will forgive much. . . . Practically everything in it is served with a piquant sauce. . . . Properly financed, and with an occasional good article on political and social topics, The Reviewer would be a fine foundation on which to build a really successful Southern magazine. . . . Should you or your associates ever desire to sell The Reviewer (which I trust will never be the case), I might find a purchaser for you." Although we had no financial basis, and printed no articles on "political and social topics," Senator Bruce was apparently undismayed, and maintained an amused, appreciative interest in The Reviewer throughout its life. In July 1923 he wrote me: "The fact that The Reviewer has lasted so long, despite the very precarious nature of its financial structure, shows that it has not lacked real literary merit. I frankly confess that I believed that an early death would make it the subject of some such epitaph as that inscribed upon the tombstone of one of my younger relations at Staunton Hill [the old home of the Bruces in southern Virginia].

As the sweet flower that scents the morn,
 But withers in the rising day,
 Thus lovely was this infant's dawn,
 Thus swiftly fled its life away.

This expectation of mine, I am happy to say, has been falsified. The Reviewer has passed the milk-bottle stage and needs only a little solid nutrition to acquire the bone and gristle of vigorous manhood."

When The Reviewer was a year old, Miss Amy Lowell, whom none of us ever met, told a friend of the magazine in Charleston that she was the only writer of importance who had not been invited to contribute to The Reviewer. She was, of course, in error. I wrote at once, however, to Miss Lowell, asking her to contribute. She replied, with her usual opulent generosity: "I am covered with confusion on finding that your letter is dated August twenty-fourth, and it is now September twenty-fourth. It is evidently far too late to send you anything for your October number. I had really no intention of being so discourteous but I am absolutely drowned in my Life of Keats, and only get to my mail semi-occasionally. To make up for my wickedness, I will send you something for a later number if you desire. Please try to forgive me." This letter was immediately followed by a poem. In addition to the American contributors with whose relationship to our magazine this book is concerned, John Galsworthy, Douglas Goldring, Arthur Machen, Ronald Firbank, Gertrude Stein, Edwin Muir, and Aleister Crowley sent us manuscripts from Europe. Firbank wrote Hunter an excited letter about our typography. The Reviewer, he declared, contained fewer typographical errors than any magazine he had ever seen. A surprising tribute to our local printer, with

whom we waged a constant war. He protested in the same letter that he could bear no more of Europe and was coming immediately to America. "Plus de trente-huit ans, mon cher," he wailed, "parmi ces tombeaux." But, to our immense relief, he never came, and three years later he selected Rome--perhaps as the most impressive of all the tombs which so wearied him--to die in. Of this group Aleister Crowley alone was apparently unsatisfied with fame. Mr. Crowley, unsolicited, sent us an essay in 1923, immediately after the publication of his The Diary of a Drug Fiend. He is, of course, a mystic and had retired to his Abbey of Thelema in Sicily, where the password among the initiated was "Love is the law." We accepted his essay, and in reply received a letter beginning: "The Reviewer, Dear Sir: Do what thou wilt is the whole of the law." There followed a concise, business-like demand for payment. In conclusion: "Love is the law, love under will. Yours sincerely, N. Mudd, Secretary to Mr. Crowley." There was, however, no further complaint from Mr. Crowley, when we explained that, in the affairs of The Reviewer, love was literally the law.

Margery Latimer, of Portage, Wisconsin, was The Reviewer's most important discovery outside of the South. Now the author of We Are Incredible, Nellie Bloom and Other Stories, and This Is My Body, Miss Latimer was then making her first highly modern experiments. We published her earliest magazine work. Two of her manuscripts arrived while she was still a Zona Gale scholarship student at the University of Wisconsin. But with her last manuscript she announced: "No, thank God, I'm not in college any more, and hope never to be again."

Lynn Riggs, too, whose Green Grow the Lilacs and Roadside are known to all the world of the theatre, published with us some of his earliest undergraduate verse from his college in Norman, Oklahoma. He possessed, unlike our less talented contributors, a distinguished patience with our indefinite delays. "Having trouped around a newspaper office for awhile," he wrote me, "I was able to visualize a magazine office and I am not surprised at 'things happening'--or failing to. I am tremendously interested in The Reviewer. If I fail to subscribe (perhaps I shan't fail) please know that it is not lack of interest but the necessity I am under of staggering through my third year of college 'on my own.'" It was also his benevolent custom to enclose lists of persons who might subscribe.

An unexpected result of a New York visit of mine was a series of short paragraphs from Achmed Abdullah: "Literally," he said, "leave from my note-books, kept through many years, through many lands and adventures." They were as various and deeply coloured as his own collection of prayer rugs, and were, I am reasonably sure, Captain Abdullah's single adventure in fame without specie. His manuscripts were usually accompanied by some expression of his unalterable position towards critics. "Remember," he exhorted us, "that Byron was forced to write 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,' that Molière was dismissed by the contemporary damned-fool critics as a man who wrote for the sake of the box-office receipts, that Shakespeare was dramatically a best-seller, that Edgar Allan Poe had a long feud with the Boston highbrow critics whose very names are today forgotten, that Aristophanes wrote for the people--that Jack London will live long after the logrollers are rotting, forgotten, in their cute little graves."

The Northern and Western newspapers, especially those of New York, were extraordinarily hospitable to The Reviewer. The Times, surprisingly, found it a well-spring of interest and amusement. I find in my papers four long Sunday editorials inspired by articles of ours, as well as innumerable comments in its book-pages. The Times, like Heywood Brown, in the World, and many other papers, North and South, was deeply concerned with Gertrude Stein's "Indian Boy," and readers of the Times, equally concerned, wrote letters about it to that paper. The Herald listed us always in their sixteen American and English reviews, and quoted us oftener than any other magazine at that time. The national press, from Maine to San Francisco, with an occasional addition from London, was always articulate in its approval or disapproval of The Reviewer. We owed our single front-page appearance to an interview with Joseph Hergesheimer in a Richmond newspaper, in which he discoursed chiefly of our magazine, and of the Southern indifference to it. The Richmond News Leader welcomed us in two extremely generous editorials in our first year. For the remainder of our life it was notably silent. When, however, we had resigned The Reviewer to North Carolina, its first issue there was the subject of an editorial in the News Leader giving thanks that The Reviewer was now free of the editorship responsible for so much literature objectionable to that paper. But Isabel Paterson wrote, in the New York Tribune, in the same month, shortly after the appearance of the first books of Julia Peterkin and Frances Newman: "We shan't be surprised if future historians reckon the beginning of a great Southern literary renaissance from the date of the founding of The Reviewer." William Rose Benét, in the Literary Review, was spasmodically amiable to us, and Burton

Rascoe was nice to us when he remembered to be. After one of Mr. Cabell's rare New York visits our dignity was slightly offended by this information in "A Bookman's Day Book" in the Tribune: "At the table Cabell turned suddenly to me and said: 'Why don't you mention The Reviewer in your columns?' I was about to explain that my intentions were good, but that I had forgotten to carry them out when he said: 'I don't really want an answer. I just promised the children in Richmond that I would ask you that question, and I have.'" "How are you able to get such good stuff without paying for it," Burton Rascoe later wrote me, "will always be the despair of other editors." Ronald Tree, then an editor of the Forum, was an especially sympathetic correspondent. Through his connexion with Virginia he knew that our job was not easy. Out of the Southern silence a few newspaper editors spoke loudly and persistently for us. Hamilton Owens and Frank Beirne, of the Baltimore Evening Sun, Louis Jaffé, of the Norfolk Virginian-Pilot; Gerald Johnson, of the Greensboro Daily News, in North Carolina; Mencken, in the Baltimore Evening Sun and the Smart Set; Frances Newman, in the Atlanta Constitution; and Bruce Crawford, of Crawford's Weekly, a diminutive and enlightened paper, published in a Virginia village, were reliable allies. Other Southern editors came occasionally to our aid. Frances Newman, in a fairly accurate prophecy in the Constitution, once remarked that, "The Reviewer is indicative of the course that Southern literature will probably take when Southerners cease to be too proud to write." One important Southern newspaper reminded us that "the traditions of the past should be respected and that we can do no worthier act than to lay flowers on Confederate graves on each recurring Memorial Day."

Another Southern newspaper, of equal importance, carried a dialogue in its columns concerning The Reviewer: "What's its politics?" "Don't seem to have no politics." And this lack, in the land where politics is truly an affair of the heart, was almost unpardonable.

In the winter of 1922, during our ten months' career as a monthly magazine, we realized that we could not continue indefinitely to live on Mary, who, since Mr. Cabell's retirement, was also responsible for the make-up of the magazine. I was proof-reader, and we used my house, and a room lent us, rent-free, by the Little Theatre League of Richmond, as offices. There were, accordingly, no overhead expenses except the exceedingly low salary of one temporary clerical assistant. During a large part of The Reviewer's life we, personally, wrapped and mailed the magazines, and placed them with the Richmond booksellers. After Margaret's retirement we had no regular business management. We did, however, receive intermittent aid in our affairs from several wholly unrewarded young men. No concentrated effort was made after the first six months for either circulation or advertisements. I carried on an immense correspondence with contributors, and occasionally went to New York for publicity purposes. The first of these business visitations occurred in the winter of 1922, when I was astonished and thrilled by the hospitality of a group, which I had considered hard-boiled, toward the magazine and its editor. My ignorance of the entire literary landscape, with the exceptions of Mr. Cabell, Ellen Glasgow, Mencken, and Joseph Hergesheimer, whom I already knew, was abysmal. On the day after my arrival Guy Holt, whom I had met in Mr. Cabell's house, gave me a stag luncheon at the Algonquin. I had never before been guest of

honour at a party composed simply of eight or nine men, or entered the Algonquin, and in my awe and excitement I must have babbled ill-advisedly. For certain later results to the magazine and to me were unfortunate. My memory of the occasion is confused, but I do remember that Robert Nathan and Burton Rascoe were there, and that Alexander Woolcott and John Weaver joined us from another table. I must have talked a great deal to a great many persons. But everyone was tolerant, and apparently well-disposed. During that visit I collected several desirable contributions, and newspapers, whose literary editors I met, gave us friendly comments in their columns. Later visits during The Reviewer's life were equally pleasant and profitable, and I have never, since that time, been able to consider New York other than a peculiarly hospitable, sympathetic, and charming place, where people were willing to listen to one's troubles and to help, for fun or for fame, not specie. I cannot regard the town as cold, commercial, or alarming in its character. The provincial cities of America are more hard-boiled than New York.

When we realized that more money must be collected, we wanted to ask for it as a gift to the magazine. We were, however, advised by several older men, friends of The Reviewer, to incorporate and issue stock instead of asking for an endowment. The editors opposed this plan, since it was clear that even with the best possible luck we could never pay dividends. And we believed, and still believe, that the money contributed in Virginia and other states, should have been accepted and acknowledged as gifts, with no pretence of a sale of stock. We can never forget a group of people who bought this stock, knowing that they would receive no

returns. We did not, naturally, sell enough stock to tide us over more than a few months, and after our issue of July 1922 we decided to suspend publication until October 1922. We then resumed publication as a quarterly. When our July issue was on the press a great grand son of Thomas White, who founded, owned and published the Southern Literary Messenger, and for a time employed Edgar Allan Poe as its editor, wrote to me, offering to become The Reviewer's business manager, for fame, not specie. He had always, he explained, longed to revive the tradition of his ancestor and found a Southern magazine in the grand manner. He had felt--like Mr. Page and Senator Bruce and many others--that such an enterprise required funds. But, since we had been sufficiently careless to disregard this, and he had observed that we were acquiring literary prestige, he would gladly assume the responsibility of our future business affairs and solicit both subscribers and advertisers. We, even more gladly, accepted this offer, and he became a member of our staff. His connexion with us was perhaps the most bizarre episode of our entire career, and several of our meetings during this period were best described by Hunter Stagg as "hair-raising." "God," an advertising correspondent wrote me at that time, "has neglected to give your business manager a sense of humour." The young man's great-grandfather, Mr. White, had eventually fired Poe from his magazine for drunkenness and unpunctuality, and his descendant would have liked, more than once, to fire the editors of our magazine, especially myself. For The Reviewer, too, according to one of its Richmond patrons, was "high-bred, drunk, and disorderly." Drunk with newly-acquired fame. In January 1923 the descendant of Thomas White wrote me: "We are

not labouring with things as they ought to be, in some magazine-publishing Utopia, but against things as they are in smug, self-satisfied Richmond. You wish the ideal--so does the writer. But he concedes the real, which you are apparently unwilling to do. Perhaps you can secure someone else who can more nearly satisfy your ideals and realize your dreams of the ultimate in magazines." And it is quite true that we refused to concede the real during the entire life of The Reviewer.

In the summer of 1923, when our business affairs were not yet untangled, and our money was nearly gone, the proprietors of the Poe Shrine, a seventeenth-century stone house, the oldest in Richmond, where Poe relics are collected and kept, offered us part of this building as an office. Our business manager's connection with the Literary Messenger, in addition to our increasing reputation, had evoked the wild notion that The Reviewer would be an asset to the Poe collection. It was suggested only, and rather as a matter of course, that we change our name to the Southern Literary Messenger. Our refusal to abandon our own austere ugly Christening was accepted, none the less; and a limited financial support was offered us if we would consent to this local alliance. Depressed and at our wits' end, we did consent, with fairly asphyxiating results. We remained in the Poe Shrine about two months, and during this time I visited our business office only once. The house included a little book-shop, a collection of etchings and of early American furniture, the Sully portrait of Thomas White, a file of the Literary Messenger and Poe's Messenger desk, which Mr. Morgan was at that time trying to buy. The Reviewer's desk

was an ancient sideboard, without decanters. There were also a garden, a pool, a pergola, and other accessories quite alien to The Reviewer, which had been always uncompromisingly professional in its manner, and had never stooped to atmosphere of any kind. We became each week more bewilderingly and reluctantly involved with Poe, who, ironically, would probably have sympathized with us. Indeed, his name was so often mentioned that our attitude to him and towards the Messenger, a publications so sturdy and substantial that only the Civil War could defeat it, became irrationally irritable. It seemed probable, moreover, that we would be asked to publish Poe material. Our endurance snapped when our management gave to the Associated Press a story of the new Reviewer organization, featuring Poe, the descendant of Thomas White, the Poe Shrine, and the Southern Literary Messenger; omitting all reference to our actual magazine, its record, its policy, its contributors, or its editors. At a stormy gathering we decided to resign the Reviewer rather than accept its present régime. Since our money was now gone, we expected to resign. At this moment, however, an utterly unexpected gift of money arrived from a friend of The Reviewer in the North. Our custom since 1921 had been to take magic for granted, and we accepted this as joyfully, but as calmly, as children in a fairy-tale, miraculously released from an evil enchantment. The Reviewer, with all its hardships, had been always completely our own. The two months under alien direction were now a bad dream, and the magazine was again wholly ours. A year later, in October 1924, Hunter and I published the last Reviewer in Richmond, for Mary had resigned a year earlier. In this issue we were able to review Green Thursday and The Short Story's Mutations, the

first books of Julia Peterkin and Frances Newman, who had begun with us in 1921. We realized that we could not continue indefinitely without a substantial endowment, and it was impossible for us to manage the entire business of the magazine in addition to our own departments. We had then published thirty-one magazines without paying a penny for material; an accomplishment which we had been told was impossible.

Paul Green, of the University of North Carolina, offered to adopt the orphan Reviewer. Hunter and I accepted his offer, and in December 1924 Paul came to Richmond to arrange the final transfer of The Reviewer to North Carolina. In December Paul wrote me: "This very morning we held a meeting concerning The Reviewer, and that too while your letter was resting in the post office. We surely appreciate your interest in our interest. We are egotistical enough to feel that we can carry on the magazine in somewhat the superior manner you have adhered to. After much scurrying around, I have been able to get enough money to insure a continuance of The Reviewer for at least five years (of course we hope to see it living twenty-five years from now), also enough to pay a business manager, an editor, and one other person--clerk or stenographer. And the best news of all is that we shall have enough to pay for all contributions, from one cent a word up. We shall want to continue it as a quarterly for at least three issues and then make it a monthly, if possible. We can tell you all our plans in Richmond though. . . . We can talk everything over there." Gerald Johnson, Addison Hibbard, Nell Battle Lewis, and Robert Pickens composed the North Carolina board of directors, with Paul as editor. In the same month Gerald Johnson said, in an

Associated Press statement: "I am not seeking control of The Reviewer, but would gladly give any assistance within my power to any movement designed to prevent its extinction. The South needs The Reviewer, and its loss would be nothing short of tragic. I most earnestly hope that some means may be found of continuing this quarterly, which has of late been the finest intellectual expression in the South Atlantic States."

In our last Virginia issue I said, in a Postscript: "The magazine is left with no financial difficulties or debts, with a moderate bank account and a friendly circulation. Therefore, it is quite free to proceed on its lighthearted way if anyone should wish to adopt and enlarge it. . . . If we had possessed either wisdom or experience we would not, quite carelessly, at a Sunday afternoon party, have launched a penniless magazine. We were told by a number of our superiors that we could not begin without a capital of a hundred thousand dollars, or at least fifty thousand, and we did it with nothing. We, in fact, snatched our little magazine out of thin air, and it has lived to hear several persons acknowledge their mistake. We are happy beyond words that we lacked both wisdom and experience, for we would not have missed The Reviewer for anything in the world." The editors, at least, were absorbed and fascinated by the magazine, never for an instant bored. Since The Reviewer was far more an affair of the heart than an engagement of the mind, each facet of its personality held an engrossing interest for us.

The magazine lived a year in North Carolina. That, I believe, was long enough. Little magazines should not outlive their job, and the day of the little magazines, is, very surely, now dead.

There is no further need for them, since even the most experimental work is now eagerly investigated by established editors and publishers. The South, especially, is as definitely a field for literary exploitation today as New England long ago, or the Middle West ten years ago, when The Reviewer was born. DuBose Heyward recently said to me that in the current world of letters it is almost as chic to be a Southerner as to be a Negro. And I believe that he spoke with accuracy. A nagging worry of ours, which persists today, was our unconquerable austerity, our hopeless correctness. Many issues, in spite of the terrifying emotions they aroused in the South--especially when we printed a story of a lynching--seemed to us actually refined. Our most uninhibited contributors were oddly subdued when they wrote for us. Perhaps the chaste severity of our black and white cover affected them. We could not afford an outside cover, and, quite outside our own intention, gave no superficial suggestion of a modern gesture in either art or letters. Indeed, the magazine resembled faintly the Richmond telephone directory of that day. We constantly, wistfully, hoped for something rather more outrageous than we were ever able to get. This, I repeat, in spite of the passion of resentment which we often lighted in our subscribers. Letters blazing with hatred and condemnation, as well as letters so sympathetic that we shall remember them always, were an almost daily recurrence. Among our sympathetic letters was a note from a woman in Florida, then unknown to us, and to others, Maristan Chapman. Charles Finger was as impressed by The Reviewer's quality of remoteness as its editors were depressed by the same quality. In 1921 he wrote me: "The Reviewer excites my envious admiration. All's Well is a kind

of hurly-burly, out-of-doors chap, given to enjoy in a cynical watchman's way the life of the streets, but he loves to peek in The Reviewer's drawing-room and to see its people acting in a rational and cultured way." The Double Dealer, published in New Orleans at that time, once commented, with less admiration, on The Reviewer's drawing-room manner. We may have owed this handicap to the purely Virginian source of the magazine, none of whose editors had ever beheld either the Far South or the Middle West, those twin fountains of rebellion. Life is pleasant, and its surfaces are kept intact in Virginia; where the uncontrolled emotionalism of the Far South has been considered, always, slightly bad form.

It is scarcely necessary to say that several writers who were invited to contribute to The Reviewer never did so. George Jean Nathan, when I occasionally encountered him with Mencken, told me regularly with a sad-eyed seriousness that within two months he would send an article to The Reviewer. He did not, and--gullible as I was--I knew that he would not. I did not meet Thomas Beer until shortly before our magazine's death. A few months later he told me, with his slightly pained expression, that he had intended to write us an article about General Lee, had we lasted longer. When I met Sinclair Lewis later and reminded him that Joseph Hergesheimer had asked him, unsuccessfully, to write for us, he was, in his disarmingly fervent manner, overwhelmed with regret that he had not done so. Scott Fitzgerald, in the same year, engaged in chilling champagne-bottles in what seemed to be an old oaken bucket in the dining-room of a lovely, comfortably aged house on the Delaware River, murmured that he, too, would have liked to help, and was

sorry he had not met us, and learned all about it, until too late. Hendrik Van Loon used to write me pages of free verse in purple ink, decorated with small drawings of whatever entered his head, to say that within six weeks he was writing a poem for The Reviewer. He did not, but continued to send me illustrated poems of explanation, not intended for The Reviewer. Hugh Walpole wrote me from Edinburgh: "I shall certainly never be free of America any more. I would and will write for The Reviewer as soon as a space clears in front of me. That ought to be. . . . when a short book on which I am working now is finished." We passed out of existence a year later, and Mr. Walpole did not contribute. He did, however, mournfully inquire, last year in Books: "Where is that excellent magazine once published in Virginia?"

We did, nevertheless, succeed in collecting a sufficient number of distinguished names to serve as pay for our younger writers. These names furnished the fame which we promised them. They naturally liked to see their own names printed beside them, and sometimes wrote amusing letters to say so. A boy at Yale, now known to many magazines, then to none, quaintly wrote me: "I have seen The Reviewer, and am so much impressed that I have become very desirous of winning for myself the pleasing honour of appearing therein." Frances Newman, at that time, especially valued the association of her own name with these names. This outline of The Reviewer's life is simply an introduction to the vital chapters of its story. These chapters are the men and women without whom this adventure of the Twenties would be, at the dawn of the Thirties, too unimportant for the telling. The characters in the order of their appearance are:

James Branch Cabell, Ellen Glasgow, Amélie Rives, Joseph Hergesheimer, H. L. Mencken, Carl Van Vechten, Ernest Boyd, Elinor Wylie, Frances Newman, Julia Peterkin, DuBose Heyward, Paul Green, and Gerald Johnson.

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Richmond and Writing

By Mary Johnston

Several years ago some one said, being then in New York, "The other day I was for the first time in Richmond, Virginia. I thought I knew something about Richmond. Everybody in the country knows there is such a place. But I somehow hadn't visualized it as so small a city. You don't somehow think of a place so big historically as having under two hundred thousand inhabitants. But then when you come really to think about it the weighty cities aren't always the surfacely big ones, are they?"

Then again a year ago a man from the West said, "I was the other day in Richmond for the first time. I shan't let it be the last time. Richmond's a Real Person!"

A Real Person always has literary value. A Real Person is music, art, letters, history, science, politics, philosophy and religion. A Real Person is always written about.

Taking Richmond then as a Real Person let us put in at random and praise her worth. In and to Letters primarily, I mean, for this is The Reviewer and we must be literary.

Mr. Henry James, writing a few years ago of American cities, was not complimentary to Richmond. It must have been a raw February day when he was here, and Mr. James must have felt drearily within that morning and so he saw dreariness without. Richmond, the Real Person, can please with half a hand! Like every other personality she is yet far from perfection. She has plenty of faults. But still, ah, still, she can be written about with all love!

The face, the form of her, can inspire it. Who but remembers the sunset bursts at the end of streets and the exquisite tremulous sunlight and mist of her mornings, and the trees in summer and the trees in winter? Who but loves the brick pavements where they still are so happily kept, the bits of brick wall ivy-topped, the magnolias and the crape myrtle, the wistaria in the spring, the maple gold in the autumn, the note so potent of old red brick? There is timbre, tint, aroma that cries "Richmond--Richmond!" There comes a pungent wave from the tobacco factories, the horses' feet sound, the little children and their dark nurses go by or sit on church steps and park benches, the squirrels are fed, the warm sunlight pours down. The old brick town, the here and there stucco, here and there stone, but mainly red brick town lies fair upon the seven hills and the long levels. Here are the old churches, Monumental, Saint Paul's, Old Saint John's, and many beside, and around each cling the memories like dark ivy. Here are the great statues, the bronze men and horses. Here are the old houses--not so many of them now!--that breathe of an old, simple, gentle, generous family and neighbourly life. And not only the old. Day before yesterday shifts into yesterday and yesterday into to-day. Here are houses, here are homes, of all ages and about them and through them breathes the Real Person's life. It breathes also in the houses of trade and business, the offices and the shops. It breathes on Broad Street and Main Street and other streets. It is a life that is eminently writable. There is tang, quality, as much so as in any old English or French town. Not all aspects are admirable, by no means, no! But take her altogether and you must say "She stands out, she has atmosphere! Great homeli-

ness, and yet is she grande dame!" There are faults. It is understood. But a Real Person must have great virtues. It is profound virtuousness to become a Real Person.

The country around Richmond is not amazingly beautiful as is the setting of some cities. Not at all so! And yet there is beauty, continual slight, subtle beauty. Who could but love these far, low horizons, distant as the meeting of sky and sea or sky and desert? Do you not like broom sedge fields and long tangles of honeysuckle and roadside cedars? The cedars give the note rather than the tall trees that lose their leaves, though the sycamores too come into mind. And all around Richmond move the ghosts of battles long ago.

" Old, unhappy, far off things,

And battles long ago."

The sky dreams. A tender, mystic something softens the too hard, clear, American light. The twilights are pensive princesses.

From Hollywood--and that is a place of dreams--how the river sounds, the turbid river, the river with its rocks and islets, the wide, resounding, ancient James! From Church Hill again the river, and from other hills and roads again the river, and again the river when you come into Richmond at night from the south, the storied river, the old Powhatan! The soil upon which Richmond is built is imposed upon diatom beds. Here flowed the ocean, here after long, long time waved the forest. A long, long time and here rose the buildings of men, huts of red men. Another time and white men came up the river in boats. Another time, and these built themselves houses here beside what they called the Falls of the Far West. For so long time this was the white man's frontier. The seaboard said,

"Go west, young man--to Richmond." By littles and littles grew up a stragglng town. Not the capital then, but at last it took the wreath from Williamsburg and became the capital. Richmond with the King's banner over it, and Richmond with the banner of the allied colonies, and Richmond with the banner of the United States, Richmond under the stars and bars, Richmond again with the stars and stripes! The old Capitol building, the old Capitol Square, how dear they are, what life has flowed around and through them! Richmond has known war and has known siege. It had long years of a palmy, halcyon life, and then it had siege and hunger and dread. It has rocked to the guns. It has burned and it has risen like the phoenix. Now it goes its way to the New Times.

Action and reaction are here, aromatic, pungent, old and new, and the old and new blended into what is both old and new. This is not a city of one aspect. When you say the name first appears an old mellow light, the traditional tint and tone, the enchantment of a vigorous past prolonged into the present casting old gold and rose upon the future. But that is but one way in which appears the Real Person. Real Persons are iridescent. There are other lights, keen, steel-blue light for instance, light electrical and tingling.

The Richmond that labours--there is a book here, a poem, a play, many of them! Up he stands--and up she stands--Richmond that works, Richmond that thinks, Richmond that sees, Richmond that loves, Richmond that treads toward the great world that we are bearing up into! The thunder of the change can be marked, valued, painted, sung, dramatized here as in any other capital of any other State. Aspirations of our age are as strong here as elsewhere, will grow,

blossom and bear fruit here as elsewhere. They are universal, here as elsewhere. What Richmond gives is a stage, a colouration, a cadence. The great streams of tendency neither begin nor end here, but they flow here. The writer, going with them, may tell as well as he can what they are, and he may tell his story as ably as if he wrote in New York or London or Paris.

Once a great genius in letters spent his youth in Richmond. He was universal and wrote universally. But the soil, the light, the air, the life, the society here could give him nutriment. Others have dwelt and dwell here less than him in might, yet writers and readers, adding colour, adding form, adding music to the god-world of Thought-in-Behauty, sculptors have dwelt and dwell in Richmond, painters have dwelt and dwell here, makers of music have dwelt and dwell here. Poets, novelists, historians have walked these ways, gazed at these sunsets, smelled the blossoms, loved the trees, loved the houses, loved the folk. The past is here in its essence, the present makes essence, the future comes on with vaster fields of richer bloom. We shall have a full garland.

The infinite small and great conflict of wills out of which is woven drama--is it not plentiful in Richmond? Many a lyric might be written here. The short story writer may strike gold every day of the year, the humourist gather nuggets anywhere. At all times the novelist's field is rich. A whole Comedie Humaine might be placed in Richmond. I see a volume named Franklin Street and one named Grace, and one Clay or Marshall, and one Monument Avenue, and one Church Hill. One might be named Jackson Ward. The life of the coloured folk in Richmond awaits its delineator.

Here are combinations and movements, a gracious, warm homeliness of ways, the new springing up from the old, the old carried on with the new, the provincial and local melting into the general and universal. A pleasant, pleasant river meets ocean, and the taste of the ocean is in the river and the taste of the river in the ocean. There is plenty of stuff for the writer, richly figured stuff, stuff silken or like fine wool to the touch, stuff of a myriad dyes! Life is full of magic and wonder. Magic and wonder grow on every bush and look from every window. Artists of all kinds are the prime gatherers of magic and wonder. A very good stock and crop of it may be picked in Richmond. A poet put down in this city might say, "Here, as everywhere, is Parnassus!"

Richmond grows in spiritual value as must every Real Person. Every year she grows wider and loftier, more powerful, more fair, more wise. Every year comes forth a more wondrous life. And her artists will keep pace. There will be more to paint, more to sing, more to write of. And it will be done better and better, finer and finer.

"The all-comprehensive tenderness,
The all-subtilizing intellect."

Past and present and future, the Genius will arise, and the place will fit the Genius, and the Genius fit the place.

"Prejudices: Second Series"

By H. L. Mencken

It is slowly dawning upon the reading public that earth and the spacious firmament on high contain literally nothing of interest upon which H. L. Mencken has not a more or less well formed opinion: also, what is more, that before he is finished he will have expressed that opinion. This is a happy prospect menaced only by one cloud-- the danger that Mr. Mencken may develop into what he so heavily belabors Mark Twain for having been in his secular character: "premier clown," "public entertainer, not unrelated to Coxey, Dr. Mary Walker and Citizen George Francis Train." Already for many of us it has become more fun to be insulted by Mr. Mencken than cosseted by another.

But let us not borrow trouble from the future. As yet the sane, sound critic predominates over the poseur; Mencken's unrivalled facility for spreading fury wherever he treads is still an incident of his art and not its electric-sign-board, as his newest book will prove, and it is always worth while getting angry. Each reader may be sure that every line which does not enrage him personally reaches the soft places of some other reader, who will join him in denouncing the author as a Hun, not because of the persistence with which he employs German words (that's merely his sense of humor) but because that epithet is still the shortest we have carrying the most approbrium. In his first series of "Prejudices" Mencken confined himself to excessively penetrating estimates of various writers and the wares of our popular magazines, but in the present volume he embraces a

wider range of criticism. The field of literature cannot contain him. He expresses original views--welcome to a few, abhorrent to many--on the Roosevelt legend; also, in the same paper, a brief and less original summary--welcome to many, abhorrent to a few,-- of the character and attainments of President Wilson. He locates in a fascinating and novel fashion the true seat of that aberration known as the Divine Afflatus. He scientifically examines that popular virtue Gratitude, takes a side glance at the Cult of Hope, Prohibition, all the Allied Arts, including the decoration of the face, and finally Love. Mencken on Love is without a shadow of a doubt the most remarkable thing ever known in letters. None can afford to miss it.

Nevertheless the best of the book, the real worth of it, is not to be found in these delightful papers but in the first and third, "The National Letters" and "The Sahara of the Bozart" respectively. The rest of it is well worth reading, as Mencken is always well worth reading, whether for laughter, anger, both or neither, but it is there that the unwelcome suggestion of the possible fate of our best literary critic rises. In "The National Letters," however, he is on his own ground, where sincere feeling, deep concerns and wide knowledge cannot be obscured by glittering perversity, capriciousness and pugnacity of manner. As the title of this essay indicates it is a survey of the condition in which American literature finds itself to-day and the causes which have produced that condition. It is the survey of a telescopic eye and an uncompromising judgment, written in a style that is a joy to read for its own sake in this day of shoddy, inflexible prose. It is severe--

cruelly so--but none too severe to meet the occasion as most readers will admit. True, not being omnipotent, Mencken may now and then be guilty of slight injustice, but all the same on the subject of the national letters he offers his best and we have no one at present who can surpass it.

In the South, it is the third paper, "The Sahara of the Bozart," which will prove the most arresting, for the South is the Sahara of the Bozart. "Consider," says Mencken, "the present estate and dignity of Virginia--in the great days indubitably the premier American state, the mother of Presidents and statesmen, the home of the first American university worthy of the name, the arbiter elegantiarum of the western world. Well, observe Virginia to-day. It is years since a first rate man, save only Cabell, has come out of it." Of the South at large he writes: "In all that gargantuan paradise of the fourth-rate there is not a single picture gallery worth going into, or a single orchestra capable of playing the nine symphonies of Beethoven, or a single opera house, or a single theater devoted to the production of decent plays" Yet "down to the middle of the last century, and even beyond, the main hatchery of ideas on this side of the water was across the Potomac bridges. The New England shopkeepers and theologians never really developed a civilization; all they ever developed was a government. . . . But in the South were men of delicate fancy, urbane instinct and aristocratic manner--in brief, superior men--in brief, gentry It was there that nearly all the political theories we still cherish and suffer under came to birth. It was there that the crude dogmatism of New England was refined and humanized. It was there, above all,

that some attention was given to the art of living--that life got beyond and above the state of infliction and became an exhilarating experience. . . . The Ur-Confederate had leisure. He liked to toy with ideas. . . . He had that vague thing we call culture."

Mencken has a great deal more than this to say of the South, some of which, as in the other essays, is unjust, some merely unsound, as the sincerest of generalizations from facts gathered by heresay are apt to be. But the main outline of his argument, the outstanding deductions, are so true that it were petty to cavil at the weaknesses. Moreover the genuinely progressive Southerner will forgive him anything for the fresh view he directs upon the too generally disregarded question of interbreeding in its relation to the intellectual life of the new South. Nevertheless, if this book is read in these regions, as we trust it will be, it would be but discreet of Mr. Mencken to inhabit exclusively the North for the next two or three years. He would not be popular here: We, ourselves, deserve nothing less than an autographed copy of his book for this unbiased judgment of it, for it riled us not a little, too. ("Prejudices: Second Series," By H. L. Mencken. Alfred A. Knopf.)

H. T. S.

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Poe as Temperance Preacher

By Mary Newton Stanard

Author of "The Dreamer: The Life Story of Edgar Allan Poe," etc.

Critics contend that Edgar Allan Poe was no moralist. I see him differently and find shrouded in his enthralling atmosphere many deliberate lessons. Only, he was too great an artist to make his moral obvious. His usual plan is to suggest it subtly, but two of his tales are perfectly frank temperance lectures. In the first of these, "The Black Cat," whose incidents he calls "links in a chain of facts" he says:

"Hereafter, perhaps, some intellect may be found which will reduce my phantasm to the commonplace will perceive in the circumstances which I detail with awe, nothing more than an ordinary succession of very natural causes and effects."

These "causes" are the steps in the gradual enslavement of the chief character in the tale by drink habit, and the "effects" are the desperate deeds to which this enslavement led. The man tells his own story and describes the sweetness of his disposition in his youth--his "tenderness of heart" and fondness for pets, his happy marriage. But his character, "through the instrumentality of the Fiend Intemperance experienced a radical alteration for the worse."

"I grew, day by day, more moody, more irritable, more regardless of the feelings of others. . . . My disease grew upon me--for what disease is like alcohol! One night, returning home, much intoxicated I fancied that the cat avoided my

presence. I seized him; when, in his fright at my violence he inflicted a slight wound upon my hand with his teeth. The fury of a demon instantly possessed me. I knew myself no longer. My original soul seemed, at once, to take its flight from my body, and a more than fiendish malevolence, gin-nurtered, thrilled every fibre of my frame"

Then came, for his "final overthrow," the "Spirit of Perverseness." Possessed by "an unfathomable longing to do wrong for the wrong's sake only," he stooped to a cruel deed because he knew that in so doing he was committing a sin that would so jeopardize his "immortal soul as to place it--if such a thing were possible--even beyond the reach of the infinite mercy of the Most Merciful and Most Terrible God."

Every reader of Poe is familiar with this story, supposed to be written in a murderer's cell, by a conscience-stricken wretch who desires, before paying the penalty for his crime to leave, as a warning, a record of the misery intemperance has brought upon him. "Tomorrow I die," he writes, "and to-day I would unburden my soul." Then he gives--as I have said--the progress of his "descent" from an amiable human being to a brute who, in passion, has cut out one of the eyes of his pet cat and later "in cold blood" hung the poor creature "to the limb of a tree." It will be remembered that what he took to be a second black cat (with a white mark on its breast in which he fancied he traced the outline of the gallows) but was really the ghost of his pet, soon appeared and followed him about. He sought to kill that too, and when his hand was stayed by his wife, "buried the axe in her brain."

No one was ever better qualified than Poe for the part of Temperance Preacher, for none ever knew a wilder exhilaration in looking upon the cup that cheered him for a little while, or was cast into a deeper abyss of depression by the reaction which followed as the night the day. Yet within that cup lay for him a fascination, probably inherited, and certainly encouraged by the convivial custom of his time, which, together with the misfortunes of one "Whom unmerciful Disaster followed fast and followed faster," goading him to seek forgetfulness, so weakened his will that, at periods, he was as one bound hand and foot. There are many evidences that he strove to be strong--notably the fact that during his visit to Richmond just before his pathetic death, he joined a temperance society. But to be true to his pledge he had to cope with the custom which pressed upon him at every turn the cup that charmed him though he knew that, for him, there was death to soul and body in it.

Poe's other story which I have in mind is the less familiar little tale of "Hop-Frog," in which I see a temperance lecture in the form of a grotesque parable impaling the social custom referred to. The King in the story is the Tyrant Custom, his ministers personify the Social Order which sustained this tyrant. "Hop-Frog," the jester, is the victim, who fast in the toils of the tyrant, acts as entertainer for him and his court. The fact that he is a dwarf and a cripple makes him, as weakness of will made Poe, a more helpless toy in the hands of this relentless King Custom, who reduces him to such an unbearable plight that he is driven to plan and execute his last jest--one which ends in destruction of the king and his cabinet.

The king wished to enliven his court with a fete and sent for "Hop-Frog" to suggest entertaining features for it. "He knew that Hop-Frog was not fond of wine for it excited the poor cripple almost to madness, and madness is no comfortable feeling. But the King took pleasure in forcing Hop-Frog to drink and (as the King called it) 'to be merry.' 'Come here, Hop-Frog,' said he. 'Swallow this bumper and then let us have the benefit of your invention Come, drink! The wine will brighten your wits.'

"Tears came into Hop-Frog's eyes and many large, bitter drops fell into the goblet as he took it, humbly, from the hand of the tyrant. 'Ah! ha! ha! ha!' roared the latter as the dwarf reluctantly drained the beaker. 'See what a glass of good wine can do! Why your eyes are shining already.' Poor fellow! his large eyes gleamed, rather than shone; for the effect of wine on his excitable brain was not more powerful than instantaneous."

Finally "Hop-Frog's" wits--sharpened indeed, for the moment, by the wine, but his whole being in revolt against the tyrant who could force the maddening stuff upon him--conceived the monstrous practical joke of the "eight chained Ourangoutangs," to be played by the King and his seven ministers of state. These actors were to be disguised as ourang-outangs. Stockinet tights, covered with tar and plastered over with hair made of flax, were to provide their coats. They were to be chained together and at midnight, when the masked ball was at its merriest (and, of course, wine-cups had been filled and drained and filled again) they were to rush in, with harsh jangling of their chains and savahe cries, among the gaily dressed masqueraders who (taking them for real beasts, escaped from their keepers) would be terror-stricken.

The King and his ministers were delighted with the "joke" and played their parts--with the addition of an unexpected act. When the panic they caused was at its height the chain to which they were attached was hoisted, "by some unseen agency," far above the heads of the company--dragging the actors with it. For a few moments "Hop-Frog" was seen clinging to the chain still higher up, and in the act of applying a lighted torch to the inflammable coats of the supposed beasts. Then, while the tyrant and his ministers burned to a crisp, he made his escape through the skylight. His last jest was completed.

Poe's sober periods were evidently his creative periods, for his keen mind overcharged with imagination and creative power, was, like that of "Hop-Frog," crazed by a single draught of the cup, and however wild and weird his stories and poems may seem, there is too much method in them, both in thought and in art, for them to have been the fulmination of a drink-maddened brain. Moreover, every sheet of the beautifully penned manuscript he has left shows a steady hand.

Envious and spiteful ones of his time made Poe out a monster, and the world is still far from fully understanding him. Nowhere in his writings is to be found one unclean thought, and though he was often weak, there is nothing on record to prove that he was ever guilty of a bad act. His "heartstrings were a lute," and in his highly sensitive and spiritual soul he was conscious of his weakness of will and suffered more remorse for it than most men do for crime committed.

Many of his tales are clearly autobiographical. In imagination,

he saw himself as the hero of his weird creations, and he himself is the conscience-driven figure who stalks through much of his work. He was the man in "The Black Cat" convicted of wife-murder, for--in imagination--he suffered every extremity in which his weakness might lead him. He was the man in "The Masque of the Red Death" whom the "Death" found, though he had tried to hide himself away from it in depths of a labyrinthine palace of Pleasure. He was "The Man in the Crowd," the man with "The Tell-Tale Heart," the man in "Silence--A Fable," who "sat upon the rock." He was "William Wilson," who slew his own conscience, and Roderick, in "The Fall of the House of Usher," who found destruction of mind, soul and body in dwelling apart from his fellowmen--his house and himself surrounded by "an atmosphere peculiar to themselves and their vicinity." His was the head of whose future "The Haunted Palace" was a dreaded picture; his the heart in which relentless remorse symbolized by "The Raven" with the name "Nevermore," from its perch above the brow of Wisdom buried its cruel beak.

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The Dynamic Past

By Ellen Glasgow

Because I am a Virginian in every drop of my blood and pulse of my heart, I may speak the truth as I understand it--realizing, as Thoreau has said in what Stevenson calls the noblest passage in any modern author, that, "It takes two to speak truth--one to speak and another to hear." At least the faults I deplore are my own faults, just as I hope the peculiar virtues of Virginians are my own also. To know thyself, said the Greeks, is the beginning of wisdom.

Since so much has been said and sung in praise of the cavalier, I should like to speak a few modest words in favour of the frugal virtues of the Pilgrim Fathers. I have the very highest regard for the Fathers. I respect and admire them for much that they did, and for much also that they did not do. I wish to detract from none of their industrious efforts to compose the kind of past that they would like to have had; and I realize with proper humility that, since "nothing," as someone shrewdly observed, "succeeds like excess," they have accomplished far more than our comparatively indolent ancestors. When the thrifty Pilgrims needed a past, they not only applied themselves to improving their own; they peacefully assimilated the heritage of their neighbors. While we allow our own relics to crumble about us, we have taught our children that the beginning of American history was at Plymouth Rock, and that the earlier settlers at Jamestown were merely a band of adventurous pleasure-seekers, animated not by godly disputes in theology, but

by a profane love of travel.

No, our cavalier may be an ornament to romantic fiction and the Episcopal Church, but when it comes to the simple business of reforming truth, he is no match for the Puritan in the plain pine pulpit. If there had been a single Pilgrim in that gallant band of adventurers who were deluded enough to believe that the sword was mightier than the sermon, what an enviable place we might occupy in the nation today! For in spite of Mr. Drinkwater's observation that "Religious quarrels cut no ice tomorrow morning," the record of the Pilgrim Fathers proves, I think that, even though religious quarrels "cut no ice," they sometimes swell into a veritable Niagara of history. With our past attached to the indomitable determination of the Puritan theology, we might dare to assert, in spite of the bulky literature of New England, that this country was founded, and representative government established, before there was any spot on the American continent known to eulogy and piety as Plymouth Rock.

But I am here to speak of the future, not of the past. I am here to speak of a future that must be glorious indeed if it is to prove worthy of the soil from which it springs. No Virginian can love and revere the past more than I do. No Virginian can find greater inspiration in the lesson that it teaches. To me Virginia's past is like a hall hung with rare and wonderful tapestries, or perhaps it would be truer to say that it is like a cathedral illuminated by the gold and wine-colour of stained glass windows. It is a place to which we should go for inspiration and worship; it is a place from which we should come with renewed strength and courage;

but it is not a place in which we should live and brood until we become like that ancient people whose "strength was to sit still."

This thought came to me again last April, when I stood at Jamestown, and looked out over the beautiful grave river, and felt the mystery and the darkness that surrounded those dauntless pioneers. The Old World, the unfriendly seas, the work of yesterday, lay behind them. Straight ahead was the virgin wilderness, the promise of things to come, the Great Perhaps of tomorrow. That was a sublime moment in history, and like all sublime moments, either in history or in the personal lives of men and women, it is immortal not because it repeated or reflected an act of the past, but because it expressed the supreme purpose of the future. For the glory of men as of nations is measured not by the strength with which they cling to the past, but by the courage with which they adventure into the future. Genius is more than the patience that Goethe once called it--for the soul of it is courage. It means a departure from tribal forms and images. It means a creation of new standards and new ideals of beauty and new rules of conduct. It means a fresh vision of familiar things. It speaks a strange language. It is always a wanderer, and very often an outcast from the caves or the tents of the tribe. The first man who said to himself, "I will no longer carry on the torch of the tribe. I will make fire when I need light and heat"--was the first genius on earth. For it is well to remind ourselves that in movement alone is there life--that the only permanent law of our nature is the law of change. The way to new worlds lies beneath alien stars over unchartered seas. The past, however splendid, must be the fruitful soil in which the seeds of the future are planted;

it must not be the grave in which the hope of the race lies buried. It is tomorrow, not yesterday, that needs us most.

If we stop and look back a moment we shall see that the heroic figures in our own race are the figures of men who, one and all, broke away from tradition when tradition endangered natural development, who, one and all, spoke in terms of the future, who, one and all, recognized the law of progress as superior to the rules of precedent. Of all the men whom we revere most, there is not one whom we revere simply because he held fast by the old habit, the old form, the old custom. There is not one whom we revere because his "strength was to sit still." There is not one who did not when the choice came to him step boldly forward into the undiscovered continent of the future. "They were behind us then," Macaulay said of the English Reformers, "but the question is not where they were, but which way they were going." And of each of the great Virginians it may be said that he was going onward, not backward.

If Washington had placed tradition above freedom there would have been no Revolution. A Tory once wrote to him, enumerating the sacrifices he was making for what seemed then a forlorn hope. He was breaking with almost all that he had once held in veneration--with the secure and established order of society, with his country, his King, his traditions, and, as some thought, with even his plighted word of honour. "You are the Revolution," said this writer, "and if you stop the Revolution will be ended." Yet Washington did not stop, did not turn, did not look back. He went onward, the great Revolutionist, into the future.

And with Jefferson? Today we hear much in Virginia of the

Jeffersonian principles--and those who tell us that we are forsaking them appear to forget that the two fundamental principles of Jefferson were first freedom of conscience, and secondly freedom of speech. Yet there are those among us today--there have been such among us for generations--who would suppress freedom of thought and speech in the name of the greatest progressive statesman of his age. The Jefferson who gave us religious freedom, who supported the French Revolution when that Revolution was condemned in America, who sought to embody in the Declaration of Independence a flaming attack on the slave trade--this Jefferson, who in 1784, almost one hundred years ahead of his time, proclaimed the principle upon which Abraham Lincoln was elected to the Presidency--the name of this very Jefferson has been used as an anchor to keep us moored for generations in the backwaters of history.

And the last and greatest of our Revolutionaries--the beloved leader. If Lee had clung to tradition, to crumbling theories of right, would he have left the old army and the old standards, and have passed on into the new army to fight under the new flag? Like Columbus, like Washington, like all the great leaders of history, he spoke the language of the future--he marched onward, not backward.

What I am trying to make clear to you is simply this--that we can make a great future--a future worthy of Virginia's history, not by copying the past, but by lighting again and again our fresh torches by the flame of the old. The gestures of our great men were gestures that led onward, never that beckoned backward. The inspiration of the past should be an active, not a passive force--the motive power of new dreams and new hopes. "For each age," wrote

a great and almost forgotten poet, "is a dream that is dying, or one that is coming to birth."

When Virginia was noblest, she was freest. She was creating, not copying. The supreme acts of her history are not acts of surrender to tradition, but of defiance of tradition. For Truth, which is the greatest of hunters, was ever a poor quarry. Not in caves and in hidden places, not in withered husks of political theories, but in the clear sunlight of courage and wisdom, lie our vision, our hope, and our prophecy. The world moves, and we must move with it, either with spontaneous energy or as dust flying after the wheels of its chariot.

Of one thing we may be sure. We can take our right place in the present and the future--a place worthy of our past--only by making some fresh, some ever-green contribution to the periods in which we live. When we hitch our wagon to a star we must choose a living star, not a dead one. We must have something to give besides proverbs. Our strength must be the strength for marching, not for sitting still.

I have spoken of the onward spirit, but I wish, before I finish, to emphasize our need of correct standards of art and life--standards of our own--not those we have copied from others. As a nation, we have lived for centuries under borrowed standards. We speak proudly of our past, and yet do we really appreciate it until some stranger--it matters not how ignorant he may be--pays it a passing compliment? We write in our papers that Patrick Henry has been honoured by the admission to some Hall of Fame--as if any Hall of Fame could contribute the shadow of an honour to Patrick Henry! We fret and pine because the name of Lee is excluded from some record or some building--as if the fame of Lee were not as far as the sun above any

candle that Congress could light! The only Hall of Fame that could contain the memory of Lee is the imperishable collective soul of the world.

Yet in great ways and small is this not true of us? If we have an artist among us, do we not pass him by in silence until some wayfaring man or woman stops and points and asks a question? Do we ever dare to praise our own until some foreign country has first acclaimed him? Are we really afraid of our own glory until we catch it in reflected light?

There are few places in the world richer in color and inspiration than our own South--yet because of the stagnant air, the absence of critical values, the flaunting of borrowed flags, the facile cult of the cheap and showy, art has languished among us. The native artist has been smothered for want of freedom and space and light. Original creative genius is a delicate blossom; it is like one of the early wild-flowers which we plough under in order to clear the ground for something big and showy that we can recognize at a distance.

True greatness either in life or in art is serenely confident of itself; yet we are capable of working ourselves into a nervous flutter before the lowest average of European or especially of British culture. We are never so complacent as when some foreign critic pats us on the back and stoops to assure us that we may become something some day if we will only imitate successfully the gestures of the Old World.

Over and over again they have come to lecture and stayed to laugh; but this would not matter if we paid homage only to true greatness and authentic genius. It is worth while to be ridiculed

by a Dickens--especially worth while when the point of offense in his ridicule is its truth. The complaint I make is not that they laugh at us--I can forgive anybody for possessing a sense of humor--what I cannot forgive is that we allow ourselves to be lectured, instructed, harranged, and admonished by the sham and the inferior. Anybody may patronize us, provided only that his name is shouted first through a megaphone and that he comes from a distance.

Beneath it all, of course, beneath this national attitude of childlike credulity, is the fundamental lack of critical values, of a true sense of proportion in matters of art. Before we can erect standards of our own we must first clear away the rubbish heap of old patterns, of empty moulds, and ink-spattered copybooks. Whether or not we shall ever succeed in democratizing our industries, we have certainly achieved the most perfect democratization of our art. When we build a memorial our first step is to appoint a committee of politicians--in order that we may offend against no political prejudices and against all artistic standards. We have applied for fifty years or so the convenient American theory that anybody with two eyes in his head can tell whether a statue looks like a man--or a horse. Then, after we have enjoyed for a generation the amiable habit of sublimating the second best and turning every politician into an Elijah Pogram, some casual visitor remarks that much of our architecture and some of our statues are inferior--and we gasp and look again, and wonder if he can be right. We are, all of us, very much like the man in one of Miss Replier's delightful essays, who left the Unitarian Church because "somebody told him it wans't true."

Perhaps we must have patience a little longer. Perhaps it is

is too soon to hope that we have really attained self-consciousness as a nation, that we have at last become articulate. It may be that the national impulses must germinate in deeper soil before they put forth and blossom into permanent forms of art and beauty. Of one thing only am I confident--and this is that we cannot separate the part from the whole, and say "this must go onward, but the rest must sit still in a tomb of the past." We cannot separate our art from our culture or our politics or our daily living. They are linked each to each, and one cannot move forward while it is dragged back by the dead weight of the other. As long as we are slaves in thought we shall be slaves in deed. As long as we are cowards in conduct, in speech, in politics, we shall be cowards in literature. We shall never write great books or paint great pictures or make great statues until we are free--for the soul of genius, as I said a little while ago, is courage--and freedom is the air that it breathes. It is all one--in art, in statesmanship, in science, in life, in thought, in speech--there can be no supreme achievement, no permanent contribution, that has not sprung from courage and developed in freedom--that has not "dared again, and dared again, and always dared." Here in Virginia we need liberation not from the past, but from the old moorings which have held the past and ourselves anchored in stagnant waters. The spirit of the past, I repeat, is not a dead, but a living spirit. It is not static, but dynamic. It is the spirit that led onward over the empty husks of discarded theories to a new day. That spirit, when it speaks to us demands of us freedom, courage and an open mind. It demands of us freedom to search for the truth; courage to speak the truth when it is found, and the open

mind that receives the truth when it is spoken.

This was Virginia's priceless heritage, and this will be Virginia's salvation in that day of small things which is now upon us. We can be as great as we were in the past only when we open the flood-gates of thought, and the river of the past flows through us and from us onward into the future. For the past and the present and the future are the same endless stream, and with all our efforts we can merely change the course a little--we can never break the eternal continuity of the race.

And, therefore, we preserve the past more perfectly when its rhythm in our hearts and minds inspire us to action, not when we stand and gaze backward. We are most like Washington, not when we droop in the chains of tradition, but when we stride fearlessly toward the future. We are most like Jefferson, not when we repeat parrot-like the principles he enunciated, but when we apply these great principles to ever changing conditions. We are most like Lee, not when we hesitate and hold back, but when we leave the haven of the coast, and go onward with that courage which

Neither shape of danger can dismay,
Nor thought of tender happiness betray."

Arthur Hopkins' "Macbeth"

By Mary Wingfield Scott

Before this appears in print it seems probable that everyone, from Mayor Hylan to Mary Garden, will have had something to say about Macbeth. Even the fat old gentleman in the second row is inspired to sigh, "Well, this is too Greenwich Villagey for me." Evidently, Mr. Hopkins foresaw breakers ahead when he issued a statement letting it be understood that this Macbeth was to be different from previous Macbeths, and that it was universal in typifying the man helpless in the hands of evil destiny. When the first-nighters sat through four hours of an unexpurgated Macbeth, which was indeed different from all its predecessors, and the critics had to decide in time for the morning papers whose fault it was, they decided Mr. Jones, who designed the settings, had been up to some very queer antics. His Inverness, which reminds Alexander Woolcott of "a giant molar tooth," promises to be as battered a storm centre as was Whistler's "pot of paint flung in the public's face." I can only find it symbolis of a castle. One grants it is a castle just as one used to grant the gas jet in college was a tree when Orlando pinned his verses on it. But someone must open our unaccustomed eyes to its meaning in terms of form and stage decoration. To make the witches' heath thoroughly universal, its setting is a black curtain with three giant masks suspended above, and in the centre the three figures, in scarlet, masked. The selection of witches has been singularly unfortunate. From behind the masks come voices neither weird nor ominous--gentle, high-pitched voices

of school-girls, pleasantly speaking their little speeches. This quite destroys their significance, declared by Mr. Hopkins to be the dominant motif of the play.

Another unfortunate feature not attributable to Robert Edmond Jones is the bizarre and harrassing noise classified as music, which put one in a bad humor before the curtain rises and afterward interferes with hearing the actors.

The chief criticism I make, however, is that Mr. Hopkins, in his effort to emphasize its universality, has chastened Shakespeare's seething, barbaric tragedy into a pageant, almost a series of tableaux. The director has striven so for an unified whole, following his conception of it, that he has frozen the players into the sacred submission of a frieze. They are so anxious not to disturb the picture that while one speaks his lines, the others are in a sort of hypnotic trance. Shakespeare's poetic gifts are quite wasted, as the lines are delivered rather stealthily, as though the model feared to lose his pose. Julia Arthur is a surprisingly satisfactory Lady Macbeth, providing one grants that she is not her husband's evil genius, but, with him, a victim. To those to whom the name of Barrymore is necessarily synonymous with greatness, Lionel Barrymore's Macbeth must have been disappointing.

It is not any piece of acting that this Macbeth adds to the annals of Shakespeare revivals, but Robert Edmond Jones, who had made the vital contribution of the production. He has been censured because the players who sit on his lofty thrones and move in and out of his strange castles were not equally vital, but the dead among the intensely alive. The costumes, for they are generally

the focus of each setting, make a return to the old haphazard plushy affairs unthinkable. To the transfer of plays written for the mediaeval stage technique to our present demand for a background, Jones' beautiful curtains are an excellent substitute for the slashing out of innumerable scenes. If Shakespeare were called on to be present at his three hundred and twenty-fifth centennial, presumptuous as such surmises are, I for one, believe that his unaccustomed eyes would be far less shocked by this much discussed setting than by the cumbrous paraphernalia of the now doomed Sothern and Marlowe style.

THE REVIEWER

April 1, 1921

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Number 4

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The Theatre and Democracy Louise Burleigh

The Passers Amelie Rives
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Reviews

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The Passers

By Amelie Rives (Princess Troubetzkoy)

Eternal Beauty, what were you without us?
An exquisite blind woman
Who had never looked on her image in mirrors:
And we without you,
Motes of glass blowing on a dark wind.

THE REVIEWER

April 15, 1921

Volume I

Number 5

Casual Remarks on a Censor Edward Hale Bierstadt

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A Philadelphia View of Being
Intellectual

Concerning Mr. Drinkwater E. G. T.

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Casual Remarks on a Censor

By Edward Hale Bierstadt

"Said the Reverend Jabez M'Cotten,
The waltz of the Devil's begotten!
Said young Jones to Miss Sly,
'Never mind that old guy--
To the pure almost everything's rotten.'"

It is altogether probable that long before the days of the printed book, when the taste of the public for narrative was satisfied by the minstrel and by the story teller, the censor was actively existant. Doubtless he made no bones about cutting the strings of the minstrel's harp or of breaking the story teller's head with whatever came handy. In that golden age, however, the censor was an outlaw; now he is the law itself.

Cromwell remarked that he would dictate no man's religion, and in order to affirm his good faith closed the churches of Rome. And after Cromwell came the deluge. Charles, the son of Charles, rose to the throne, and forthwith there sprang into being that whole literature of the Restoration which Lamb delighted in, and which so puzzled the censor of stage plays in England even a decade ago that he knew not whether to censor it as destructive to public morals or to license it as classic. It was but a few years ago likewise that this same censor of stage plays was obliged to contend for the very existence of his office, and the record of that battle royal has been most amusingly set forth by Mr. John

Palmer in his book entitled "The Censor and the Theatre." As the sun set on the stricken field, for unfortunately it was the field rather than the censor that was stricken, an American, Charles Frohman, presented testimony in the form of a letter to the investigating committee. In this document Mr. Frohman made the obvious and excellent point that in the United States there was no censor of the stage who was officially appointed to that position and known as such. The common law covered all the needs of the situation. If an individual violated the law by displaying too much of his person in public, or if he offended in any other way, so as to become either a public menace or a common nuisance, the law dealt with him, either on the stage or off. Sometimes the law was wrongly applied as in the instance of "Mrs. Warren's Profession"; sometimes it was not applied at all, as in the instance of "Get Busy with Emily," but at any rate it was there, and appeared to serve the purpose better on the whole than would the opinion of a single individual calling himself Censor of Stage Plays, and acting from the basis of an arbitrary and wholly personal opinion. But Mr. Frohman was speaking particularly of the stage, and we have to do here more specifically with literature, or indeed, with all art, for the question as to censorship applies with almost equal force to music, painting, sculpture, literature, and any others you may care to mention. It is not the censorship of a single work we have to deal with, but the censorship of all work; it is not a single art that demands liberty of expression, but all art.

Probably every State in the Union can boast a Prevention of

Vice Society of one kind or another, and in most instances it will be found that these organizations are modeled upon the New York Society for the Prevention of Vice, otherwise known as the Comstock Society, after its founder. Mr. Comstock wrote the State and National laws under which this Society and others now operate, and having seen the laws safely on the statute books, devoted his declining years to applying them in every possible instance, and in endeavoring to widen their scope so as to embrace as much as possible regardless of their original intention. He succeeded. The Society has succeeded ever since. A reading public so thoroughly prurient as that which we have so painstakingly developed in America can do not less than hail with acclaim the purveyor of the common garbage. All this, however, as you have doubtless already remarked, is somewhat beside the point. One may throw mud and call names to one's heart's content, and one may cite specific examples by the dozen, but, win or lose on the individual indictment, the principle remains unchanged. You can no more fairly and properly legislate against art than you can against religion. This fact, however, has by no means prevented us from legislating against both.

Chesterton, that imp of the perverse, tells us that Eliza in the Bath is quite right enough within the covers of a novel, but that Eliza in the Bath should be censored on the stage. But surely we are in no danger from Eliza even there. The common law of the land would at once step in to prevent any such exhibition, and the censor would not even be called on. The records are filed with evidence showing that so far as the drama is concerned, serious, deeply conceived plays such as "Monna Vanna," "Mrs. Warren's

Profession," and even the "Edipus Tyrannus" of Sophocles have come under the censor's axe while at the same time burlesques, and musical comedies, such as "The Giddy Goat," "Charlie's Aunt," and many others of an unquestionably vulgar character have been licensed without a murmur. On the table before me there is an advertising circular which implores me to purchase a book which is filthy on the very face of it, which has no claim to be considered as art, and which was confessedly written for the morbid psychologist. As an experiment, I have tried to bring the law to bear on this book, but I have been wholly unsuccessful. At the same time "Jurgen" is coming up for trial after a suppression of over a year. It will be seen then that even admitting the necessity for the censor and for his laws, neither the man nor the acts under which he operates are actually productive of common good. The bad escapes from them while the excellent falls into their hands. For myself, I would see all censorship done away with. He who desires to look at dirty pictures or to read dirty books will always find a means of satisfying his desire, and if he is in any wise injured by this indulgence I can only hope that the injury will be of a fatal nature. I confess though that this view of the question is not the popular one, and hence I am quite willing, at present at any rate, to effect a compromise which will tend to mitigate the present legislation so far as it touches the artist; a revision of the laws for instance which will permit the introduction of expert testimony by the defense (not now allowed), and several other changes which will more or less bring to something approaching a balance the well known scales of justice.

With a few notable exceptions American intellectualism appears to be largely composed of the by-products of other nations. It is inchoate, and taken in the mass is no more indigenous or inherent than is genius anywhere. This is a country made up of extremes; that is, after a trend has reached its normal point of culmination in Europe it flings itself across the Atlantic to America where it continues its development from the normal into the abnormal stage. That is what I mean when I say that we are a country of intellectual by-products, and the culmination of extremes. It is normal to eat a cow, but it requires American ingenuity to make a camel's hair brush out of its tail. So it is that while in Great Britain Puritanism has been steadily on the wane, in America it has been just as steadily progressing. We have advanced from the restriction of personal rights to the suppression of mass liberties. Three hundred years ago in Puritan America it was forbidden to kiss one's wife on Sunday; to-day all America is forbidden to take a drink on any day. Three hundred years ago it was forbidden to read any book on Sunday except the Bible; to-day it is forbidden to read Jurgen at all. Three hundred years ago the country was composed of, politically speaking, radicals; to-day Mr. Harding sits serenely in the Presidential chair.

It is to be supposed that in theory at any rate this sort of thing has its limits; that after carefully expunging from our literature all reference to the coming generation the Suppress-ionists will likewise expunge from our lives the next generation itself. It will serve us right if this happens, for if there be a

limit it is for us, the public, to set its place. Societies for the Suppression of Things are like mad dogs; if they are not shot after they have bitten one person they will bite another. It is in the nature of these societies, and these dogs to do this.

An art, be it what it may, that is suppressed, that is inhibited, that is checked, cannot long endure. If, in the course of its growth it reaches that point where it is in any way an actual offence to public decency or an actual danger to public morals it will fall of its own weight the very moment that the public, as a public, realizes the situation. Art cannot exist which is opposed to the common weal; indeed there is no such art; it is a contradiction in terms. Then why the censor? Art belongs to the public, to the world; let the world, then, censor it. But just so long as the people of this country are content to have their thinking done for them; so long as they are satisfied to live on predigested ideas; so long will they continue to be a people whose rights, whose sufferences, whose liberties, and whose arts are at the complete mercy of any set of petty tyrants who choose to set themselves up either as Censors or as Congressmen. We shall have freedom of expression in America at that moment when we want it badly enough to take it, and not one minute before.

A Postscript*

(Englished from C. J. P. Garnier's Epitaphe
pour le Sieur Jurgen)

By James Branch Cabell

The swine that died in Gadara two thousand years ago
Went mad in lofty places, with results that all men know,
Went mad in lofty places though long rooting in the dirt,
Which (even for swine) begets at last soul-satisfying hurt.

The swine in lofty places now are matter for no song
By any prudent singer, but--how long, O Lord, how long?

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THE REVIEWER

May 1, 1921

Volume I

Number 6

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Botticelli's Birth of Venus Adair Pleasants Archer

Charles Francis Adams C. Cotesworth Pinckney

The Devil in Literature Hunter Stagg

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Mayfair to Moscow, *Clare Sheridan's Diary*; Chief Contemporary Dramatists, Second Series, Selected and Edited by *Thomas H. Dickinson*; The Hall and The Grange, by *Archibald Marshall*; American and British Verse from the Yale Review.

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Botticelli's "Birth of Venus"

By Adair Pleasants Archer

Over the ripples that ravish her feet moving fleetly and free,
There where the new-awakened day prints a first rosy kiss on the
 somnolent sea,
Naked and shameless and glad from the heart of the throbbing
 blue bay,
Proud of her radiance and poise she is sprung like the scintillant
 spray.
All of the doom of the deep and its coolness and clearness and
 calm,
Darken her glances' cerulean glory--her lips' placid charm
Lights with the love of the heavens that embosom a blossoming
 earth,
Flickers a smile that is wistful and wise, never flaring to mirth.
Dampened and heavy her colorful tresses that garner the gold
 of the madder.
Fondle voluptuous curves of her bosom and coil like a sun-
 burnished adder.
Lissome and lithe is her body and buoyant as foam newly blown,
Daintily lit on a shell that is pink with the pink of her cheek like
 a gull that has flown
Down from the blue-bowered clouds to wing hither their secrets
 of silence and speed.
Swiftly and silent she smothers the waters that clamor and plead,
Wafts to the woodland that blushed into bud at her consciousness
 splendor,
Whither a welcoming Maenad has sped with a flower-flecked
 mantle to tend her,
Wanton wind creatures sport there in her wake where the flaccid
 foam trembles and settles,
Whirring and stirring a termagant tempest of pale tinted petals,
Bared to the sun, stark and white she moves on, as the burst of
 a God-given dream,
She in her beauty immortally virginal, ageless, Supreme.

THE REVIEWER

May 16, 1921

Volume 1

Number 7

To Arms!

Sally Nelson Robins

The Stage Boy

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Jug Not That Ye Be Not Jugged

C. Cotesworth Pinckney

Mellow Days

Helena Lefroy Caperton

Hark, from the Tomb!

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Jug Not That Ye Be Not Jugged

By C. Cotesworth Pinckney

This is the song of the old stone jug
As it sat on the kitchen shelf,
"I am not so proud as I used to be,
Or half so full of myself,
There was a time I was a toast,
I stood for wit, laughter and life
And many a man has hugged me close
(While I got a smile from his wife).

"To me the Prince and the Pauper bowed,
In palace or hovel a fixture,
The Parson, be put a label on me,
'My Grandfather's old cough mixture.'
Sometimes introduced in high-ball form,
At julep, or cocktail adept;
At wedding feasts I kissed the Bride,
At funerals, I wept.

"I was the Orator's chief friend,
I led the college yell,
Beside the sick I often sat
And cast my mystic spell.
I was a very dove of peace,
I was, and still am now;
For Hate can never show his face
When men can say 'Here's How!'

"Whenever I gurgle my gurgly throat,
The poet and artist awake,
'Tis good for all, 'a little wine
Just for my stomach's sake.'
Whence came the name of Loving Cup
That once was mine and thine,
As round the Yule-Tide log we stood
And sang of Auld Lang Syne?

"But now I sit on the kitchen shelf
'Twixt a common pan and a pot,
And breathe a breath of onion and tripe
And God only knows what not!
And I heard the cook say yesterday
As she stirred a smell with a spoon,
'That old jug ain't no count no more,
I'll fill him with vinegar soon!"".

Just then the kitchen door slammed hard,
The jug rolled on its side;
A crash, a little pile of dust.
What think you; suicide?

THE REVIEWER

June 1, 1921

Volume I.

Number 8

Exit James Branch Cabell

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A Day at Dower House Ellen Wilkins Tompkins

Ballast Henry S. Pancoast

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Mystic Isles of the South Seas, by *Frederick O'Brien*;
Captain Macedoine's Daughter, by *William McFee*; A
Record of a Censorship, A Chair On The Boulevard, by
Leonard Merrick; Hints to Pilgrims, by *Charles S. Brooks*.

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Exit

By James Branch Cabell

"The signs are many that there has been a slump in Cabell stock. The literary supplement that only recently had a 'Cabell number' now has a review of his latest book, Figures of Earth, written by Maurice Hewlett, who has himself made a specialty of the mediaeval romance, and who says he never heard of the word 'geas,' and who contemptuously dismissed Cabell's work as a pretentious and often meaningless jargon--'parading a science it does not possess'--elaborately concocted to impose upon the credulous reading public.

And still another Englishman, the scholarly Soloman Eagle, as we recall, has expressed a similar opinion... Now if only the agreeable Mr. Hugh Walpole will turn a similar flip-flop, the Cabell balloon may completely collapse."

--Thus far the New York Globe, with rather unaccountable omission of any applause for Mr. Richard Le Gallienne's recent fulminations against Cabell,--unaccountable, I say, because the erstwhile fumbler with the Golden Girl's underwear went about his assassnatory labors with far more dexterity than did either of the other British battlers for nineteenth-century traditions. Indeed, Mr. Hewlett did but arise--with words more keen than the scissors with which he nowadays writes novels "based upon"

Icelandic sagas--to proclaim that, since he personally had never heard of a variety of matters to be found in any encyclopedia, for anyone else to have knowledge of these things was wantonness and coxcombery and mere frivolity; whereas Mr. Squire evinced his somewhat less readily explicable wrath with inarticulate bellowings upon the editorial desk, and with objurations against Jurgen for failing to satisfy his curiosity. I do not know what he was curious about, and it would be, perhaps, imprudent to inquire; but upon one point, at least, it was clear that the critical ingénu of the London Mercury was in whole-hearted accord with the two hardier survivors of no inconsiderable talents. All were agreed that either the lungs of the right-minded or else the Cabell balloon must be burst.

Well, I shall be, in some ways, rather sorry to see this Cabell pass to oblivion. For I foresee that he will pass quickly now. He was nourished, he was bred and fattened and sustained, entirely upon newspaper paragraphs; and our literary editors retain a naïve faith in anything, except, of course, the pound sterling, which emanates from England. You may notice the decisive turn of the above "And yet another Englishman," as if that quite settled the affair. But that is hardly all. Most of the reviewers, I fancy, are sufficiently like me to have grown a little tired of so much tall talk about Cabell, and to think it high time the monotony was varied. So this Cabell, too, must pass, with all the other novelists who have had their brief hour of being "talked about"; and this Cabell, too, must presently be at one with Marie Corelli and Maurice Hewlett and Elinor Glyn and Richard Le Gallienne and Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe.

II

I repeat that, in some ways, I am sorry to see the passing of this Cabell. I found it interesting to read about this Cabell's romantic irony, his cosmic japes, his bestial obscenities, his well-nigh perfect prose, his soaring imagination, his corroding pessimism, and all the rest of the critical chorus. It loomed each Wednesday (when the clippings from my bureau come in on the first mail) quite an exciting morning, and it sustained me well toward lunch time with prideful thoughts that I was more or less identified with such a remarkable person.

To the other side, I shall, upon the whole, rejoice at the passing of this Cabell. One very positive benefit, for example, will be the saving in the matter of my bills for the aforementioned press-clippings; and the devotion to some better purpose of the time which I of late have squandered on the process of inserting these clippings (almost uniformly idiotic) in my scrapbooks. I shall be left unmolested by the bother of autographing my novels and wrapping them up again, and, occasionally, of supplying the return postage, and, not infrequently, of finding these same volumes on sale next week at the second-hand book dealer's, as "presentation copies." I shall no longer be invited to lecture before mature and earnest-minded and generally appalling females, whom it is not possible to convince that the fact of my having written a book or two can no more qualify me to enliven their foregatherings with a lecture than with a violin solo. The younger of the sex will no longer evince via voluminous epistles their willingness to marry me, or even to dispense with the ceremony; and I shall be spared the trouble of concealing these letters from my wife, who emphasizes her disapproval

of such notions by an offensive eagerness to pack my things for the suggested trips. And I shall even return, in time, to the old orderly enjoyable reading of newspapers and magazines without any first feverish skimming through the pages to see what this issue contains about me.

Yes, certainly, oblivion has its merits, to which I now direct a brightening eye. Now, no longer will the publishers' agreement, not to woo away the writers brought out by some other house, be honorably preserved by each deputing his pet author to transmit nefarious suggestions through personal visits to me; and now, chief of all, will magazine editors desist from disturbing my entranced concoction of a book with offers of incredible and iniquitous prices for "something in the short story line." Yes, but iniquitous is a too mild description of these allures when, as may happen, you have a wife uncursed by dumbness or a child to whom in common-sense you owe it to earn as much money as can be come by reputably. For you can think of no possible excuse, none plausible at least to domestic inspection, not to put by the book, and let it wait, while you "dash off" a few thousand words, in full consciousness that if you turn out balderdash your employer will be as touches you quite satisfied, but as concerns his readers' approval of the speculation vastly reassured. And the artist really must--though there is no explaining it--work either just at what he chooses or else toward exhaustion as an artist.

In fine, the passing of this boom will permit me once more to do, unmeddled-with, what I prefer to do. That is, for some of us, a privilege not at any price to be purchased exorbitantly. So I

stand ready to join forces with Messrs. Hewlett and Squire and Le Gallienne. I yield to the right-minded. I dismiss him, this over much be-paragraphed Cabell, into the limbo of out-of-dateness wherein abide, with always rarer and more spectral revisitations of the public eye, the wraiths of Marie Corelli and Maurice Hewlett and Elinor Glyn and Richard Le Gallienne and Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe.

III

And in departing I would smile friendly toward those who understand the nature of this withdrawal; but to others I would say, as courteously as may be, that--well, that, at the request of friends, a considerable portion of my original manuscript has here been deleted.

In any event, the general public has now very tolerable authority for abandoning all talk about this Cabell's being a literary artist. This paper, to begin with, may be regarded as exculpatory evidence. Moreover, Hewlett and Le Gallienne were no great while ago quite respectable names, and even in their owners' auctorial decrepitude may still pass muster among, anyhow, the general public; whereas, Mr. Squire enjoys, everywhere that anybody has read as much as is humanly possible in the Solomon Eagle essays, a deservedly high repute for many very handsome expressions of the mediocre in terms of the academic. Such are the not unformidable trio that have emulated Goliath, and come forth beautifully clad in brass to battle for the faith of Philistia. And I, for one, can feel no hesitancy in endorsing these gentlemen's protests that, by every standard illustrated in their recent writings, I have no

claim whatever to be considered a literary artist; and I, for one, derive from their admonitory utterances a warning perhaps more salutary than intended.

For the moral which I personally deduce is that, in this world, wherein no fervor endures for a long while, and every clock-tick brings the infested tepid globe a little nearer to the moon's white nakedness and quiet, the wise will play while playing is permitted. The playthings will be words, because a man finds nowhere any lovelier toys. The wise will have their small, high-hearted hour of playing, with onlookers to applaud.

Then vigor abates, and therewith dwindles their adroitness at this gaming. The skill that was once their glory has become their derision; to Richard-Yea-and-Nay succeeds a Mainwaring, and gray Narcissus bleats angry pieties. At this season will the gamester who is truly wise--thus I console myself--give over his playing, sedately, without any corybantic buttings of a bald head or any gnashing of old teeth to affray his juniors, who may, as yet, thrive at this game. His hour is over, but the end of their hour too approaches, not to be stayed. He will make this savory thought serve as a drug to envy, and as a liniment to his bruised vanity, and as a muffler to the thin-voiced spite of all outworn old women that inhabit Oblivion's seraglio. Wherein abide--but you already know my refrain.

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A Basis For Modern Musical Criticism

By John Powell

Part One

When the present-day lover of music tries to exercise his judgment he hears on all sides a babel of contradictory voices, each proclaiming the exclusive virtue of a particular hero; everywhere chaos and confusion, the old standards and conventions discarded with the shattered idols of former days. The critics are as much at sea as the propagandists. The musicians themselves are torn by dissension and partisanship. The iconoclasts denounce the aridity of Bach, the insipidity of Mozart, the banality of Beethoven, the sentimentality of Chopin, the brutality of Wagner, and decry all the varying principles by which these men created. And yet they offer us no intelligible basis for their criticisms, nor any standards by which we could form our own judgments. Hence, most people are forced to fall back upon unguided personal predilections, and one hears everywhere, "I can't tell you why it's good--I only know I like it"; or "It may be fine, but it doesn't draw a spark from me"; or "It may not have any tune, but it makes my backbone wriggle" * * * and so on, ad infinitum.

Now there must assuredly be some fundamental principle free from merely personal inclination and possible of universal acceptance if we could only find it; some standard of comparison,

inductively establishable, which would free us from this inferno of a priore theories about music. In other fields of modern thought, although much confusion still exists, such impersonal norms have been discovered and, if not universally accepted, still do furnish sincere, open-minded people a common starting point for intelligent discussion. These norms have been invariably established by applying the general principles of modern evolutionary biology to special fields of human thought, as, for example, Herbert Spencer to philosophy and sociology and William James to psychology. The underlying thought of such men is somewhat as follows: To understand any problem we must find its origin, observe the direction of its progress, relate it to the other phenomena of life and human consciousness, and so induce its governing principles. Only by this means can one gain the synthetic view necessary to logical and unbiased judgments. Let us apply this method to music and see if it be not possible to find some general principles which may serve as a compass of criticism in the present labyrinthine maze.

The origin of music may be placed further back than the beginning of humanity. We see it in a rudimentary state in the lower mammals, for the gibbon ape can sing the degrees of the scale. The inference is that music is analogous to speech, that they have a common root, each being a special adaptation to a definite end or purpose; speech to the expression of thought, music to the expression of feeling. There have been found primitive races which had no god, but none was ever so primitive as not to have at least the rudiments of music. As we trace backward the development of language among the most primitive peoples we find vocabularies

growing more and more scant and the employment of single symbols to denote many mental concepts more and more frequent. These concepts are distinguished by vocal inflection, and the inflections of the voice play an ever increasing role in the differentiation of meaning, until, finally, articulate language melts into the inarticulate communications of the animals themselves.

In other words, there was at one time neither speech nor music--only vocal inflection. As conditions of life grew more complex, inarticulate communication became less and less adequate, so that language was gradually developed. But even then emotional content depended on inflection for expression, and this is largely the case down to the present day, as is aptly illustrated by the anecdote of Herr Rosenduft and Herr Cohn. Having quarreled in a Viennese coffee house, one of these men, Rosenduft, went to all the tables, saying, "Cohn is a rascal," and the latter promptly brought suit for slander, being in due course awarded fifty gulden damages. Rosenduft desired to know how he might avoid paying this sum and was assured by the judge that the only way was, "Retract your former statement by returning to the same coffee house, going around to all the same tables and saying, 'Cohn is no rascal.'" Painful as this was it was less so that the fine, and Rosenduft agreed. He returned to the coffee house and went the rounds, repeating in a carefully selected tone with an interrogative inflection: "Cohn is no rascal?" with such effect that, more injured than ever, Cohn had him hailed to court again. "How is this?" inquired the judge. "You promised to retract your slander and instead you repeat it." "I agreed to say, "Cohn is no rascal," replied

Rosenduft. "Yes, but how did you say it?" he was asked. "Your honor," was the answer, "the words were agreed upon, but not the melody."

The use of the word melody in this connection is exceedingly illuminating.

It was as the emotional life of human society became more complex that the necessity for an expression of this phase of consciousness caused the development of the intervals of vocal inflection into melody, which formed the basis of the first real music--that is, folk music.

The question now remains: to what extent is melody a direct and immediate expression of feeling, and to what extent is it symbolical or associative? On the one hand, with the exception of a few onomatopoeic words, language is purely conventional or symbolic. The word *c-a-t*, for example, has no direct suggestion of the feline mammal. It might just as well stand for the canine or simian. We accept it as a symbol. There is nothing in the word itself which directly suggests the thing it stands for. On the other hand, I believe there is in the melodic interval or phrase a direct, immediate and intrinsic emotional value, which calls up quite spontaneously the emotions which originally produced the melodic interval or phrase. I do not deny that this basis has been vastly enlarged and enriched by conventions and associations. (For instance, many of the leit-motifs of the Wagner Cycle carry no direct suggestion of their inspiration).

I once made an experiment with a boy of ten, who was totally unacquainted with the music of Wagner, but who was extremely

sensitive to musical impressions. The Sword motif, the Ring motif called up in his consciousness no definite emotional state whatever.

But, on the other hand, the Walhalla motif impressed him deeply. He found difficulty in expressing his emotional reaction in words, although he asserted it was quite definite. When I explained to him that it would be impossible to express his emotional state in words directly, but that it would be possible to find words suggesting an analogous emotional condition, he said: "When you play that tune I seem to see a great white throne." Similarly, with no previous knowledge of it, Rhine motif at once suggested to him the flowing of water.

We see thus that there is an intrinsic emotional value in music which is of primary and fundamental importance, and we find this quality, as one would expect, most richly and characteristically expressed in folk music, which must be regarded as the basis of art music. There remains to be shown the line of evolution from emotional expressions by means of vocal inflection to the organized melodies of folk music, and here, as in other cases, we argue from the well-known to the less well-known, and thus define the direction of the line we wish to follow to its source. The study of comparative folk music shows us that as races become simpler and more primitive their songs become less highly organized, until we reach a phase well represented by the negro. Contrary to the general opinion there is no large quantity of real African folk music. The so-called spirituals and large majority of well defined hymns and songs are of European derivation, changed and adapted to the

emotional needs of the negro and colored strongly by the influence of his African musical conventions. When we study that residuum of his music which is undoubtedly purely African, we find no set organic melodies, but a large number of characteristic, fragmentary, melodic phrases strongly suggesting cries, wails, moans, shouts of joy, appeals. These phrases are the common property of all negroes and are used as leit-motifs for personal and occasional improvisations, expressive of the immediate mood and experience of the individual. The results of these improvisations are often of great power and beauty; but never possess that fixed, collective organization which is the principal characteristic of true folk song, even in its most diverse variations. These basic melodic phrases are found in similar use in Africa and other barbaric countries, where, however, their resemblance to the fundamental vocal inflections of emotional expression is more marked. The pursuit of this line of investigation therefore points to the conclusion that folksong is a direct evolution from those primitive noises by which lower man and even animals express their feelings, moods and desires.

This is the reason that folk music, which is not the creation of any individual, but, through variation, selection and curvival of the best adapted, the result of collective racial forces, is so much more universal in its appeal than art music. We thus see that folk music, from the nature of its source, is powerfully imbued with that intrinsic emotional quality which we have found to be the most important and basic attribute of music, and must be regarded, consequently, as the basis of all sincere and living art music. It bears, in fact, the same relation to art music that nature does to

painting and sculpture, and life to literature. Its lack of all self-consciousness and its naiveté make it equally delectable to the most highly trained technical musician and the totally uncultivated, and even the babe on its mother's knee.

Personally, if I had to choose between folk music and art music, I would unhesitatingly select the former, because, being the result of deep underlying developmental forces, it contains within itself the possibilities of unfolding anew into the highest and most complex art forms; whereas, art music, if severed from its mother earth of folk music, would soon degenerate into extreme artificiality and fall into utter decay. Yet, if we relied merely on the intrinsic emotional quality of music, the art would never progress beyond the stage of folk music. The development of art music would be impossible without the conventions and symbolisms which have not merely enriched and ornamented it, but have served both as scaffolding and permanent support for its structure. Through centuries of use and adaptation these symbols and conventions have acquired such vitality as gives them an effect only less direct and powerful than that of the intrinsic musical emotional bases, and the study of these conventions and their relationship to human psychology and life is the next step in the pursuit of a modern basis of musical criticism.

(To be concluded.)

A Skit

By Amelie Rives

(Princess Troubetzkoy)

What might have been written by a certain type of dramatic critic (Mr. Aleck Smart) if Othello, the Moor of Venice had been produced for the first time in America during the present century.

* * * * *

A tragedy in five endless acts and much very blank verse was given for the first time last night by a group of actors called "The King's Company." We can say heartily, "God save the King" if he was at this performance. It will also be well to remember that the word tragedy is derived from the Greek "Tragos," which means a goat; in this instance the goat of tragedy was joined by all the goats of the audience, for it undoubtedly "got their goats" before the evening was over.

The plot of this so-called tragedy is so highly comic in its improbability, and the inconsistency and falseness to type of its characters so marked, that the garlands of bombastic verbiage in which it is draped do not succeed in concealing its absurdity.

That "a noble Moor in the service of the Venetian state" should allow this ensign to slander his wife to him is inconceivable. Furthermore, having travelled both in Italy and the Orient, the present writer declares that in actual life there would have been no part for Ensign Iago in this play after scene third, in Act III. To ask an intelligent public to believe that a man of Othello's temperament and lofty position would have allowed his colour-bearer to

speak to him as he does in the aforementioned scene, without promptly killing him, is asking them to believe that the day of miracles has dawned again. Moreover, in order to give his villain free play, the author has made his hero: impossibly sentimental and verbose, as well as credulous.

In one of the few dramatic moments of the play, Othello turns aside from the main issue to spout exaggerated blank verse like a geyser; not only that, but his aroused Oriental jealousy appears to be of so ordered a nature, that it allows him to make a long and rhythmical list of the things it will cause him to say farewell to: "plumed troops," "big wars," "mortal engines," (whatever they may be). Really, it is like hearing one of our own Walt Whitman's endless lists of useful articles read aloud at a funeral.

But this is far from the only instance of "the noble Moor's" loquacity. He bursts into ornate harangues on every occasion. He even harangues the candle by which he lights himself to the scene of the projected murder of Desdemona. He calls it a "flaming minister." Why not a blazing bishop? He talks and talks and talks. To quote from the unhappy man's fourteen line speech while Emilia is at the door beseeching to be let in: "the affrighted globe" may "yawn at alteration," but it was at the lack of alteration that the audience yawned. Even when he is about to stab himself Othello utters nineteen lines of verse before he can make up his mind to do so. Gratiano, one of the many talkative minor characters in this very talk-y play, sums it up for once in a short pithy sentence, when after the suicide of Othello (which would have been better if it had taken place in the first act instead of the fifth)--he says: "All that's spoke is

marr'd." It is indeed! when one has been compelled to sit for hours listening to it, because one is a helpless dramatic critic, and one's daily bread is earned by having to listen, willy-nilly to such length rodomontades as Othello, the Moor of Venice.

The minor characters are old acquaintances: Iago, the out-and-out villain; Cassio, the winning weakling who is only saved from prigdom by a taste for high balls and cuties; Barbantio, the venerable stage father; Emilia, the time-honored and imitative confidante who goes mad or dōes in "white linen" when her mistress goes mad or dies in "white satin:" Desdemona, snowflake foil to her spouse's soot-flake melodrama. The handkerchief so vociferously demanded by Othello would have been of real use to the sniffing gallery gods and goddesses, who are alas! not always provided with that useful article.

Byt the way--a word of warning to aspiring young dramatists. It will be needed certainly, for the device is as convenient as it is absurd and artistically impertinent. I refer to Mr. Shakespeare's debonnaire cutting of the Gordian knot of Iago's character when he finds the denouement too much for even his complacent Muse. When the audience is expectantly listening for some explanation of the "demi-devil's" conduct throughout the five interminable preceding acts, the playwright nimbly "plants" the whole difficulty by the simple device of making his puppet-villain reply:

"Demand me nothing; what you know you know:
From this time forth I never will speak word."

Now that solution, even for an adapter of Italian "novelle" is just a bit more than even a seasoned dramatic critic can stand with calmness.

I am told that the play was founded on one of the Italian "novelle" or as one might say, novelettes of the period. This explains much. The play is merely a novel drawn out ad nauseam into the sing-song of would be poetic conversations. It might indeed be appropriately entitled "Othello, the Moor of Venice, a Conversazione."

Mr. Shakespeare, it seems, has written other "dramas." Let us hope for the sake of a much enduring public that this rumor is a false one. He has also "collaborated" with others, one of whom, a certain Greene, writes of him in his interesting book, "A goat's worth of Wit," as follows: "An upstart crow beautified with our feathers, that, with is tiger's heart wrapped in a player's hide, supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank verse as the best and, being an absolute Johannes-factotum, is in his own conceit the only Shake-scene in a country."

Be that as it may. Mr. Shakespeare will certainly not shake America with his genius!

We must add that by profession he is an actor; but if he is no better at play-acting than he is at play-writing, we really fear that he is destined to starve. So much for Othello, the Moor of Venice and his pater dramaticus, Mr. William Shakespeare.

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The Allegory of the Young Intellectuals

By Frances Newman

Librarian of the Carnegie Library of Atlanta, and Author of
"Literary Estimates" of Modern Novelists, for the
Atlanta Constitution

Towards the Saint Martin's Summer of the year nineteen hundred and twenty, there was published to the world an allegorical novel. The world received the gift with gratitude; the most respectable critics lost their hearts and heads to it, and informed an attentive public that it would add distinction to any literature, that it ranks with *The Scarlet Letter*, that is is a book to possess and treasure, that there is now no reason why anyone should ever write another novel about contemporary life in a small town. Only the last of these has failed to impose itself on the popular imagination. So many multi-
loquous persons read this feather in the cap of literature that almost every one else, except Mr. Charles Chaplin--who has had leisure only for *Hunger*--has found reading it once less tedious and less derogatory to his standing among the cognoscenti than being told about it every day; it has probably threatened the numismatic supremacy of the Reverend Harold Bell Wright himself, and yet the point of saturation is only now being approached.

In at least one town, expository readings of this subtle allegory have been held, and perhaps with reason. For although one casual perusal--and, unfortunately, the complexity of modern life and the length and the literary style of this book have prevented most people from making its better acquaintance--would seem to assure one that the author had been even less obscure than the usual subject of ex-

pository readings, Mr. Robert Browning, these many months of its echoes and of suave polemics between the young intellectuals and the older generation (of course in point of view, not necessarily in age) can scarcely fail to convince the unflinching seeker after truth that the true meaning of this prosperous American Old Wives' Tale has yet to be revealed.

Allegories, so says an eminent authority--whose tales strangely enough, are admired by many of the same gentlemen who acclaim this new great American allegory--interpret themselves so variously once they are set agoing. And since it has long been recognized that the greatest literature may, in the course of a few hundred years, disclose great truths that were not dreamt of among its author's complexes, it is only too possible that one may have read into this deceptively simple story symbolisms that were far enough from its relentless composer's mind. For even though this magnum opus will undoubtedly boil his pot for many a day, it was surely not written with the mere idea of picking at information which would visibly procure money of social distinction; there was undoubtedly a higher motive. No writer could be more generous in praise of his colleagues either on the lecture platform, to which he is said to add so much radiance, in his modest accounts of the modest fashion in which his epochal allegory was written, or in the brief eulogies of each other with which such celebrities as himself and Mrs. Inez Haynes Irwin and Mrs. Fannie Hurst Danielson have lately recalled the not distant days when the opinions of Mrs. Gene Stratton Porter and Mr. George Barr McCutcheon concerning the ten greatest English novels were cut from papers and solemnly pursued to free public libraries--perhaps even to book shops.

And so, being quite evidently of a nature too kindly and too shrinking publicly to expose his true opinion of himself and of those other men and women who have so entirely convinced the world that the Middle Western United States are an impossible place of residence, like that older gloomy Dean, even like Rabelais and Samuel Butler and Anatole France, he cleverly hit upon the scheme of allegory. With the magnificent disregard of a Bunyan for the showy learning that characterizes these outmoded sceptics and believers, he has portrayed America of to-day as a small, ill-educated and rather avaricious village, not, perhaps, unlike the conception of the land of the pilgrims' pride held by some of her late enemies, and even by some of her late allies. The unhappy young intellectuals he has thinly disguised as a newly married bride who comes to her prison house trailing clouds of culture from the great city in her true home. Perhaps one small blot on this almost perfect fable is that the society to which this prototype of the intelligentsia would seem to have been accustomed in the great city--probably intended to represent London or Paris or Heaven--was so very like the society to which she sought vainly to bring the torch of learning; but, of course, this apparent defect is almost certainly due to a still imperfect understanding of the allegory.

From such various bits of external evidence as Mr. Harold Stearns' long farewell to all his inadequate countrymen, the reports of Mr. Sinclair Lewis's lectures, the writings of Mr. H. L. Mencken, and some other almost equally official sources, one may gather that this swan among ducks represents a group of young writers (young, of course, in point of view, not necessarily in age) who feel themselves

forced to go to some alien country, where many of them will probably starve, but where at least they will be able, spiritually, to breathe. These breathless ladies and gentlemen of letters who have found our welcome inadequate would seem to be, e pluribus, Mr. Sherwood Anderson, Mr. Floyd Dell, Mr. F. Scott Fitzgerald, Mr. Theodore Dreiser, Mr. Sinclair Lewis, Mr. Waldo Frank, Miss Willa Cather, and Miss Zona Gale. Mrs. Evelyn Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Halde-
mann-Julius, Mr. Eugene O'Neill and some others of their peers in pessimism have not yet been inscribed on this roll of honor, but there seems no adequate reason why they should not be so distinguished.

Now, as Mr. Lewis says, Americans don't know what a highbrow is. He cannot understand why they label a man like Sherwood Anderson a highbrow when his works are so amazingly beautiful and simple. And, surely, Mr. Lewis is right. Why should Mr. Anderson, or Mr. Lewis himself, or Mr. Dreiser, or this young lawyer of Detroit, whose name is not Henry G. Aikman, or the creator of Miss Lulu Bett, which best represents the power of the stage in raising the standard of good morals, good taste and good manners, be labelled highbrow? Of course, if gloom were all..... But it is absurd to say that everything dull is highbrow--to despair of life is, at least, no more than a substitute for verbs in one's sentences; to describe, even with the most unflinching courage, long rows of undesirable fowls, is not to become at once a James Joyce; to sing the saga of the decline and fall of a head bartender, or even of the fall and rise of his comparatively illegal wife, is not entirely to cover one's nakedness of the simplest amenities of life and of literature. Indeed, the relentless exposure of other people's frailities has not

always been thought the most heroic or the most poignant of human miseries. It would be interesting to know just how many unhallowed unions will compensate for how many split infinitives, how many deaths of innocent wives and children of noble socialists--something after the well-known death-bedside manner of Charles Dickens--are fair exchange for how many pleonasms, and how many deadly sins and how hapless a childhood will weigh down in the scales how many pages of merely dull and undistinguished writing. Mr. Lewis is unquestionably an excellent critic in seeing that the split infinitives of Mr. Anderson and of ex-Sergeant Arthur Guy Empey are as easily sifted from the split infinitives of a highbrow as the deliberate incivilities of a well-bred man are from those of a man who has no idea that he is being rude.

Perhaps these young intellectuals (for, in the simplest sense of interest in intellectual things, they do not hesitate to use this term) have a rather special meaning for their word intellectual. An intellectual, one would have said, is a man who gives his mind first place in his life, who takes infinite pains for his mind, such as it is, who enormously enjoys his own mind, and who can find so much amusement in the mere spectacle of life that he scarcely requires anything more, except one human being who can understand him when he is glorious with one of those sudden inspirations that are surely the chief satisfaction for having been presented with the possibility of permanent sensation. An intellectual, one would have said, could never willingly go through the world with his horizon bounded on all sides by the English language, and having, indeed, by no means exhausted his mother tongue; he would scarcely fail to have some

curiosity concerning the language of Aristophanes, if not of Aeschylus; of Petronius, if not of Cicero; of Anatole France, if not of Racine; of d'Annunzio, if not of Dante; of Heine, if not of Goethe. And if he cared for none of these immortals, he would almost certainly yearn to write his own language beautifully, knowing that people who have in their minds important truths can always express them in ringing words. He would have heard that Miltons are never mute or inglorious, and that poor Thomas Gray was misled because he had the misfortune to live before Signor Croce made these matters so delightfully simple.

It can hardly be doubted that our allegorist realized that his symbolically orphaned heroine had an exaggerated idea of her own powers, and one can be sure he would say that a little intelligent criticism might have saved her years of anguish. If, for instance, Mr. Mencken, and those Menckens of a smaller growth who struggle with the most perfect success to be less urbane than the master, were not quite so kind about saying that the novels of these young intellectuals are well-written, if they did not hold mere verbal felicity so lightly, if they would say dogmatically that a man who writes with the vocabulary of a provincial journalist also thinks with the brain of a provincial journalist, if their judgments were more truly aesthetic judgments than the judgments of Professor Stuart Sherman or of Mr. John Sumner, these aspiring young souls might have made rather more elaborate preparations for the honest, serious, intelligent work, which they want passionately to do and which they cannot do unless they are free, and unless the civilization it occurs in welcomes it.

Our allegorist has not hesitated, in the comparatively brief

episode of his symbolical protagonist's hegira, to face the fact that the great world was perhaps not her true home. Even those few purists who still languish in this land of the grammatically free, and who feel less senescent in dissenting from the opinion of Mr. Mencken and Mr. Heywood Brown and Mr. Franklin Adams, since it is also the opinion of Professor Sherman and Professor Lovett and Professor Phelps, must admit the magnificent courage of the author's revelation that there are societies where half a dozen plays of Schnitzler or of Bernard Shaw or of William Butler Yeatts, or even all the plays of the heir of all the Plunketts will scarcely furnish one forth. The conclusion is inevitable with this stern young realist.

He fears, this man who speaks in parables, that England may not welcome our little band of counter-pilgrims quite as she welcomed the exquisite Henry James, who could never get more than one knee off the ground in addressing her, who became Britain's war bride, and who received the Order of Merit as a wedding gift, so to speak. He perceives, if in a glass darkly, that although Mr. Ezra Pound and Mr. T. S. Eliot may be no more than minor poets, they are excellent critics, and not only because they have in high degree the critical faculty, but because they also possess that much admired critical weapon, the power of universal reference. He knows that gloom alone will scarcely impress a land which has entertained Mr. Hardy for fourscore years, and which long ago hailed Mr. Conrad her prince of prose. There are amiable critics in England--there is Mr. Hugh Walpole, who finds the Autobiography of Margot Asquith neither egotistical nor ill-written--and they have always had a special style for American books. Examples of it may be found in their com-

paratively mild animadversions upon our allegory and upon the fictions of Mrs. Corra Harris and Mr. F. Scott Fitzgerald; it would seem to differ from criticism of their own books, much as Mr. Richard Aldrich's criticism of performances by the San Carlo Opera Company differs from his criticism of performances at the Metropolitan. But there is also Miss Rebecca West, that Iron Virgin who has crushed many a too aspiring young spirit.

Our allegorist knows that there are some quite cerebral young men and women over there, and not only cerebral, but at least cynical. There are those who, like Mr. Cannan and Mr. Lawrence, are young in point of view only, and there are those who, like Mr. Aldous Huxley and Miss Katherine Mansfield, are young in age--but already virtuosos. Perhaps, however, it is not in England that these intellectuals would pitch their tents; perhaps they purpose being new Joseph Conrads to France, where Monsieur Marcel Provost and Monsieur George Duhamel shall hear them knocking at the door, or perhaps they know that land where, despite Signor Federigo Tozzi, the great national novel is still only *I Promessi Sposi*.

But, the fearless author says, no matter what capital entertains them unawares, they will come home, having found that the Thames and the Seine and the Tiber are less inflammable than the Mississippi, or even than the Hudson, and that a plane tree by the Illissus's diminished brim is a sycamore beside the Wabash and nothing more. They will find, now they are in Arden, that when they were at home they were in no worst place; and so they will come back to us, not much wiser, it may be, but, happily, much sadder. For he knows, this sagacious man, that when they were new-made Christians some

Fairy Blackstick denied them the gift of wit, and that the good fairy could no more than grant them the far more intellectual boon of melancholy.

And yet, the allegory concludes, they will go bravely on, borne up by the touching conviction that though they may not have fought the best of fights, they have kept the best of faiths.

The Last Island

By George Sterling

What prow shall find it? On the charts
Our own is made the final land;
But visions of a farther Strand
We find at evening in our hearts.

Then gazing from the headland's height,
We seem to see, remote and clear,
A living radiance appear
On jacinth terraces of light.

Deep in the sunset fire it glows,
Whose dusky scarlet, showing north,
Lures grey or youthful dreamer forth
To seek the lone horizon's rose.

What golden people call it home?
We too would learn their mythic tongue,
And listen to the saga sung
Beyond the coral and the foam.

But many doubt and many scorn,
So transitory burned that fire,
An ember of the sunset's pyre
That died on solitudes forlorn.

Westward the purple deepens fast,
Horizon to infinity;
Mirage is on that changeful sea--
Illusions of the feigning Vast.

Our oldest seaman knew a day
When, staring from his galley's beak,
He seemed to see a vesper peak,
Faint, visionary, far away--

A ghost of pearl, a shadow far,
So dim he could not trust his eyes;
Then, where it faded on the skies,
Gazing again he saw a star.

And ships have vanished in the West
Whose mariners we knew awhile:
Perchance, we say, they found that Isle,
And ended there the dream and quest.

The coastwise keels deny the tale.
Beyond, they saw but ocean gleam;
Another port, their captains deem,
Harbors the unreturning sail.

Who shall decide? For still that Land
Seems not of futile mystery;
Unresting stars and peaceless sea
May well perturb the compass-hand.

Tho where it gleamed the wave is blue
On brine a thousand fathom deep,
The vision and the hope we keep
The sunset solitudes renew--

Of some far dusk when, Eden-eyed,
Its happy folk shall welcome us,
By sands no longer fabulous
And foam of that enchanted tide.

Charlotte Russe

By Joseph Hergesheimer

It was, he thought, such a shocking waste of a princess, in particular of one--the newspaper said--beautiful and young. And a Russian! That, strangely enough, was precisely what he wanted, what he had so often dreamed about....principally at his desk. A Russian princess young, lovely, and exiled; every additional reported quality made her more desirable, more exactly the entrancing figure of his imagination. They, princesses, were becoming scarcer every day, too; and now this one, among the very last, had killed herself in Vienna, because an Austrian banker had married someone else. She had chosen the hour of dinner at her hotel, the dining-room itself; and, until the final moment, the single disorganizing shot, she had been apparently very gay.

A sickening business; not because of the crime to a human soul; not at all, but simply for the reason that she was a princess. He was decidedly weary of humanity in itself, of the plain people and their rights, increasingly anesthetized to the shrillness and hidden cupidity of their demands. Really, he didn't care whether they got their rights or not--they couldn't keep them. It was not justice they were after but privilege. They wanted, vainly, what the princess had had.

That was the particular value of her position; it had not been given in the recognition of any merit, for anything excellent or accomplished. Genius, and the quality of aristocracy, were like that; you couldn't get them by feeding the poor, or--so late as this--by

saving a nation. A genius or a princess might be good or bad, in the conventional sense of these resounding words, and it didn't matter; they might ignore, mis-use, their invaluable gifts, that had nothing to do with it. You were--just as you were or were not beautiful--a princess or you were not.

A little of this had been in his mind the night before, studying his wife across the dinner-table, beyond the tall silver candlesticks with yellow silk hooded candles. That was, he had speculated--in her connection--about loveliness and....and love. She had been pretty once, when he had married her, fresh and distracted about the edges--irresponsible strands of hair, eager gestures, skirts fluttering in the wind. Now, however, all was in order, cabined, as it were, in clothes. Her attitude was that it had better be! She was still, he supposed, in their son's phrase, easy to look at. But what had stirred him was gone; just as what, in him, had moved her no longer existed.

They respected each other and society, that was all, that and their regard of their children's regard for them. But today, after reading the account of the Russian princess who had killed herself, somehow the thought of the children bore rather heavily on him; his wife, who had become so mercilessly gowned, actually oppressed him. The longing, that time had been powerless to dispel, for a loveliness he had never seen, was tyrannical in its insistence. At the same moment he understood, at last, that it was hopeless--she was dead in Vienna, killed by the hard infidelity of a member of the middle classes.

Damn it, why hadn't he been there, on some mission or other!

That was not an impossibility. In this happier replanning of fate, stopping at the same hotel, he would have sat opposite her in the dining-room. An exiled princess, young and beautiful and Russian! She had worn, perhaps, an astrakhan turban and a dolman--he didn't know what a dolman was; it came to him, dark and cloak-like, from his sub-consciousness. Black hair and hazel-colored eyes, with a trace of Tartary, a vivid mouth and slender swaying walk, that was the way he saw her. He would have carried her away to a quietly luxurious house, a life luxurious and quiet, that was the way he saw himself.

In the mysterious alchemy of this romantic vision, his thinning and time-stained hair, his clumsiness of girth, the furrows at his eyes, vanished; a quality, a spirit, a necessity, within him hadn't faded and thickened and grown cold. His youth had clung to him, tenacious, tragic, and largely unspent--like the spectacle of a boy upright on a wrecked hulk about to sink with everything on board. Confound it, he protested to himself, the voyage had got nowhere, it had hardly begun, and already the end was in sight.

Young....lovely....exiled....Russian.

Not so much of that left; less all the while. The plain people. What, secretly, they resented, and objected to, was their plainness. That couldn't be doubted. But no revolution on earth, nor any merit, might give them what they envied. His mind turned in a circle with the princess as its center. Gay until the last. At the last courageous. Why, why, hadn't he been there! Who, here or in any hereafter, could satisfactorily answer that? Who could justify the waste, the years of cheated longing at his own heart, and the

agony of spirit, of youth, in a casual continental dining-room? See here, if he ran his minute affairs in such a regardless manner. he'd be ruined in a year.

Where, he wondered, would he have taken Anastasie? Maybe to Baku, in the Caucasus; he had once talked to a man from those far oil fields. There, he was told, it was possible to sit at the plate glass window of a club, with a Bond Street tile hat resting beside you, and see, together on the street, women in Parisian dresses and Cossacks cutting men to death with ships. He did not particularly want that, he was peaceable rather than not; but Baku was undeniably more appropriate to his desire than a suburb where the lawn mowers passed and repassed over the spirits of men.

In a dolman, warm, tender, his....

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VOLUME II

NUMBER I

30 cents a copy

Morning Song in C Major

By H. L. Mencken

Art is traditionally a tender plant, but nevertheless a study of the records shows that it doesn't need much active nurturing. Give it air, water it now and then, and keep down the weeds that seek to choke it, and it will flourish in any soil of civilization. When, after struggling into sight, it perishes, it is not usually of mere inanition, but of downright murder. There are whole tribes of men, even in Christendom, to whom it seems to be suspect and obnoxious, and there are whole classes of men, even in tribes not so inclined, who labor under the same misunderstanding of it. In the United States at present there is such a class in active function, and in the South, for years past, it has wielded almost unchallenged power. It is responsible for the malarious state of all the fine arts in the South to-day, and there will be no improvement until its hegemony is broken, and leadership in the whole region passes once more into the hands of an enlightened aristocracy, secure in its place and disdainful of the bovine superstitions and ignorances of the herd.

Because I have published articles, from time to time during a dozen years, upon the bad situation of the art of letters in the South, I have been denounced bitterly by many sensitive Southerners, and credited with all sorts of sinister motives. Up to a few years

ago it was the usual thing to accuse me of being a scheming Negro-phile, eager only to arouse the art-loving Aframericans of Georgia and Mississippi to a massacre of their Caucasian lords. Then the war came, and I began to be a German spy. At the present moment, the newspapers of Arkansas, which State I lately had occasion to describe realistically, are charging in long articles that I am an enemy alien, and demanding that the Arkansas delegation in Congress have me deported. It seems fabulous, but it is none the less a fact. It bears out my fundamental contention admirably, to wit, that too much is heard in the South from the degraded and uneducable poor whites who have come to the front in politics and business since the Civil War, and too little from the enlightened minority whose forefathers founded what we remember as Southern civilization, and who themselves constitute the only sound hope for its revival to-day.

Before Southern literature may get upon its legs and proceed to a new and vigorous growth, it must emancipate itself from the prejudices and illusions of these emancipated poor whites, and to do that it must be willing to offend them, for, as I say, they belong to a class to whom all sound and honest art is offensive, and they will put it down if they can. At the moment, their maudlin sentimentality lies over everything. Southern poetry, taking it generally, shows the naive sloppiness of the doggerel in the poets' corner of a farm-paper; the Southern novel is treacley and insignificant; Southern criticism is formal and unintelligent; a Southern drama does not exist. In so far as any Southerner emerges from that morass, he does it by throwing off

his Southerness, and becoming an undifferentiated nationalist, or even a cosmopolitan. The capacity of a stray man or woman to do that is proof that good strains still survive in the South, but the need of doing it is a devastating criticism of Southern culture. The New Englander doesn't have to renounce New England in order to get a hearing; there is appreciation waiting for him at home, and with it goes a certain dignified public position, not to be challenged by Rotary Clubs, Baptist Synods, and Knights of Pythias. And so with the Middle Westerner: around him flourishes an intense and enlightened interest in the thing he is trying to do, and a disposition to allow him to do it in his own way. When Sinclair Lewis published *Main Street*, with its scenes laid in a small Minnesota town, the Middle West was proud of his achievement, despite his ruthless handling of its weaknesses. If he had been a Southerner, writing of the South, the Atlanta Chamber of Commerce would have denounced him in solemn resolutions, all save half a dozen Southern newspapers would have called upon the Ku Klux Klan to deal with him, every professor of English in a Southern college would have been afraid to speak a word for him, and the American Legion would have paraded against him in every State south of Virginia.

This excess of patriotism excites my suspicions. Whenever I encounter it, I look for signs that it is counterfeit, and I usually find them. It is an admirable indicator, not of one who has actually done anything for his country, but of one who wants to delude folks into believing that he has done prodigies. The extravagant mountebankerries of the American Legion, just men-

tioned--the endless emission of highfaluting resolutions, the hounding of poor old Debs, the poltroonish persecution of Fritz Kreisler, the obscene struggle for a bonus--are not carried on by men who served in the trenches, but by men who served in the bean-warehouses and mule-hospitals. So in the South. The old aristocracy came out of the Civil War bleeding and almost helpless, and so the way was open for the lower orders. The industrial progress of fifty years has made them rich, and now they disguise themselves as Southerners of the ancient faith, and profess a lofty indignation whenever it suffers affront. Let us not permit them to deceive us. They have no more comprehension of the inner lights of that faith than any other like group of former plumbers, corner grocers, and cross-roads lawyers. They are eighth-rate men wearing the stolen coats of dead firstrate men, and their congenital stupidity is not mitigated in the slightest by the fact that they now own cotton-mills, and sit on the boards of banks, and belong to the Elks, and have themselves elected to Congress.

The taste of such beggars on horseback is simply no taste at all, only a compound of elemental fears and appetites--chiefly the fear of ideas, and the appetite for security in their brummagem possessions. The arts are quite beyond their comprehension, for the arts do not offer a sentimental and consoling ratification of the ideas that prevail and the lives that men lead, but a searching and often disconcerting criticism of those ideas, and a vision of how those lives might be made freer and nobler. It is, in brief, the capital function of beauty to relieve the tightness

and dulness of existence--to put flashes of gaudy color in places where it tends to sink into a muddy grayness. The unimaginative and ignoble man like the grayness, as a worm likes the dark; he wants to be made secure in his wallow; he craves certainties to protect him--a simple and gross religion, safety for his precious money, no wild ideas to craze his wife, Prohibition, the rope for agitators, no bawdy twanging of lyres. It is the business of an artist to blast his contentment with the sounds of joy. It is the business of an intellectual aristocracy to protect the artist from lynchers while he is engaged in that enterprise.

I believe that such an aristocracy still exists in the South, else I should not waste my time writing in a Southern magazine. If the whole region south of the Potomac were as barren of civilized men as Arkansas there would be nothing left save to resign it to the eternal darkness of Serbia, Honduras and Santo Domingo. But there is Virginia, there is Louisiana, there is South Carolina, and there are oases in the Methodist deserts of Georgia, Texas, Alabama, and even Mississippi, and Florida. (I omit Kentucky as already half Northern, and West Virginia as still quite uncivilized: it belongs with Morocco, Albania, and Latvia. Tennessee I deliberately forget.) Here a civilized minority hangs on; here there are the germs of a renaissance. But, I repeat once more, that minority cannot get anywhere by encapsulating itself in little rooms, remote, indifferent and forgotten, like Baltic barons in Esthonia; it must come forth boldly and issue a plain challenge to the bawling proletarians who now claim and pollute its heritage. It must be prepared for resistance. It must be willing to get a bad name among muzhiks

in order to further a good cause among civilized men.

Its new interest in the fine arts, so apparent on every side, gives me great hope. A Little Theatre is a small thing, and the acting it offers is commonly almost as bad as that of Broadway stars, but when men and women of gentle and civilized traditions give their time and energy to it, then there is at least one agency set up against the movies, the chautauqua, the experience-meeting, the political barbecue, and all the other degrading diversions of the Chandala. An art gallery may not attract many members of the Rotary Club, but it at all events offers a refuge for men and women of decent tastes and feelings; it is a means of escape from Main Street. And a poet, though he may stand publicly below the owner of the town tannery and the cashier of the First National Bank, is not going to waste if there are a dozen men and women nearby who know what he is trying to do, and can judge intelligently how he has done it. The arts need little: room for their roots, air--above all, protection from the hoofing of the herd. In the South the herd runs amok. The air is dense with its dust and its smell. It has thrown off its old riders, and essays to lay its own course. But it can be lassoed; it can be broken; it can be brought back to its proper business of hauling wood for its masters.

The Death of Circe

By George Sterling

Plotting by night her death,
The god recharmed that AEaeian rune,
Till men beheld a vapor dim the moon
With grey, demoniac breath.

When charm and rune were whole,
He brought that golden one a golden flagon,
Made in the image of a writhing dragon,
With teeth that clutched the bowl.

He poured vermillion wine
In that pale cup, to god or faun forbid,
Knowing the witch knew not the venom hid
In that red anodyne.

He gave the witch, who quaffed
And, drinking, dreamt not who had poured for her,
Nor why the cup came redolent of myrrh,
Nor why her leopard laughed;

Nor felt, from floor to dome,
Her high pavilion quiver in the dark,
Ere, with an augury too dim to mark,
A quiet lapped her home.

In all her magic craft
There lay no power to warn her to beware
The bitter drop from Lethe mingled there
Within the traitor draught.

But ere a pang of fright
Could wake, or he be bidden to depart,
There broke a little wound above her heart,
From which the blood dripped bright.

And heaven and earth grew dim
While round the throne there gleamed a coral flood,
From her who knew not why the forfeit blood
Fell lyrical for him.

AT RANDOM

Beginning the Second Volume

By Emily Clark

A year ago this fall a small group of persons, whose ignorance and inexperience could not well be surpassed, said, more or less casually, at a party, "Let's start a little magazine." The lightheartedness and serene audacity of the plan would be cause either for laughter or tears now--upon the first anniversary of The Reviewer's conception--had this group ever the necessary time for either indulgence. As a matter of fact, it has not, but it has felt, ever since that October afternoon, that it owed our public a statement of The Reviewer's raison d'être.

It is unusual, perhaps even irritating, for people with no especial qualification except an absorbing interest, to thrust a production of this sort before the public and ask the public's support. "But," we argued, "if we don't do it, who will? And it really must be done, because this moment is the time and Richmond is the place."

For years there had been published in the South no magazine

except of a sectional nature, and that seemed unreasonable. A magazine published south of Washington need not be more premeditatedly Southern than are magazines published in New York, Boston, or Chicago, conscientiously Northern or Western. Hereditary influences and existing conditions color, of course, any native product to a degree which makes conscious effort in that direction unnecessary; and it seemed to us that New York, New England and the Middle West were rather disproportionately represented in American periodicals.

There was no "policy" in our minds except a will to develop young Southern writers, unhampered by provincialism or commercial requirements--although not, as Mr. H. L. Mencken said, unhampered by "ties," for we have ties in plenty and are content to keep them--and a will to apply first-rate ideals and honest criticism to what is being written anywhere. Liberty of expression and freedom from the conventional editorial demands were offered instead of financial reward. We did not especially care what our writers said, if they made it worth listening to. We merely preferred that they should choose literary or artistic topics, because we were a literary review. And all the editors, as it happened, felt themselves totally unable to cope with politics, either Southern or national.

Our friends advised us liberally. One writer, who is an artist of distinction both here and in Europe, advised that we confine ourselves exclusively to "Georgette crêpe and lace stockings" and that, if we could not be amusing and charming, we be as charming and amusing as we could. Another celebrity, who

is generally acknowledged to be an authority in both American letters and American life, urged that our only chance of a healthy life lay in controversy, and that we must "take to the highroad," "cutting throats" as we went. And still another, a member--it goes without saying--of the old school of Virginia writers, insisted that we undertake to represent "the liberal South."

We were appalled at the offered wideness of choice, hoping that at least we might reach a medium between the modern melancholia of the Middle West, which is second only to that of Russia without the lure, and the equally melancholy sweetness and light popularly associated with Southern literature. It is always well to remember by the way, what certain critics are apt to forget, that New England is responsible for Pollyanna. Our theoretical preference for literary subjects was expressed in letters asking for contributions, but when one young Southerner wrote that "the trend of my mind is not, I fear, as yet purely literary," we hastily assured him that we ourselves were not "purely literary," and that his views would be hospitably received. And this is said with equal truth to other possible contributors. Let it be said here also that it is not the intention of the editors to print in The Reviewer only such opinions as we endorse. Our main requirement is that they be honest and interesting.

It seemed entirely logical that a Southern magazine should be published in Richmond, as the position was central, and the only successful Southern magazine of the past was established here. There was no money in sight, but this trifle gave us not a

second's pause. Within a few weeks after the informal suggestion was made, plans for The Reviewer were under way, and last February it was launched as a fortnightly.

To-day it begins as a monthly magazine. Until now, its advertising and circulation have carried it, and its contributors, distinguished and undistinguished, have, like its editors, worked not for profit but for fun. For The Reviewer, even in its most doubtful and stormy periods, has never ceased to be fun. The Virginia writers, while for the most part viewing the project with alarm, gallantly promised their help to an affair which obviously seemed to them nebulous if not actually crack-brained. One of the most widely known of them, however, remarked that with "sufficient ignorance and audacity one sometimes achieved the impossible," and with this local encouragement we were forced to be content.

In a surprisingly short time writers who can by no stretch of the imagination be called Virginian, or even Southern, discovered, as we had done months before, that The Reviewer was fun; and simultaneously press notices appeared in the North, West and South from varied and unexpected sources. We were amazed to hear that we represented a "new trend of Southern thought," and we were occasionally quoted in high places. We received both scolding and petting in larger measure than we had dreamed of: and, though once or twice accused of timidity and caution in the North, were quite recently paid the subtle compliment of being called unconventional in the South. In frankness it must be admitted that we have racked our brains in vain for signs of unconventionality in The Reviewer, whose very austerity has sometimes entertained and terrified its

sponsors and producers. Impressive persons have condescended to abuse and commend us, and in the public press we have been honored by becoming a basis of controversy.

Now we feel like the Fisherman of the Arabian Nights, who, on casting his nets, drew up a vase of yellow copper instead of fish, and hoped to find in it something valuable. So he did, but it was not what he had thought to find. There was in it, according to Scheherazade, neither gold nor King Solomon's jewels, for which all good fishermen of the Thousand and One Nights are justified in confidently hoping. Instead, as you remember, much smoke poured out from the vase, eventually to collect itself into the shape of a Genie, twice as large as any of the giants. "At the appearance of so enormous a monster, the fisherman wished to run away, but his fears were so great, he was unable to move." Well, we, who have released something quite as unforeseen from its shell, sympathize with the fisherman. The smoke has not yet cleared away, and we are trying, through its haze, to discover the Genie, whom we hope to find a Genius. We earnestly hope, too, that he will not, like his Arabian prototype, threaten to kill us after we have released him. We have sometimes feared the mere struggle would accomplish that before the release is effected. But we do not believe he will, for the Western mind, even when corrupt with genius, is less unreasonable than the Oriental. And if we do finally succeed in releasing the Genius, he will help us laugh away the smoke, which at times makes breathing difficult.

After all, The Reviewer has seriously formulated a policy, which was undefined in its beginning, but which we hope has

been apparent through all The Reviewer's unavoidable shortcomings. We mean to hold fast to the best we know, and not to compromise with what is cheap or second-rate or insincere or "advisable," even though we are, of necessity, small, and so cannot dictate to the world's more popular idiocies. We mean to continue a native product, rather than an exotic attempt to imitate magazines that have no essential connection with our own background; and to build The Reviewer with Southern material insofar as this is possible. But we want, and will gladly take, the best that we can get from every source, so that we may show the young South what the young North and West are doing. For we have not a moment to waste in lingering with what has been done, however magnificently. Our concern is with the present, and, we hope, with the future.

Above all, we know that even an insignificant attempt is utterly worth while if we can thereby develop a flash of imagination or a gesture of honesty.

Zoöphantom: from the Ruritanian

By A. C. Fairfax*

Gehagatias said: The first time the Fox saw the Lion, Reynard was overcome with fright, and recollected an imperative engagement. The second time, he took courage, and regarded the King of Beasts from a respectful distance. The third time, he grew bold enough to approach the Lion and to suggest that it looked like rain. And the moral of this fable lies in the fact that the virtuous and monogamous Lion was at that very moment wondering what he would have for luncheon.

And Gehagatias spoke again, saying: This talk of lunching reminds me of how, in the old days, a hungry Viper, entering a Smith's shop, came upon a file, and fell greedily to gnawing it. Finding that this endeavor injured his teeth but made no great impression upon aught else, the Viper then turned to a dynamite cartridge that was lying near, and by the ensuing explosion was blown into the adjacent county, where he found food in abundance. The moral is that there is sometimes no moral.

And the third while that Gehagatias spoke, he said: This story of the Viper reminds me of how a Villager, upon a bitter morning in the old time, found yet another little Serpent lying in the snow half frozen; and of how, touched by the reptile's plight, he carried the Snake to his home, and laid it upon the hearth to warm. His Wife, perceiving this, applied to the philopidian opprobrious epithets, and struck him several blows with a broom. This so enraged the Villager that he boxed her jaws, and she fled

to her mother for protection. In the outcome a divorce was secured by mutual consent, and the kind-hearted Villager lived happily ever afterward. This fable shows that a good deed is sometimes rewarded.

*Pseudonym for James Branch Cabell.

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NUMBER 2

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The Tin Trunk

By Carl Van Vechten

On rainy days there was always the tin trunk. My mother used to lift it down from the topmost shelf of the darkest closet in the old house, standing on a chair in order to reach it. I never wearied of pottering through its treasures; my wonder in them never ceased and it began very early. It was not, of course, a trunk at all, but a tin box about ten inches wide, fifteen inches long, and perhaps five inches deep; however that may be, it was always called the tin trunk. Everybody, I suppose, that is everybody who retains some small grain of sentimental interest in the past, guards some such repository. In our box, my mother kept old letters (the rarest old letters, written to honor various great occasions), old pictures, specifically daguerreotypes (the most recent photographs were permitted to accumulate in a large drawer in the base of one of our massive black walnut bookcases, with their folding glass doors, the one, I think, which contained the complete bound file of The Atlantic Monthly, a periodical to which my father had been a subscriber from the first issue), clips of hair from family heads, old jewelry, most of it broken, even old pieces of dress material from favorite gowns. Each object had a history and my mother used to relate these histories to me over and over again as I pored intently over the contents of the box, handling each object gently and reverently as if it had been a religious relic and I a devout Catholic, for I was a careful child and, had there been a fire or a deluge, I believe I should have

tried to save the tin trunk before I saved anything of my own, so highly did I value its contents.

To begin with, there was a piece of rucked vellum, folded several times and now stiff and impossible to unfold. This was an old contract, which in its present form had survived the fire in my grandfather's warehouse in Michigan, and had been preserved in its warped state as a curious memento of the calamity. No bit of writing was visible on its surface. That was all inside and never could be read again, for the flames had baked the vellum into a brittle mass which could not have been separated without accomplishing its complete destruction, but this fact was undeniably in favor of the interest of the specimen, to my infant mind one of the superior treasures of the varied collection, for I could imagine, after the nature of the document had been explained to me, that it concealed a vaticinatory message from the past, perhaps written in my grandfather's clear but somewhat convolute hand or--and this alternative was pleasanter to dwell upon--perhaps inscribed with strange cabalistic characters, Arabian letters or Egyptian hieroglyphics. Now I know too well that it was only a deed of sale.

There was a tiny fragment of an old taffeta dress, ivory with little sprigs of pink and blue flowers. This was a piece of my mother's wedding dress. That I knew because the dress itself still lay in an old chest, and occasionally I was permitted to see it, to lift it, even, and to smell its lavender-scented folds. And when my sister was married in accordian-plaited tulle, with a wide cape collar, in the fashion of the early nineties, my mother wore this dress for the last time. There were scraps of other

costumes, the histories of which I do not recall, if they were ever related to me. Some of these I recognized in the silk quilts which my maternal grandmother made interminably, utilizing the dressed of half a century in their stars and diamonds and squares, for after my grandfather died and the old Michigan farm, whither he had come from New York as a pioneer, had been sold, my grandmother came to live with us and passed her declining years in fashioning silk quilts and rag rugs. There was a time, when there were carpets on all the floors of the old house, Brussels and Axminster carpets, that these rugs, at least one or two of them, were to be found in almost every room, usually in front of the fireplaces and before the doors. They were not the modern dyed rugs of commerce; the materials retained their natural colors, sombre, as befitted woolens and such utilitarian stuffs. My grandmother, who died when I was eleven years old, smoked a pipe and prophesied that I would die on the gallows.

My paternal grandmother stayed with us longer; she was nearly a hundred, indeed, when she died, having lived through nearly the entire nineteenth century. She did not work on rugs and quilts. I can still see her as she used to sit, silently with folded arms, in the front window of her room on the second story of my uncle's white brick house. Almost until the last she retained her interest in the past and present; her strong will kept her alive. She had no wish to die. I photographed her sitting in her window, very much in the same attitude as that in which Whistler painted his mother, but neither she nor I had ever seen this picture. Whistler knew that old women sit thus, waiting for the end . . . and yet,

never welcoming it. That is why his picture is so great, so universal, for it was not only his own mother that Whistler painted. Some days, as a very young boy, I would go to my grandmother and read aloud to her, usually, I think, from the travel books of Bayard Taylor. They did not especially interest me, and I doubt if they interested her at all, for she had very little curiosity concerning the strange countries which she had never seen, but she would not have cared what I read. It was my presence, any presence, that she desired. She dreaded being alone. But these were my idea of books suitable for an older person and so I did not read to her from my own favorite books, the works of J. T. Trowbridge, which, doubtless, would have pleased her more than those of Bayard Taylor. She had a curiously gruesome mind. My cousin, Mary, played the piano very well. One day while she was practising one of Schubert's Impromptus, grandmother leaned over the banisters and called down, "Play funeral dirges, Mary." My father visited her every morning, before he went to his office, until, at last, she gave in, her will crumbling, and died in a few hours.

There were other objects in the tin trunk, so many, indeed, that it was necessary to bind the box with a leather thong, because the clasp was weak, and the cover did not close very tightly. There was a chain, woven from my maternal grandmother's hair when it was a warm chestnut color and, attached to it, a locket containing a strand of her husband's hair. I am not certain of the exact period during which hair ornaments were fashionable, but hair-jewelry still persists in little second-hand shops in the city, and only recently, in Paris, I saw many hats trimmed with hair-flowers. So are pleasant modes revived.

There was a little booklet in which had been published all the letters of congratulation, of which several were in verse, sent to my mother's mother and father on the occasion of their golden wedding. There were an old beaded bag and the corner of a sampler, all that remained of a piece of my mother's childish fancy-work. There was a silver dollar of the year 1880, the year of my birth, with a hole through it, which, as a baby, I had worn, attached to a ribbon around my throat. There was a tiny band of chased gold that I had worn on my finger at the same period. Among the letters, too, there was a bundle that belonged to me. When I was born, my mother contracted with her younger brother, a lawyer who, it has always seemed to me, should have lived in the eighteenth century, so quaint in his quality and so rich his flavor, to write me a letter each Christmastide until I should be twenty-one. He had, and still has, a special talent for writing letters, but such a bargain is always irksome, and almost in the first letter he began to complain of this duty, and the complaints grew longer and louder when I was able to read them. After I had attained my majority, unrestrained by any promise, my uncle began to write to me much more frequently and in an easier vein, but since my twenty-first birthday I have never received a letter from him, on Christmas, and I am inclined to believe that the memory of the burden still haunts his holidays.

To go back to the trunk, I recall a curious ebony ring in which there was inlaid a silver heart, but a great part of the box was filled with daguerreotypes and tin-types. The latter were mostly of my sister and my brother, a thin, serious looking boy in his youth, who passed his spare time in practising the violin and in printing.

With three other boys, who played other instruments, he took part in trios and quartets, and, at the age of fifteen, he printed about two dozen numbers of a magazine called *The Rounce*, most of which he wrote himself, but early in life, he was swallowed up by one of my uncle's banks, and he has remained in a bank ever since. As a lad I shared his bed for a time, but he was eighteen years older than I, and, until I had grown up, we were never intimate. I suppose, like most small brothers, that I must have been a source of some annoyance to him. The memory is vivid of my bitter resentment on one occasion when he had corrected my pronunciation of the word, *mature*. By the time I began to enjoy looking through the tin trunk, he had married and was living in a house of his own. He gave very gay parties there; at least they seemed so to me at the time. No intoxicating drinks of any character ever appeared on my father's table and it was at my brother's that I learned to drink beer. The knowledge of other drinks and smoking came later, although I experimented with corn-silk cigarettes behind the barn and stole a cubeb or two from my sister, who used them to relieve her asthma. My memories of my early relations with my brother seem to run very thin, but one more incident occurs to me: I asked him one day if it were possible for a woman to play Zaza and remain chaste. He may have choked with smothered laughter, but his answer was dry and affirmative.

My sister, as a roly-poly, curly-headed blonde of six or seven, with a big shaggy dog, was shown in another tin-type. The dog must have been a Saint Bernard or some approximate breed. Whenever I looked at this picture I would inquire why I was not permitted to

have a dog, and my mother would patiently explain that my sister had owned her dog when the family was living on the Michigan farm, and that one could not keep dogs in the city. My father, indeed, could not tolerate the noise and smell of an animal about the house. My first and more lasting passion had been for cats, but after I was ten years old I never had another cat until I moved away from home. At last, however, after a great deal of pleading, I was allowed to bring a dog into the house. She was a fox-terrier named Peg Woffington, a present from my brother. She died, having been poisoned, in my mother's lap, shortly after I went to college, and my mother wrote me about it, a very sad letter, for she as much attracted to the little beast as I was. Peg was my only dog. My mother loved all animals and her heart ached when I hunted birds' eggs, for I passed through the postage-stamp, cigarette picture, tobacco tag, and birds' egg collecting phases, along with all the other boys I knew. I was always collecting something, but of my old collections, I now miss most the cigarette pictures of coeval actresses, of which I have retained a few.

Deprived of dogs and cats (for Peg only came to me when I was eighteen), I experimented with compromises. I kept pigeons in the barn until they were shot on their flights by a neighbor who, with an air-gun, despoiled the air of birds, lest they should build nests in the vines which grew over his house. He did not distinguish between pigeons and English sparrows, his natural enemies. Somebody brought me an alligator from Florida but the little fellow did not live very long. With chameleons I had more success. At different times I had under my protection field-mice, a baby thrush,

and an enormous tortoise who lived in the swill-barrel, and almost all the time I had canaries. My first pet at college was a little brown pig whose hooves used to slip on the polished floors when he came squealing to the door to greet me. . . .

It gives one a curious sensation thus to make a list of what are actually one's memories of childhood. For one recalls such unimportant things; and wonders if the memories which spirits keep of their past lives remain of just such stuff, remain made up of entangled trivialities, not ever to be forgotten?

Bülg the Forgotten

By Ben Ray Redman

It is curiously remarkable, in view of all the comment evoked from the public prints by the writings of James Branch Cabell, that there has appeared no adequate study of the sources from which this author has drawn material and inspiration. It is true that certain critics have accused Mr. Cabell of following the Stevensonian advice anent "the sedulous ape," and some have boldly prepared lists of the objects of his supposed imitation, but no one so far as I am aware has seriously considered the authors to whom more than to any others Mr. Cabell is admittedly indebted. What of his continuous borrowings from Codman, Lewistam, and Bülg? Mr. Cabell himself confesses his indebtedness to these three men, but no critic has troubled to appraise their involuntary loans.

One can only conclude that contemporary criticism is averse to scholarly employment; for Mr. Cabell has journeyed along literary bypaths that claim few followers, if any beside him, in the present generation. It is more than a hundred and twenty years since Gottfried Johannes Bülg was acclaimed throughout Europe as one of the most distinguished scholars of his day; Lewistam, whose Popular Tales of Poictesme delighted a select circle of our grandfathers, has passed into oblivion; and Codman, the pillar of erudition and the friend of Stewart and Reade, enjoys only a splendid neglect from contemporary authors. I hope that at some future date, not too far distant, a competent critic will exhume these forgotten worthies for the sake of revealing the extent of their influence upon Mr.

Cabell. And in awaiting this desideratum, it seems well to present the public with some biographical notes concerning one of the men upon whom Mr. Cabell has leaned most heavily,--Gottfried Johannes Bülg, the Max Mueller of his day, now utterly ignored.

What Max Mueller did for India, Bülg was once supposed to have done for Poictesme, with the difference that Bulg commanded a wider and more popular audience. Why is it then that his name, once a by-word in Europe, cannot be found in any of the three most recent editions of the Encyclopaedia Britannica, or in any biographical dictionary of the last hundred years? Total eclipses of this kind are rare in literature. Scarron was studiously forgotten because he enjoyed the unhappy honor of being the first husband of her who became Madame de Maintenon and virtual Queen of France. That is understandable. But what of Bülg? Why is it that James Branch Cabell is the first author in several generations to quote from his apparently erudite tomes?

The explanation of this phenomenon forms one of the strangest chapters in the history of literature. And, curiously enough, it is an explanation of which Mr. Cabell himself must be unaware. Otherwise he would not have been imposed on by Bülg in the manner hereinafter demonstrated. The facts to which I refer are to be found only in various pamphlets which are now exceedingly rare because of the cheap and perishable paper upon which they were printed. But if the pamphlets themselves are lost, the purpose of their authors has been accomplished. Bülg has been blotted out of history. He was exposed as a charlatan, and a charlatan, unless he is possessed of a most engaging personality, is promptly forgotten by succeeding

generations. For a time the name of Bülg was anathema; then it suffered the harsher fate of being totally forgotten. Not least among our debts to Mr. Cabell is his resurrection of this remarkable literary figure. That Mr. Cabell is ignorant concerning the true character of Bülg, however, is patent; Mr. Cabell accepts him at the estimate of a century and a quarter ago, unaware that posterity stripped from him his honors with a rough hand; and Mr. Cabell continues, in the first instalment of *The Lineage of Lichfield*, as it appeared in the October Reviewer, to quote from this forgotten imposter with a faith that would be admirable were it inspired by a more worthy object. The few notes that I have collected here will serve to show the nature of the deception to which the author of *Jurgen and Taboo* and *The Lineage of Lichfield* has been subjected.

Gottfried Johannes Bülg was born in Strasburg in 1753 of prosperous middle-class parents, and was educated at the University of Leipsig, later attending lectures at Prague and Tours. From his youth he was wild and irresponsible, but possessed of a certain superficial brilliancy which made him a prominent figure in student circles. It was in Tours, at the age of twenty-five, that Bülg met René Vincennes, an incident that was pregnant with events. Vincennes was a typical produce of southern France, visionary, enthusiastic, and capable of great affections. The meretricious cleverness of Bülg attracted this impressionable child of the south and the two men, dissimilar as can be imagined, swore undying friendship. It is obvious that Bülg was the dominating figure in this association, quite overshadowing with his striking personality the more profound but less showy gifts of his companion.

Vincennes was above all a student. From his early youth he had steeped himself in the folk-lore and legends of Provence and Poictesme, and at the time he met Bülg he had virtually completed the manuscript of a monumental and original work to be entitled *Poictesme en Chanson et Légende*. He had devoted every faculty of an exceptionally endowed intelligence to this single effort, and with tireless pains and boundless enthusiasm had won his way toward its completion. He had explored a virgin field and the harvest had been rich indeed. Unmindful as he was of vulgar fame, he fully realized that the appearance of his three bulky volumes would mark an epoch in scholarship.

But the young Frenchman was cruelly destined not to reap his reward, for he was stricken with tuberculosis in its swiftest and most virulent form. On his death-bed he bequeathed the beloved work to his devoted friend, with minute instructions regarding its completion and subsequent publication. Bülg was the one person with whom he had shared his great secret, and never was a man more mistaken in his trust. After following Vincennes to the grave, Bülg set about one of the most contemptible thieveries in the history of literature.

Vincennes' work was a monument to diligent and scientific research, but it was not sufficiently sprightly to satisfy the imaginative German, whose faculties were stimulated, we are informed, by frequent potations of laudanum; so the dishonest wretch embroidered the volumes to his own liking, filling them with fantastic tales and legends which had never been known in any part of Southern Europe, nor indeed elsewhere than in his own drug-driven brain. With rare

ingenuity he altered the style in a manner calculated to appeal to the general public as well as to the scholarly audience for which the work was originally intended. He then translated the whole into German and published it under his own name in Strasburg, in 1782. René Vincennes was safely buried.

The appearance of this notable work caused a European sensation and Bülg, like Byron, awoke one morning to find his fame firmly established. There was one legend which more than any other won for the work an immediate popularity,--the tale of Jurgen. The public in ordinary read it eagerly, and pundits waxed hot in discussion concerning the origins of Jurgen. Was he an actual hero of a bygone age, or only a solar myth? Solar myth or not, the name of Jurgen became famous and travelled to distant lands: while the erudites searched for authorities, the public was content to read. Curiously enough, the Jurgen legend was one of the tales that Bülg had distorted to such a degree that it bore not the slightest resemblance to its original form; even the name of the hero was a fanciful invention of his own. Mr. Cabell, misled by Bülg, has perpetuated the error.

All, however, was not smooth sailing for the perfidious author. There were puritanical critics who found in the Jurgen legend, as told by Bülg, an immoral symbolism, who read into certain dubious passages dark and curious meanings. Bülg chose to answer these censors with an ingenuity which we might admire had it not involved another literary imposture. He published what purported to be an authentic edition of *The Mulberry Grove* by Saeivus Nicanor, for the sake of interpolating in the work a legend of his own invention which

was a satirical attack upon his critics. Oddly enough it is this interpolation which Mr. Cabell has recently brought out under the title *Taboo*, undoubtedly in complete ignorance of its significance in the Bülg edition. Mr. Cabell has revived the text from purely scholarly motives; Bülg forged the original as a weapon against his puritanical enemies. He had stumbled upon the old Dirghic legend, and seeing the opportunity of twisting it into a defence of his Jurgen epic, he ruthlessly mutilated the text to serve his purpose.

The old Mansard edition of *The Mulberry Grove*, to which Mr. Cabell refers in a bibliographical note, had been completely lost, and was known to Bülg's contemporaries only through the comments of Garnier and some others. The current edition was that by Tribebos, an honest enough work but marred by carelessness. Bülg took advantage of the situation, denounced the Tribebos edition as spurious, and announced that his own edition was identical in all respects with the Mansard version. It was a fraud worthy of the betrayer of Vincennes and during Bülg's lifetime completely deceived the public. It apparently has deceived Mr. Cabell also, for he would never have chosen to resurrect a villainously spurious document of this character had he been informed regarding the facts of the case. Any one who is curious enough to compare the Bülg and the Tribebos editions of *The Mulberry Grove* will immediately discover the interpolation, and will be able to appreciate how cleverly Bülg turned this weapon against the Grundys of his day. It is a pity that the Mansard edition of 1475 is lost, for reference to it would doubtless settle all discussions about the matter. But the main features of this daring forgery were exposed as long ago as 1825, when Vanderhoffen

published his scholarly and vitriolic Introduction to the "restored" text of Saeivus Nicanor.

It is impossible in this place to follow the career of Bülg subsequent to the publication of *The Mulberry Grove* in 1786, or to take notice of the various works which added lustre to his fame until death suddenly struck him down in the full prime of his dishonest success. Heart failure claimed Bülg unexpectedly in 1795, and the notes and manuscripts by Vincennes, which he had carefully preserved, and from which he culled his learning, revealed him to the world as the charlatan that he was.

I am concerned with Bülg only in so far as he has influenced and duped James Branch Cabell, and these few notes may suggest to some earnest student the possibility of further profitable research among Mr. Cabell's "authorities." It will assuredly repay his critics to do a little exploring, even if it leads them into strange and improbable ways. They must examine the voluminous works of Codman, Lewistam, Hahn-Kraftner, Garnier, Le Bret and Ackermann; they must spend dusty hours amid the verses of Riczi, Verville, Alessandro de Medici, Théodore de Passerat and many others; and, last of all, they must not neglect the 1620 edition of Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*.

Reflection Andante

By Emily Clark

It is taken for granted that magazines, to a certain extent, represent the people who read them. One wonders, therefore, if there is really a large number of Americans who are sincerely moved by the thought that this is the six-hundredth anniversary of the death of Dante. Certainly, the majority of the magazines have burst into copious verse and prose to commemorate the impressive fact. Can it be, we wonder, that many readers are in harmony with editors and writers on this point? More important still, should The Reviewer have celebrated?

We would like very much to know if in the last two issues this omission was felt, and we hasten to relieve the situation by a few remarks about Dante. We cannot say what Dante means to us, because in October, in this very column, we laid hand to heart and promised to be honest. And in honesty what Dante means to us would not fill two paragraphs. We shall say, therefore, in all reverence, what that great man does not mean to us. Several weeks ago, apropos of the anniversary, we were suddenly asked, "What does Dante suggest to you"? The automatic reply was "Beatrice"--"a tremendous love affair." For we must confess never to have read a single line of the Divina Commedia. Yet that impulsive "Beatrice" makes one pause and consider. Surely the

Florentine must mean something else. Anybody can have a love affair--Abélard, of course, means only Héloïse, and how should a sentimental, mawkish monk hope to mean more? But Dante, the name of a great poet--there ought to be more significance to it.

If we think hard we can remember the bronze Florentine medallions that stared at us from the library wall through the interminable years of childhood, the thin, dyspeptic profile of the poet and the enigmatic countenance of Beatrice. Then, in that same century-ago childhood, there was the enthrallingly lurid series of red-lit pictures on some amusement pier--Atlantic City, it must have been--that held us very quiet, especially the nightmare enticingly labeled "the souls of those whom anger overcame." We always intended to read the whole thing, and find out what happened to those other souls who were overcome more subtly and insidiously--anger not being our own especial menace--but somehow we never did. No, even though Dante's subject was, at this period, to us peculiarly entrancing, dealing as it did with that fire-lit, black-shadowed, mysterious place called Hell.

This being true, we could scarcely be expected to meet Milton with any degree of enthusiasm, for, after Hell, Heaven is of necessity tepid. Paradise Lost was compulsorily approached, but never really grappled with, nor has it been, to this day. It is true that Sabrina's song in Comus still rings in our ears occasionally, but this is not great, only lovely. We are forced to conclude that we have not the epic sense, that in fact there is no real pleasure to be found for us in the select circle of poets who are undeniably and timelessly Great, who are sometimes called

the Universal Poets. Of these, Virgil has meant something, indeed, although that meaning is no more. He meant Latin Poetry, which through long school-days was clutched at desperately, as something less repellent than that other inexplicable nuisance, Latin Prose. The latter meant, and means still, merely pitching camps, building bridges and making endless speeches on political subjects, almost as tiresome as American political speeches of to-day, with the same silly talk about The Republic, and the Common Welfare. From such sonorous balderdash, even Latin Poetry was a welcome refuge, and Latin Poetry was embodied for us in Virgil. Yes, even the complicated adventures and unaccountable weeping spells of "the pious Aeneas"--a blasting adjective to apply to a hero!--were more endurable than was war from a technical standpoint, or politics from any standpoint. And, then, there was the episode with Dido for refreshment.

At that, though, Ovid was preferable to Virgil, for he trafficked largely with gods and goddesses, who could not, even by the most tolerant, be called pious, but Ovid was not really Great. So there we are again. Besides, all this is what Virgil meant once. He now seems to mean only a few lines that we learned to scan with such precision that they march majestically through our memory to-day, with all the accents in exactly the right places. And the music of them is so heroic that it makes English verse sound flippant, just as the Bible sounds flippant when read in French. It is only when we remember what those lines really say that we are a trifle dispirited. Latin Poetry should be taught in Latin, as a thing to be sung inside, all to one's self, and

never actually translated. In that way only in the beauty and the fullness of it to be grasped.

There remain Homer, Shakespeare and Goethe to be made a clean breast of. Homer, it seems, is largely responsible for many of the most enchanting of fairy tales, which we have read only in English. We believe that he did not absolutely invent the wanderings of Ulysses, or Helen and the Trojan War, but it is certain that we would be less thoroughly convinced of these tales' actuality were it not for him. So, although we cannot truthfully say that we are ever discovered reading Homer, neither can we dismiss him from our scheme of things. As for Shakespeare--if he were not so lavishly quoted we could regard him more dispassionately, but enveloped as he is in a heavy fog of quotations his effect is boring. Yet who dare say that Shakespeare means nothing, when from time to time Hamlet lives again, disguised for the moment as Forbes-Robertson, or Petruchio swaggers through the land pretending that he is now called Walter Hampden? No, though we do not read Shakespeare, he spoils our argument; and we hurry on to Goethe.

Goethe means to us mostly Faust, and Faust means, to us personally, a first opera night in Paris, which, taking into consideration the singers, the orchestra, the ballet, the audience and the opera house itself, not to mention the coincidence of extreme youth, means mostly fairy-land. All of which leaves Goethe very much alive, if unread by The Reviewer. Still, for purely literary pleasure Greatness is an undoubted drawback. Perhaps that is why the French writers are so satisfying. Though they

as a whole write better than any other spoilers of paper, there is no appalling Colossus among them, overshadowing the whole of French literature and demanding attention.

For we find that, altogether, the Universal Poets are not the satisfying poets. When one wants to be happy though reading poetry, there is nothing for it but to go back and read Keats again, or someone else who is comparatively second-rate.

When all is said and done, the Great Poets only supply a background, while the lesser, lovely and more lovable rhymesters are still to be read with enjoyment by perfectly normal people. In utter honesty, though, are the sublimely Great a more essential part even of the background than the Arabian Nights, or Hans Andersen, or Alice in Wonderland?

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Two Women

By Louis Untermeyer

"Leave me alone with my dead.
He always fretted and fought you.
You kept him wounded and caught, you
Never would see when he bled."

"May the lie be on your head!
Blind to the things that he brought you!
Only I know what he sought; you
Stood in the light that he shed."

"You struck the bitterest blows,
Trying to make him your slave."
"I gave him more than his life."

Such were the thoughts that arose
As two women, mother and wife,
Kissed at the foot of the grave.

Alba: from the Provençal

"En un vergier, sotz fuelha d'albespi."

By Lewis Piaget Shanks

Within the orchard white with blossoming may,
She stays her lover in the twilight grey,
Until the watchman cry the coming day.
 Ah God, ah God, the day! it comes so soon.

"Ah would to God the night might never wane,
My lover never leave my side again,
Would that the watch might wait for day in vain!
 Ah God, ah God, the day! it comes so soon.

"O fair sweet love, oh let us kiss and clong
Here in the vale where birds are twittering,
Despite my lord, despite of everything.
 Ah God, ah God, the day! it comes so soon.

"Fair sweet my love, fill me with love, with love,
Here in the close, with the birds' songs above,
Until the watchman's cry fill all the grove.
 Ah God, ah God, the day! it comes so soon.

"Now the sweet morning air is borne this way,
Athwart my love, so fair and kind and gay,
And on his lips I drink the first soft ray.
 Ah God, ah God, the day! it comes so soon.

Gracious and lovely is my lady bright,
And for her beauty fair to many a wight,
And steadfast love doth guide her heart aright.
 Ah God, ah God, the day! it comes so soon.

Again the Imperilled Young

By Emily Clark

And so we have with us again the omnipresent subject. Of course it has been raging ever since the war ceased to rage, but fresh impetus has been given it this fall by the fact that two unusually sensible women, English and American, have made use of it. The subject referred to is the inevitable young person, usually the feminine young person. The Reviewer would scarcely have taken up a topic so exhaustively and exhaustingly dealt with in the Atlantic Monthly by Mr. Grundy, Mrs. Katherine Fullerton Gerould and Mr. John Carter--Mr. Carter, we hasten to declare, was not responsible for a single one of the dull moments in the discussion--had not Miss Rose Macaulay, of England, and Miss Edna Ferber, of Kalamazoo and New York, put it into our heads.

We have thought it was all a teapot tempest, because young persons masculine and feminine--the feminine young, we repeat, are the most persistently picked on--seem to us precisely as they always were. Conditions, beyond question, have changed, and the effect of those changes, we think, is to make the generation that is youthful enough to react to them more honest and more reasonable--which also tends to make that generation more attractive than their elders. This is part of the reason, no doubt, for the public peevishness of Mrs. Gerould and Mr. Grundy. Now Miss

Macaulay in *Dangerous Ages*, recently published in this country by Boni and Liveright, and Miss Ferber in *The Girls*, which Doubleday, Page and Company have just brought out, are certain that the celebrated change is external rather than internal; but, we rejoice to say, Miss Ferber has stated the case better than Miss Macaulay. We rejoice, because, in spite of ourselves, and in spite of all the best-selling American novels, The Reviewer remains in literary matters slightly patriotic.

Miss Macaulay has done just what might be expected of her by the thousands who read Potterism. The atmosphere of "What's the use?" is again triumphantly evolved, and what an English reviewer has called her "crystalline giggle" tinkles happily and heartlessly through every page. At that, it is preferable to the revelations about the dangerous age made several years ago by a Norwegian woman whose first name was, we think Karen. She must have had a last name too, but we do not remember what it was. Although Miss Macaulay's subject is too large for the mold into which she has poured it--did she realize what she was letting herself in for when she selected this theme?--it is (apropos of the Karen person from Norway) better to be inadequate than boring, better to be flippant than dull, and anyone who makes us laugh may be forgiven anything. Why is it that all people upon whom the midnight sun shines are uncompromisingly melancholy? It is not confined to their literature, either, because we know a few unliterary American Swedes who are at least twenty years away from Sweden; and even in their best moments is imminent, sometimes settling definitely upon their faces, an expression which can only

be described as Swedish--an expression which illusively suggests Bojer, Hamsun and others who are concerned with such tremendous but depressing facts as the Soil, the Family, Life, Death and Hunger. But these American Swedes are charmingly simple withal, and The Reviewer, who approved simplicity, is not throwing mud at Scandinavia. We have digressed, it seems, to an outrageous extent, but this is permitted when one is rambling at random.

Miss Macaulay's conviction (to return to our subject) is that all women are alike, that they all want the same thing. But the younger they are the closer they are to getting it, because the odds were clearly against women until the last few years. And Gerda, aged twenty-three, is not fundamentally more selfish than her mother, grandmother and aunts, only more fearless and more frank.

Miss Ferber arrives at the same conclusion by a different route. The Girls, unlike Dangerous Ages, is not what might be expected of its author. She has left far behind her the Emma McChesney stories and her other frivolities--not at all bad of their kind--and has formally entered what would be called on the stage "the legitimate." This book does not make one happy while reading it, although it has its comedy moments. Dangerous Ages, on the other hand, has not; for Miss Macaulay apparently believes that comedy does not exist basically in life, and that the best anyone can expect is to make merry with tragedy. Miss Ferber disagrees. Her "girls" are at the beginning twenties, the thirties and the seventies. Unlike Miss Macaulay's they are all unmarried. Incidentally, they are exactly ten times as real as

Miss Macaulay's women, for Miss Ferber never bothers for an instant about being clever, nor do her people. Neither does she giggle at them, not even in a crystalline manner.

It is true that neither Miss Macaulay nor Miss Ferber has elected to exploit the "country club petting" type except incidentally--evidently regarding it as both common and dull--for their young women are of the variety who are keen about their "jobs," never "careers," although jobs are not materially necessary to either of them. At the same time, they are quite normally interested in some of the matters which absorb the other type. But the other type, too, cannot reasonably be considered new, however new country clubs may be.

The two books, though not alike, have more than a grain of truth in common, in that they take cognizance of what should be a platitude, but curiously enough seems to be regarded as a startling discovery. For even Mr. John Carter, the exceptionally bright young man who took issue with Mrs. Gerould in *The Atlantic*, with all his acumen has not realized that the terrible young people are no more terrible than they have ever been. He believes they are really different, logically explaining why they are different, and protesting that it is far better for them to be different. Their differentness, he asserts, is a credit to them.

But Miss Macaulay and Miss Ferber obligingly illustrate exactly what we believe--that there is nothing new about people, young or old--that they are, in fact, tiresomely as they always have been. If only they were different, it would be delightful, but nothing half so exciting has occurred. Circumstances, how-

ever, have changed, if people haven't. For this much, we are suitably grateful.

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A Note on John Partins*

By Joseph Hergesheimer

The death of John Partins, at Champel, will recall to at least a moderate number here his brief novel, *The Alabaster Saint*, published in nineteen seventeen. Paul Elder, a San Francisco firm interested mostly in poetry and aesthetic trifles, brought it out; and *The Alabaster Saint* enjoyed a dignified circulation among discriminate readers of fiction. It was, undoubtedly, a serious and fine effort; and the price the first edition now fetches, with such dealers as Drake, makes everyone who had a copy and lost or let it go regretful. Only the early Conrads, the tall paper Masefields, and one of George Moore's privately printed volumes, exceed in value *The Alabaster Saint*. However, this is a paper on Partins, and not book collecting; I am not even concerned specially with *The Alabaster Saint*; and I shall do no more than direct a passing attention to its plot.

It was, you may remember, an apparently uncomplicated story of the wife of a very successful banker. Her name--to make a short story shorter--was Margot, and she was never at home in the elaborate circumstances to which her husband's gold introduced her. She preferred, secretly, the simple house in the smaller city of their beginnings; the beauty of her rooms, the delightful materials of her dresses, the comfort of their motors, brought her nothing compared to the lost parlor, the few scattered pieces of colonial furniture and the Dodge of that other existence. Margot was, in reality, a repository of all the most sacred American ideals. She was, above everything else, a mother--a mother of the type shining like a

lamp in a window for her boys in the night and world outside. John Partins, who had the best qualities of a realist without the realistic triviality of detail, even noted the cherished canton flannel sacque Margot slipped into when she was safely alone.

Well, he wrote about her with an apparent tenderness and generous truth; there wasn't an exaggerated sentence anywhere in the book; the husband and his affairs, financial and political, Partins hit off with the nicest truth. And yet--for some concealed reason--the reader of *The Alabaster Saint* gradually but strongly gathered the impression that this wholly admirable, even noble, Margot was no better than a fool. That was the special ability of John Partins's gift, of his genius--apparently he agreed with all that was being everywhere shouted, his voice seemed to be as loud as any; but while he was shouting he managed to fill his audience first with a doubt and then with an absolute distaste for what he was proclaiming. The reader of *The Alabaster Saint* absorbed the subversive conclusion that comfort was better than want and luxury better than comfort.

But, again, it isn't my purpose to go on with *The Alabaster Saint*. I have made these references to it only for the purpose of bringing back what John Partins's writing was like. It will be necessary for me to dwell, more or less in detail, on the power, the vitality, which was his, and then proceed to the actual purpose of my paper--a description of the two books he left, shortly to be published, one by Doubleday, Page Company and the other, consisting of essays, by Knopf, who brings out my own volumes. The apparently trivial fact--in connection with an art--that John Partins, by the

circumstances of his birth, was what is called a gentleman is, really, of immediate importance. His father, of course, was a member of the New York branch of the family; his father, John's grandparent, came from South Carolina to take a place in the shipping interests of Stephen Girard. He, however, soon moved to New York--he left several memoranda of an uncomplimentary nature about the Philadelphia merchant--and married Henrietta Stock and passed into the hushed enclosure of the stiffest Knickerbocker traditions. Alexander, John Partins's father, married Alicia Landrau, of New Orleans, swinging the circle of blood back to its French origin. The Landraus had found their way to New Orleans in an open boat, by which they escaped from the black revolution that swept the French West Indies at the opening of the nineteenth century. They were, naturally, without a louis but the women were brave and charming: while they began, in New Orleans, as seamstresses, they soon became possessed of its finest names and estates; and the Landrau men associated with a northern banking house, rapidly made a fortune and a place, in Louisiana, of the first magnitude.

This, then, was John Partins's background; and, through all that follows, I must ask you to keep it in your minds. It is important, rather than non-essential, for the simple fact that the aristocratic talent, or, more correctly, genius, in creative literature, is by essence ironic. I have given this statement a very careful examination, and I am convinced of its truth. When a gentleman, in the conventional sense, creates literature it is in the ironic mood.

Joseph Conrad is an example of this--he has ideally the aristocratic genius. Mr. Conrad, to the vulgar mind, must seem a compound of hopeless bitterness and arbitrary ill nature. No one, in all his

books, ever conquers the circumstances of living. In the end the men and women he writes of are secure in neither mind nor body; and the rewards toward which the majority of men and novels strive he shows to be empty and cold. What his men and women struggle to do is not to be victorious over surroundings, but to conquer themselves. The ships his captains drive through catastrophies of storm are no more than figures of the lonely valor of spirits brave for the sake of that quality only. There are no peaceful harbors for those men, only a moment, perhaps, of accomplishment, of invincible courage, and then death.

Anatole France is another example of the aristocratic and ironic spirit. Turgenev is still another; but Turgenev's irony is partly veiled in a tenderness for the individual usually absent from such minds. George Moore and Max Beerbohm are aristocratic writers and essentially ironic. And, in the United States, James Branch Cabell and John Partins are characteristic of the temper of a select birth turned to the paths of literature. Mr. Cabell practically confines himself to the chronicles of polite circumstances and people, he hardly ever leaves the noble meads of middle France; but Partins, in an art, a style, as bare of ornament, of the paper flowers of verbiage, as a surgeon's knife, more like Henry James and Meredith, is resolutely addressed to the scenes and people about him.

He was, inevitably, entirely free from the need to find money, to support himself. No sentimentality could be falser than the declaration that poverty encourages genius. On every side, in every phase, poverty is mean and restricting; it does not create nobility of thought and life, but a rebellious spirit in a meagre

body. In the literature of the novel, particularly, where extended periods of mental labor are necessary, the mind must be empty of care and of the tyranny of want. Indeed, George Moore insisted that no one should even try to be a novelist without an adequate and independent means of living. The corroding effect of poverty can be easily followed in the existence of Gissing. And, fortunately, Partins was able to proceed without hindrance in the relentless development of his genius.

On the other hand, it must be noted that literature is not-- it can never be--a source of livelihood. There is no reason in the world why it should be synonymous with making money. In the first place, practically no one is interested in pure literature. Literature is made, primarily, out of truth; and truth is what the vast majority of humanity spends its time resolutely in avoiding.

Literature, you see, is a source of pleasure; it is no more than that and no less; and the average man can get no pleasure from the statement that he is only a momentary and undignified agglomeration of animated dust. The average being can find very little reassurance in the conviction that the highest attitude open to him is the going to the defeat of death with fortitude. This, for the average individual, is both natural and right. At least, in his moments of relaxation and pleasure, he wants his importance and destiny magnified and gilded. He wants to see himself victorious in the particulars he specially values; and, since all the chances of that are against him, since probably he will have no opportunity of experiencing his desires, he will not pay to read John Partins's satirical destruction of his choicest visions. Why the devil should he?

For this reason little or no sympathy is to be expended on the young writers of excellent books which no one, practically, will buy. They, the writers, would be the first to deny indignantly that they were in a commerce; yet, with a touching innocence, they expect commerce to come vastly to their assistance. The writing of commercial novels is one thing, legitimate enough: while literature is quite another. The recognition and large payments for commercial fiction are entirely just; and so is the public indifference to novels of truth and beauty. Fortunately, therefore, John Partins was able to compose, under favorable circumstances, books--two novels and a collection of essays--untrammelled in scope and vigor. Here and there, throughout England and America, he picked up an adherent; they multiplied, not amazingly but sufficiently; until now *The Alabaster Saint* has a circulation, I should say, of twenty thousand copies in something like four years.

His adherents, of necessity, are superior people, and remarkable for the fact that they number, even in the United States, slightly more men than women. The word superior I am now using to describe people who, knowing the truth generally about living, are still calm, determined and dignified. People who can't be threatened or bought. There are not many like that; only a few; but it is they who make life and the world worth the slightest effort. The platitude about the sacredness of the people is one of the dreariest lies existing to flatter a dull and immobile mass. The people, in the guise of the church, destroyed Copernicus; the people, in the garb of a government, burned Savonarols; the people, clothed with a nation, forced Mark Twain to waste his genius on ignominious trifles.

Without attempting the vanity of a comparison it must be admitted that, in the detail of independence, John Partins was superior to Mark Twain. It doesn't, for the moment, so much matter what Mark's belief about the future was, the thing is that he was not direct in his admission of it. It would, undoubtedly, have been bad business then, for a year or two; but the actual bad business, the waste of so much splendor, will now endure for ever. Curiously enough, it is possible to lie without serious results in practically all things but the creative arts. It is absolutely necessary to lie governmentally and in commerce, in religion there is one grain of truth for a thousand of dross; love is protected by the pity of lies, but literature falsehood kills absolutely.

It is necessary, here, to define truth, and, luckily, that is not involved or difficult; truth, for our purposes, is the simple admission of all, all, that a man knows and thinks about the situation or subject under hand. The conceptions of Sir Thomas Browne, for example, are, viewed in the light of present knowledge, child-like in their ignorance; but he set them down openly, in a style that was beautiful because of its passionate candor, and, as a result of this, Urn Burial is still, after so many generations, undiminished in value.

Predictions are even vainer than comparisons: John Partins hadn't Mark Twain's profound depth of humanity; his style, practically without an adjective, hasn't the glow of Sir Thomas Browne's; but *The Alabaster Saint*, and the two forthcoming books it is my purpose to describe, briefly, are as vivid as any emotion ever captured in the net of written prose. The amount of wisdom in them lies outside the scope of the present; a man can but put all that

he possesses into a work permanent at least in form; the rest he must leave to other years, to the judgment of time. If his measure of wisdom, of vitality, is small, his pages will soon enough turn to undisturbed dust.

That, as I have indicated, doesn't concern us; it is one of Partins's chief values that, quite aside from the spirit of irony, he deals with an unflinching zest in today. His description, in *The Alabaster Saint*, of a lunch given at his banker's house to a celebrated musician, where there were seven women and the pianist, is satisfactory to the last degree of observation and humor. Six of the women--they range between the ages of thirty and fifty--are married, and, naturally, displeased with their husbands. Their husbands, they make it as evident as possible to the musician, understand neither them nor art. Secretly cherishing the beautiful and the rare, they are condemned to unrelieved ugliness. They wish, above everything, to free their souls from the merely domestic, to float on the silver tide of the piano, his piano, into realms and groves of lovely liberties. They are even willing to try this, they hint, on a material plane, undertake the journey in their limousines. The musician, whose life is one of herculean labor, desires no such flights; he regards women as merely creatures for comfort, for the preparation of an onion soup, and the placid knitting of stomach bands beside a quiet fire. When the temperamental creature at his left seizes a hand he has been incautious enough to lower under the table he is in an agony of fear that her rings will cut and stiffen his little finger. He wonders, as they hang on his deep introspective gaze, if, in place of an inter-

minable cursed whiskey, any beer is to be had?

The same quality, which never descends to mere sarcasm, distinguishes the forthcoming novel, *Indeterminate Ends*; but I shall first speak of the essays. They were left, by Partins's death, uncollected; and his executors gave me the opportunity of a selection among them for the printing of a book. I was even asked to choose a title, and that under which they will appear is *Lava*. These sentences and paragraphs, conceived in a burning indignation, grew cool, fixed and fatalistic, immediately on their projection. There were, roughly, twice as many papers as I could use, more or less equally divided in subject between American habit and thought, and literature--or, rather, its absence--in the United States.

Of the former, I included his charge upon religion, in the *Sewanee Review*--*Housing in Heaven*, which, perhaps, more than any other single cause, brought down upon him practically a national condemnation. That paper, for a variety of reasons, I shall not discuss; nor shall I linger over his unsparing examination of my own writing, in the *London Outlook*. I am at least honest enough to admit that it is not present in the volume I am editing. Briefly, Partins discovered that I was far too fond--at least, in my novels--of the dinner table, and my style, he declared, was as uselessly ornamental as an Englishwoman's hat. He pointed out, too, with a malicious skill, the mistakes to which I had fallen a victim; although, more generously, he joined with me in correcting Frank Harris's assertion that a Charlotte Russe was unknown to the period to which, in *The Three Black Pennys*, I inserted one.

But his remarks on magazines it was a delight to include. He

didn't, for example, agree with the critics of the characteristic magazine cover: if the dimensions of the girl's head left no room for brains, she was, he contended, designed for people without brains, and it was perfectly all right. The stories, if anything, he continued, rather flattered the intelligence of those who read them; and of all the types on display he preferred the more obvious. Indeed, it was one of his amusements to read a bad story rewritten in a worse version for the moving picture magazines. I say from bad to worse, because exactly that has happened to me; but John Partins insisted it was from bad to better.

The so-termed intellectual magazines he never opened, explaining that they affected him like the scratching of a pin. For one thing, he disliked young writers, and, particularly, young thinkers; he had no ear to turn to music nor eye for painting and drawings of the dislocated school. His remarks about the Atlantic Monthly did not, certainly, endear him to those who took that periodical solemnly; and the rustle of thin silk which, he reported, he heard while turning the pages of Scribner's, added to his detractors. The best writing in the United States was to be found, he asserted, in the advertisements. It was best, he explained, because it was the most national--a conglomeration of innocent lies, preposterous mis-statements, and a material cunning all drenched in a golden optimism like the maple syrup of New Hampshire.

His paper on a popular novel I have, after careful thought, omitted; there he forgot, momentarily, his detachment and reasonable philosophy--he wrote it at a time when The Alabaster Saint was very grievously hanging fire--and, unsurpassable as invective, it un-

doubtedly offers grounds for suit. In addition, I know the author, a very admirable and industrious woman left without provision, and with a large brood of children, by her husband.

His paragraphs on the literary English in America could not, naturally, be ignored; principally for the observations upon English lectures before American audiences. The British novelists, John Partins says in effect, are fortunately able to be comparatively dignified at home since they have the United States as a field for an essential mountebankery. If, for instance, George or Walpole or Squire, Dunsany, or Chesterton, talked as they did here in London, they would have been long since slain. Lecturing, he went on, had mercifully perished in England; and in France it never existed outside the Sorbonne. But in America it was, of possible, more rampant than ever before. All that an Englishman needed--it is John Partins who is speaking--was a published book and a braided morning coat. Then, deftly leaning an elbow on some convenient angle of support, the speaker could proceed with the description of Henry James's high hat, George Moore's pink cheeks or invest women with a severely tailored economic clothing. Partins was not critical of this, on the contrary he found it admirable; since his feeling was that anyone who went to a lecture invited all that he got.

The essays on our national thought and habit were alike in form--the most serious reflections lighted by an irony usually free from bitterness. One, called A Political Profile, is a description, without comment, in the meticulous style of Holbein, of a personage in the United States Senate: the broad shoes affected by statesmen are revealed, the glistening satin tie confined by an oval ring

set with a consummate diamond, the gold cable and secret emblem across a solid pouch, the thick hands and stub fingers. No detail of the face is lost--the heated eyes in a fold of fat, scanty hair with an indefinite odor of lilac, and a flexible mouth moulded without a break about a madura cigar. He is motionless, silent; but it is evident that he is about to speak, and before that, mercifully, John Partins leaves him.

The Second Punic War, written in the clamor of the late world conflict, is, apparently, a leisurely and ill-timed description of an ancient affair; then, in an apparent slip, the name of Hannibal is printed as Ludendorf; later the coast of Africa becomes the Belgian seaboard; a classic island takes the name of Heligoland; Roman generals are French. In the end, out of an utter confusion of ages and men and strife, a concrete and timeless image of war emerges. It is exhibited as inevitable, unimportant and devastating. John Partins, signally, was not a pacifist; in a letter from the Turkish front he speaks of the war as a show positively bigger and better than ever before. His opinion was that, resembling the installment of a continued story rather than a business in one issue, it will of necessity be continued. The incurable sentimentality of Christian people he gave as the reason; and for those who, moved by a horror of any inhumanity, approached him in the interest of peace, he had but one reply--why hadn't they blown up Berlin? Partins had no sympathy to waste on a man who let an enemy up after he had once had him well down. Stamp his face in, said John Partins. He never believed in diluting good Hock with Seltzer water.

His dissertation on The Young Person, feminine and modern, will

be found in Lava. He had an unlimited opportunity to study them, through the friendships of his sister, Dale; and he preferred their company to any other. He liked them because, never troubling with what is regarded as the important, they were inherently profound. Partins preferred them finely bred, and not, he insisted, too exuberant in health; and it is known that the only attachment of the heart he formed was to a girl he saw across a dinner table at St. Louis, and never saw again. She was described to me as pale, with an airy cloud of dark hair and beautiful hands. He talked to her, I believe, for something like a half hour afterward; and then, giving him a small string of pearls warm from her throat she went on to a ball while he was engaged in another direction. That the younger generation has changed he denied, and when contradicted he produced from memory episodes from earlier hops which had the tendency to end all discussion; the young grew old, he said; the old forgot . . . that was all.

The final paper is composed of fragments, gathered from letters and unfinished pages, upon women, some with titles he had given them, such as the disarming line, Sweet and Low. He speaks, once more, of the war, as the women's greatest employment bureau, insisting that they gain more from it, as they do from marriage, than men. As many wars, he thought, have been brought about by women as by religions. There is a handful of sentences on nose rings, and a serious historical study of the painting of women's faces, from the antimony and vert of early Egypt, frankly conventional, to the present method of simulating nature.

With regard to the novel, Indeterminate Ends, only last week,

at Garden City, I read Partins's last letter to Nelson Doubleday concerning it. If there was anything questionable in the light of American purity, he directed that it must assuredly come out. Mr. Sumner's society for the suppression of vice he considered--far from an isolated phenomenon--to be a deep expression of the national spirit. Here, for once, I feel that Partin was hardly more than cynical; but there is a tone of weariness, a thread of death, woven through the letter. *Indeterminate Ends*, is, in reality, a splendid story, a quality apt to be overlooked in the brilliancy of its execution. What he actually did was to re-write a melodrama of the commonest type, but giving it, in the title and at the end, a sudden unsparring brutality of illumination.

The lady, Evalinda, is beautiful and blonde; the gentleman is tall, impoverished and noble in deed; a very wicked woman wears a scarlet dinner dress with a broad black hat, and there are papers of the most approved sort. This, you will remember, is written with perhaps the finest and most lucid pen of the past hundred yeats. It is a subject, a material, which any writer of a mere best selling fiction would look down on with superiority and contempt. But *Indeterminate Ends* is a magnificent novel. The father of the beautiful and the blonde is wealthy--not rich, wealthy; and he owns the line of steamers, to the South, on a deck of which the tall, the noble and impoverished, works as a lowly hand. The daughter of her father is, unofficially, on board; the steamer's plates have been neglected.

"Leave my service, since you are a coward," the owner had told the ship's master when he explained the peril of such neglect.

Yes, you may have confidence in John Partins, she sinks; the

the noble, the tall and impoverished, swimming strongly in mountainous seas, brings the blonde and beautiful to a desert island. When they regain their senses the lady, in a low and pure voice, asks the gentleman to shut his eyes until she can arrange . . . Here entered the question of censorship--should we allow John Partins to continue and name the article, it was of dress, she wished to adjust. A delicate problem. Mr. H. L. Mencken, called in conference, advised leaving an arbitrary blank space and adding an acrimonious and explanatory preface. But Partins's desire was plain--the detail had to go. Later two huts were erected; this was Russell Doubleday's happy suggestion, separated by a grove of scrub palmettoes.

Those, as well, added to our difficulty: would it be wise, in view of such primitive arrangements, to use the word scrub? Frank Crowninshield said it would; the editor of Shadowland offered to print a photograph . . . posed by Pearl White and Eugene O'Brien. The Boston Transcript thought not; Mr. George Horace Lorimer replied to a telegram that unfortunately the pressure of his work made an answer impossible. Finally we changed the scrub palmetto to prickly pear.

This is, of course, nonsense; nothing of the sort, in connection with Indeterminate Ends, occurred; John Partin was far too intelligent to challenge the activities of an omnipotent morality. I proceeded, for a little, in that manner, in order to show something of the art, the irony, that rises through Partins's apparently innocent lines. Saying one thing he manages to convey the opposite.

Two novels and a few essays are not, from one attitude, a great

deal; from another they are enormous. How many men have left the record of two pages, two words, of truth? Above all the rest, when has it been common to speak fully and without hesitation from a calm heart? Men are universally afraid of things; they are afraid of other men and of poverty and of unpopularity; and the result is that they speak and write in half sentences. They wait to discover what others think before they speak at all, and then whatever they say is a tepid echo. They are like children in the dark, gathering close for companionship against fear. John Partins, until an illimitable weariness discouraged him through the length of one letter, faced without a tremor an existence in which, from the first, he had no confidence. His scheme of things included no future safety nor reward. He said once that, since life was like a sinking ship, it was only possible to remain aside from the riot of hysteria. He had his moment of weakness, but it was intellectual, and had no panic.

Partins, never believing otherwise, assured a being that he would reach a solid and everlasting shore; but equally he never debased a spark of humanity. It was characteristic of him that, if anyone was not repelled by the austerity of his motives and speech, he drew from Partins a breath of Partins's own courage.

When he was alive--I saw him three times in all, once in the pavilion of Ariana on Lake Lehman, once in the Signet Club at Harvard, and once fishing with an aged negro in a stream at Castle Hill, in Virginia--when he was alive I didn't much envy him. A defect in the action of his heart gave him a pallor that was already a memento mori; and I am forced to admit that I found the truth,

his truth, difficult to support. It clothed him like an incorruptible armor. But now that John Partins is dead I envy him to an extraordinary degree. I envy his security of manner, on which none was ever known to presume. I envy his freedom from mob emotion, in that, an American, he was not afraid of America. I envy the fact that he was hated by little men, and admired by the few great. Nothing more could be wished for than, like John Partins, to remain serene and unshaken in the face of a clamorous and violent opposition. The hatred dies but the high serenity of intellectual honesty is immortal.

*Copyright--Joseph Hergesheimer.

Felicia

By Edwin Bjorkman

Her face is like the sun's light in the west,
When through rent skies we spy the inmost heaven.
Her heart is like the dawn, so gently fallen
Upon the world that birds think it a dream.
Her hand is like the noon's bright radiance,
So calmly steadfast that all fears must part.
Her soul is like the moonlit summer night
That nothing hides, yet dreams of things unseen.

Concerning Investigations

By Emily Clark

An artist of the Reviewer's acquaintance--The Reviewer does not use the word lightly or unadvisedly, it has really met two or three--recently said, "Most people are afraid to look into their own minds because they don't like what they find there." The member of The Reviewer to whom the remark was addressed meditated upon it, looked, with a degree of embarrassment, because of the novelty of the venture, into her own mind, and perceived its truth. Since that day she has interested herself in other people's minds as well, and she is more than ever convinced of the acuteness of the artist.

It may be argued with reason that after one's mind has been investigated by its owner there is no need to turn it inside out for the glassy stare of a cold world. But the victim--a more appropriate term than heroine--of this tale is afflicted with an incurable naiveté, and in her frank surprise at what she found in her mind, she babbled it out, not to a carefully selected audience, but to an indiscriminate one. She was amazed at realizing that she had reached maturity without having read a line of Dante. She had never paused to consider this until the above-mentioned genius--shall we say evil genius?--asked her the direct question in regard to the anniversary. And she hastened to confide the discovery to

an unsympathetic public. She wasn't in the least proud of preferring Keats, Shelley, Heine, Verlaine, and others among the lesser, lovely poets, to the epic masters.

But it was a fact, and she stated it, with no intent to "swagger," as one of her best friends accused her of doing. Owing to this inadequacy in epic sense she preferred the loveliness of Milton to his grandeur. Then too, she found "the pious Aeneas" insufferably boring as a hero. In spite of all the gorgeous adventures that even Virgil can invent, if the centre of them is not appealing, the feminine mind cares not what may happen to him, however thrilling. On the other hand the humble adventures of the Swiss Family Robinson have always intrigued the victim of this story from childhood to her present old age; solely because of the engaging personality of Robinson père.

The victim, however, feels complacent, if not puffed up, in her reaction to Virgil, because a writer who ought to know has just assured her that she is firmly supported by an Oxford professor; although nothing was farther from her desire than an academic attitude. She said--for there isn't a chance that the sentence is still remembered--that Virgil means to her today only the Latin lines whose music is so heroic that it makes English verse sound flippant; that "Latin poetry should be taught in Latin, as a thing to be sung inside, all to one's self, and never actually translated." And lo, a learned doctor of Oxford has said exactly the same! But she said it first, and she would have said it in school if anybody had listened.

Homer, she confessed, she knew only as the author of en-

trancing fairy tales, for she doesn't read Greek. And in spite of all contradictions she still maintains that they who knew no Greek do not know Homer. She is certain of this, because she knows that Villon, Verlaine and Heine can never be themselves in English, just as Keats is not really Keats in any other language. Fancy La Chanson des Ingenues in terms of uncompromising English--it is to weep! As for Shakespeare--she continues to maintain that Shakespeare wrote more for the stage than for libraries, and she believes, with no shadow of doubt, that if he overhears her he agrees.

And Goethe--it was he who brought the charge of flippancy and ignorance upon the writer from one whom she respects. In spite of the fact that Goethe is directly responsible for much of the German poetry which the victim has read and now and then enjoyed, she continues ignorantly and flippantly to associate him with an unforgettable night which was far better than poetry, and for which he is only indirectly responsible. She has said it, and she cannot deny it. The pictures that flash into one's mind at the sound of certain names are not to be accounted for. This subject is resumed by The Reviewer because of the astonishing stir made by the Reflection Andante. Several of the Great, not those casually dismissed by the victim, but the living Great, were so cordial in their approval of it that the victim can't help suspecting that the contents of their minds aren't as illimitably removed from the contents of hers as she had imagined.

But there has been equally emphatic disapproval, in terms of "ignorance, flippancy and swaggering." Some of this, she is

aware, was sincere, coming from persons whose minds doubtless, are more worthy of close inspection than hers. A part of it, though, justifies the statement of the artist that "some people are afraid to look into their own minds." One man, for example, wrote that he, who had "stood midway in the vale of Life with Dante," the shadow of whose "sublime sadness lay sometimes across his path," could not forgive The Reviewer and could not possibly subscribe to it, as he had considered doing. The victim thought, naturally, that he was of ripe years and had suffered much--perhaps had both lost Beatrice and passed through an Inferno--when to her incredulous amazement she discovered that he was twenty-five or thereabouts. The victim herself is past twenty-five, and hasn't yet stood midway in the vale of Life, or passed through anything really worth mentioning. She therefore inclines to a gentle skepticism. She feels that the young man cannot have looked deeply into his own mind. She also wonders whether or not when he does look, if ever, he will like what he finds there.

It is an interesting question, and one which opens up endless possibilities. Naiveté, of a surety, can be carried too far, and the victim has learned through several rough experiences that everyone should have a few decent reserves, the earth not being inhabited by Peter Pans. Yet, The Reviewer would like to have the implications of that chance remark as the ideal of its contributors. It hopes that they will really look into their own minds and tell what they find there. One can never tell what it is rarely ever dull, and the element of surprise, even a horrid surprise, such as that of November, is absolutely essential to

life, will be, and if truthfully stated it is almost certain to be accepted by The Reviewer. For the truth, though sometimes shocking, The Reviewer invites the truth, and awaits results.

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VOLUME II

NUMBER 5

30 cents a copy

Tintypes

I.

By Joseph Hergesheimer

A Scots Grandfather.*

He sat mostly, I well remember, in the music room, always old, with a short grey beard and steel bowed spectacles; there he sat convincing himself that he was reading the scriptures in their original languages and smoking inexpensive cigars. When my Uncle William, who was a sport, came to dinner, he rapidly changed the cigar Grandfather gave him for one handy in his waistcoat pocket. At the age of fifteen I myself embarked, privately, on cigars; and in the light, in the smoke, of later experience, I could realize how frugal that grandparent had been. In some ways yes and in others no: there was a raft of servants--a coachman in a little brick house hung with wisteria; a thin maid who beautifully embroidered linen with elaborate monograms and a fat maid with gross legs in white stockings so sat, bodily, and successfully, on a man who attacked her on a lane after dark. There was a gardener named Christopher, who afterwards sued everybody for a crick, or some such thing, in his back; and others, less definite to me now. They were all white and all Protestants--no Scarlet woman, no papery, for my grandfather. Also, no General Grant nor Walt Whitman. McClellan and Longfellow were his soldier and his poet. U. S. Grant--nonsense, a political upstart! Whitman, a man with a dirty mind and a dirty skin!

My elder considered himself an adequate critic of the literary art, for he wrote hymns and poems. Some of the hymns, I believe,

found their way into Presbyterian hymnals; and the poems he had printed, at his own expense, by Henry Coates. There were two editions, one in cloth, for almost anyone, and one in burnished calf for special people and occasions. He sat, for the purpose of composition, at a small graceful inlaid table of the eighteenth century, in shoes with elastic at the sides, uncreased pepper and salt trousers, and a formal coat, black and braided. His ties, made of a fine white material, in the form of a dress tie, he bought in boxes, by the dozen.

A half, fully, of all his thoughts were religious: he adored a Maker who, at the slightest revealed flaw in His handiwork, would burn and destroy what He had made. Twice each day, in the morning and at evening, in household prayers, Grandfather reminded us--the servants; Father, if he were home from his charting of coasts and seas; Mother, if she had no headache; and me, at seven, nine . . . eleven--of the Eye upon us. No one, I imagine, kneeling with a back to the rigid passionate old man, paid much attention to such remote promises and threats; but what they were exact about was to give him no annoyance. He didn't take gracefully to any form of disagreement. It was no good coming to Woodnest with an admiration for the Republican party or France, a nation of infidels and worse.

His family, his daughters and sons-in-law, he had very much in hand, since he was richer than all the rest together. Three times a year, at Thanksgiving, at Christmas and Easter, he gathered them around his dinner table, between twenty and thirty utterly different people of different ages, and treated them to turkey and a severe geniality. Afterwards the children played a game peculiar to the

family and the others talked brightly and hopefully to Father. There was usually, I seem to recall, a certain disposition to speak to him alone; and this, accomplished, was seldom in vain. He was--rightly approached by immediate relatives or by ministers of the Presbyterian faith--very liberal indeed.

Unhappily, I was too young then to realize so much; and, except for the occasional generosity of a gold piece, I missed a great deal. When I played games with him, tiddledywinks, dominoes, or with cards where fruit replaced the customary wicked symbols, a juvenile enthusiasm would sometimes lead me into beating him; at which, to my great detriment, he would naturally discover that I was a noisy and importunate child. The latter perhaps; but never, in that house, noisy: the mirrors were too tall and solemn, the over-mantels too severely white, the draperies at the long windows too sombre in their heavy folds, to permit noise. His daughters were young, they were girls, there; and I often wondered about it. At half past nine evening callers were sent away with a period about this young lady's hour for retiring. You see, their mother was dead.

He sat, mostly, in the music room, but he was a great deal in the library, on the second floor. The walls there were filled with bookcases and the bookcases were filled with the most valueless books procurable. His Thackeray was made hideous by the reproductions of Thackeray's hideous drawings; his Bulwer Lytton was printed in double columns; and his Scott was a small Edinburgh edition of small type and depressing steel engravings. I forget what the Dickens was like--even then I found Dickens stupid. One comprehensive set

of English poetry, Pickering's, was as good as possible; but what remained, William Cullen Bryant, Emerson, Lowell, couldn't well be duller. I tried Cooper, without success--I rather preferred Pepper and Salt, a collection of proverbs--followed Peter Ibbetson in Harper's Magazine, and found a story by Whyman, Francis Cluddle, in a dusty and unpromising file. The rest were, mainly, subscription editions, but not Paul de Koch--though I found a copy of Cousine Bette buried deep in a closet--no, they were portfolios of engraved masterpieces of art; eminent men, among which my grandfather--securing the sale of at least two sets--was invariably present; and elaborate affairs, bound always in tooled dark leather, biographical or having to do with the Protestant Church.

The family pew was well forward, on the right of the center aisle; and, drawn in a victoria by a pair of very fat horses, some of us were unfailingly present Sunday morning. No one, I think, except Grandfather, the great aunts, and a devout younger, was anything but perfunctory in attendance and interest; they were brought here by the strength of my grandfather's convictions, by that and his other, material, power. I was always uncomfortable, restless; and, as soon as it could be managed, I stopped church-going. In the latter part of his life the old gentleman was in sharp conflict with the newer expression of religious spirit; he fought the introduction of a gown on the minister, he fought the addition of wings to the church, as though with them the whole edifice would fly straight to hell, and I imagined him--at last safe from all contention--bitterly opposing the substitution of a sanitary, an individual, communion service for the weighty silver plate he had donated.

When, finally, he fell sick beyond recovery, the house was strangely changed; the details of this I no longer recall but the air is as potent in my mind now as then: informal beds were in the library, trained nurses glacially white--at least on the outside--passed through the halls and rooms and had late suppers with subdued laughter; there was the faint ominous beginning of the doubt concerning who would own the piano; and I had a memorable glimpse of the center of so much in a bed with a great headboard, under a quilting of gorgeous yellow satin, held upright by a nurse and smoking at a cigar which he was, without aid, unable to support.

He died and instantly, as if by an act of malicious magic, his house, his belief, his rigidly held hopes, his very furniture and clothes, vanished. It was as though a sun, holding in order its universe, had burned out, and the lesser stars, the planets and satellites, had been flung headlong, at random, into space. His house became a melancholy and empty shell, a dull Victorian relic haunted by the illusive family of a care-taker; then it too was obliterated by the insidious files of small brick dwellings marking the advance, the improvements, of a city.

* Copyright--Joseph Hergesheimer.

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VOLUME II

NUMBER VI

30 cents a copy

Bad Weather

By Jean Starr Untermeyer

It is a white world now as it was then;
 But now a fury rages in its pain;
And then the ground on which we stood
 Was lyric as our mood.

Midnight and snow a hard wind drives and steers
 As we are driven by determined years.
But then the snow was daisy-fields, June-spread
 Sheets for our bridal bed.

How Nature cheats us in all weather,
 Robs us of selfhood.--Then when we have sin
For the brief heaven of being together,
 Drives us like snow before the wind.

The Facts of the Case Are These

By Emily Clark

The Reviewer is bewildered by conflicting advice from impressive sources. The disputed point is whether we should use articles by established writers, or confine ourselves to those who are young, in years, experience, or both. In the early infancy of The Reviewer we would have felt never a qualm at publishing contributions from writers of great age or superlative distinction, and had Mr. Thomas Hardy offered us a paper we would have accepted it without a doubt of its appropriateness for a young magazine. We still would, but we must save that point for the end.

Later we began to grow self-conscious, for several people who were watching from the side-lines became querulous, remarking that it was quite time we started something. We must, they said, discover something unknown to the other magazines in order to justify our existence. The most urgent of these was Mr. H. L. Mencken, who was also the most inconsistent, having publicly twitted us in our beginnings with a tendency to marshmallows. Then, when we inclined to several of his pet writers who, whatever their crimes, are guiltless of marshmallows, he became alarmed lest we lose direct relationship with our own soil. And everyone knows what he thinks of our especial soil.

But some people are impossible to please.

Mr. Louis Untermeyer and Mr. James Branch Cabell also urge the importance of discoveries, though less energetically than Mr. Mencken. However, everyone does everything less energetically than Mr. Mencken, who remarked that he could get us something from Mr. Theodore Dreiser if he chose. But, he explained, he didn't choose, because it would encourage us in a course of which he disapproved. The Reviewer would like to point to a few of its writers who are beginning to look like discoveries, but we are never personal except with hardened cases who are inured to publicity. Mr. Mencken, Mr. Cabell, Mr. Untermeyer, and others, fail to remember that the magazine is still new, and though Thomas Brown and Jane Smith might be responsible for the best that we offer, people wouldn't take The Reviewer solely because of Thomas Brown and Jane Smith, being as yet unconvinced of their intrinsic worth.

Mr. George Jean Nathan realizes this fact, and with a surprisingly sweet reasonableness has undertaken to persuade Mr. Mencken of its validity. His success or failure in the matter is, to date, unreported, but whatever the outcome The Reviewer will remember that his was no light task. Has anyone ever persuaded Mr. Mencken? We doubt it. Besides, we have suspicions about the disinterestedness of Mr. Mencken, Mr. Untermeyer and Mr. Cabell, because they have been good to the magazine--which means that they have been frequently harassed by it. Is it possible that they are growing settled in their habits, and don't want an importunate infant tugging at their own sleeves? But we dismiss this instantly, as unworthy of ourselves and them.

There is another point of view besides that of the public. It is that of the younger writers, the potential discoveries, in brief--as Mr. Mencken would say--of Thomas Brown and Jane Smith. We announce each month that "the payment for such MSS. as may be found available will be in fame not specie." And if Thomas Brown and Jane Smith are compelled to appear always in the exclusive company of Susan White and John Jones, however promising they all may be, where, they ask, is the fame? A young contributor whom The Reviewer cannot claim as a discovery, since he has, alas, been already discovered by several of the New York reviews, recently remarked with delightful frankness that our distinguished contributors, apart from their effect on subscribers and on our own morale, are essential as "bait for the new writers."

Surely this is reasonable enough, and must be accepted as the last word in the argument. We are here to discover something--that is our sole excuse for being here at all. Very well--if talent refuses to disclose itself without bait, bait we must have. We refuse to be snobbishly exclusive and limit ourselves to youth, or lack of literary reputation, although we are hospitable to both. We herewith open our pages to everyone that is worth while, continuing to maintain that we have no policy. After mature deliberation on both sides we extend a cordial invitation to the most distinguished writers of this country and England to continue to contribute to The Reviewer as often as they feel inclined, and especially we invite Mr. Mencken to state his case in this department as soon as possible.

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VOLUME III

NUMBER I

25 cents a copy

Adam Speaks

By Mary Dallas Street

So we leave Paradise today?
--Ah flower face and star that lay upon my breast all night,
And taught me that both stars and flowers are
But that I may compare them to your grace,
Do we leave Paradise today?

I think His plans have gone awry,
Though low Earth be the sod which I and mine must tread away,
Flower of the perfect stem, not even God
Himself dares say, now that you go with me,
That we leave Paradise today!

Green Mist

By Emma Gray Trigg

Green mist in the tree-tops--
Caught in the bare black branches of the city trees.
April, did you pass this way last night?
Was it you, elusive one, I saw
(Or just a cloud)
Taunting the round old moon
With the long swirls of your misty hair--
Tangling his greedy eyes with your hair's gold vapor?
Lonely old moon.
He is eager for spring,
But you escaped him!
And our captive city streets--
Stretching empty hands across the streets
But yesterday--
They are too hungry for spring.
April, when you passed this way last night,
Were you not skirted in green?

As Between Friends

The Reviewer has decided frankly to discourse on a subject which is usually taboo in the polite literary circles in which The Reviewer moves. It has been told that it is unprecedented for a magazine to speak baldly of that which makes its wheels go round. That question is grappled with in private. But this magazine has never been in the least like any other, and sees no reason why it should become so. Its confiding spirit, from the beginning, in the face of the celebrated coldness and brutality of the world at large, has caused either smiles or sighs on the part of its friends, according to their several natures.

When The Reviewer has wanted or needed anything it has cheerfully asked for it, and so far it has not been refused. It has not always been easy to satisfy either. It has demanded brains, talent, endless time, thought and attention from everyone within its reach who possessed any of these commodities. It has not asked for material support because it has been queerly stubborn about wanting to prove itself before it asked that. It didn't want to tell people what it was going to do, but preferred to wait until the thing had been done.

The thing, of course, is not yet done, but it is at least partly accomplished, which, after all, is satisfactory, because

what is done is often dead as well. The Reviewer asks now that the interest which has been shown from the beginning will take a substantial form. It began uniquely without endowment, an unheard of piece of recklessness in the history of magazines. The incorporation of The Reviewer has recently been announced. As everyone knows, the magazine has been, to say the least, casual in its methods, and will probably remain so, to a certain extent, but it has at last become an organization, if only to quiet the nerves of sympathetic observers. Having never in the past boasted logic among its conspicuous qualities it intends now to acquire it on one point at least, and as the first step in this direction it invites the public to subscribe, both for the magazine and for stock in the incorporation.

In a Charleston Garden

By Henry Bellamann

I love old gradens best--
tired old gardens
that rest in the sun.

There the rusty tamarisk
and knotted fig trees
lean on the wall,
and paper-whites break rank
to wander carelessly
among tall grasses.
The yellow roses
climb down from the trellises,
and the wisteria goes adventuring
to the neighboring trees.

The forgotten comfort
of the wilderness comes again.
The legend of the twisted walks
is broken,
and the marble seats are green
like woodland banks.

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VOLUME III

NUMBER 2

25 cents a copy

Portentia

By Hervey Allen

How shall she walk
The many-breasted nurse
Of songs to be?
Oh! She shall walk
Shall walk with rhyme
And melody.
The unchained, careless courser
Of the North
Neighs over roofs of aliens
In the town,
His wings blot out the stars,
And his iron hoofs
His own voice drown.
But she shall walk
With thrushes in her mouth,
With songs both black and white,
Whose heart strings are the South.
The voice of burning stars
Shall teach her well
The ancient music of an elder tongue
Till on men's minds she casts
The olden spell
That Israfel has sung.
And she shall stalk
A portent through the mart,
With sound of windy garments
Like a breeze
Through forest glades
Of art.
And subtle viols shall light
Her magic feet
With gleams of song upon
A gypsy dance,
Like far-off music down
A city street,
Romance.

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VOLUME III

NUMBER 3

25 cents a copy

Art and Clive Bell

By Burton Rascoe

Mr. Clive Bell has been audacious enough to annoy Mr. Bernard Shaw. He has caught Mr. Shaw off his guard and has pricked him very neatly. To be precise: he has observed Mr. Shaw recording his belief in God (which is compatible with reason) but on the ground that, without a divine origin and purpose, Beauty, Intelligence and Honor are worthless (which is arguable).

Mr. Bell has grasped this opportunity to make out that Mr. Shaw is a clodhopper and that Clive Bell is now the proper man to pay attention to. Mr. Shaw has retorted that Mr. Bell is "a fathead and a voluptuary," which is certainly a triumph for Mr. Bell. He has forced the man who was once the most resourceful controversialist in England into the pitiable position of resorting to epithets. It is very neat of Mr. Bell. Nothing could be more advantageous in the way of publicity; nothing could so quickly establish his reputation in the literary world. Certainly his Art could not.

That is a useful, important, and silly book. It contains many thoughtful and many thoughtless remarks. Mr. Bell's style is clear and precise and lively, which is an advantage to the reader and a handicap for Mr. Bell. Aestheticians, like metaphysicians, suffer by being easily understood. Half their impressiveness is gone when they are intelligible and half their force is gone when their errors are there in plain language where any rag tag and bobtail can pick them out.

I have been finding some errors in Mr. Bell. He should be more

careful. Or else he should write more like a metaphysician. His title is a misnomer, for art is an abstraction which is applicable to many things and Mr. Bell has applied it only to a particular phase of the visual arts. He tells us that he has been in search of a quality peculiar and common to all works of art and that he has found it in "significant form." Here he writes like a metaphysician, and it saves the day for him, for no one can dispute a contention as vague as that.

"Significant form," he tells us, is something that provokes in him and in Mr. Roger Fry an ecstatic state called aesthetic emotion. He doubts very seriously whether you or I are capable of experiencing this state. "As often as not," he warns us, "the hardest thinkers have had no aesthetic experience whatever. I have a friend blessed with an intellect as keen as a drill, who, though he takes an interest in aesthetics, has never during a life of almost forty years been guilty of an aesthetic emotion." It is even a rare state for him and Mr. Fry: some paintings by Giotto and Cézanne, a Persian rug or so, a piece of Chinese statuary, a few pots and pans are about the only objects capable of producing that state in them. I don't wonder at that at all, for he says, "to appreciate a work of art, we need bring with us nothing from life, no knowledge of its ideas and affairs, no familiarity with its emotions." Since only inanimate objects are fortunate enough to be lacking in these impedimenta, I think we need not despair of the injustice which cuts us off from the ecstasies Mr. Bell and Mr. Fry enjoy. Some day we, too, may take leave of our senses.

The trouble with Mr. Bell is that he has not thought things out.

He contradicts himself too much. A foolish consistency is not a bugbear of his mind. He is not consistent for three pages at a time. That is a trait which is enjoyable in a fantasist; but in a theorist who is attempting to present his theory logically it is insupportable. Thus he says in one place, "The rapt philosopher and he who contemplates a work of art, inhabit a world with an intense and peculiar significance of its own; that significance is unrelated to the significance of life. In this world the emotions of life find no place. It is a world with emotions of its own." And in another place he says, ". . . all great artists are reformers; it is impossible to speak of reality without criticizing civilization . . . it is impossible to care passionately about art without caring about the fate of mankind." Again, "I doubt whether the good artist bothers much more about the future than about the past. Why should artists bother about the fate of mankind?" Again we find him saying on one page that "Literature is never pure art," and on another "Both (Ibsen and Cézanne) sought and both found the same thing--the thing above literature and painting, the stuff out of which great literature and painting are made. . . . Ibsen approached humanity in the spirit of an artist." Having told us at various times that the emotions of life have nothing to do either with the production or appreciation of art he tells us elsewhere that, "Miss Coleridge never created a real work of art because she could not grasp emotions, or, if she grasped them, failed to hold them." Mr. Bell tries to straddle too many fences at once. His Art is not a work of art, for it does not hold together. It has "significant form," but it is significant of nothing so much as

the dazed and uncertain condition of Mr. Bell's mind. I regret his disparagement of literature, because he might learn so much from it. For, after all, he is attempting to explain art in the terms of literature, thereby showing unwitting deference to literature as the most precise and convenient mode of expression.

Did he know words, or to be truthful, if he had his ideas clearly formulated and properly ordered, he would have no difficulty in telling us just what he means when he says something has the quality of art, of "significant form." He may assail me with the cry that literature is the medium of logic and that in defining aesthetics he must resort to the use of words. But I must reply that literature is also the vehicle of emotion, even of aesthetic emotion, and that he has not made the proper use of it even as a medium of logic.

Mr. Bell, who is a trifle more snobbish than most of us when it comes to his hobby, may say of me (as he has said of all the rest of the world except him and Mr. Roger Fry) that I have never had a pure aesthetic emotion, and quite possibly, I have not. But until he tells me what he understands an aesthetic emotion to be, I cannot tell him whether or not I have ever experienced one. I can tell him precisely what is the nature of the nervous response I experience in the presence of a painting by Cézanne, A Bach prelude, the Wrigley building in Chicago, a poem by Maxwell Bodenheim or, say, the small pen and ink drawing by Picasso which Mr. Henry Sell gave me the other day.

Let me attempt to describe very briefly the emotions evoked in me by the little Picasso and then perhaps Mr. Bell will be good

enough to tell me whether my emotion is aesthetic or not. I submit myself to this test, because I think that Mr. Bell is a sincere man and I know he is an earnest one.

First, the drawing pleased me and this pleasure can be defined in words, even if I fail to do so. I have a fondness for small works of art--Chinese jade carvings, post-Augustan gems, Tanagra figurines (particularly if they are spurious), Egyptian sculptural miniatures, small sketches. At the bottom of this is, perhaps, the possessive instinct at work in connection with the things we love. It is a hidden kleptomania with me, do doubt. I know I cannot abduct the Farnese Hercules from the museum and keep it for myself, so it interests me less than the little basalt figure of the goddess Isis, which by setting my speculative fancy on greater flights, interests me more than the plaster giant, and moreover, by its size, tells me that, if I had the courage I might very easily steal it. I have stolen few things in my life, but I am not so hypocritical as to assert that I was never prompted to steal anything.

Mr. Bell may interpose that I am confusing aesthetic emotion with desire. My answer is that the emotion I feel before the Picasso is not entirely one of possession, because I now possess it, and it gives the particular pleasure which I shall attempt further to describe. Although it later occurred to me that the drawing was that of a small fishing smack in an inlet, with perhaps a schoolhouse or a residence or so suggested on the mainland in the background. I was not, until I came to write this, aware that it was anything in particular except a few strokes of black on a bit of cream colored paper and that they seemed to be in their proper place and the

relation between the cream colored paper and the black lines seemed to be harmonious. The drawing I should say is perfect, meaning only by this that there seems to me to be nothing wrong with it, and that I happen to like good craftsmanship. There are two curved lines which please my retina and appear each time to induce in me a certain exultation not unlike that caused by watching a lariat spin out from a trained roper's hands, or seeing an aeroplane begin its rapid descent on a swooping nose dive, or watching a trim sailboat come about under a stiff breeze.

Mr. Bell may say that I am one of the elect and that what I have just said is what he means by "significant form." I reply that he only means that which is significant, in this instance, to him and to me, and that we are, very likely, old-maidish persons in this particular, that we like everything to be in its place, and that we have a tendency to go about setting things in order. But there are thousands of other excellent persons who are intelligent and who get a genuine pleasure out of art, and yet who like disorder, and who have a contrary tendency to go about disarranging things to suit themselves. They are ill at ease and unhappy until they have messed things up about them and have removed all semblance of simple and conscious design. They are revolutionary, and, if they are artists, they would throw all the paintings Mr. Bell loves into the dustbin; but I would not be guilty, as Mr. Bell is guilty, of saying that therefore they are incapable of aesthetic emotion. The truth is that that is precisely what these men would be saying about Mr. Bell, for I have heard them; but I did not believe them. He is, indeed, a man who loves art very passionately, but one who has rationalized his love so much that it doesn't seem to be love at all.

He has come to too many conclusions about art, and has sifted these conclusions so painstakingly for a universal principle that he has really arrived at a definition which has relation only to a particular art, an art which is, in effect, artless. "It is the mark of great art," he writes, "that its appeal is universal and eternal. . . . When Mr. Okakura, the government editor of the Temple Treasures of Japan, first came to Europe, he found no difficulty in appreciating the pictures of those who from want of will or want of skill (the italics are mine) did not create illusions but concentrated their energies on the creation of form. He understood immediately the Byzantine masters and the French and Italian primitives. In the Renaissance painters, on the other hand, with their descriptive pre-occupations, their literary and anecdotic interests, he could see nothing but vulgarity and muddle."

Because the Japanese editor did not immediately appreciate Michelangelo and Leonardo, or, indeed, any artists except those who from want of skill created only simple form, Mr. Bell was forthwith convinced that the things that children and savages and primitive people draw or carve are the only true works of art. And he would forthwith scrap Michelangelo, Veronese, Leonardo, Rafael, Rubens, Van Dyke, Velasquez--in fact almost every painter except Giotto and Cézanne.

Now it is very true that certain forms of art are universal and, perhaps, eternal. But because a Japanese editor got nothing out of Michelangelo, no more argues against the artistic value of Michelangelo than it argues against the artistic value of Homer that a Japanese editor cannot read Greek. This fallacy of the universal and eternal is pernicious because it carries a certain air

of truth. But it would rule out an overwhelming proportion of creations which are undeniable (except by Mr. Bell) works of art. It would dispose of everything produced by particular circumstances, training, sophistication, and technique in a developed civilization.

The fallacy of the universal art principle had led innumerable men beside Mr. Bell astray. A very fine poet once told me that he longed to write a poem which would be as readily understandable and appreciable by a Chinese who knew no English as by a sensitive and cultured American. He wanted, he said, to create pure music in verse. He does not know that what we call the purest of actual music, say certain scores of Haydn, Brahms, or Bach, is not only not understandable or appreciable by an Oriental unused to Occidental music, but is actually boring and nonsensical to him. And if you have ever listened to the nerve-racking noise the Chinese consider their best music you will understand that even what the aestheticians call the highest art form, and the form toward which all other arts aspire, is not universal.

No, between us, Mr. Bell, for all the passion he works up over "significant form" is sometimes a cranky and opinionated fellow. Witness, (p. 245 of *Art*: "Unless it be Thomas Hardy, there is no first rate novelist in Europe; there is no first rate poet. . . . Since Mozart music has just kept her nose above the slough of realism, romance, and melodrama."

This is opinion and nothing more, and very queer and dubious opinion at that. The last sentence is particularly queer, coming as it does after this confession on page 30 of the same volume: "I do not understand music well. I find musical form exceedingly difficult to apprehend, and I am sure that the profounder subtleties of

harmony and rhythm more often than not escape me. The form of a musical composition must be simple indeed if I am to grasp it honestly.

If he does not understand music very well he should be more cautious in his statements about it. If he doesn't know what he is talking about when he is on the subject of literature (and it is apparent that he doesn't) he should refrain from committing such anti-climaxes as that of declaring that the greatest living novelists are Hardy, Conrad and Virginia Woolfe.

If Mr. Bell were better trained in words which make up the language of sense as well as of the senses, he would not make these slips. One is tempted to say that the form of a canvas must also be simple indeed if he is to grasp it honestly, for he has made it explicit in his essays that he considers Giotto and Cézanne the greatest artists produced in western Europe and this because they were occupied with nothing but the creation of simple form. It is not that Mr. Bell does not understand painting but that he has got a hobby and he is riding it to death. He helped materially to create the values we now attach to Cézanne, Renoir, Vlaminck, Déraïn, Matisse, and some others who were under the Cézanne influence. He was probably urged into his compromising position by the stupidity of other critics and by an indifferent public. Any child who has not been spoiled in his taste can appreciate a Cezanne upon the first encounter, and any sensitive person who will take the trouble to look at a Cézanne without reference to pictures he has hitherto seen, or without intellectualizing about it too much, will feel the aesthetic significance of it at once. It is only because of com-

plexity of civilization and the vast accumulations of aesthetic theory that Mr. Bell has been put to such great trouble to show that Cézanne is great, by the drastic device of declaring that Rubens, Rembrandt, Titian, and nearly all other artists are not artists at all. If Mr. Bell thinks that Rembrandt did not know as much about significant form as Cézanne, let him look at the great collection of sketches Rembrandt first made before he elaborated them into pictures which Mr. Bell detests. If Mr. Bell suspects that Michaelangelo was not so capable of creating pure form as is a Polynesian savage let him study the Michaelangelo cartoons. If he thinks Hogarth is worthless because Hogarth used drawing as a means of comment and satire, let him look at Hogarth's own analyses of his compositions as pure form. To Rembrandt, to Michaelangelo, to Hogarth "significant form" was not enough; a painting, a drawing or an etching, they considered, might have other elements of beauty and significance, even to likenesses, anecdotes, and documentation, all of which are enough to send Mr. Bell into a rage. Mr. Bell glowing before Giotto reminds one too pertinently of Osear Wilde's living up to his blue china. It is an admirable thing for Mr. Bell to do that and it was a worthy ambition in Oscar Wilde; but one must not be misled by these aesthetes into believing that all art is either Giotto or blue china.

Mr. Bell writes in a pleasing style and with great force of conviction. He has said many true and valuable things about the relation of art to life. He has written paragraphs about the relations of the artist and society which I should like to distribute broadcast as leaflets that certain people might read. But he has

made the one mistake of assuming art to be a very narrow thing, a joy which only a handful of people can appreciate, whereas art is a very big and very diverse abstraction. There is no art, there are only artistic things, and among artistic things there are, as well as the paintings of Cézanne, the second symphony by Szumanowski and the acting of Miss Fanny Brice, the woodcuts of J. J. A. Murphy, Jr., and the poetry of Wallace Stevens, the Bush Terminal building and the comedies of Charles Chaplin, the Jurgen of James Branch Cabell, and, despite Mr. Bell, the frescoës of the Sistine Chapel.

And in his comparisons even in the field of what he conceived to be "significant form," Mr. Bell is rather difficult to follow. He says flatly that "Cézanne painted far greater things than any Impressionist painter" and that Cézanne was greater than Gauguin or Van Gogh. Here the bewildered amateur must step aside while the sympathetic evaluators of the Post-Impressionists fight it out among themselves. For M. Camille Mauclair says with some disdain that Gauguin is immeasurably superior to the others of the trinity, while M. Gustave Kahn thinks that only Van Gogh could really paint.

The Daguerrotype

By Ben Ray Redman

When I first saw the old man, I was sitting alone in the Café Rochambeau, killing time before the theatre. Linger- ing over my coffee with an exceptionally dull number of La Vie, I had put aside the flapping magazine to seek in the spectacle of my fellow diners the entertainment which the printed page did not afford. My chances for this sort of entertainment were, perhaps, better in the Rochambeau than they would have been in any other restaurant in New York. It is a magnet for diverse and interesting types. Entering its door, a good stone's throw from lower Fifth Avenue, one experiences the sense of a sudden geographical dis- location. There is, within, a pervading quiet; an atmosphere in which leisure seems an inalienable right, not a stolen respite from the day's required activity. It is a Continental back-water in the largest city of the New World, where many an uprooted alien takes refuge from an environment unnatural to his soul. The current of metropolitan traffic, precipitate and noisy, whirls round the Rochambeau; within there is calm. It is a place, where one naturally lingers--over coffee, the illustrated magazines, a chess board, or the talk of friends.

Scanning the faces around me--in so many of which the Latin features were clearly marked--my glance fell upon an old man, seated alone, like myself, at a table beside the big glass window which, running the width of the dining room, gives directly upon the street only a few feet below. Obviously, however, the pageant

of the lighted street did not tempt him; if his table was a chosen point of vantage, the scene without was not his object. He was watching the door of the restaurant with a curious, an almost painful intentness, as though he expected momentarily the entrance of a friend who would dissipate his loneliness. But the alertness, the tenseness, of his attitude predicted no casual engagement.

Had it not been for his eyes he would have been unremarkable. Certainly, his face and his clothes announced that he belonged to another age, and another land than those in which he found himself; but his conflict with his environment was unobtrusive. He was, I thought, at least eighty. His head was bowed beneath a weight of white hair, and the hand which reached across the table toward his long glass of black coffee was knotted and lean. The general effect given by his clothes was one of squareness: they did not fall in the curving lines of contemporary fashion, or in the ample folds often associated with age. They fitted his spare frame, and save for their angularity of outline were scarcely notable, being a dull black. A heavy gold chain barred his square-cut waistcoat. Above a low collar, which held a black string tie, his face was deeply furrowed, cast into shadows by the high ridge of his thin, aquiline nose. From the shadows his eyes peered.

It was his eyes which caught and held me; save for the involuntary glances which I threw toward the door in reaction to his own expectancy. Beneath heavy brows, his eyes seemed actually glowing with a strange light. As each newcomer passed through the door, which was half the room's length away from him, he rose

slightly in his chair and leaned forward, peering eagerly, only to sink back again with an apparent gesture of disappointment. After each failure, he shook his old head sadly, and for a moment his shoulders sagged perceptibly; but then he was all alertness again, his glance running swiftly about the room, omitting no single figure in its inventory, coming to rest always at the door.

From the first the man fascinated me for no explicable reason; and I shared his vigil with more than idle curiosity, wondering what sort of person would reward it. When the clock told me it was time to start for the theatre, I left with regret. I felt I had missed the last chapter of my imagined drama. As I passed along the sidewalk beneath the broad glass window, I saw that his face was still turned resolutely, hopefully, toward the interior of the restaurant.

I suppose I had forgotten the old fellow completely before the rise of the curtain that night. But some weeks later, when I again encountered him, he did not cross my path as a stranger. He was a man in whose experience I felt I had some share. As before, I was in the Rochambeau; but this time I was not alone. I was playing chess, near the window, with Grenville Holt, when the old chap came through the door; and I spied him instantly, as I was leaning back in my chair awaiting my opponent's move. In a flash I was curious to know whether or not he had been rewarded for the long wait I had witnessed; but my question immediately gave place to interest in his present behavior. Before taking his seat at the table by the window, apparently a favorite place, he made a complete circuit of the room, pausing before each table for a moment.

Bending forward, he scrutinized every diner with those extraordinary eyes of his, deliberately, insistently, hopefully. But after each examination he shook his head and passed on. Some of the persons thus scrutinized returned his stare with interest,-- one girl giggled aloud, half in fright I thought. Others did not lift their faces toward him. Whatever his reception, the old fellow proceeded unhurriedly on his course. When his eyes bored into mine I was conscious of a whole sea of bewilderment behind his glance. I smiled friendly; but no reflection mirrored in his face. As with the others, he shook his head in disappointment, in puzzlement, and passed on.

I attracted Holt's attention to him. He looked up from the board on which he had been concentrating.

"Oh, that old chap," he commented. "Yes; I've seen him about here for the last year or so. Saw him in the Brevoort a half dozen times, and in Broad's and the Lafayette. Curious old codger."

"He must be looking for someone," I suggested.

"If he is, he's disappointed. I've never seen a soul speak to him." Holt's gaze reverted to the board, and he moved his black bishop with decision.

But I had lost interest in the game and, twisting slightly in my chair, I glanced at the old man from time to time, observing that his conduct was the same as it had been two weeks before. This time, however, he had an oblong strip of cardboard propped up against the coffee glass. It was there, it seemed, for purposes of comparison: he would study each newcomer with care, and then bend his gaze upon the little piece of cardboard, and after each

examination there followed that wistful, baffled, sad shake of the head. I knew that the object leaning against his glass must be a photograph.

My chess was suffering from inattention, and Holt announced check in two. Swiftly I confirmed the correctness of his conclusion, and knocked my king over in ungraceful submission. After which I devoted myself surreptitiously to the old man by the window.

His scrutiny of the room continued, painfully. I felt the acuteness of his tension. Then a woman, grey and small and round, came through the door, and marched determinedly to the old man's table. He ignored her presence. She touched his sleeve, but he shook off her fingers impatiently. She sat down opposite him, and began to talk in hurried, high-pitched French. She was pleading with him to come home. It was time to go home. It was past time. It was late; and she pointed dramatically to the clock. He shrugged his shoulders indifferently and continued to divide his attention between the photograph and the door. The woman continued her pleading, but in a monotonous voice as though she were going through an old routine. The man did not move. Finally, her patience nearing exhaustion, the woman threw a despairing glance about the room, and her eye caught mine. She seemed to hail me as a friend, for she half rose as if to come toward me, and involuntarily I started up. In an instant she was beside me, appealingly fingering the lapel of my coat, speaking excellent English.

'Will M'sieu be so kind as to come and speak to my husband. He is so old, and at times a little difficult. It is really time

that he should go home. But he is so used to me that he gives no heed. I tell him again and again that he is not here, that he will not come, that it is no use to wait. But he is so obstinate. Will M'sieu tell him that he will not come? Sometimes he will heed a stranger."

I stammered, "Who,--who do you mean isn't coming?"

"He is waiting for some one who will not come. But he will not believe me. Perhaps M'sieu could speak to him?"

I understood no more than before, but the little woman was so helplessly appealing that I acted on impulse. Together we approached the old man; he did not notice us. At the moment he was peering intently at what I guessed was a photograph. Looking over his shoulder, I saw that it was an old daguerreotype, mounted on cardboard; the picture of a young man, standing straight and lithe and handsome. Then I thought that I understood. Following my instructions, I spoke quietly.

"You would better go home," I assured him. "I am quite sure that he will not come here to-night."

My voice startled him. He looked up, with that strange light glowing in his eyes. Then he spoke for the first time, carefully, hesitantly, like one testing an unfamiliar footing. "You--are quite sure?" There was a pathetic quality in the tone of his question.

I nodded confidently, wondering at my ridiculous importance in this affair. Apparently my words were taking effect; his wife bobbed her head encouragingly from behind his back. The old man lifted the little daguerreotype tenderly, and then hid it furtively in an inner pocket of his coat. He looked at me again, with a

momentary glimmer of mistrust, and repeated: "You are sure?"

All I could do was to nod once more.

"It is strange," he murmured. "I should find him. Perhaps --I shall find him tomorrow. You think--?" He looked earnestly at me as though for confirmation of his hope. I smiled assurances. He arose, his wife giving me her voiceless benediction, and the old couple moved slowly across the room and through the door.

From the window, I watched them go down the street. The woman held resolutely to her husband's arm but we would stop and turn to follow with his eyes every pedestrian. As I faced about to return to my table, I saw that the maitre d'hotel--a suave Frenchman, always correct, always imperturable--stood beside me. He had apparently observed the little scene and, like myself, had watched the departing figures.

He sighed delicately, and murmured: "It is so sad, is it not, M'sieu?"

I felt that my mystery had slipped away from me, unsolved. "Yes," I acquiesced absently. "But that photograph? He is looking for his son no doubt?"

The Frenchman leaned forward attentively, as polite as though he were correcting some minor error in a patron's order.

"Ah! Then M'sieu does not know? No, it is not a picture of his son. It is so sad. Yes, he is looking for the boy in the photograph. But, is it not sad, M'sieu--it is a picture of himself taken some sixty years ago."

And with a murmured apology he moved away to usher a couple to their table by the wall.

The End of the Tether

By Emily Clark

I have recently heard of a magazine published in Rome, weekly, I believe, whose staff relaxes and is joyous throughout the week and works hard Thursday and Friday, in order to be properly published on Saturday. Only the approach of the eleventh hour can inspire them to effervescence. It is more effective, I am told, by a European friend who greatly admires this periodical, than champagne. But this Roman product is really humorous, it is said, quite unlike anything produced in America, England, France or Germany. I forget its name if I ever heard it. I also forget whether or not it still exists. If it ceased to amuse the editors it probably died, for apparently it was run more for their delectation than that of the public.

This news was peculiarly gratifying because the At Random department of The Reviewer--the editorial part of it--is written exactly this way. I cannot boast that a printer's devil is waiting outside the door to snatch the copy from me, as was the custom with Thackeray and one or two other Eminent Victorians. For we have no printer's devil and are ignominiously compelled to take our copy to press. But each month the printer waits, if not outside the door. This condition is not representative of The Reviewer. The other editors, as well as the contributors, treat their work with the respect which it deserves, and their ideas

ripen from one month to the next. But I, who am occupied with the sordid task of trying to persuade people that they want to do things for The Reviewer which in their calmer, more rational moments they probably don't want to do at all, have little time to grow ideas.

Many months ago I was placed by a higher power in charge of this department. This person suggested that I try to write a book, not because there was the slightest reason to think I could do it, but because practically everybody who can make sentences does write a book. And I, he argued, made rather nice sentences without much effort. But, I replied, I have nothing to say. One has to be intellectual in order to think deeply, and emotional in order to feel deeply. And without important thoughts and feelings how does a book get written? At any rate, was the answer, you can always talk and you adore to write letters, quite long ones when you are in the mood, so why not talk--at random? So I have done it. And I fear I shall continue to.

I have just telephoned six people, three men and three women, for a subject, and my head is whirling. These are their suggestions: "Write about how hard it is to find something to write about." But Kenelm Digby has made that subject forever his own in the Literary Review, where he tears his hair and chews his pencil shamelessly in the face of many thousands of readers. "Write about writers you know. Tell how they behave and what they say when not under inspection, and that at least two of the most conspicuous and completely aesthetic of them have been observed to eat ice cream cones in automobiles, and how trying and perverse and im-

possible they can be." But Mr. Burton Rascoe disposes of that each week in the New York Tribune, where what they say at lunch, at dinner, at tea, or with the aid of liquid refreshment is accurately and enthrallingly recorded for the bourgeoisie to marvel at. Not to mention the Gossip Shop of the Bookman. Besides, The Reviewer doesn't live in a great intellectual centre like New York or the Middle West, so the few writers here are busy writing, and that wouldn't make sufficient copy. In their hours of relaxation, doubtless, they roam in the Virginia jungle, on the edge of which at least one of them lives.

"Write about Lady Astor, M. P., since The Reviewer is Virginian." Heavens, that subject was exhausted from every angle weeks before The Reviewer went to press! "Write about the Virginia Pageant in May." I refuse positively and permanently to do this, because I would not for worlds appear to protest against this pageant, realizing as I do that heroic measures are necessary in order to annihilate the stodgy and middle-class fetish of Plymouth Rock and to place Jamestown, ancient and aristocratic, firmly before the eyes of the world. But personally I don't like pageants or parades, and have often inconvenienced myself seriously in order to avoid encountering either. "Write about the article in the Literary Digest which said wars would never stop unless people would stop having children." I am unfitted to go more deeply into this subject than I have already done. I pointed out in February that much of the population was superfluous, not simply for fear of war, but because one has to stand in line practically everywhere one goes. There are also other unfortunate

results from the same cause. But an adequate disposition of this topic would decrease our circulation, and non-commercial as we are, clad austere in black and white, without cover, illustrations or office boy, still--il faut vivre. Besides, it would need more space than I am allowed. For part of the business of The Reviewer is to review, and books fill a department larger than mine, where the lucky literary editor has his subject literally placed in his hands by the publishers each month.

"Write about what hard luck it is for mediocre people, who in spite of their mediocrity happen to be deeply moved by loveliness or ugliness, not to be able to express these reactions without being pounced upon by critics. Why should exceptional people alone be granted the privilege of self-expression? Now this is really an interesting subject, but as I said, The Reviewer was about to go to press when it was suggested to me. Some day it should be developed. My first impulse was to reply that mediocrity should by all means have the privilege of expression, but why insist upon publishing this expression? Reams could be written, relief obtained, and then the pages could be locked safely away in a desk, or better still thrown into the wastebasket. But this was only a first thought. The second was uncomfortable. It was to the effect that if this contract were kept to the letter The Reviewer would sometimes have to shut up shop. And that would be annoying.

Many other things which are in their way diverting would also be no more. Surely diversion is in itself worth while. At

least two novelists of the first rank have lately declared that novels are made to divert. If this is true it is a legitimate end. This, however, is not a conclusion of the proposition, only an hypothesis. The Reviewer will meditate carefully upon it and begin to discuss it some time at least three days before the magazine goes to press.

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GROTESQUE OLD CHARLESTON

A Prelude Paged from the Arabian Nights

By John Bennett.

In this, the City of my Discontent,
Sometimes there comes a whisper from the grass,
"Romance, Romance .. is here! No Hindu town
Is quite so strange. No Citadel of Brass
By Sinbad found, held half such love and hate;
No picture-palace in a picture-book
Such webs of Friendship, Beauty, Greed, and Hate."

In this, the City of my Discontent,
Down from the sky, up from the smoking deep,
Wild legends new and old burn round my head
While grass, and trees, and men are locked in sleep. * * *

Nicholas Vachel Lindsay.

Much has been said of Old Charleston, of its antique beauty, patrician arrogance, and courtly hospitality, much written in praise and blame, both false and true, and the worn charm of the commonplace harped on until frayed threadbare.

But no one ever has touched on the mysterious beauty of her grotesque by-streets, the strange, macabre loveliness of her sordid alleys, or even seems to have perceived the oddly Oriental character of such portions of the town's compelling charm.

Yet, wandering aimless, on a summer's day, through the highways and byways of the faded, lovely city, before civic improvement had changed the streets or scattered their human drama, if one but turned aside from the beaten track, in nameless quarters of the town, he very quickly became aware, if sensitive to impression, that he had entered a world of which he knew little or nothing, of which, strive as he might, he should know nothing or little, and to which he was forever a stranger and an alien; a world immediate and remote.

At every turn one meets ignoble loveliness with the taste of decay in her mouth; from every passageway creeps queerness; from every window smiles the grotesque fair.

Through everything visible and invisible lurks a vague, haunting sense, like a suspicion of the uncanny. The sense of something out of the ordinary haunts the wanderer, a something which glides from ordinary to extraordinary as prose glides into poetry, truth into fiction, the natural into the supernatural. And, suddenly, somehow, one is aware that surprise is at his elbow, that enchantment dogs his heels, and that just around the corner waits outlandish romance, tragedy, and beauty strange and radiant as the day.

Before the eye lies a dirty courtyard, spanned by shattered trellises irregularly spread with tangled vines. The sunlight falls through the green leaves and sparse clusters of blue fruit upon drowsy groups of mongrel dogs, black nanny-goats, and frisking kids. The light quivers green and red; the goat-tails flick; the curs snarl over rotten bones scattered here and there among the broken tiles which once imperially paved the court; or wander

aimlessly about cautiously sniffing at the bare legs of herculean black men fast asleep beneath the vine in the almost unbearable noonday heat.

Wax-like oleanders drug the furnace-like air. Chinese roses shower down a rain of petals more exquisite than porcelain, in shallow drifts across the dull blue flag-stones and old red tiles, like a snow-drift of moth-wings. Beyond the rancid court-yard, dull rose-pink altheas droop and rest upon the walls in dream-like profusion.

From the corner of the courtyard a broken marble stair goes up the wall, every cranny fringed with dull green ferns and violets. Deep-rooted in the broken wall, a peach-tree, thick as a man's wrist, nurtured in sterile masonry, and springing in strange luxuriance from the cranny, stands green against the bulged facade. The gnarling old fig-tree's horned boughs, mingled with traceries of acacia and ragged columns of Spanish bayonet, stand dreaming in the flood of unendurable light, brightly silhouetted against the sky.

Here, in the ovenlike alcove, on a branch of a flowering almond, a mantis sits, busy at its pagan prayers; a lizard the color of an emerald darts up the wall without a sound, and vanishes into a crack; the crevices rustle with the restless motion of the scurrying hosts of the red cafard; innumerable flies hang in the air, quivering points of gold; a lethargic cat, thin from a diet of lizards, lies motionless in the dust; there moves in the alcove only a slim brown child, a slender, exquisite statue of bronze, teasing a lizard upon a laburnum.

The broken rosettes of yellow stucco, the green-slatted jalousies screening the privacy of windows too much exposed, the beauty of the crape-myrtle which waves over the wall its garlands of rose and green, are touched with a wordless fantasy.

The color of the weather-beaten gables, the scrofulous plaster, stained with long, down-trailing streaks of rust from dwindling brace-heads, the malachite blotches under the eaves where copper water-heads hang pipeless, the golden light which plays like the fingers of Midas along the flutings of once-beautiful balustrades, across disjointed cornices, fallen piazzas and ruined porches, the shards of broken pottery which lie sparkling gem-like in the dirt, all lend something to the vision, each an individual color.

Faces grotesque as gargoyles come and go in the shadows of obscure entries. Passages black with murk slip away into obscurity through twisted wynds and zigzag alleyways.

The ghost of a woman passes, half-clad in unspeakable crocus-sack; no charnel-house or place of skulls could vomit forth a more repulsive visage or more repellent framework of humanity.

With front of swaggering, truculent insolence huge black men, stevedores, roustabouts, swing along the narrow walk, their bare breasts glistening with sweat, their huge black shoulders fairly bursting their rotten garments; the light gleams and sparkles on the glittering steel of their cotton hooks, and the shuffling of their leathery feet makes a curious whispering sound along the dusty way.

High-piled fanner baskets go riding by, borne on the heads of laughing girls, golden caryatides.

Turbans of barbaric plaid, green and gold, purple and red, glow along the narrow way.

Crescented brass ear-rings, set with opaque blue stones and bits of colored glass, tilt by; and small circlets of gold like haloes shine in the ears of mahogany-colored sailors.

Acacia-like quadrooms, with intense black hair and eyes, slender, bitter creatures, heavily powdered and unreal, loose-lipped, hand to hip, go striding by, cigarette to lip, and nostrils blue with misty vapor. Behind them follow terrible vagabonds, leering, brutal, Caliban creatures, incredible beings of fantastic nightmares.

Barbaric outcries, half song, half shout, rise, and fall, and die away across the re-echoing roofs.

A broken door flaps across dirt-polluted portals; a gateway opens on a court within a court; one catches a glimpse of a girl with cinnamon-colored skin, and cheeks like tawny roses, brown roses such as were painted by Botticelli, and eye-brows grossly defined by smears of lamp-black, in a dress of once-lovely but now tawdry silk, splitting at the seams, yet still raggedly magnificent, dancing with drowsy, passionate energy to the monotonous notes of a harshly-plucked guitar.

The outlandish wretchedness of her beauty, the utter neglect of all that is pure, the tragic abandonment of virtue, a sudden touch of weirdness in her strange loveliness, on a sudden turn the sordid place into a tragic space whose atmosphere is more than merely decay and age, or stench and unspeakable dirt.

One suddenly gets the startling notion of a common summer's day

that somehow, suddenly, time and place are nothing, geography of no account, that the whole earth is transformed. One hears, as in a fantastic dream, a strange, high-keyed fredonnement like the shrill hum of insects, the shuffling stamp of the girl's dancing feet, and the hollow reverberations of the sallow palms which base the passionate, lazy ecstasy of the dance. And, turning in the alleyway finds himself face to face with the glamour and mystery of the East.

There comes an intermittent jingle as of dangling copper bells, and the steady beating of a hammer reverberates and pulses like the din at the heart of the copper-smiths' bazaar.

Out of the shadowy mouth of an alley, into the blazing street, as figures summoned by some spell of the sun, comes trudging a troupe of negro tumblers, crude gymnasts of the ruder sort, shuffling together, grotesques of all colors, in harlequin rags and tawdry tights, with bare black feet or down-at-the heel slippers of leather with faded red rosettes.

Meddled like fools, in red and yellow, their visages staring with patches of pipe-clay, two shambling images carved of pitch, as listless as if in a lethargy, go mopping and mowing up and down the stretch of burning dust that lies ankle-deep in the roadway, with tall staves, in the raw bark, unsmoothed, and at their throats, scapulars of alligator-skin, from the loose-sewn seams of which pale powder sifts in clots upon their sweating breasts.

One tall black sinewy fellow, with a face like the devil, gyrates and tumbles on a ravelled square of once-rose-colored carpet. Beneath him on the carpet his shadow revolves.

Besides him a slender-legged, ungainly immaturity of womanhood, a girl, yet not a girl, devoid of femininity, beauty and bodily grace, and sickeningly sallow, in faded tights of green and yellow, twists her body and unhappy limbs in uncouth, dislocative contortions, or, prone upon the cobbles at the crown of the street, spins on her buttocks, shrilly screaming, a green-and-yellow teetotum; then suddenly is caught up, her dangling legs askew, rigidly protruding like a dead calf's, is spun like a steam-governor, laterally; then, in a twinkling, by relaxation of her rigid muscles, coils in a strange, voluted whorl, about the body of the panting acrobat, like nothing so much as a half-torpid serpent. Her head alone alive moves slowly, serpent-like, staring vacantly, with heavy-lidded insolence, around the irregular ring of Corinthian faces, grotesque as a garland of ebony masks hung around them in a ring.

Two thin quadroons in thread-bare, worn, unmended tights of yellowish-red and green, and scanty jackets of weatherbeaten blue, apathetically make up between them a faltering measure of singular harmony. A lean vagabond, more listless if possible than they, his dingy red-and-yellow tights visible in streaks through the slits in an old bath-robe, the smoke of a cigarette oozing from his lips, solicits largesses from the spectators, rattling a few copper coins in a yellow gourd.

Sphinx-like creatures on the pave, reclining in the shadows of the faded awnings, huddled in cimmerician doors, with strange colored wares heaped round them, lubber melons, green and gorbellied, broken bowls of pease and rice....shapeless figures huddled over little black tables within, lost in the shadows,

devouring she-crabs intolerably dead, mock the gymnasts with sardonic laughter, or with faces blank as the plastered wall, stare, brooding silently, and turn to stretch themselves in shadowy repose among the sombre melons.

From a window high up in an apricot wall, a woman, with a face of brass and a head-dress of daffodil-yellow, lets fall a wreath of indecorous jest. Frail, flowerlike figures of women peer from a jusselle window below; their bright garments shiver and shimmer as they lean from the window together, and, laughing shrill, cry welcome to merriment in phrases stolen from Rabelais.

Dejectedly the acrobats gather their worn, rose-colored carpet, converse together a moment in their outlandish quacking jargon, and slouch away together down the wynd. * * *

And now the purple expanse of heaven is spangled over and embroidered with the stars; the shadow of the earth climbs up the sky. The glow from the west where the sun went down still burns on the copper domes which gleam in tragic splendor against the darkening sky; the tarnished moon's mouth is in the tarnished sea.

On earth a brooding spirit hangs over everything. Everywhere the dim ruins, in their pathetic beauty and faded grace, speak more of Malabar than of anything western.

Galleries of infinite charm, with slender columns gracefully proportioned, and ruinous woodwork, stained and dirty, worn and fallen, hang over infinities of shadowy squalor; and the nightwind whispers "Bombay!"

The bare white walls, stained a thousand colors by the sea-wind and the weather, the iron grilles intricately twisted of

slender bars, guarding the pinched windows of jealousy, the latticed galleries, vibrant with tremulous life, the rows of incommunicable rooms each with its doorway on the same airy balcony, the carved woodwork, gnawed by dry-rot and time, the stuccoed walls, the whispering jalousies shrouding unknown interiors, glimmering with dull light, the pathless courtyards, labyrinthing inlets, covert lanes, and outlets, communicate and confederate beyond following, murmur "Arabia!"

The heat puffs in stifling gusts from every alley-mouth to meet the sea-wind creeping in from the luke-warm sea. The hot walls radiate heat; the pave sears the footsole; and water, dashed from a doorway into the street, rises in slow gray steam from the superheated stones.

Slowly the vast midsummer night drags forward its heated length. Life has come out of doors. Throbbing over dim, unseen courtyards, come pulsations of rhythmic sounds, throbblings of gut-strung guitars, and tinklings of mandolins. The murmur of unnumbered voices is audible everywhere, melodious-listless, languidly passionate, stridently harsh, shrill as the screaming of macaws; voices like flutes, voices deep as the trombone's hollow note, voices lovely as the piping of the wood-thrush in deep woods. And here, where the stately and forsaken gateway stares blankly from the ruined wall, comes the deep, sonorous sound of a sullen voice, with Jezebel behind her lattice.

Elemental nature is loosed: the music, the passion, the thoughts, and the fantasies of the East are here unroofed. Everywhere the witchery and diablerie of an old city peer from the cur-

taining dusk. Through the streets shy creatures go hurrying, dim, fantastic shadows trailing through fantastic gloom, swift-moving silhouettes cast on drab tapestry.

As one passes, the unchaste baggages of the semi-tropical town drop challenge and inquiry; the little, eternal, soft catch in the throat, the whisper of laughter, the light, audacious greeting, fall through the darkness like an enchantment dropping with the dew. Every window, every doorway, is full of cigarette-lights; the sky is full of stars; and in the neglected shrubbery the glowworms carry out their feeble mockery of heaven.

Along the pavement strange-colored toys of glass and paper are drawn by slender brown children, casting wavering, prismatic gleams along the plaster, and upon the swarthy, sweating faces which peer from every casement. Suddenly a petty toy goes up in a swirl of smoke, a sputter of sparks, a stench of fire and burned grease; the surrounding houses glow with the up-cast splash of light. A company of scavenger curs, panic-stricken at the unexpected blaze, yelp hastily away into some reeking purlieu unpenetrated by the glare. After their clamor has subsided the silence seems velvety soft and still.

A cinnamon-colored child, a girl, too young yet to be called a maiden, has stretched her slender little form across the pavement, stark naked, asleep on a bit of matting, her one little garment under her head.

Two women pass swiftly, hurriedly walking; their faces, uncovered as are the faces of Bedouin women, are the color of rosy ginger; bags hang over their shoulders; one weeps and clutches her

throat; the other strides forward with bitter features, cursing the ancestry of some blue-lipped hecate to the tenth generation of her forefathers, with oaths that fairly sting the ear, so mad, so fierce, so savage, so oriental are they.

A man with a face inscrutable, a hunchback twisted and wry, turns and looks after the hurrying women, grinning like a gargoyle; then slips into some fabulous region through a wicket-gate.

* * Quotation from Vachel Lindsay used by permission of Author and Publishers, the Macmillan Company.

* * * It is sixteen years since this troupe of black acrobats was seen in the streets of Charleston: J. B.

Palladio Adempto

By Hansell Baugh

The rumors about a renaissance of British criticism, hasty voices from Chelsea and nearby regions assure us, are baseless and utterly without foundation. England, they say, abounds in journals and journalists, reviewers and reviews: but there is no Authoritative Critical Organ. This lack can be traced without difficulty all the way back to its origin in the late war--a conflict to which demiurgic qualities are very often attributed--and writers who incline to reach out historical tentacles for the purpose of binding present to past are accustomed to construct such genealogies with full ramifications. From a reasoned discourse of this nature we should learn that politics wrought as much havoc with literary judgment in England as with artistic symmetry in Penquin Island, we should perceive that the non-combatants who furnished periodical literature in war time were so deeply affected by the questions of the hour that they dealt with the books of the month only in a most summary and uncritical fashion. So much was this the case that Mr. Norman Douglas, after reading the press notices of South Wind, was led to say spleenfully: "Criticism in England--snakes in Ireland." Even the young men who were dissatisfied with the Times Literary Supplement and admired each the others' writings could not fill the vacancy with their new yellow book, which they called The London Mercury: for the pontifications of Mr. J. C. Squire--it would be interesting to know if he really had never heard of Ronald Firbank before visiting America--and the amiable chit-chat

of Mr. Edward Shanks failed somehow to fall in with the more or less fixed ideas of the intelligentsia as to what constitutes critical authority.

Then Mr. John Middleton Murry became editor of *The Athenaeum*. This event heralded the return of that publication to its earlier state of freedom from politics and other irrelevant affairs, and brought to its adornment critics of fiction, music, drama, and other things, who inspired respect. While this lasted the old fires flared high: with the new editor pumping hard at the bellows, this periodical was pleasing even to the exigent eye of Mr. T. S. Eliot, who nevertheless saw in that editor a taint of "some intelligible Platonism." But Mr. Murry saw in Mr. Eliot things equally unintelligible, and he pointed them out in the same essay on the Function of Criticism in which he declared that Croce was badly mistaken when he said every true work of art must be unique and incompatible. Mr. Murry declares for a judgment of values: he wishes to establish "a definite hierarchy" among artists.

To one who may have been snatched from the insidious yawn of Dada only by a kindly fostering relativism, these statements seem very positive--they were doubtless intended to be so. For there is no pursuit more popular with present-day writers than the determination of what qualities constitute perfection in a critic. But whether the prime requisite of one who would serve in that capacity is that he should have quit this world not more recently than fifty years ago, or that he be himself an artist and so lack the necessity for working off a "suppressed creative wish," or even that he make it his business "to hold up the mirror to art," the perfectability of man (some reviewers have human traits although the popular im-

pression seems to be that they are, as Goethe said, dogs) is still the interesting and inconclusive topic that it was in the doctrine and practice of various Oneidaists and neo-Platonists.

Now this journal which flourished under the tutelage of a stern Palladian icon was hailed as the very Organ of Authority so long and earnestly desiderated by every good Briton who had brought along with him in his descent from Oxford a taste for letters. It was sufficiently free of bias to admit to its pages the writings of Professor Saintsbury and of Mr. Pound, the verses of Mr. de la Mare and of Mr. Huxley, the philosophies of Mr. Bertrand Russell and Mr. George Santayana. But its music critic, Mr. Dent, ranged discerningly over his field, and its reviewer of fiction, K. M.,--who turned out to be Miss Katherine Mansfield in scant but effective disguise--wrote about new books for a whole year without finding anything quite to her liking except translations of three novels by Couperus. As an Organ of Authority it could not very well be less discriminating: so the intellectuals embraced it and enshrined it in their hearts for the Palladium of criticism in the British capital. But it went, and with it the protection of the goddess was withdrawn from her city. When the Athenaeum was amalgamated with The Nation, onlookers saw their fine hopes flicker and subside; they saw the end of an order; and with such reluctance as was felt by the Parisians who watched the passing of the salon carré, they realized that their Palladium was lost, not merely stolen.

In this manner the Times Literary Supplement came to be left alone on the field, desperately but not quite successfully striving to fill the empty place with its invaluable weekly bibliography.

This is the condition of affairs which set Mr. Walpole to explaining to the readers of *Vanity Fair* how golden an opportunity awaits the cultured gentleman with respectable standards of judgment who will but rise to the occasion and take his place as the next in succession of the great English critics. And this is the state of things which gave rise to the elegiac plaints in Chelsea and nearby regions that the rumors about a renaissance of British criticism are baseless and utterly without foundation . . .

And yet, there are even today detectable traces of the former eponym. They are scattered and it may be that they can never come together; but the severity of Athena, if not her wisdom, is often encountered in literary circles of whatever locality. Few writers can say that they have never suffered an at least temporary petrification when some ruthless man focused on them the cold rays of his critical aegis, for reviewers are not now less inclined than they have ever been to speak roughly to young writers and to provide corrective measures on much smaller provocation than a sneeze. In the writing of "Rebecca West," who among contemporary critics seems most nearly to preserve the Palladian ideal of wisdom, this doctrine of severity receives its boldest and most eloquent statement.

The value of an ability "to bid bad authors to go to the devil" has never been hotly contested, in spite of the wide variance of opinion on just what authors are to be considered bad ones. A point we more often see discussed relates to the justice of finding fault with admittedly "good" authors. On this proposition Miss West rails against the present pride of great writers, saying: "They take all life to be their province." It was the war that showed her how flimsy

a thing humanity is--"easily divided into nothingness and rotting flesh"--and convinced her that "we must lash down humanity to the world with thongs of wisdom. We must give her an unsurprisable mind." And since so many men and women lack the discretion which would teach them to leave their bad books unborn, the first step in this direction may be taken by advancing to the slaughter of the unworthy and unwise. This is what Miss West proceeds to do when she writes her Notes on Novels for The New Statesman. And for this reason it seems that she would have made a better choice of pseudonym if, instead of taking the name of Rebecca from Rosmersholm, she had looked through her Ibsen a bit further and settled finally on that of Hedda Gabler, who--after the efficient fashion of literary critics the world over--disposed of the "brain-child" of Lövborg and Thea simply by putting it in the fire.

But this destructive virtue does not kill all kindly impulses even in so caustic a critic as Miss Mansfield--we can read in her short stories a visible joy in the simple act of contemplating living beings. Miss West has written a story too, and her The Return of the Soldier makes the influence of Henry James on her as plain to see as Bliss does that of Tchekhov on Miss Mansfield. But if she learned from The Wings of the Dove that the best way to present a "big" scene is (without reference to any one of the Three Unities) to leave it out and from The Golden Bowl that a delicate situation ought to be reflected for the reader in the clear consciousness of a person blessedly pure in heart, there is another thing in this book which may not need to be traced back to an origin less esoteric than her own disposition: in direct opposition to the critical theory of

severity. Miss West has allowed her protagonist, her leading lady, that is,--the book is written in the first person--to experience the most charitable emotions, even to sympathize with a dowdy female who clothed herself for trips afield in a yellowish raincoat and a sticky straw hat with nodding hearse plumes.

The only way to arrive at any certitude in the matter would be to see each of these two writers of fiction review the work of the other. At present we may wonder if the conduct of life is to be kept in bounds of kindness for any other purpose than that severity may be reserved in its full strength for literary criticism alone. One would scarcely assert that the number of books increases more rapidly than the population itself. . . . but then the doctrine of severity, though well exemplified in the critical writings of both Miss West and Miss Mansfield, is not to be extended into private life, where the latter of these two ladies is known as Mrs. John Middleton Murry and the former as a still unwedded Miss Cecily Fairfield.

Perhaps this is a clue to the requirements for a restoration of that lost critical Authority which the English find so indispensable: perhaps the illogic of an attempt to curtail the supply of poor books without placing a corresponding restriction upon the propagation of potential writers has something to do with the fundamental problem of criticism. If the Samuel Butler whose image one would never visualize as crowned by a tightly curled white wig had been able to reconcile the austere Athena of the Iliad with the perfect lady who goes by that name in the Odyssey, he might not have felt so sure that the hexameters which tell of the doings of Ulysses and Diomedes among the topless towers of Ilium were set down by an

authoress rather than by an author. And perhaps if the British could only recover their lost Palladium--or even acquire a new, less austere, more perfectly ladylike one--they would not need to control the steadily incremental production of men, women and books: for the offices of any Authoritative Critical Organ would unfailingly encompass a great drain by which appropriate disposition might be made of unnecessary persons and objects.

André Derain

By Léonie Nerdler

In the last six months, an excellent opportunity has been afforded New Yorkers to form an opinion upon the genius of André Derain. There were several of his works in the exhibition of French modernists at the Metropolitan Museum, in the Kelekian Collection and more recently in special shows at the Brummer and Daniel Galleries. This is fortunate, as it is essential to see many examples of this painter before claiming even a casual acquaintanceship.

Picasso and Derain are the two masters perhaps most characteristic of the present period in art. Their productions are singularly lacking in unity. Their art changes, not in regularly successive periods, but they seem to paint in several different periods at once. This is disconcerting, almost shocking to the public but, I believe, it is the greatest evidence of their sincerity. They have been on the rack of the intellectual inquisition. They have not always been able to answer to Nietzsche's description of the philosopher as a tight-rope dancer. They have frequently taken a tumble and have lost neither their dignity nor greatness, for the feat of easy balance was rendered well nigh impossible; they were walking in a darkness relieved only by the roman candles of exploding theories. Tradition was lost. The life of art is eternal only in the sense of its reincarnation. It dies often and remains unmourned for the whole generations. It dies generally under the weak dictatorship of those who bury its mystic symbolism beneath

the dogmas of an institution. Revolution, felt by a few as an imperious and instinctive need, can alone sweep clear the empty creed and resuscitate the faith that has been lost.

Cézanne, Renoir and Degas were the generals of the revolution. They were themselves integral factors of it; they kept their personalities intact and their work presents a homogeneous whole. But after them--the deluge! The revolution, magnificent to watch at the outset because sane and vigorous in the rightness of necessity, later caught up in its wake all the usual professional anarchists and constitutional malcontents. Every revolution becomes absurd when all the old gods are being torn down and only new ones are being honored in their place.

Derain and Picasso were at the fullness of their career during the upheaval, at the moment when revolution becomes a sort of carnival. Unlike Cézanne and Renoir, they were obliged to spend as much energy in resisting the revolutionary as the reactionary forces. This is perhaps the eternal problem of the philosopher or artist tight-rope dancer, but it has been inconceivably violent in their day. Every week sounded the trumpet blast of a new prophet, quickly over-thrown and disproved by his disciples. The spirit of the day was enough to distract an Angel such as Raphael. There was a time when the cognoscenti were taking The Nude Descending the Staircase quite seriously. They are still taking Matisse seriously--but I am getting into hot water.

Nietzsche's simile has proved particularly apt in the last few years. Nos enfants terribles, the cubists, in their reaction against literary painting, so entirely over-stepped the mark that

they eliminated everything down to the skeleton of their theory of form, thus producing the most literary of all arts--an art of metaphysical-mathematical ideas. They establish a language with the verb left out. And yet most good artists of the present day have succumbed to the fascination of the abstract idea. Jacob Epstein, one of the greatest living sculptors, indulged in cubism in his salad days. Now, he says naively that he found cubism a sterile field of geometrical formulae, that nature alone is exhaustible. This fact could only be lost sight of by artists living amid a cloud of aberrations. But aberrations followed through with the sincerity of the great man inevitably lead to the truth. In a sense, it is not even time lost.

The worst is over--temporarily, as the worst always is: I am speaking of the last ten years. In Paris there is already setting in the Napoleonic reorganization of anarchial forces. Young men are evolving an orderly code following the oldest tradition of art, animated by the cleansing spirit of revolt. Derain is an established master of the continent. Germany with its habitual passion for discovering new geniuses in the plastic arts, probably because it never produces any itself, possesses much of his best work.

One finds Derain an amazing personality. In any other period one might say he was simply a virtuoso playing various roles as his fancy dictated, but it is clear that he has passionately questioned every phase of artistic truth as it has presented itself in his day. The ability to change is the sign of the strong man--the seeker, and this Derain surely is. It is not with the enthusiasm and emotional conviction of the weak, directionless mind that Derain

plunges into succeeding theories: he does not shout "Eureka!" as each new vista opens before him. He analyses them all, forges through and abandons them with the immense seriousness of the man whose inner demands are so avid that even half-truths do not make him pause.

In Derain's work we note an enormous variety of influences; here, a landscape where Corot haunts him; there, a still-life in which is seen the influence of Courbet; nudes and landscapes conspicuously belonging to the school of Impressionism; frescoed heads, exceedingly naive, which bow to the Primitives; portraits which bespeak Cézanne. There is an equal variety of subjects and techniques. When Derain finds himself in a blind alley, he is too sincere to shut his eyes and walk about it in circles. He seems to say that truth does not lie in any one mode of seeing and thinking, nor force in a stylistic prejudice. Most of Derain's canvases have great decorative quality. He knows how to treat the third dimension on a flat surface, and does not forget that the *raison d'être* of a picture is to make a beautiful spot upon the wall.

Throughout his work there is solid construction and his color is exceptionally beautiful, intense, cold, lustreless in tone and masterfully valuated, but the whole effect is frequently a failure. There is an immense, vital chaoticism in his work, and it is only once in a great while that a picture emerges complete, serene--a perfect thing like the vase full of pink roses or the little landscape in the Kelekian collection.

Mr. Brummer told us in the preface to his catalogue that "as he was in the advance guard twenty years ago among men who took

what seemed the final steps in the study of light and color, as he was a notable figure in the modern research into design and form, so he is to-day the strongest influence among the artists who are handling the traditional elements of painting with the vision that has resulted from the varied experiments and the achievements of the recent schools."

Admitted that the extreme unevenness of Derian's work and its diversity of method disconcerts us: we must recognize that he is a very considerable force in painting, and if we take into account, as well, the difficulty of orientation in the midst of a revolution, it becomes clearer what should be his rank.

A glance at the little self-portrait, in pen and ink which hung at Daniel's: Derain's face is seen, almost sinister in the intensity of gaze turned inward upon himself; tortured attenuated features, deep vertical furrows--conscience lines between the eyes, deep lines along the nose, sagging jowls--a face that looks pulled in several different directions at once: a satyr-like curve to the eye-brows, a tending sensuous mouth, and eyes which express an idealism continually wounded by ironical self-questioning.

The Hairy Ape and the Close of the Season

By Gordon King

The arrival of Mr. Eugene O'Neill's Hairy Ape at the Plymouth, whence it comes from a little theatre in Greenwich Village, is another instance, and a particularly sensational one, of the rising attack upon realism on the stage, and it is at the same time the one significant contribution that the little theatre gave to Broadway this year. Although the play receives obvious appreciation from the public its reception in the hands of the critics reflects very little credit upon the standards of metropolitan newspaper criticism. As in the case of Three Soldiers, the recent novel that gave rise to so many hard words, the critics drew their weapons and opened fire. One party pronounced it a great tragedy, a primitive tragedy of the great American masses, while their opponents called it a despicable piece of unwholesome propaganda, a calumny on both the classes and the masses, and in general an insult to the human race.

The course of true criticism does not, as is commonly urged when the smoke of battle lifts, lie in a sort of no man's land midway between the trenches. It lies wholly aside and in an atmosphere quite peaceful. Though it is true that there is nothing hilarious in its ending, The Hairy Ape has nothing strictly tragic about it, and whether or not Mr. O'Neill can rightly be called a

propagandist is a question altogether moot so far as dramatic criticism is concerned. What outraged the opposing critics was that there were none of the usual elements of plot, namely: the mortgage, the romantic or the illegitimate love affair, or the clear case of mistaken identity. The person who writes a play without one or more of these does so at his peril. If one takes anything seriously enough to write a play about it one is said to be a propagandist. Before such a play the same critics who stomach the vulgar and the salacious without a grimace suddenly become aesthetes. The Hairy Ape, they said, was tantamount to thumbing the nose at beauty and disregarding the public morals as well.

But the Hairy Ape is a rattling good melodrama, the subject of which is thoroughly familiar and conventional, though more frequently used in fiction than upon the stage. It deals with the misunderstood character and in this instance the virtue begins at home, for he does not even understand himself.* The technique with which this subject is treated is unusual and refreshing, and the environment in which the action takes place is highly original and, to the hyper-civilized audience that it attracts, fairly startling.

* At bottom such a plot may be said to be a carefully disguised mistaken identity. In the same sense, however, that is true of such a novel as Anna Karenina or such a play as The Doll's House. What was meant in the preceding paragraph is such an element of plot as this: the butler, who is thought to be a thief, turns out to be a man of good moral character, or the detective, thought to be hot in pursuit of the criminal, is in fact the perpetrator of the crime.

The quotations are from memory and of course inaccurate.

The play is written in eight short scenes, in the first of which you are introduced to the stokehole of a transatlantic liner. Imagine Rodin's *Penseur* come to life in such a place. A man of huge frame and gigantic muscular development sits listening to the complaints of the other stokers. He tries to think and it is fairly apparent that he is not accustomed to the process. One of his comrades laments the passing of the sailing vessel where the seamen could live a healthy life above deck. Another talks socialism ineffectively. Finally Yank, the *penseur*, rises to his feet and makes a confused speech illustrated with hardy blows at his opponents. "You's guys make me sick. Yer don't belong. I belong, see? I aint kickin', see? I get healthy on this job; I'm steam and steel. I'm what makes the ship go, twenty-five knots an hour. You's guys is getting' too old; yer don't belong no more."* The scene is strikingly realistic. The stokers, half naked, are covered with sweat and coal dust; they lie about cursing, fighting, and drinking with an heroic carelessness, and you hear the constant pounding of the engines as the great ship rolls on.

We then find ourselves upon the hurricane deck. This scene, except for the delightful setting of smoke-stacks and sky, is a flat and unbelievable failure, the gist of which is that a wealthy young woman wishes to go slumming in the stokehole to see how the other half live aboard ship, and due to the influence of her father she is permitted to do so in the company of one of the junior engineers. Her arrival is the turning point of the play. Yank and the other stokers are standing in front of the boilers. An engineer,

* The quotations are from memory and of course inaccurate.

high above their heads and not visible to the audience, blows a whistle and they open the doors and shovel coal upon the fires. Yank seems to be the moving spirit of the shift; they open the doors at his word and close them when he thinks they have fed the fires enough. Suddenly the engineer whistles impatiently and Yank loses his temper. He looks above through the gallery and begins to curse him: "You don't belong neither! You think you're runnin' this ship. I'm what makes the ship go, not you." Meanwhile the young lady, dressed completely in white, comes into the stokehole with the young officer. She is struck with terror at the sight of Yank as he stands shaking his fists and cursing the officer above, and she screams at him with horror, "the hairy ape." Yank stops his cursing and turns to look at her. At first he thinks her a ghost, but as she falls fainting into the arms of the officer he is disillusioned and throws his great shovel violently after them, but misses the mark, as they retire.

From that moment the realism of the play yields in favor of impressionism, and things appear on the stage somewhat modified by the way in which they seem to strike the consciousness of the protagonist. He returns to the stokehole doubly the thinker. He wants to find the girl who called him the hairy ape; he would like to throw her into the furnace and then she would become fire and steam. Then she, too, would belong. His mind, never above that of a normal child of eight, becomes the victim of obsession. You see him looking for this woman in New York as the fashionable people pour out of a Fifth Avenue church. They come as phantoms, all top hats and top coats, and white, painted faces; they walk like wooden soldiers. He talks to them like one in a dream. He

is arrested; we see him in jail. There some one tells him of the I. W. W., and upon his liberation he visits them. Here Mr. O'Neill's impressionism is at its best, for he humorously represents the I. W. W. meeting as though it were a Y. M. C. A. or a church sociable. Yank is thrown out for a stool pigeon. You see him next at the foot of a flight of stairs, and these stairs, though the stage is very small indeed, are so artfully drawn in grotesque perspective that he looks as though he had fallen out of infinite space. He has at last thought out something, though his mind does not yet attain the level of intelligence. There's nothing for him in the Socialists, nor the I. W. W. From his point of view they are not to be distinguished from the Salvation Army. He staggers to his feet and carries himself to a menagerie. Standing in front of the gorilla he continues his monologue. The gorilla understands; together they should go forth into the world. He opens the cage, but when the gorilla steps out he crushes Yank, throws him into the cage and, after carefully shutting the door, walks away.

Mr. Louis Wolheim acted Yank with conspicuous skill. His exceptional bodily development fitted the part perfectly and his voice has the rare quality of suggesting vast physical strength without bellowing. Nor did he come before the footlights to make a special appeal for sympathy. The scenery of Mr. Robert Edmund Jones, though perhaps not as remarkable as some of his previous work, was a notable achievement. It would seem that Mr. Arthur Hopkins used the same settings uptown that were built for the miniature stage of the Provincetown Players in Macdougall Alley. They were therefore

extremely simple and occupied only a small part of the Plymouth stage. Emphasis was thrown upon the acting through most of the performance. The scene with the furnace doors open and the light from the fires shining out was very impressive, but it is difficult to see why the ovens were not placed in depth so that the red glow would shine out upon the wet backs of the stokers instead of directly into the orchestra, where the mechanical devices attracted too much attention. What was best in the staging was the simplicity and the reliance upon line to accomplish what could not have been otherwise accomplished upon so small a stage.

The best of Mr. O'Neill's work has come to us from the little theatre. *Beyond the Horizon* and *Anna Christie*, both evidently intended to meet the demands of the uptown stage, have a maudlin strain of sentiment. Like most realistic melodramas if you regard them with too much scrutiny they become as incredible as moving pictures. But in *The Emperor Jones* and *The Hairy Ape* the author seems to have regarded his subject with such steadfast vision that his picture became blurred. He set down the bare essentials and left the rest for the imagination. Both are in a sense monologues, and both of them are remarkably free from sex as an element of plot. Artistically they depart from realism and resort to a brilliant, colorful impressionism.

They have power and depth. What is lacking is form, grace, and restraint. There is an uncouth quality in Mr. O'Neill's workmanship that has nothing to do with the fact that his subjects are usually raw-boned. So, too, is his wisdom; moving as his plays are there is a confusion of thought and a clouded vision, an

inability to grapple with the spiritual forces that transform melodrama into tragedy.

But however interesting were the few plays that have been discussed in these articles, the year, taken as a whole, was a dark one in the annals of the theatre. There are other exceptions not taken up for lack of space, such as, *S. S. Tenacity*, a French comedy by Charles Vildrac produced by Mr. Augustan Duncan, and *The Deluge*, a Swedish play of Henning Berger produced by Mr. Arthur Hopkins. Both of these possessed, if they failed to sustain, real dramatic merit. But for the most part what was not purely fatuous entertainment, was burlesque pretending to be satire, farce pretending to be comedy, and exhibitions of vulgarity pretending to be comedy of manners. There were no striking instances of fine acting this year, nothing to add to one's memory of histrionic achievement, and even in the minor art of stagecraft, upon which producers lay so much emphasis these days, nothing new revealed itself.

The even tenor of tediousness in the commercial theatre may perhaps be explained by the condition of business generally. The formula for a successful theatrical venture, if there is such a thing, is a complex matter that varies from year to year. The plays stand or fall on their merits rarely, as the theatre in New York reflects first of all, not the tastes of the public, but the condition of real estate speculation in the neighborhood of Long-acre Square. For example just at the close of the war there was a marked shortage of theatres and the demand for entertainment was very great. At that time the commercial theatre had merely to open its doors to secure a house. The producers then competed for

standing room, and the standees had the final word. But this situation has been altered by the building of more houses and the decline in the public's demand for theatrical entertainment. Producers now fight to get a reasonably full house and most of the work of the year aimed at being safe hits. No one dared to take chances. Innocuous revivals occurred, and upon the whole plays were neither as good nor as bad as during the last two years.

Another thing that characterized this dull year was the impetus given to the cause of censorship, which cannot be said to have been a just retribution for the plays produced. There was no provocation; never were the public morals so scrupulously guarded. Nor can this outburst of moral enthusiasm be justly said to arise because the present censorship is not sufficiently effective. The two plays that served as targets for this fire were *The Demi-virgin*, a farce by Mr. Avery Hopwood produced by Mr. A. H. Woods, and *The Rubicon*, a French piece of doubtful classification produced by Mr. Henry Baron. The first of these was hauled into court where it seems to have had its day and established its innocence beyond further dispute. It contains nothing but a lot of silly talk, though a good play could undoubtedly be written upon the subject if treated seriously and sincerely by a competent playwright and if the censorship that we already possess did not have the capricious habit of lighting upon the sincere more heavily than upon the insincere. The same subject was well treated by a French novelist, under the same title, some twenty or thirty years ago. Mr. Hopwood aroused most opposition by a scene in which some ladies indulge in a game of "strip-poker," but this scene resembled a sleight of hand more

nearly than an indecent exposure, for the more the ladies took off the more they seemed to have on. Surely in recent years at any rate, no women ever wore so much clothing. The Rubicon is best criticised by assuming that it lost a great deal in translation. It came to us in a form so frightfully stupid that it had to be propped up amidstips with a vaudeville act.

As it is everywhere admitted that the present censorship has reduced the morality of the stage very considerably, particularly with regard to truthfulness of observation, it is fairly apparent that the new reformers do not design censorship in any ordinary sense of the word. It must be ascribed to the prohibition movement, to the general attack upon the liberty and property of the individual since the war, and to the example of the motion picture industry. The clue may be found in the type of thing the new reformers wish to set up. According to the new idea plays should be censored before the public has a chance to decide whether it approves of them or not. They are to be censored before they are produced, if possible, before they are written, but certainly before much money has been spent. Our reformers, among whom there are to their everlasting shame a great many actors, producers, and playwrights, want to make the theatre an industry. Close censorship means a standardized article; it guarantees the safe hit. It stabilizes losses and profits. It isn't fair for Mr. Woods to be making money when there are other houses, just as good in point of real estate values, that are empty.

Let no one deceive himself by thinking that the new censorship may be a good thing, and that it is aimed at eliminating the

immoral play. If the history of art teaches anything it teaches the impossibility of raising either moral or artistic standards by legal censorship. The fact that there are so many supporters of the movement among the producers and playwrights and in the Actors' Equity Association proves the insincerity of the affair. Their real aim is to transform the theatre from a competitive business to a stable industry. With plays and acting as standardized as, let us say, motor gasoline, property near Times and Longacre Squares would be less of a speculation and more of an investment.

Competitive business may be cruel, a wasteful, a vicious school of art, but it remains the only school of art that we have. The new censorship with its carefully packed juries, and its agreements that sign away the artist's right of contract, is the instrument of close co-operation, of standardized products, of the obliteration of free competition, and it means an end to artistic creation. Once in force all the rest is mechanics. The victory for industry, however, is not yet clear. By the time this goes to press business will assert itself again. Following the new Ziegfeld Follies, which opened the fifth of June, early bids will be made for popularity during the coming year.

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VOLUME III

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Chill

By Amy Lowell

I thought of myself as a walnut
Hung above fallen leaves,
Desperately clinging and jerking
At the edge of a hollow wind.

I counted the leaves below me,
Scuffling and grating together.
I feared lest my withered stem
Should drop me too soon upon them.

The hollow wind played music,
Running over the branches.
The sapless chords of the branches
Whined a shrunken, glimmering tune.

The moon with a humpbacked shoulder
Shook a cloud off as though it were water,
And her light dripped down like water
Over the crackling leaves.

And shadows rose from the tree-trunks,
Cocking their legs and their ankles,
Dancing a dance of snapped elbows,
Distorting the beds of the leaves.

The owls flew shrieking above them,
Field-mice, their long tails twisted,
Ran like an army of ants
Gnawing and nudging each other.

And the wind played cymbals and tubas
To the beat of a tarantella,
Rocking in broken circles,
Chaining the tops of the trees.

And I was the kettle-drum tapping,
Tap-tapping my shell on the branch,
Terribly pulled and contorted,
Fearing the dance of the shadows.

Then there came to me the vision of a hepatica
Standing thinly out of a mold of Winter leaves,
Star-white, calling Good-morning to a soft sky.

Gently swayed the white hepatica,
Drinking the wet mold.
I felt the roots streaming through it,
I felt the moisture rising into the white petals.
I saw the sun reach down and answer the bright
 hepatica.

I loosened my stem and fell--fell--
Into blackness,
For the cloud had re-captured the moon.

The Irony of Admiration

By George Stevens

It has for several weeks been fashionable to begin discussions of all sorts with quotations from, or at least reference to, Aldous Huxley. Not only, however, for the purpose of keeping up appearances, is one of the now celebrated Miss Penny's remarks a suitable beginning for a disquisition on certain aspects of present-day American criticism. The remark concerned the American sale of Nuns at Luncheon, and was to the effect that there would be no such American sale. We may take it that Miss Penny, though not altogether a serious-minded person, meant what she said in this connection; and of course Aldous Huxley agreed with her. But in fact Aldous Huxley, especially in *Mortal Coils*, has happened to evoke one of the two or three universal and often recurring epidemics among American critics. The tendency in this case is to repetitious eulogy--by no means necessarily unqualified, but, collectively, widespread.

To complete the illustration, and then have done with Mr. Huxley: Heywood Broun, astonishingly eclectic, during the baseball season, as to his reading, has recently found time to write three or four vaguely commendatory paragraphs on Mr. Huxley; H. L. Mencken, always eclectic, in his way, considers him no ordinary fellow; and F. Scott Fitzgerald has increased the number of his own rivals for popular approval, by branding him the wittiest man, after Max Beerbohm, now writing in English. Now the tastes of such representative reviewers as Mr. Mencken and Mr. Broun, and of such egregious novelists as Mr. Fitzgerald, adumbrate the tastes of a very considerable

public; and the American sale of Nuns at Luncheon is accordingly fairly remarkable.

Whatever the function of criticism should be, and granted that the ideal is seldom enough realized--for with respect to the more widely read American critics, Croce and J. E. Spingarn are thoroughly visionary--one actual incidental function of all criticism at present consists in recommendation and dissuasion. Critics develop their followings largely through the readers' estimation of the reliability of their judgment; the readers, in fact, are themselves anxious to find recommendations. But this estimation of a critic's integrity, or congeniality, of taste, is not necessarily the result of experience of his taste; quite as often, apparently, of the reviewer's own facility. Thus, often a reviewer is taken as an end in himself, and his recommendations, incidental, are usually acceptable because of some engaging quality peculiar to him. Heywood Brown has countless followers, in spite of his present unbookish proclivities; no one undertakes to read half the things H. L. Mencken recommends; and somehow publishers find it advantageous to quote the favorable words of Franklin P. Adams.

It seems that a process of popularisation by critics, while commercially agreeable to favored authors, might come in time to undermine their self-confidence--in spite of the fact that the usual result is the reverse of this. For if genius and taste are identical, widespread appreciation, and still more the fashion of fervid admiration, leave the original genius, in whatever degree his genius be estimable, in a position altogether unoriginal. The father of a school, his contemporaries recognise him only as a member of it;

they, too, have become members. The tendency, realised as admiration of contemporaries goes on long enough, is towards equalization of admirer and admired. This circumstance is unfortunate. The critic may not be considerably promoted, but the reputation of the creator is degraded, for they have made a fad of him. The process of disintegration through admiration occurs only to the contemporaries of the faddists. If Mr. J. V. A. Weaver assumed a sudden fondness for Lucretius, it would disturb no one; either the enthusiasm would not be contagious, or it would be too uninformed to be destructive.

Each critic collects unto himself a few enthusiasms, which may or may not be discoveries of his own. They seem excessively inelastic with their enthusiasms, in spite of the fads they choose, on the side, now and then to follow. Mencken, constantly watching for a great American novel, makes a pet of Theodore Dreiser. Heywood Broun measures new books by the standards of Wells and Shaw. Likewise the rest of the younger generation; it is not that they have no standards; rather, on the whole, that they have inexplicable ones. As to the fads--enthusiasms temporarily common to a whole class of commentators--the most important just at present, for example, is not a person, but a system, namely, psychoanalysis. This is about to be superseded by attention to hormones; when the process is completed, the dignity of psychoanalysis no doubt will grow, the subject having become remoter.

Some critics, however, prefer to grow garrulous over their distastes rather than speak highly of their discoveries. Perhaps it is that they have more distastes than enthusiasms, and fancy the idea of equal representation for all subjects which interest them.

Sometimes the desire of the critic is to reform things. It becomes increasingly obscure whether this latter is one of Mr. Broun's motives. It is certainly not one of Mr. Mencken's, who says merely that it diverts him to chase mountebanks. Mr. Mencken is the outstanding example of the usually unfavorable critic, putting in much more energy on it than the other constituent of the Smart Set, content to be in bed and asleep at eight-forty-five rather than allow Mr. Belasco to irk him too much.

The fact is, it actually seems to be easier to criticise bad things than good ones. There are some reasons why it ought to be otherwise. Certainly recommendation to readers is more useful than dissuasion, and much more than such repetitious dissuasion as one is accustomed to. And after all, a critic who genuinely appreciates some of the rather enormous numbers of things that can be appreciated, is more important than one who spends most of his time oblivious to them. And, like the tendency to go in for fads, the tendency to do as much unfavorable reviewing as possible has become an epidemic among American critics. Criticism is managed now largely by the so-called younger men. To be critical rather than appreciative gives them, somehow, it seems, the appearance of maturity. Enthusiasm always contains an element of adolescence lurking in it. There are plenty of things the critics are enthusiastic over, but to talk too much of these would lessen their prestige; a certain element of gloominess--at about the standards of the New Republic--is necessary to the appearance of competence. It is not overcritical to condemn a bad piece of work, but it is overcritical to condemn the same thing more than three or four times, using space that could be given to more

stimulating ideas, or for that matter to condemnation of another bad novel. This specious fastidiousness, practised by American book-reviewers, become first platitudinous and obvious; later vulgar; and it is likely to develop into a real absence of appreciation. Dramatic critics are immune from this generalisation, for they are under obligation to attend all the plays that are produced, and seldom enough have an opportunity even to indulge in a fad.

Those among the critics, on the other hand, who do not fall within Mr. Mencken's group, unfortunately, are one of the causes of the tendency, for they are older, and they go to the other extreme. One must read rather sedulously such men as Stuart Sherman and William Lyon Phelps and Clayton Hamilton before one comes upon any striking denunciation of any important person or institution; and in the course of this quest one comes upon considerable over-praising, and many enthusiasms for books and plays--notably, on account of Mr. Nathan's activities, plays--which the younger men justly scorn or overlook. This enthusiasm, in intensity rather moderately agreeable than fiery, generally takes the form of recommendation; surprisingly so, for one would expect this professorial group at least to classify objects historically. Professor Phelps has heartily recommended all the works of Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson, and this recommendation is typical. And while the recommendations of this group are by no means causes or results of fads, the effect on authors is the same as the recommendations of F. Scott Fitzgerald, John Farrar, J. V. A. Weaver, and other like these, whose criticisms one so often sees in publishers' advertisements. For recommendations are, under certain conditions, discouraging.

No wonder, then, Mr. Mencken--taking so individual a critic because in this he is representative--reiterates his platitudinous objections to Dr. Frank Crane, Methodism, and the B. P. O. E. But he should know by this time that his readers no more than himself hold with Dr. Frank Crane et al. A critic whose *bête noir* is John Roach Straton is essentially unimaginative, even unobservant; and if he spends much time discussing, in this light or any other, John Roach Straton, he squanders it. Carol Kennicott was on a slightly higher plane than the natives of Gopher Prairie whom she detested; and those who detest Carol Kennicott, aside from the natives of Gopher Prairie, are on a slightly higher plane than hers; others are more indifferent, or for some reason are interested in her as a character.

This preoccupation of Mr. Mencken's with the futile and the banal has made his style inflexible and tiresome in spite of his vocabulary. It has robbed him of any tendencies he ever had to give more response to art than a dispassionate, objective, paternal encouragement; and this is in spite of his having shown a capacity really to enjoy art, chiefly music. Even one of his earliest and best books--George Bernard Shaw: His Plays, the first book written on Shaw--contains little more than synopses of Shaw's earlier dramatic works, and a few dozen pages of gossip. Shaw, remarkably, does not mention this book in his portrait of himself. One other instance: the short introduction to Cabell's *The Line of Love* amounts to a condemnation of John S. Sumner, the observation that the joke of the Jurgen episode was on the American public, and the rather flat assurance that Mr. Cabell is a competent artist, in contradistinction to Mr. Maurice Hewlett. Mr. Mencken's influence on American criticism has

been largely in the direction of ponderosity. Appreciation is of greater importance than adjectives, cleverness, and pieces of hate, which are Mr. Mencken's contribution, and claim to greatness; and, also, as to that, Mr. Broun's, and likewise those of all the less colorless men of this school, now in question.

A certain cleverness, it seems, goes with dissuasion, while adjectives are handmaids to recommendation. Appreciation, however, is usually accompanied by a good style. Mr. Seldes, for example, and the temporarily lamented Mr. Hackett, write well, and have something to say. But--passing over these--those who do not write well, and say little, might do more if they chose to respond to what they like. A certain number of eccentric enthusiasms after all add individuality, and are merely strange--like Burton Rascoe's taste for E. H. Paul's *Indelible*--much more admirable than Heywood Broun's tendency to fall in with the crowd in his almost unqualified admiration for middle-western novels and middle-western *vers libre*, H. L. Mencken's effective encouragement to writers to write badly, and similar general deficiencies in taste and scholarship among the members of the younger generation.

When H. G. Wells and Rebecca West agree in their critical opinions of a novel like *Growth of the Soil*, the phenomenon only excites curiosity. But discovery in America at once develops into fashion, and this success brings on countless imitators. One's enthusiasms are criticised by being brought into contrast with persons who ought not to be mentioned in the same breath, to the detriment of the latter, perhaps, but to the entirely questionable glory of whatever extraordinary fellow the critic has hit upon.

This journalistic criticism makes the smallest demand on both the critic and the reader; it is easy enough to fall into an imitative movement, sponsored by contributors to Vanity Fair, and it is easy to point out the well-known deficiencies of Mayor Hylan, Dr. Crane, President Harding, Eleanor H. and Gene Stratton Porter, Harold Bell Wright, Brander Matthews and Calvin Coolidge. It is more difficult to appreciate say, Lytton Strachey, to sum him up in a few words; and he has not been thoroughly popularized. But even Lytton Strachey would be in some degree spoiled if Harcourt, Brace and Company advertised what F. Scott Fitzgerald might say about him, and if he subsequently did a series of articles for John Peale Bishop.

RICHMOND

By Emily Clark

It is an unpardonable audacity for a person with no communication whatever with the spiritual world to touch a subject which is largely intangible. Richmond, except for the small section formerly known as "the court end of town" is not expressed tangibly. The physical city, fortunately, is not the spiritual city. Richmond means to everyone who knows it chiefly the people who live there. With inevitable exceptions beautiful houses have not been built here since the Civil War, although there are many expensive ones. Aside from the green glory of trees which sets this city apart from most others of its size, the charm that belongs to the Virginia counties and estates departs from Richmond several miles below the locality where all of one's friends live, and the recollection that a few miles down the James are Shirley, Brandon, Westover and Tuckahoe, like Sleeping Beauty Palaces in a lost wood, must be held close. Down town, in the face of shabbiness, dirt and a rooming-house mustiness which penetrates even into the streets outside, there is peace, loveliness and, in special spots, at certain hours, enchantment. In Leigh and Clay and Marshall Streets there are rows of houses of soft red brick, or faded yellow, or grayish stucco, with wide halls and gracious porticoes, shadowy with magnolia and crape myrtles;

houses decorated in summer with shirt-sleeved men, and women with exhausted faces, occasionally by Africa itself, picturesque but also, in this neighborhood, blasphemous. For this belonged to the men and women who made Richmond one of the few places west of England where soft and charming, if sometimes piquant English was spoken, and people lived leisurely and in the grand manner.

While in New York and Boston and Philadelphia there was a dignified society, it could never be irresponsible, was never an end in itself, nor purely decorative, for the great fortunes which preserve those cities today from many of the evils which have overtaken Richmond were then in the making. They were being made by men who were attempting at the same time to make a social system, and an entirely successful social system cannot be utilitarian. Here, it was quite otherwise. There was no visible industrial life, as the means of living was furnished by a system of labor self-evidently impractical and impermanent, but which created a social surface impossible of attainment in any other way, which will not be again, a surface unrivalled. A hint of this can be caught sometimes on spring mornings, or better still, on hot September afternoons, when the sunlight at "the court end of town" lies over the worn brick sidewalks so thick and yellow that it seems ready to be scooped up, and the blue haze beyond the pillars of the White House of the Confederacy--now the Confederate Museum--leads straight to Lotus Land, or, it might better be called in Virginia, the Land of Lost Leisure.

Then it is that the figures who were familiar to these streets at different periods, the old Chief Justice in the austere doorway

of the Marshall House, Constance Cary, before whom all austerity melted even in the grimness of Civil War days, or the great General himself, are not only possible but real. In Virginia, of course, the chevalier sans peur et sans reproche is Lee, although this was Washington's home. Except for the Marshall House, the Confederate Museum, the house which was first Wickham, then Valentine, and now the Valentine Museum, and Mr. Edward Valentine's studio, few of these dwellings have been preserved for ends even approximating their original uses. Away to the southwest, however, definitely facing down both business and slums, several delightful old houses stand, protected by their high gray garden walls, continuing to shelter the authentic descendants of their builders. Among these is Miss Ellen Glasgow's. But surrounding the scene of the confederate administration there is neither business nor slums, only apathy and decay. Because of this, on blue and yellow afternoons, when the householders are too much occupied within to sit in the porticoes and the stillness is broken only by an occasional cart, for motors are infrequent here, it is for a moment imaginable that people are again unaffectedly careless and suave and that there is literally nothing to do, anywhere.

I never leave this part of town without wanting to stay, and wishing there could be a social surge backward, as there already is in New York towards the East River. That movement must begin quickly, or it will be too late, for the stucco is crumbling and some of the most entrancing of the white marble mantels, with the fat-cheeked cherubs and thick clusters of grapes, are being transported to glistening, pseudo-Colonial houses uptown. And all the

time there are mellowed houses here that cannot be again, with magnolias that take generations to grow, ready and waiting to be taken. I have already extracted a promise from one person to move there if she can persuade six other people to accompany her, but the six who will form a nucleus have not yet been collected. Of course, everything of importance did not occur in this locality, but most things of social importance did, and that has always been primary here. Uptown, there are not only innumerable reminders of the War, meaning '61 to '65, but of Revolutionary times and of Bacon's Rebellion, long before the Revolution was conceived. These spots are marked often only by sleek stone tablets set in the walls of commonplace dwellings, stating that certain things happened here and certain people stood here. There is probably no city in the United States so wasteful of inherited beauty and dignity as Richmond, partly for the reason that Virginia was so rich in possessions of this sort that they were taken easily for granted, and partly from an ingrained aversion to what is troublesome. Colonial landmarks disappeared at one time with alarming rapidity, although the wholesale annihilation is now being checked. Lesser landmarks, too, associated with such picturesque people as Poe and Aaron Burr, have become infrequent.

The political rulers of Richmond had almost to be mobbed in order to save the square old gray bell tower in the gray and green Capitol Square, where the alarm was sounded in the Civil War when the Federal troops--better known then as Yankee--were about to enter Richmond after the Seven Days' Fight. These same political rulers were restrained by force from painting the statues of the great

Virginians on the Washington Monument in the Square, whose dim greenness is the admiration of all lovers of bronze, a nice, new, shiny black, to prove how truly progressive this new South has become. In fact they had already begun their work when the horrid news got abroad, and the mild-mannered, long-suffering population arose in mutiny. But the Governor's House in the same Square remains unmolested and unafraid, probably the oldest and the most nearly perfect in the United States. The Westmoreland Club has lately been snatched from the jaws of death in the form of a new building uptown, and Richmond is gradually recovering from the nightmare picture of the brilliant Mrs. Stanard's former home, where generals, statesmen, Dickens, Thackeray, and the--then--Prince of Wales, were made comfortable if not happy, diverted into civic rather than social channels. General Lee's wartime house has stood without threat of change. And the bricks from Poe's Literary Messenger building, destroyed by the inscrutable guardians of public safety, now form a pergola in the garden of the old stone house of King James' time, once called Washington's Headquarters, which has been transformed into a Poe memorial; the only house in Virginia that carries the initials of Jacobus Rex carved in one of its stones. For these, and other reasons, we are not utterly without hope.

Another radical change in the life of Richmond is the complete extinction of the line of beauties and belles, now fabulous as the gods and heroes. These did not vanish with the War, for several traditions, including the tradition, or cult, of beauty, lasted through and long after the Reconstruction. They were, of course,

all a part of the same aesthetic ideal, literature, leisure, and the best obtainable in horses and drinks. All of this, naturally, is gone. I can remember, as a small child, running quite around a block, to see Miss May Handy, now Mrs. James Brown Potter, pass. No one would walk around a block now to see anyone pass. Whether it is beauty or the worship of beauty which has died would be difficult to say. But it is certain that if Miss Mary Triplett could once more drive down Franklin Street on a sunny afternoon, graciously on view in her victoria, with her hair as dazzlingly blonde as ever it was, the passing crowd would not properly appreciate its luck in the lady's choice of a victoria instead of a limousine. Nor would the historic after-dinner announcement at the Old White Sulphur that "beauty, grace and wit make a Triplett" bring a multitude of men to their feet with glasses ringing. There were, from time to time, women with international as well as local reputation for beauty and charm, such as Amélie Rives, now the Princess Pierre Troubetzkoy, and the Langhornes, notably Mrs. Charles Dana Gibson and Lady Astor, M. P., the latter more lately turned to utilitarian aims. At present, there are numbers of women who are pretty enough, smart enough and charming enough to be satisfactory, but not sufficiently any of these to change the course of human events, or to be able to afford any exceptionally erratic habits and caprices. This may possibly mean that beauty is more plentiful and less concentrated, and that startling speech and erratic habits are too much an everyday matter to remain either startling or erratic. Or it may mean that men grow more phlegmatic and less imaginative as they grow more preoccupied. Certainly

there are legends of old Richmond which make the current gossip of young Richmond since 1918 less breath-taking than might be supposed. Perhaps only beauties, wits and belles were granted those indulgences once that are now the property of everyone. The beauty cult lasted late, because it was nourished by survivors of ante-bellum Richmond and it was the special part of their tradition with which it was hardest to part. But the rest, the tradition of culture, died long before. There is, of course, education in its most frightful meaning, that of preparation for some special sort of work, but preparation to enjoy life to the full with every aesthetic sense, has been rare since 1861. The followers of the early ideal were forced to ignore it while they raked the ashes from their devastated country and used their hands for unaccustomed purposes. And the job, with its consequences, was less disastrous for the dashing figures who passed through the flames than for the drab ones who were born in the ashes. They and their sons attended to it with such unprecedented spirit that physically the South has been saved, for there is much money now in this tobacco-scented city, and there will be much more.

Aesthetically its salvation is still appallingly distant, for such undivided attention has been, and is being given, to numbers, size and "prograss" that we badly need to be reminded "that little Athens was the Muses' home, that Florence gave the Renaissance to Rome." Richmond is curiously unaware of this seemingly platitudinous fact. A distinguished man recently asked, rather bewilderedly and with the best intentions, of a Richmond person: "But if there is really no public library there, what do you do when you have

to look up something obscure?" And the Richmond person who was asked the question replied in all seriousness, "I telephone Mr. James Branch Cabell." Music too, is heard in Richmond at incredibly infrequent intervals, and pictures worth looking at, except in the houses of those who inherit good portraits, are scarce. Money is now in our midst, but it is not spent for these things. The people who want them can find them conveniently close at hand in New York, and do not bother to bring them here. It is spent to make things bigger and more imposing. This is a natural consequence of the Reconstruction, when as much as possible that was material had to be salvaged. But this reason is not a permanent one, and it can remain valid but very little longer. In the meantime, what is not physical has been almost destroyed, with the shining exception of social Richmond. Where other fine arts have been neglected the art of living never has been, never is, neglected here. It is not rash to say that we live more serenely and gracefully here than in any other place I know. There is much placid conversation, carried on usually in voices that are easy to listen to, and if we talk about each others' affairs a good deal, it is with an intimately friendly interest oftener than malice. There is less actual leisure here today than in the North and West, for the excellent reason that there is even now less money. In spite of this, by a lovely miracle the people we think of as Richmond have managed to preserve the appearance of leisure, and consider it bad form to seem in a hurry, or too much in earnest about what they are doing, even on the grim occasions when they are working hard for necessities, or playing hard to reduce weight. Every

Virginian in his heart loves leisure, and tries to represent his ideal in his person. We do not, whatever we may sometimes pretend, love work for work's sake in the praiseworthy fashion of the rest of this country, nor have we, as a rule, the mental attitude or the physical vitality which impels the North to play games hard and take them seriously. It may be the climate--at any rate, that is what we say.

In other places I often hear of cold people, or difficult people, or alarmingly arrogant people who must be carefully considered. Here, almost no one is cold. Here, almost all of us are as pleasant as we know how to be, and if we fail to please it is through no intentional fault of ours. The population, generally speaking, is fairly amiable and well-bred. It is part of the code, especially the feminine code, to do or say what the person or the situation of the moment seems to require. As for the masculine code--one of its most polished exemplars recently said to me that "good manners have died in Virginia since dueling was stopped." I do not entirely agree with him. The men of Virginia are frequently polite when not compelled to be at the point of a smoking pistol, but it is undeniable that the prospect of pistols and coffee at dawn made both men and women walk warily. For, though women did not fight duels they were often responsible for them--this distinction, it must be admitted, they shared equally with cards and horses--and the last one which took place in this state, not so very long ago, was because of the blonde-haired lady who so considerately drove in a victoria in the sunshine. However--here is this for what it is worth. A man who has spent much time here and

in many other cities, remarked once that although he had met many trivial persons in Richmond, he had never met a vulgar one. And he seemed to think the fact worth mentioning.

Though there is much futility here there is not a great deal of boredom, and surprisingly little feverishness, by comparison, of course, with other places. We have, it goes without saying, our feverish moments, among which are the week-end dances at the Country Club, acknowledged to be one of the loveliest of all Country Clubs and one of the most free and easy, there being practically no requirements for membership except the ability to pay dues. The ability to pay dues, however, is not the only requirement for entrance to other places than the Country Club, although it is a far more important requirement than it used to be. There are a few places left where it is still the least of the requirements, but these are increasingly rare. Among some of the older people a fiction prevails of a society still built on an aristocracy of birth. It is a pleasing and romantic fiction, but nothing more. Many of the people who represent social Richmond at glittering gathering places in America and Europe have been part of it for only a few years, and have bought their places in happy unawareness of a social system that ended before their own began. In New York, and at many resorts, North and South, Richmond is advertised by people who, after all, are not essentially Richmond, though they are, beyond doubt, a smart, amusing and ornamental frosting. Money is extremely desirable, here as elsewhere, but in spite of this the old lady who is the grande dame par excellence of Richmond, whose word is law to a circle that includes money as

caste and whose displeasure is to be dreaded, is financially not nearly so fortunate as the people she rules. I am not sure that this state of affairs could exist in any other city of this size. It is, among so many hideous consequences, a happy result of the Reconstruction, of the years when to have any money at all left was a disgrace, signifying that the wealthy one was in league with the Powers of Darkness through their representatives on earth, the Federal Government, up in the cold, black, uncompromising North. People spoke quite openly and proudly of their lack, and the resultant deficiencies, making Richmond today peculiarly free from that shoddiest and most vulgar form of American bluff, the struggle to hold up one's end, and the humiliating necessity for social sponging. A woman from another section of the country says it is the first place she has found where people constantly say blandly and cheerfully, "I can't afford it," whether it is a hat, a motor car, or high stakes at bridge.

Moreover, I can think of no other place where frequent parties composed of people with exactly the same amount of intellect, information and experience would be endurable. Those who can do nothing and say nothing worth doing or saying usually manage it with a reasonable degree of grace and plausibility. This too, in some cases, since 1919, without the same amount or quality of liquid aid that is depended on elsewhere, partly, no doubt, because Richmond is not a seaport town. Therefore strangers are impressed with the fact that people can sometimes regard each other with perfectly clear eyes and unclouded minds and find each other not unendurable--sometimes. As for aesthetic Richmond, or

anaesthetic Richmond, there is noticeable, within the last few years among a minority of people, a ripple that may possible swell to a wave, of interest in ideas, and the life of ideas. Ideas are at times even admitted socially into conversation. Whether this is a temporary fad or the beginning of a gradual change no one can say yet. But this much is certain: if ideas should ever become vital to us we are capable of making them more presentable in drawing-rooms than they are at the moment in New York or Chicago. For we shall, simply and naturally, deal with our ideas as we deal with our present work and play, with no appearance of haste, and not too much excitement or earnestness, nor an urge to rush into print with them with bits of eggshell still clinging to them. We do not take business or bridge, or golf or law, or horses or Africans, as hard as they take them in the North. We treat them all with gentle, even humorous indulgence. And when the Middle West has grown accustomed to its discovery of itself, and to New York's discovery of it, and our turn comes, we shall treat our own brand-new ideas and those of others in the same manner. We, who had discovered ourselves and had been discovered, while New York was still a Dutch traders' post and the Middle West had not yet begun to be, could not possibly be swept off our feet in the event of re-discovery by our great-grandchildren. We shall, however, smile graciously, for the very old invariably appreciate attention from the young, though they seldom make an effort to get it. If we produce ideas worth discovering there will be nothing like it this side of Europe, for a gently humorous attitude to ideas is foreign to the American cities where that amazing American product,

known as the Young Intellectuals, flourishes like the green bay-tree. We shall never become excited about ourselves or our complexes or our ideas.

Philosopher

By Dubose Heyward

They fight your battles for you every day,
The zealous ones who sorrow in your life,
Undaunted by a century of strife
With urgent fingers still they point the way
To drawing-rooms in decorous array,
And moral heavens where no casual wife
May share your lot; where dice and ready knife
Are barred, and feet are silent when you pray.

But you have music in your shuffling feet,
And spirituals for a lenient Lord
Who lets you sing your promises away.
You hold your sunny corner of the street,
And pluck deep beauty from a banjo chord--
Philosopher whose future is to-day.

Melusina at Lusignan

By Virginia Taylor McCormick

I onetime stood at Lusignan and thought
I saw upon the battlemented towers
A shadow, dim and coloured glistening blue,
And Melusina, I was sure that you
Leaned on that railing carven, black and wrought
With figures strange and long forgotten flowers;
And on your head a crown of sea-weed green
And shadowy grey: so sorrowing your mien
My tears sprang salt at recollections of
Your ill-formed children and your deep, proud love
For Raymond, he who failed before desire
To give you trust, the only pledge you asked,
When yielding to his heart's white, ambient fire,
You from the sea's strong bonds emerged and masked
Your mermaid body in earth-woman's guise
And answered him with passion in your eyes.

Ah, Melusina, time has quenched the stain
Of your deception; in your grief-dulled brain
Still ring the echoes of his words and cries
Of little children. So succeeding kings
Who hunt at Lusignan hear broken sighs,
And all the star-paled rustling forest sings
With your transcendant sorrow as you wait,
Faint blue-bound shadow, sea-nymph, woman, ghost,
Through centuries a Peri at the gate
Where love once made your soul its holocaust.

THE REVIEWER

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ATLANTA

By Frances Newman.

Perhaps the fortunate inhabitants of the most ancient American commonwealth see at least subtle distinctions among themselves, but those persons who must regret their slight knowledge of such high matters may be pardoned for believing that no one of its towns enjoys a heartening sense of superiority to all of its other towns. Those cities which are merely the fine flower of their state are doubtless the happiest cities--Boston, for example, the quintessence of Massachusetts. But Charleston looks down her aquiline nose at most of the state through which the Ashley and the Cooper flow to unite at her feet and form the ocean, and Savannah speaks only, in her own state, to Augusta. Savannah and Charleston bow to each other across the river, but there is a curious difference between them--in Charleston one is either a Pringle or a Middleton or a Blake or a Rutledge or a Pinckney, or at least a Ravenel or a Huger, or one isn't, and there is no more to be said about it than if a Charlestonian Debrett had them all down in black and white; in Savannah, no two families will admit that the other "goes out" and usually they will tell you that the father of the other family wore his first dress suit at a dinner to which the father of the family which is speaking invited him for business reasons. And still, Savannah is getting on for two hundred years--no great matter

in the eyes of Cheops of Egypt--or in the eyes of Atlanta, but a great matter in the eyes of Savannah, where, little as any one will believe it, people are said to pride themselves on ancestors who emigrated with the philanthropic Oglethorpe. But Savannah is far from being the only town in Georgia which sniffs at Atlanta--we are too young, too complacent, too prosperous in our upstart fashion, to be any more popular with our fellow Georgians than the United States of America are with those European nations which are rather older than Savannah. Atlanta, so far as one may judge by one night spent in Macon when Josef Hofmann happened to be playing there, one spent in Savannah, at the age of eleven, one spent in Athens, where the University of Georgia has its seat, is like the rest of Georgia only in its constantly excavated red clay foundation. Unless a man chooses a peripatetic profession like the law, he may be christened and buried by the Bishop of Atlanta, knowing no more of Georgia than may be revealed by the impressive and easily distinguished flock of legislators which can be seen about our streets in July and August. Not that there is much basis for the legend which attributes the vitality of Atlanta to constantly arriving immigrants from the frozen north who come down to supply energy to a people exhausted by those actinic rays of the sun which our latitude makes so deleterious to the great race: there was once a certain Mr. H. I. Kimball who built the Kimball House which still grimly survives to shelter political headquarters and there was a certain Governor Rufus Bullock who ran away with a carpet bag and there were some astute business men from New England who conceived the idea of building a railroad through a part of Georgia still so virgin that the railroad

is not about to be pulled up by the roots like a pithy radish. Of course, a distressing number of r's roll about the streets in a fashion which no native Georgian could possibly manage, but these ordinarily issue from the throats of southeastern representatives and her prosperity is vastly increased by them.

But these valuable officials would never have come among us if the poor foundling of a village, which had no Oglethorpe to father it, no godfather to christen it, had gone through life with a name that would forever have prevented it being mentioned in Bradstreet and Dun, or in the Spur and Town and Country and Town Topics. Though we are not yet so kindly received by Augusta and Savannah as Mrs. Fitz-Adam was by Miss Matty and Miss Pole and Mrs. Forrester and the Hon. Mrs. Jamieson, like that lady, born Hoggins, we have cleverly managed a nominal advance. The small cell which has become Atlanta was called Terminus, without any formal baptism, because it was the terminus of a railroad. It suffered a backset and became Marthasville. But the eponymous Miss Lumpkin, who still survived to grace flag-draped platforms within the memory of the younger inhabitants, was possessed of a second name--the rather distinguished name which her god-child now bears, though whether it is a feminine noun derived from the more or less adjacent Atlantic Ocean, or whether it is a slightly elided compliment to the fleet-footed heroine of the Calydonian boar hunt, philologists have been at no pains to determine. But it is certainly a good name and its success compares favorably with the success of Mr. Eastman's and Mr. Cheeseborough's cleverly entitled products.

Atlanta, then, is a self-made town: it has only one God-given advantage and that is its peerless climate. Its inhabitants perish neither of heat nor of cold, they never have malaria, they are untroubled by earthquakes, floods and cyclones. Slow moving persons from Montgomery, Alabama, and from Macon, Georgia--who sometimes weary of their annual struggles to move the capital to Macon and move themselves to the capital--are commonly believed to walk faster when they have lived one short week in Atlanta, whose population is vastly increased by rejuvenated Carolinians and Alabamians and by those Tennesseans who came down in 1865 when they were rather indiscriminately hanging men and women there. Even Virginians, and Virginians bearing the most honored names, live cheerfully among a people who are wonderfully little concerned with armorial quarterings: only Charlestonians are forever unassimilable. They have been heard to say that Georgians and South Carolinians are as different as Americans and Chinamen: we entirely agree with them, but we also, of course, are of the opinion that the Charlestonians are the Chinamen, what with rice and ancestor worship and a certain charming--well, somnolence is perhaps the most urbane word. Still, parvenus though we are, Atlanta was not built in a day. In the year 1835, the General Assembly of Georgia authorized the building of a railroad from the Tennessee line to "the point most eligible for the running of branch roads thence to Athens, Madison, Milledgeville, Forsyth and Columbus" and we now occupy that strategic point. In the year 1836, the first house was built at the prospective terminus of the prospective railroad. And in the course of twenty-eight years enough houses of one kind

and another were built to shelter some twelve thousand people. Judging from the old photographs still routed out on occasions by our newspapers, the wicked General Sherman was guilty of rather slighter crimes against art than the Venetians who threw shells into the Parthenon or the Turks who used it as a powder magazine: he was probably scarcely even so guilty as the Germans who sent those far-darting shells among the slightly less beautiful mansards of Paris. Nevertheless, the descendants of the expelled twelve thousand persons whose houses were burned in 1864 are not yet convinced that he was more amiable than the forgotten Morosini or the well-remembered Hindenburg, but Mr. Stephen Graham was reckoning without the celebrated human power of recuperation when he apparently expected to find us not only in ashes but in sack-cloth and also apparently found the cheerfulness of Peachtree Street quite heartless in a people who suffered such indignities not sixty years ago. Perhaps he might have thought us more sensitive to our past if he had discovered that, with a poetic turn rather creditable in a race sometimes called commercial, we have taken the phoenix rising from the flames as our arms and Resurgens as our motto. The six neatly crossed sticks from which the flames arise from which the phoenix arises, however, are nothing at all like the present inconsequent arrangement of our streets. But we like their infinite variety: we are actually vain of the Five Points, culmination of angles by no means equal, which form the centre of our town and the spot where an artesian well once hygienically stood, where republican presidents now address our plebs and are greeted with ill-bred salvos for their immediate

and democratic predecessors and somehow manage further to solidify the South. We are also vain of our celebrated Peachtree Street, once the path, according to the most agreeable story, along which lowing herds wandered out to the irresistible waters of the blossom shaded Peachtree Creek. Atlanta has happily no Main Street--she has only this vernaly named thoroughfare which becomes, at its southern shopping end, Whitehall Street, and allows any one who is incorrigibly given to such memories an opportunity to be reminded of the Stuarts and Sweel Nell of Old Drury.

The people who walk along this street, and frequently meet violent deaths in crossing it, are not positively savage in their external appearance: that lawless spirit which is journalistically supposed to fill them does not meet the eye. The men of Atlanta must certainly have their trousers pressed at least twice a week. They all put on straw hats for opera week and if they do not take them off before the fifteenth of September, the callow youths who stand in front of the Peachtree Street Nunnally's will do it for them--that is perhaps the most conspicuous violence a spinster of this parish will see in fifty years, unless it might be a night shirt parade of victorious students of the Georgia School of Technology on a football night. Feminine Atlanta has something of Mr. Max Beerbohm's tenderness for cosmetics, and, between nature and art, the callow youths have rather recorative ladies to look at: if they are not so smart as the ladies of Fifth Avenue, they are much prettier, and if they are not so pretty as the ladies of Kentucky, they are much smarter. They are, however, as distressingly given to wearing the same thing at the same time as most

other women: last spring, all of them, disregarding race, servitude, and the present or previous condition of their hair and complexions, went into violet tweeds and violet hats; and for quite two winters they have been brave, and hot, in squirrel coats, whether well come by or not. And, of course, they go to other places than Nunnally's. Even in Atlanta we have a sort of social distinctions, though the elements are undoubtedly mixed in them. The Piedmont Driving Club--which proves its antiquity by its name--is our St. Cecilia, our Assembly, but the requirements for membership are different and years of reflection will not quite reveal what they are. Lineage will do something and money--not so fearfully much money--will do more, but even the two together will not do everything. Fame would doubtless do all, but no one who was famous has ever been put up. It may be that one must contribute something--a genius for dancing will do, but take it all in all, a talent for being fashionable in just the right way and for bounding one's horizon on all four sides by the club's flourishing cedars will do most.

The autochthonous, we are told, know very little about Atlanta. We fancied ourselves as hospitable as Arabs, but people say that Atlanta is not very cordial to strangers; they also say that we never listen to what is said to us. All of Georgia says that we boast insufferably about a mysterious something we call the Atlanta spirit, but even those few Atlantians who do not know their Freud know what complexes cause such remarks. Still, it is occasionally borne in upon us that one may live contentedly in a town where there is not much one may point out with pride to a

stranger. There is, to be sure, Stone Mountain, on the face of which Mr. Gutzon Borglum is about to show Lucerne what kind of memorial to the Southern Confederacy he can carve on the largest monolith in the world. But, no matter how much one may prefer the works of man to the works of God, it is perhaps pardonable to feel a trifle nervous for this frieze of Lees and Jacksons and Johnstons which is to make the Parthenon's youths and maidens and gods and goddesses look like a strip of adhesive plaster--Phidias could have done it. Michelangelo could have done it, Rodin, last of the truly apostolic succession, could have done it. Perhaps Mr. Borglum can do it, but the mountain is vastly impressive as it is--aeons of storms have given it the curve and the sweep of another Niagara, and when all the trees are orange and crimson below its stark granite magnificence, Nature might easily stand up and say that man is a pygmy and would do much better to let her handiwork alone. Curious to relate, even when a rare duke happens into Atlanta, he will not leave without examining the Federal Prison of which, in some periodicals, Atlanta is the mere synonym, and its inmates--Mr. Debs calls them inmates--are, in the same periodicals, the only persons who have a reasonable excuse for remaining in so unsettled a community. Mr. Debs' recently published opinion that the food at our prison is nothing to boast of grieves those of us who happened to light upon his verdict: the young reporters who go out to eat Christmas dinner with the gentlemen who, so we innocently thought, had shown their cleverness by breaking their country's laws instead of their state's, always returned with heartening accounts of the number of turkeys and potatoes consumed and some-

times actually with photographs of them. And in the spring, these same young reporters--the very starriest ones--used to go out with the abdicated Miss Farrar and the lamented Caruso and strike pity and terror to the hearts of people brave enough to read the tale of how strong men wept when the lovely Geraldine sang Home, Sweet Home.

That will never happen again. It is whispered, not so very privately, that we have lost Miss Farrar forever. Time was, when our opera was a wonderful, an unbelievable glory, when we had not yet embraced so very many opportunities to listen to Aida and Il Trovatore and La Bohème, and none at all to listen to Zazà, that Miss Farrar was heroine, in yellow organdies and prima donna hats, of modish garden parties and of lunches on the terrace of that same Piedmont Driving Club. But Atlanta is a straight-laced town--sometimes--and Miss Farrar's Carmen was too much for an audience which had gone to worship her, and which remained to applaud the virtuous and injured Micaela in the substantial person of Madame Alda. Miss Farrar, it was murmured, would never come back to so barbaric a town: but her memories and ours both grew gentler after three or four years and she consented to allow us to look upon her Zazà. The audience, or perhaps one should say the spectators, were thrilled, enchanted, ravished--and departed to say that the performance was all of those four adjectives that only Mr. John Sumner may print without being haled into court. It is a pity.

But even without its tenor and its soprano, we still have our week of undeniably metropolitan song, with its seven never quite unrelievedly Verdo and Puccini operas, its two official dinner

dances, its four after opera supper dances, its three almost Riviera like teas under the striped umbrellas of the Georgian Terrace, enlivened by Mr. Antonio Scotti, who stands by the balustrade in Riviera garb and is almost host of the afternoons, its barbecue at the Druid Hills Club, its memorable visits to stellar dressing rooms under the amiable protection of Mr. William J. Guard. Once upon a time Mr. Otto Kahn honored us with a personal appearance and the Metropolitan Orchestra played for the dance that he gave--but Toscanini did not conduct. Then it is that every one who must have a visitor has the visitor and official festivities, whereat poor Caruso used to languish beside a lady of whom all Atlanta walks in terror, are depleted for dinings where winning is even less veiled.

For we are by no means so destitute of the materials for inebriation as some people may think: just lately, we have been almost washed away on a sea of Bacardi Rum, an almost positive proof that our bootleggers are sufficiently cultivated to read Mr. Hergesheimer. We also occasionally see a cocktail made from really Gordon gin--the labels are certainly a little loose, sometimes--though there are penurious people who take advantage of the fact that gin and our native corn whiskey look perilously alike. But we have other more commendable interests. We are like a large horse and mule market, we manufacture the celebrated beverage called Coca-Cola, and we consider that outside Atlanta no one knows how to mix it properly with lime, with lemon, with ammonia, with dozens of sharpening beverages that only our knowing palates demand--we like it so very much that we drink what are familiarly called double-header dopes,

and any one who goes early to the dentist will descend in an elevator filled with little typists coming down to brace themselves up. We manufacture horse-collars, paper bags and paper boxes, rather inelegant cottons that know not Jacquard, we plane lumber and produce a frightful amount of fertilizer. We have a Methodist University, which looks as if it were built of soap, but which is actually built of Georgia marble of many colors, a Presbyterian University and an equally Presbyterian college for women. We educate doctors and dentists and lawyers. We are the seat of half a dozen colleges for the higher education of the colored race, and the eminent Dr. DuBois was once Professor of History in the chief of them, Atlanta University. Very shortly we shall be the seat of the Ku Klux Klan's University. We have the first and incomparably the best public library in the South. Its engaged columns may prejudice the aesthetic against it, but once inside even Mr. Hugh Walpole was so astounded by its erudition--concerning English fiction--that he went so far as to write about it in Vanity Fair. He was, however, rather disturbed because a person like Ronald Firbank, who, so he said, wears a velvet jacket and a tip-tilted hat "had a public here"; when Mr. Walpole returned he was doubtless more disturbed to find that Mr. Firbank now has a public in New York.

We have the largest and most magnificent theatre for the exhibition of cinematographic plays south of somewhere; and, indeed it is a bit distressing to survey even Mr. Charles Chaplin in such luxury and then to sit in a barn and keep ourselves warm--our opera verges into May--when we listen to L'Amore dei Tre

Re, even though the barn, as Segurolo was wont to say, is so acoustic. It is much worse to sit there and hear Miss Ethel Leginska or Leo Ornstein or Kreisler or Heifetz when we have one of those recitals which our semi-equinoctial over-indulgence in operas makes unhappily infrequent. But we would be as delighted to sit there and listen to an orchestra of our own as we would be to look at even a pink-nosed Guido Reni in a museum of our own--desiderata that, despite the efforts of devoted females who have never suspected that they are emasculating civilization in the United States, will probably be denied us until the pious are no longer the only ones among us who flourish sufficiently to endow universities which shall stand with Disraeli on the side of the angels--and on the extreme right. A play on top of the stage is not quite such a mystery to us as a painting, but when one is vouchsafed us, it will, unless we are very home-keeping, be something we saw in New York not enough years before for us to be amused by seeing it again, with a star who is not quite a Barrymore and a production which is not quite a Robert Edmond Jones. But we have an equally eminent Bobby Jones of our own, the well-known Mr. R. H. Jones, Jr., who always nearly wins a national championship; and we have Miss Alexa Stirling, obviously a member of the Nordic race, and as good evidence as Mr. Jones and the Georgia Tech football team that Mr. Madison Grant has somewhat over-estimated the deleterious effects of actinic rays. And we have a Writers' Club, though our only downright professional author is a certain Mr. Eric Levison, who writes detective stories and who, it is feared, looks forward to becoming as great a writer as Mr. Octavus Roy Cohen, citizen of our deadly rival, Birmingham, Alabama. We have some youths, just coming on, who do not look forward to surpassing Mr. Cohen, but the

moment, fatally, that our youths and maidens suspect themselves of being promising, they offer themselves up in the Labyrinth of New York and become more or less respectable journalists instead of profiting by the example of those eminent novelists who have remained where they had roots, instead of going away to become intellectual air plants.

Contentment with so Carthaginian a city may be considered to show the terrible results of such birth and such residence, but none the less, we are much more than content with our lot. No one, surely who has had the advantage of being born in the South would willingly become a mere Yankee, obliged constantly to explain, with three r's in the adjective and only one very short o in the noun, that he also had Southern blood, and to converse with young ladies who feel no responsibility for keeping some sort of talk going. And if the most profound interest in The Reviewer's prosperity did not forbid, it would be no trouble at all to prove to every one except the inhabitants of the other Southern towns just why Atlanta is the most desirable Southern town to be born in, whether or not one may be justified in dying here. Of course, if one could be born again into any country, station and gender, it would be necessary reluctantly to abandon America--though under the circumstances the abandonment could scarcely become so complete a literary stock in trade as it has for Mr. Harold Stearns--and become a Roman prince--an Aldobrandini, perhaps, and an Aldobrandini of fortune so princely that the deliciously rococo cascade could flow night and day. But if so splendid a fate be beyond one's deserts, and if one's ancestors must have been of a condition which made emigration desirable, it's just as well to be new and spruce as not old and a bit out of repair.

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Definitions

By Maxwell Bodenheim

Music is a treacherous sound,
Seducing emotions and marking
Their breathless faces with death.
Art is an intrepid mountebank,
Enraging philosophies and creeds
By stepping into the black space beyond them.
The mountebank persuades cohesion
To relax in powerful distortions.
Religions are blindly tortured eyes,
Paralyzing the speed of imagination
With static postures of hope.
History is an accidental madness,
Using races and nations
To simulate a cruel sanity.
In the final dust
This trick will be discovered.
Psychology is a rubber stamp
Pressed upon a slippery, dodging ghost.
The centuries will remove
All marks of this indignity.
Men, each snuggling proudly
Into an inch of plausible falsehood,
Will hate the careless smile
That whitens these definitions.
The table has been broken by fists;
The fanatic has mangled his voice;
The scientist cautiously repairs the room
Beyond which he dares not peer.
Life, they will never cease to explain you.

NORFOLK

The Flapper City of the South

By Virginia Taylor McCormick.

Many years ago Norfolk was a sleepy city with straggling streets, (they were laid out by cow paths, these streets upon which gentlemen in white linen suits loitered in groups and lifted their cork helmets to hoop-skirted ladies, with lace mitts and side curls) across which sometimes the tide wandered, leaving a brackish trail and occasional crabs to side-step back to the mud, cozy with salt and algae, as best they could.

There were little oyster houses upon both sides of the old bridge, that grey stone bridge which was one of the salient features of Granby street; rickety, lean-to structures that looked as if they could not stand the strain of many flood-tides, and especially do I recall the proprietor of one, who in response to the query of housewives, "Mr. Robbins, have you any nice oysters today?" always answered, "I've got oysters, Ma'am, but there haven't been any first class oysters for twenty years!" And this was a quarter of a century ago, but Norfolk's oysters are still the best in the world! If you do not believe me eat oysters in California where they are the size of oyster crabs and taste like copper; that is where the oyster cocktail had its origin, with the ultimate design of concealing the oyster's natural flavor; or try Louisiana

oysters and remember the bottom of a rusty preserve kettle, or English oysters, watery, green and without savour. Then register, as I did many years ago, a binding vow never to eat oysters away from Tidewater Virginia.

The old bridge on Granby street, with McCullough's wharf and the big four-masters, laden with lumber, have gone and so has Mr. Robbins with his oysters and his pots of hyacinths in the window,--evidence of his thrift, for he gathered all the old bulbs thrown out from hotels and theatres, and under his ministering touch they blossomed like the rose of Sharon. The horse cars have gone too and the hoop-skirted ladies, with big black butlers carrying their market baskets, are no more and Norfolk has become a flapper.

She was never one of the conservative Southern cities; her great harbours drew to her too many types of life for that; ask Mr. McFee, or read his delightful Harbours of Memory! Jimmy Jones was one of the old institutions; Jimmy Jones, whose real name was one of unpronounceable, but quite authentic Greek nomenclature, but whose canvas back ducks were better cooked than any other ducks in the world, just as Jimmy Jones was the only person in the world who could tell a red head from a canvas back by tasting and whose oysters were fatter and colder from the half shell than any others that were ever tonged from Lynnhaven Bay. Even scrambled eggs and roe herring under the supervision of Jimmy Jones seemed touched with a divine spark and made one think of ambrosia and wonder if this was not the way it tasted. Dean Swift perhaps dreamed of this restaurant when when folding his arms lovingly over his stomach, he said, "serenely full the epicure may say, Fate cannot harm me, I have dined today."

Despite electric trams and break-neck jitneys Norfolk maintained a sleepy air, the air of one expecting sailing vessels to arrive this week or next, with cargoes of parrots and pineapples, spicy smelling pine logs and scuppernong grapes, or bales of cotton piled high and giving off fleecy particles that made the town look as if a synthetic snow storm had blown in with the tide; until wars and the rumours of wars shook even this sleepy seaport into a galvanic and very wide awake activity. Perhaps the affairs of our great United States Government, with its army and naval bases, with its numerous and varied interests, added to Norfolk's prestige and population as a cosmopolitan city; perhaps there was a sudden increase in its value as a shipping port, but these same business improvements rang the death knell of Norfolk as a charming, old-world town, where one might foregather with one's kind upon street corners or ask the friendly motorman to hold his car just a moment, please, while one went back for an extra hat pin or to put a dab of powder on one's nose, for Dorine had not then become the sine qua non of one's social equipment. That old-world motorman is gone too and in his place a busy creature, who pretends not to know you, operates an unholy combination of tram, jitney and merry-go-round, known as a one-man car, and I hesitate in an opinion as to the effect upon him of a modest request to halt his juggernaut while one waits to exchange greetings with a passing acquaintance. Not much is left of Norfolk's picturesque old landmarks except the beautiful doorways of Freemason Street,--still a Mecca to which we may take visitors,--and the cannon ball fired by Lord Dunmore and lodged in the wall of Old Saint Paul's Church.

Lizette Reese, Baltimore's poet of international fame, came to Norfolk not long ago to foregather with the Poets' Club, (yes, we have a poets' club, it is one of Mr. Mencken's Violets in Sahara) and when she asked to see old Norfolk I fortunately be-thought me of these doorways of Freemason Street and straightway we made a pilgrimage there. They are especially enchanting to a dweller of Baltimore's close built residential blocks, red brick fronts and white marble steps all just alike, (washed clean every Saturday) and Miss Reese was as enthusiastic as I had dared to hope. The Barton Myers home has two front doors, equally lovely, and the dignified door of the home of General Page reflects the slow-moving splendour of past generations, whose low-heeled, soft-soled slippers, peeping from wide, brocaded skirts, keeping step with congress gaiters below tight buff trousers and long black coats, have passed in to the cheery welcome of a coal black retainer, whose wide smile and shining teeth gave promise of the bowls of wassail, apple-toddy or eggnog without which Norfolk's old days would have been incomplete. Perhaps it is the enforced drinking or homebrew or bootleg uncertainties that has made Norfolk a flapper, for her hoop-skirts and her poke bonnets are gone: her abbreviated nether garment is as narrow as it is short; her face is painted and her hair is dyed, or is it hennaed? At any rate the result is garish and she always seems to be putting too much powder on her nose and sipping illicit cocktails and trying to disguise their odour with cheap cologne. Her sleeves are too short, her arms are sunburned and freckled and her frisky bobbed hair seems strangely out of place against the background of her harbour in the evening light. For despite the fact

that chugging steamers rend the air with siren calls, that motor boats race up and down her coast, that airplanes circle overhead like huge, noisy dragonflies, there are still silently beautiful sailing vessels, with masts cutting the low-hanging clouds and grasping stars for toplights, and from a barge laden with water-melons drift negro songs, musical and haunting, such as our fathers listened to when they strolled at sunset on the banks of the Elizabeth. More often, however, there is a jazz band, accompanied by a horrible discord of jazz songs, whose syncopated echoes make night hideous, and the liquid, stirring plantation melodies have retired to the dwelling place of the hoop-skirt and side curls.

The years that have seen these changes have of necessity brought some compensation for their losses and the intellectual life of Norfolk, under her flapper exterior, has stirred to a more vivid consciousness. But this flapper has a fairy godmother, a one time teacher of Norfolk before her flapper days, and after many years in Europe the war drove her back upon old friends and familiar haunts. From her fairy wand has grown the Norfolk Society of Arts, with its collection of pictures, housed in a lovely Queen Anne building, graciously loaned by one of the newcomers to Norfolk, as we distinguish newcomers from native born, but a newcomer whose roots have in the past twenty years found congenial soil here, and with a board of hard working women this fairy godmother and this gracious hostess have built up a veritable stronghold for the city's intellectual life. Every Thursday afternoon from October to April in this building is given a free lecture to which the public is

made welcome, and it is all the more a thing of divine afflatus because of its inauguration as a memorial to the fellow-teacher of our fairy godmother, who somewhere out there in space walks more buoyantly and rests more happily because of the carrying forward of her work. Strangers find their way to these Thursday afternoons and partake of our literary hospitality and sometimes of a cup of tea to cheer the heart. The Norfolk Society of Arts also houses the Little Theatre of Norfolk, for the Arts Players are merely a branch of the mother organization and their five theatrical bills each season have given fresh impetus to the literary and artistic life of the city. Under this same sheltering roof tree free concerts are made available for the general public, not for members only, and each year brings its lists of literary and artistic contests and distribution of prizes.

So one sees that Norfolk is not all bad, even if she is a flapper; she has outgrown her clothes and she has developed the insidious desire for expansion, all of which are unbecoming attributes and destroy old-world peace and domestic happiness.

But no matter how old-world and sleepy has been Norfolk's air, there has been always a spirit in her body. Whether she wore wide and flowing hoop-skirts or short and narrow flapper ones, that spirit has burned with a ceaseless flame.

It is the spirit that saved Yorktown; the spirit that fought yellow fever and never faltered before its dangers and its sacrifices; the spirit that made the Jamestown exposition to shine as a bright particular star set in the gleaming silver of our harbour; the spirit that stirred James Barron Hope to write of

Hampton Roads:

Behind me purplish lines marked out the town,
 Before me stretched the noble Roadstead's tide:
 And there I saw the Evening sun go down--
 Casting a parting glory far and wide--
 As king who for the cowl puts off the crown--
 So went the sun: and left a wealth of light
 Ere hidden by the cloister-gates of Night.

Beholding this my soul stilled in prayer,
 I understand how all men, save the blind,
 Must find religion in a scene so fair
 And formulate a creed within the mind;--
 See prophecies in clouds; fates in the air;
 The skies flamed red; the murm'ring waves were hushed--
 "The conscious water saw its God and blushed."

With the same wonderful sun to pass across the heavens and
 the same silver moon to succeed as its palimpsest, we have what
 other places lack, to stir the spirit to new hope and to fresh
 appreciation of loveliness,--Hampton Roads like a glorious
 and heroic mirror to catch these passing wonders and make them
 more perfect and more lasting.

There is Larchmont River lying like a twisted silver ribbon
 in the flapper's hair; there is the dignified and salt-tanged
 Elizabeth River giving her vigour and courage, a silver thong to
 bind her flapper sandals more safely and surely to her feet and
 there is the wealth of the two Virginias' coal mines pouring in
 upon the railroads which have their termini within the radius of
 this flapper's smile, and toss these sparkling jewels into her
 short-skirted lap without even expecting so much as a thank you,
 for it is all in the day's work! Lying within reach of the
 flapper's highly manicured hands are the gardens of Tidewater
 Virginia, from which she may cull the choicest fruits and vegetables
 to nourish her body and the vast and roaring waves wash up to her
 feet the sea's most tempting offerings. Who could live upon
 Spanish Mackerel and not walk upon the spiritual heights? Who

could be cross after a dinner of soft crabs? So perforce this flapper has a good disposition and is without envy of other cities or desire for their geographical or spiritual concomitants. She is a lazy flapper at heart; a flapper who sighs for four-masters and leisurely unloading of cargoes, for it is really an exterior spirit that has forced upon her steamers and electric trams. She shudders at the noise of the airplanes overhead and sometimes in her flapper's soul there arises a longing to sit by the fireside and darn the family socks as in the days long past, or to push the baby carriage in the park on Sunday afternoons, instead of rushing off to the beaches with a one-piece Annette Kellerman to pose before the camera, arms held aloft ready for a dive when they are actually aching to hold a soft, round baby, with yellow curls and an adorable turned up nose; with eyes like blue hyacinths under water and whose clinging fingers on her breast would make even a flapper forget to pose!

I will say it again; Norfolk is a flapper city, but only her own daughters and granddaughters may say so; no matter how quick we are to criticize our mothers or adopted mothers for turning flapper, we are even quicker to resent a mere outsider suggesting that they may lack one single element of perfection. Perhaps it is the Irish of us!

Short skirts, bobbed hair, rouged cheeks and lips, too freely powdered nose and a dash of over-strong violet extract, a general inconsequent air of flapperdom is hers, but even so the spirit still lives: wisdom and passion are part of her heritage!

"Give me but these and though the darkness close
Even the night shall blossom as the rose."

The River James

By Mary Johnston

Narrow, sliding, darkly clear,
Little rivers
Kiss among the mountains.
Then is born the James
That in old days
Was named Powhatan,
Three hundred years ago,--
Powhatan the Indian,
James the English King.--
Arrived the Adventurers,
And called the River James,
Three hundred years ago,
And called the River James.

Three hundred miles
Runs the River James,
Bubbles cool the mountain springs,
Slides the narrow stream.
Maidenhair and rhododendron,
Flame azalea, dogwood, laurel,
Roots of hemlocks,
Giant hemlocks,
Where the Indian kneeled,
Cupped his hand and drank cool water.--
Seven miles at Hampton Roads,
That's the River James!
Wide enough for all your fleets,
Merchant fleets, men of war,
Wide enough for battles,
Merrimac, Monitor!

Wide enough, wide enough,
The old James,
The old Powhatan,
The solemn, vast, majestic River,
Flowing out to Chesapeake,
Flowing out to Ocean!

Red soil counties
 Drop colour into James,
 Albemarle and Buckingham,
 Fluvanna, Goochland, Powhatan,
 Red as sumach,
 Indian red
 Mountain clear,
 Midland red,
 Mix together, flow together,
 To the sea.

The snow is melting,
 The rains come down.
 The voice is loud,
 The voice of the James.
 Freshet! Freshet!
 Freshet and Flood!
 Hoarse and loud
 As a million bulls
 Of Bashan!
 The banks are naught,
 The bridges go.
 Danger and loss!
 Danger and woe!
 Flood--flood--
 Flood in the James.

The ancient, mighty, tawny James!
 Over the rocks at Richmond,
 Between green islets,
 Murmuring, rushing,
 Beneath the city of the dead,
 Beneath Hollywood,
 Where the ivy grows so thickly on the oaks,
 By Belle Isle,
 By the Tredegar,
 Smoke and thunder of god Vulcan,
 Murmuring, rushing,
 Over the rocks and among the islands,--
 These are the falls
 That the Adventurers named
 'Falls of the Far West,'
 For, said they,
 (In Sixteen seven)
 "The South Sea, the Rich Sea,
 May be six days march,
 Not more,
 Up this river swirling
 Among emerald and odorous islands."

Below
 The Falls by Richmond,
 From of old
 To this autumn day
 When the leaves are the mantles of kings,
 What ships have sailed,
 What ships have sailed the River James!
 Behold the gray-pearl canvasses,
 The Susan Constant, Goodspeed and Discovery.
 Ships of England,
 Men of England,
 Sailing by Point Comfort,
 Marvelling at this River,
 Coming to anchor,
 Before a low Island,
 Behold the Dutch ship,
 Bringing black men from Africa,
 Ebony men, strong men,
 Rich-voiced men and women.--
 We have reft you from Congo,
 We have brought you to James,
 Henceforth it is yours,
 Your River as ours!

All the ships
 For London Port,
 Tobacco laden,
 All the sloops,
 All the planters,--
 The music drifts
 From off the ships!
 And the pirate too,
 Flag of the pirate,
 Blackbeard the Pirate daring the River!
 Trade ships, slace ships, a thousand ships of the
 Settler.

O River James,
 Harken the singing,
 Harken the sighing!
 Ships of the Revolution,
 Tarleton and Cornwallis,
 Lafayette and Rochambeau.
 Ships of all the Wars,
 Dutch Gap thunders,
 Harken the crying from the decks of the
 Cumberland!

Regard
 The Eitel Friedrich,
 Ships!
 The first ironclads and the last dreadnaughts.

And now,
 Steamers with the band playing.
 And now,
 The air ship circles, circles,
 Over James.

O my River James!
 O rosary of memories!

The children play,
 The lovers smile,
 The old folk rest,
 Beside the James.
 Country houses,
 Negro cabins,
 Little towns,
 Old mill wheels turning
 Sound of water,
 Touch of coolness,
 Trees aslant,
 A bright fish leaping,
 Smell of the land
 And smell of the ocean!

Canoe upon the James,
 Far up among the mountains.
 All is crystal, the canoe hangs double,
 Dark is the Blue Ridge, and the sky a rose.
 Lower down,
 Old Canal boat,
 White and quaint,
 Negro on the towpath,
 On a mule
 Fireflies among the willows,
 Negro singing on the towpath,
 Long ago!
 Dugout under sycamore,
 Ferryboat and ferryman,
 River fog o'er all the lowland.
 Lower down--lower down,
 Little sailboats dipping, rising,
 Long brown wharfs like stretching fingers,
 Water fowl among the marshes,
 Giant pine trees,
 Low red sunsets over James.

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VOLUME III

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The Congo, Mr. Mencken

By Gerald W. Johnson

The greatest mystery of religion is expressed by adumbration, and in the noblest part of Jewish types, we find the cherubims shadowing the mercy-seat. Life itself is but the shadow of death, and souls departed but the shadow of the living. All things fall under this name. The sun itself is but the dark simulacrum, and light but the shadow of God.

I wish I could write like that. Some inconvenient remainders of common sense restrain me from trying to do so, but in the bottom of my heart I wish that I could write in the manner of Sir Thomas Browne. It is not that I am especially impressed by the weight of his philosophy, for I am quite sure that I have no more idea of what he meant than he had himself; but the man could boom so!

This may be one of those confidences that should be given to none but the family alienist, but I think not. On the contrary, I begin to believe that it indicates no more than that I come of a family that has lived for a century and a quarter in the United States below the fortieth parallel. It does not indicate that I am insane, but merely that I am Southern; for the Sir Thomas Browne complex lies heavily, not upon me alone, but upon sixteen sovereign commonwealths. For proof, I refer the reader to any volume of the titanic set of books published in Atlanta under the title of "The Library of Southern Literature."

On my desk as I write lies Volume One, A-Bo. In it (pp. 373-374) is to be found this resonant bit:

His life was one continued and benign circumnavigation of all the virtues which adorn and exalt the character of man. Piety, charity, benevolence, generosity, courage, patriotism, fidelity, all shone conspicuously in him, and might extort from the beholder the impressive interrogatory, "For what place was this man made?" Was it for the Senate or the camp? For public or for private life? For the bar or the bench? For the art which heals the body, or for that which cures the infirmities of the State? For which of all these was he born? And the answer is, "For all!" He was born to fill the largest and most varied circle of human excellence; and to crown all these advantages, Nature had given him what the great Lord Bacon calls a perpetual letter of recommendation--a countenance not only good, but sweet and winning--radiant with the virtues of his soul--captivating universal confidence; and such as no stranger could behold--no traveler, even in the desert, could meet, without stopping to reverence, and saying, "Here if the man in whose hands I could deposit life, liberty, fortune, honor!"

The circumnavigator of all the virtues was, it appears, a gentleman named Linn, who at the time of his death held a commission as United States senator from the State of Missouri; and the eulogist was his colleague, Benton, born, let me patriotically add, in my own native State, North Carolina, a commonwealth singularly prolific of such Sons of Thunder. Benton not only desired to write in the manner of Sir Thomas Browne, but actually tried it; and so, alas, have innumerable others. So they continue to try, and succeed only in releasing upon us the outrageous Mr. Mencken, who makes remarks about the South too painful to bear repetition.

What is the explanation of this curious obsession with sound to the exclusion of sense? It certainly is not a racial characteristic brought from Europe, for the South is predominantly Anglo-

Saxon, with strong infusions of German, Scotch and Huguenot blood; not by any means conspicuously bombastic peoples. Why have the descendants of English, Scotch, German and French settlers in the Southern States varied so far from type as to produce a literature unrivalled in English for empty sonority?

If the Sir Thomas Browne complex is an acquired characteristic, an adequate explanation of its existence is not far to seek. Southerners have been subjected for a time varying from two to ten generations to an environment differing radically in only one particular from the environment in which the rest of the population has lived. That difference lies in intimate daily contact which Southerners of necessity have made with the most potent personality on the continent--Mister Nigger. If there is any conspicuous difference between the intellectual and artistic life of the South and that of the rest of the country, is it unreasonable to believe that it is connected with the single conspicuous difference in the environment of the Southerner and that of the other people of the country?

That such a difference exists is hardly to be doubted by any one who has read with attention the hereinabove mentioned pointed remarks of Mr. Mencken. "The Sahara of the Bozart" he called the South. I think, as I shall explain later, that his figure was ill chosen; but it must be admitted that he supported his assertion with an impressive wealth of detail. Any doubts that survived his whirlwind attack must be resolved by this indisputable fact: such Southerners as have achieved national reputation in letters have, with rare exceptions, done the bulk of their good work elsewhere

than in the South. The New England school flourished and perished in New England. The Far Westerners thrive on the Pacific coast. The Indianans find Indianapolis quite habitable. William Allen White and Ed Howe manage to survive even in Kansas. But the South seems to be afflicted with some tremendous centrifugal force that hurls artists across her borders like stones from a sling. The heavier the man the farther he flies. Lafcadio Hearn landed in Japan.

There have been exceptions, of course, but the rule holds good; and where such a rule holds good there is obviously something highly peculiar in the artistic and intellectual life of the region.

It is not to be explained by poverty and ignorance, for Elizabethan England was far poorer and more ignorant than the South ever was. It is not by our illiterates that we are differentiated sharply from the rest of the country. Cole L. Blease is no illiterate, nor Vardaman of Mississippi, nor William Joseph Simmons, founder of the Ku Klux Klan. Benton, the eulogist of Senator Linn, was no illiterate, and John Temple Graves is educated, not to say learned. These men have gained more than local notoriety by widely varying means; but they have in common a certain wild fantasticality, whether it be expressed merely by the employment of rolling, sonorous periods, or swashbuckling defiance of the civilized world, or meeting by the light of the moon in weird garb to mutter spells and incantations in unknown tongues. They are Southerners, and their mad success in the South is certainly indicative of the fact that they embody Southern ideals much more successfully than such comparatively matter-of-fact persons as--to choose three ejected

North Carolinians--Joseph G. Cannon, Walter Hines Page and Benjamin N. Duke.

Whence have we derived this taste for turgid eloquence, for grandiloquent defiance, for masks and flowing white robes? Perhaps we might be helped toward the answer if the Rev. Baltimore Criddle would emerge from his Coffin Club and tell us where he got his love of mouth-filling vocables; or if Ander, whose "eyes is white as snow, his gums is blue," could inform us why on the most trifling provocation "he retch an' fotch his razor fun his shoe"; or if we might know the idea underlying the regalia of the Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise. We are Nordics, to be sure; but Nordics whose need of color is no longer satisfied with mere purple and gold, Nordics who demand saffron and crimson and emerald, whose cool Northern temperament has been inflamed and excited by acquaintance with the phantasmagoria of the jungle.

Mr. Mencken spoke of the South as "The Sahara of the Bozart." I submit that he could hardly have chosen a worse figure. The Sahara, as I am informed and believe, is for the most part a treeless waste, denuded alike of animal and of vegetable life. The South resembles more Sierra Leone, where, according to Sir Harry Johnston, "the mammalian fauna of chimpanzies, monkeys, bats, cats, lions, leopards, hyenas, civets, scaly manises, and large-eared earth-pigs, little-known duiker bushbuck, hartebeeste, and elephant, is rich and curious." So is the literary flora; and if Mr. Mencken presumes to doubt it, I invite him to plunge into the trackless waste of the Library of Southern Literature, where a man might wander for years, encountering daily such a profusion of strange

and incredible growths as could proceed from none but an enormously rich soil.

The South is not sterile. On the contrary, it is altogether too luxuriant. It is not the Sahara, but the Congo of the Bozart. Its pulses beat to the rhythm of the tom-tom, and it likes any color if it's red. Vachel Lindsay struck the tempo:

"Fat black bucks in a wine-barrel room

.
 Pounded on the table,
 Beat an empty barrel with the handle of a broom,
 Hard as they were able,
 Boom, boom, BOOM,
 With a silk umbrella and the handle of a broom,
 Boomley, boomlay, boomlay, BOOM."

Can anything rare and exquisite survive under such conditions? Certainly. Edgar Allan Poe grew them long ago, and Sidney Lanier later, and James Branch Cabell grows them today. But in the tropics one soon wearies of orchids. There must have been luxuriance, the stately, ordered luxuriance that Sir Thomas Browne could create.

Before there can be fair gardens in the South, though, there must be Herculean labor performed in clearing away the jungle growths--labor involving the use of sharp steel, swung vigorously. It is within the bounds of probability that some laborers will perish miserably, stung to death by noxious insects, or rent limb from limb by the mammalian fauna. But such things must be at every famous victory.

Furthermore, this very negroid streak that gives to the bulk of Southern writing at present the startling appearance of an African chief parading through the town arrayed in a stove-pipe hat, monocle, frock coat and no trousers, may prove in the future an asset of first-rate value. The chances are that it will at least prevent us from falling into drab monotony. North Carolina a few years ago produced one immortal whose works were not included in the Library of Southern Literature; yet Miss Peterson--for such was her name--in her "Vision" produced two lines that I will set up against the best of that J. Gordon Coogler so enthusiastically admired by Mr. Mencken. They read,

"I seen Pa coming, stepping high,
Which was of his walk the way."

He who has the vision to see Southern literature coming at all--and I profess to have it--needs must see it stepping high, for that is of its walk the way. It could not be otherwise. It has the pulse of the tom-toms in its veins, the scents of the jungle are in its nostrils and the flaming colors of the jungle in its eyes. It will be colorful beyond belief, instead of a discreet maquillage it will come wearing smears of paint like a witch-doctor. It may be outlandish, but it will not be monotonous. It may be gorgeously barbaric, but it will not be monotonous. For all I know, it may be in some manifestations tremendously evil--it may wallow in filth, but it will not dabble in dirt. I think we may even have a hint of it now in Clement Wood's ghastly, soul-sickening and damnable true "Nigger." That, at least, is a possible line along which it may come.

In the meantime, though, we have with us today a public fascinated by the flashy, even though it may be false. Instead of poets and authors we have poetesses and authoresses, poetets and authorets. At Richmond, Cabell plucks abstractedly the strings of his medieval lyre; at Charleston, away off to one side, DuBose Heyward and Hervey Allen are tentatively trying out their harp and 'cello combination; at the University of North Carolina the Play-makers are trying to play a fantasia on toy trumpets. Others are scattered here and there with rare and beautiful instruments. But the centre of the stage and the attention of the audience are engaged by a literary equivalent of Isham Jones' jazz band engaged in a spirited rendition of "Bang Away at Lulu."

Jazz is wonderfully moving * * * I wish I could write like Sir Thomas Browne.

Long Fingers

By Allen Tate

The twilight is long fingers and black hair.
Long fingers are old paintings on the wall.
Long fingers stretch, with no equivocal
Blurred beauty, through the dark rigid air.
And I have seen long fingers that would stare
With fiery eyes, and then the eyes would crawl
Deftly across the counterpane and fall,
Unsounding, with a wink of mild despair.

And I have seen long fingers, like a stone,
Eternal, and girded with an ancient ring
Engraved: These fingers are not flesh and bone.
Often I catch my breath when I'm alone!
What was I saying? An Egyptian king
Once touched long fingers, which are not anything.

THE REVIEWER

OCTOBER 1923

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VOLUME IV

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There Were No More People Upon The Earth

By Mary Johnston

There were no more people upon the earth.

The poisons that had been manufactured were peculiarly dire. Moreover, the opponents used malignant germs of many species. Pestilence swept away populations. Famine, the gleaner, came after. War had begun among three or four nations, but speedily involved all. There were but two parties on the face of the earth, and they killed each other. War had been general before now, but it was in the old days when the Advisers knew only primitive and partial ways of extermination. Now all was different.

Death rained from the air and swam in the seas, lakes and rivers. Methods had been devised of attaining conflagrations that licked up life. Old ways of slaying still abode, but the new ways were fearful--fearful and effective. From the one to the other pole they let loose Fury, and the skill to which by now man had attained armed her. And now there was none--no, not a man nor woman nor child of ten who was not engaged, and none--no, not an infant--that either side would spare. Long ago it had been that invaders chiefly blasted the coasts and borders of countries, leaving hinterlands to which remnants of populations might flee. But now there was no mountain village, no minute isle of fisher folk, where was not invasion. For now men did not need to accompany or follow up their black vials of black wrath. Cities chose cities a thousand miles away, and mutually they were destroyed in a night. Neither side wished for the other's complete annihilation. Each

preferred that masses of the foe should live, but live in something approaching a condition of servitude. Neither, when the war began, foresaw its own fate. There arose prophets, but they were stoned.

There were no more men and women upon the earth. A force of destruction was discovered, a power, a vibration, deadly to human life, though only to human life. The discovering side strove hard to keep the formula of generation for itself, solely for itself, but failed. The secret was stolen. Now two could play at that game. They played.

But when the very great danger was seen, and they strove for cessation, it was too late. The movement of death went on. At last they were few and weak, and still they died. A cluster of Advisers with some men of science and the mechanics who served them, dwelling in a certain fortress and laboratory and experiment station, outlived the rest, lived long enough to slow down and weaken and put upon disappearance that death pulse to all their kind. But when it was done, they too died of shock and exhaustion and mortal grief.

There were no human beings upon the earth.

The domesticated or herded animals, the horses, the cattle, the sheep and others, were already to a vast extent devoured or wantonly destroyed and gone. The vibration used at the last was not fatal to the remainder. But when man was departed those that still lived in pens or stables or enclosed fields quickly died. Others escaping roamed at large for a time, then perished of famine. But those that might reach the forests or the open, grassy plains lived and grew feral. The dog became extinct. He died with

man. The cat survived. For long she clung to the ruined houses, finding her food where she might. But at last she withdrew, stealing away to the woods, where presently she forgot houses and men and women and their ways.

Most of the cities had been thrown to the ground, but here and there, in each continent, yet stood in whole or in part the dwellings and buildings of men. A man might have found these cities, towns and single houses fearful things in their vacancy and functionlessness, but there lived no man to think it. The sunlight and the rain did not cease, the wind nor the snow. Through the years the cities stood soundless save for the low noise of disintegration. This went on always. Timbers, the smaller first, then the greater, rotted through. Walls collapsed; the empty streets became blocked, were buried. Wharfs, bridges, rotted and slid at last into water and were broken up and carried to sea and ground into sand and ooze. All ships upon the ocean when their sailors died went derelict. For a time they roamed with the wave and the wind, but one by one they sank in storm or beat themselves to death against the coasts. At last the ocean flowed clear of them.

Time passed, though now the globe did not count time. The cities crumbled down and weathered away. At last they became mounds, great or small, in wildernesses. The grass and the bush and the vine and the tree grew atop. Climates altered, running up or down the scale of warmth. Where had been realms of long winter the palm trees waved above buried marts. Where once in courts and gardens had stood palm and pepper and acacia now the firs threw down their cones and the northern maple turned scarlet in the autumn.

And coastal plains subsided and the sites of ancient cities became sea floor, or they rose, and the stones of old port towns, had any sought for them, would have been found inland, among hills. But none searched. The restless mind that searched, and called its search Policy or Science or Religion or Art, was departed.

The forest returned and covered the earth with its waves. Forest, ocean, desert, the green, treeless plains, and about the poles and on mountain heights rock and snow and ice--such again was the earth. Nowhere showed a work of man. The pyramids were levelled.

But how great and green and triumphant was the forest! In the last years of man it had feared for itself. Now was no longer fear, but expansion, flourishing and joy. How greenly the universal forest waved, how broad and how tall it grew! How the sun loved it, and the shadow, and the moon at night! The mahogany tree and the pine tree, the palm and the oak and the beech, the breadfruit and the larch forgot their names, but name or no name lived and throve and made music. The fruit trees and the nut trees went on as best they might. So did the olive and the vine and the maize and the wheat and barley and the rice and tea plant. All lived now for their own ends. The rose and the lily and all the garden flowers had long, long ago turned sylvan.

The sea was filled with fish. The whale and the seal renewed their generation, with their great foe dead. The littoral swarmed with life, from the limpet to the rose flamingo and the great turtles. In the air moved, upon the earth settled, the bird clouds. The busy, intelligent life of the insects continued. All animal life returned to its ancient freedom.

The wild horse and the bison rose into mighty tribes upon the plains. They moved in armies--the dust clouds rolled--earth thundered under their hooves. The deer in the greenwood moved or crouched in their thousands. In the winter was heard the long howl of the wolf, and the fox trotted down the glades, and the bear sought out the honey tree. In that zone where the sun is strongest the elephant, no longer slain for his tusks, revived and grew numerous. His huge bulk moved through sun and shade. Male and female, he fed and pursued his loves, and journeyed with his offspring by his side. The tiger held his jungle depths and no rifle cracked against him. The lion and the lioness lay at the desert edge, but their golden eyes saw no caravan, no wayfarer walking upright. The baboon, the gorilla, the chimpanzee sometimes caught by young trees and stood upright or moved a few steps so, but that was all. As for the average monkey folk, they scampered in trees and threw down nuts and jabbered incessantly, but that was all. The serpent glided and basked in the heat and cast his skin, but every animal and bird was against the serpent, and he never regained his old prestige.

The Earth lived and was vocal and intensely interested in herself. There were no men upon her surface, but the horn of plenty was not exhausted by that fact.

Ages passed, though there was no clock, ages and ages. There was another pole star than when man had looked into the skies; all things had slightly shifted. And all things kept on developing. The bird and the flower and the grass and the tree, the mammals, great and small, and all other living things continued to unroll a

pattern that grew always more vital, intense and significant. The inorganic was modified. The plant had stronger and stranger dreams. By insensible degrees the animal approached putting one and one together. Sensation and emotion had not departed with man, no, nor rudimentary thinking.

Ages passed. Rain fell, sun shone, the great bow sprang in the heavens. The moving air, the falling water, the waves upon the shore, the bird in the trees, the frogs in the marshes, the humming and violining insects, the voice of the packs when they hunted made a music of and by and for Great Nature. All things learned though they learned very slowly.

There was a creature who must be classed among aves. He was small, two-footed, feathered and winged. . . . There were no more men upon the earth. . . . Slowly, taking aeons to do it, he put out, in addition to his wings, rudimentary arms that grew, taking a vast number of generations to accomplish it, into true arm and hand. At the same time he began, very, very slowly, to heighten and broaden his skull. Man would have thought him--as he would have thought man--a strange looking creature. But he had hand as well as wing, and below his bird crest room for brain, and its manifold convolutions. He waxed in size. Feathers, not hair, covered him, and he could fly long distances very swiftly. And he had song, and, male and female, love for each other and great care for the young.

It took time, but at last there dawned self-consciousness.

The old vehicle for sensation, emotion, memory and thought that has been called man was gone. But sensation, emotion,

memory and thought are externals, and a new vehicle had been wrought. . . .

It is not a perfect vehicle. In much it betters man, but it is not perfect. The new Thinker resembles the old in that he knows selfishness and greed and uses violence. . . . It rests to be seen if he can outwear and lay aside all that and remain--as man could not remain.

Dawn Dream

By Elfrida de Renne Barrow

I shall weave Time
Into a net,
And go butterfly hunting
In the Spring--
I, who follow the flutter
Of ghost wings
At dusk.

Kingdom for Horses

By Jay G. Sigmund

The old village liveryman,
with his bronzed
and weather-beaten face,
looks passing like
some fabled mariner,
returned
from stormy seas.

There is the soft, familiar flicker
of old memories,
shining out
from under eyebrows
that are like
ragged grey hedges.

Philosophy
and a certain mellow humor
are as much a part of him
as his tobacco plug.

I sit with him sometimes,
tilted back in a rickety chair
against his battered barn-door:
listening, whittling:
wrapped
in deep content.

"Not much doin' any more
in my business,"
he tells me.

"These travellin' men
never come nigh me for a team now,
unless the roads is bad--
and then I tell 'em
my horses are all out--
damn 'em! . . .

"I go fishin'
 'most every day
 with Al Forbes,
 the harness-maker.
Al's trade
 is all shot, too . . .

"Gen'rally,
 Dick Long, the blacksmith,
 has time
 to go along with us . . .

"Sure, I'll always keep the barn:
 autos'll never
 entirely take the place
 of horses . . ."

Then the staccato neigh
 of a hungry horse
 drifts from the barn
 back of us . . .
 bringing back the soft light
 of old memories
 to those eyes
 that hide
 under his eyebrows . . .
 eyebrows
 that are like
 ragged grey
 hedges . . .

And Once Again--the Negro

By DuBose Heyward

I have been reading an article in a magazine that takes itself very seriously. It is a well-written article by a most zealous person who has solved the perplexing problem of what is to become of "Our Colored Brother." Education, we are informed comprehensively, especially education in the moral code of the white race, will bring enlightenment, and as an inevitable result, happiness.

I close the book, and look out of my window across a wide court brimful of heavy, languorous sunshine, and droning a slow symphony of humming insects, and drowsy child voices. The old walls show every color through flaking stucco, and, in a pool of cool shadow along the eastern wall, the five happiest curs in the world are dozing away the morning. In the centre of the enclosure, basking in the sweltering heat of the sun, a great black sprawls in the wreck of a chair, and with rhythmic, practised hands, peels stalk after stalk of stout, purple sugar cane. About him the debris accumulates steadily as he chews and discards successive joints of the succulent cane. In this fashion he has spent three days of this week. Last month his stevedoring gang struck for a raise, and got it. Now he can earn in three days sufficient money to support life for a week. We are beginning to realize that, in an ideal civilization, a man should expend but half of his power to secure the necessities of physical existence, and devote the remainder of his time to the realization and enjoyment of life. Students of sociology have many theories by which this desirable end may be attained,

but, as yet, the white race is probably centuries away from its practical application. My neighbor, ignoring the conventional attitude towards labor, has decided for himself, quite without the aid of the statistician. He is superlatively happy now. And I am filled with a wistful envy.

Last month the negro who does my gardening informed me that he was going to quit his wife. To my inquiry as to whether he could afford a divorce, he laughed, and replied that he needed none; and added, "Ain't yer done know, boss, that I married Satira on trial. We done agreed on a one-year trial, and not satisfied with that, I done throw in an extry two years beside. Satira ain't got no complaint. An' what's more, Mr. Rutledge's butler is ready to marry her today."

"But," I protested in an outraged voice, "she cannot marry again without a divorce."

My informant studied me for a long minute, and then, as a concession to my abysmal ignorance, explained slowly, as one might to a child.

"Yer ain't understan', boss. There ain't no papers to a trial marriage. Yer jus' promises for one year; then, if yer can't stand each other, the gentleman most always throws in a little extry before he quits. But, at the end of the year, if you still loves each other, yer ain't takin' no chances, and yer can be safe with goin' ahead with the cerimony."

"But there are two children, Elijah. Who will assume responsibility for them?"

He favored me with a reproachful glance. "Now, boss," he protested. "Yer ain't think I would take them children from Satira."

Who goin' to work for she when she old?"

"But they must be supported," I urged weakly. "Do you deny all responsibility for that?"

He regarded me with an expression akin to pity. "Must be yer don't know the Rutledges, boss. Must be yer think they is poor white trash, that their own butler can't raise his own wife's children offen their table." Then concluding that one so ignorant of social usage was unworthy of further conversation, he gathered his gardening implements and with a blithe hail to a passing friend, departed.

And so, this was the system. This was why many of the married negro couples that I chanced to know could afford to be happy. There was some assurance of compatability before the final forging of the chain. My gardener had fulfilled every obligation according to the accepted code. The children were assets instead of liabilities; and were magnanimously given over to the wife in lieu of alimony. It was mid-August, and fine alligator weather. The song of the liberated husband trailed back to me on the waves of heat. My eyes wandered back to the magazine that lay before me, and I indulged in a slow--and honesty compels me to add--superior smile.

In a recent poll taken to ascertain, if possible, the feeling of a cross-section of the public, as to the solution of the many new problems between the sexes, a surprising number favored a more flexible marriage bond. Some of the more daring hinted at contracts that might, if possible, allow the contracting parties to carry on their own lives and careers, and then, if living together should become unbearable, part without the clumsy and scandalous machinery

of the divorce court. In Europe the movement is fairly well advanced. In America, a century hence perhaps, the march of civilization may bring about a saner, and fairer condition of affairs between the sexes, and especially as regards the marital relationship. In the meantime, my gardener and his wife, who have solved the problem to their mutual satisfaction and happiness, live their lives, blissfully oblivious of the impending advancement that is being prepared for them by their solemn and consecrated white neighbor.

During the past summer, I met, in an advanced art circle, a young couple. The wife insisted upon retaining the "Miss" and her maiden name. They were really quite devil-may-care, and advanced about it, and submitted to the embarrassment of explaining themselves to hotel clerks, and others who made bold to enquire, for the good of the cause.

My washerwoman announced the other day that she has married. To my inquiry as to her present name, she replied: "My Lord, do listen to the gentleman! Yer sure don't think I goin' ter be responsible for any nigger's name. No sir! And he ain't goin' ter get my name neither. I is a good washerwoman, an' I got my reputation to live up to. He can go along with his shoe-carpentering if he wants to, but it is me as brings home the chicken on Saturday night. Me take his name. No suh! Not me!"

And so I listen to their stories, and let them go, but for them I experience a profound sadness. Are they an aeon behind, or an aeon ahead of us? Who knows? But one thing is certain: the reformed will have them in the fullness of time. They will surely

be cleaned, married, conventionalized. They will be taken from the fields, and given to machines. Their instinctive feeling for the way that leads to happiness, saved as it is from selfishness, by humor and genuine kindness of heart, will be supplanted by a stifling moral straightjacket. They will languish, but they will submit, because they will be trained into a habit of thought that makes blind submission a virtue.

And my stevedore, there out of the window. I look at him again. I cannot see him as a joke. Most certainly I cannot contort him into a menace. I can only be profoundly sorry for him, for there he sits in the sunshine unconsciously awaiting his supreme tragedy. He is about to be saved.

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Over the River

By Julia M. Peterkin

A lone, black woman walked steadily along the railroad track keeping to the middle where the vines and weeds did not grow so profusely. Her slim bare feet stepped mechanically yet firmly, on the cross-ties.

She carried a clumsy, cloth-tied bundle on her head and it shaded her eyes from the glaring overhead sun, but their soft depths had an anxious, uneasy expression as she gazed steadfastly into the forward distance. Her full purple lips were parted, From time to time she moistened them nervously with her tongue.

Blue and brown lizards slipped under the rails, and crickets and grasshoppers skipped to a safer distance, when her blue homespun skirt fluttered near them. But she was intent on something ahead and did not heed them at all.

When the track made a sudden swift curve and changed to a trestle she stopped short. Should she go on?

The river bridge could not be very far ahead now. Walking over high places always made her head swim. The swamp in front of her looked dark and gloomy and mysterious. Should she go on and try to cross it?

Where the earth fell away the track seemed very narrow. The trestle was long. Dizzy high. Could she walk these cross-ties without losing her balance and falling?

She took a few steps forward and looked down. Sluggish yellow streams wound logily far beneath her. Stagnant pools hid under

thick green slime. Rough black cypress roots pushed up out of the earth then thrust down again out of sight. She thought of snakes and shivered.

Pointed saw-palmetto leaves glistened in the sunshine, and in the top of a tall ash tree not far above the level of the track was a cluster of orange colored blossoms flaunting gayly. A determined vine had climbed. Struggled up. When it reached the top of the tree it bloomed! Yes, bloomed. She'd go on. She'd shed her gear. It was her only way to get to him.

He was yonder, somewhere yonder over the river. When he went away he told her that was where he lived. If she wanted him, she would have to go over there to find him.

He pointed this way to show her the direction. He made signs to show her plainly where he was going. She was deaf. She could not hear words. But his signs were easy to understand.

When the days were clear that low line of faint blue hills was plain. Many a time when she wanted him, wanted him, it somehow comforted her to look away at those hills. He was there. There, over the river.

She might not know just where to find him when she got over there, but the time had come to her when she had to find him. Had to! She wasn't able to work for herself any longer now, let alone for another. She had to get him and tell him. Had to let him work for her, take care of her, of her child, his child, until she was strong and ready to work for herself again.

He would do it. Yes, he would be glad to do it. He loved her.

She would like to stop and rest a little in the shade and

think. The sun was scorching hot. The bundle on her head was heavy. Her neck was tired. The cross-ties were splintery and stung the soles of her feet.

But if she was going to get to him in time she must not tarry.

Her time, the child's time, was almost come. The moon would change maybe tonight. She must hurry on.

She must have come most of the distance. She was far from home. Farther than she had ever been in her life before.

Suppose she did turn now and go back. There was nobody to go to. Nobody to care whether she lived or died. And he--he was yonder on the other side of the river. Somewhere yonder where the track dimmed and faded into the smoky haze.

She must not wait here. She must go on. She must not be afraid. She must keep thinking about him. Thinking that she was going to him, and then she would not be afraid.

Nothing would hurt her anyway unless she stumbled and fell--or a train should slip up behind her before she saw it--or a snake coiled up on the track to sun should strike her foot--

She'd watch close. She make her eyes see more to-day than they ever did before.

If she could only hear! She had never yearned to know what sound was like before. And not for herself. No. Alone, she could manage. But now she had his child to think of. To take care of. His child--yes--and hers--

Its weight, its restless turning, kept her from walking fast. But she must try to make haste. She must be patient with her jaded feet. She must comfort the ache in her tired neck and back. For

she was taking his child to him!

How pleased he would be when he knew. He'd throw his head back and laugh in the happy way she loved. He'd come hurrying to meet her with his light straight stride! He'd take her where she would be safe. He'd provide for her needs, hers and his child's-- Yes, she was sure he would.

She shifted the weight of the bundle further back on her head so its pressing on her forehead would be less. She brushed away drops of sweat that trickled over her eyelids and stepped forward on the trestle.

Her heart thumped in her breast. She was afraid. Not of anything she saw but of the loneliness, the strangeness of it all.

This morning before sunrise she had started out light-hearted, proud, full of hope. Her feet almost wanted to dance with joy that she was going to him. And now, before noon was even near, before the day was half gone, before her journey was nearly ended, she was ready to turn back. She was afraid and sad, and tired--discouraged.

She must watch her feet. They seemed inclined to stumble. They'd make a misstep and she'd fall.

Breathing seemed harder here somehow. The hot air, mixed as it was with the smell of rank, lush swamp growth and with steam from the oozy, yellow mud and black, rotting wood, was almost suffocating.

The very leaves on the trees were limp and drooping.

A wisp of smoke trailed into view. She faltered, half-halted, then she hurried on to a little shelf built out at one side of the track. A train was coming. She'd wait here until it passed.

The trestle quivered, shook, as the long freight came nearer.

A black fireman leaned out of his cab and waved a cheerful arm at her. Steadying the bundle with one hand she waved timidly at him.

It was good to see a face. Even a strange face. It gave her comfort.

She turned and watched the train rushing away on the trembly track carrying its cloud of sooty smoke and dust with it. Trains always held her fascinated. She had never ridden on one. There had never been anywhere for her to go. And besides, it took money to ride on trains.

Today, if she had even a few pieces of money, she could ride over the river on a train. They crossed like this every day. But she did not have one piece left. Not one.

She worked. Yes, she had always worked. But she got her pay in orders for things at the cross-roads store. Food. Clothes. Sometimes a bit of candy or cake or a ribbon. Never money.

Work had always seemed good until lately. Her body had got heavy and slow. Nobody wanted her to work for them now. They all shook their heads and told her not to come back.

All her life until this year she had worked in the fields. Nobocy could hoe or pick cotton any better. She couldn't hear and she couldn't talk and she didn't waste time.

This year she got a job helping the cook at the saw-mill. That was a good job. Always there was plenty to eat. Scraps, sometimes, but good food. Washing dishes was not hard to do. Her hands were quick. She hardly ever dropped a dish and broke it. Once or twice at first, when she didn't know just how to hold them, she did, but since she learned to hold them firm and light too, she never broke any at all.

She met him at the saw-mill. He came there to work in the off season when his crop was laid by over the river. Sawmill wages were good. He made some money--then he went back home--

He put money in her hand the last time she saw him. She kept it until yesterday, then she spent it all. She spent it for things she had to have. For charms. Two of them. Two that were good and strong.

As she walked she fingered the two little bags tied to a string around her neck. One of them held a charm made of the charred bones of an owl. That would make child-birth easy for her. The other held the tip of a buzzard's claw. That would make her baby teethe easy.

She touched the tips of her own white teeth together and smiled. Her baby's teeth--somehow the thought of them thrilled her heart. His teeth were white as rice grains! And even-- Her baby's teeth would be like them. Of course they would be like his. He was her baby's father.

How happy he always was! Always laughing, playing, joking, teasing-- Her baby would be like that.

Charms cost money, but she was right to spend what she had for these two. They were not for herself. They were for the child. His child. And he had given the money to her.

She had come to the wide yellow river. There it was, lying quiet in its bed, but she knew how it rose up and flooded and ruined low-lying fields when it was tired resting.

This river divided her world. And he--he was yonder on the other side.

She couldn't be very far from him now. When she got over there she'd take the first road she saw and follow it until she met somebody. Then she'd make signs to ask where he lived.

Now could she make a stranger understand whom she meant? She pondered this seriously.

He was tall, yes. She could hold an arm high to show that. He was black. Her own skin could show that. But many men were tall and slim and black.

How was she to tell a stranger that he had the most beautiful face in the world, and the tenderest smile--How?

His teeth and mouth were different. Yes, different from every other man's. Nobody had teeth as white as his. That was the way she could tell people whom she wanted to find.

She was finally across. The deep woods began to give way to open spaces. Small clearings held fields of cotton and corn.

Soon there would be a road. Maybe it would lead quickly to a house where she could stop and ask about him and rest.

She was tired. She had been walking since before day was clear this morning, when the morning star shone bright. She had not stopped once to blow.

On the side of a shallow slope a dim path straggled through woods and disappeared. It went somewhere. She'd follow it and see where.

She left the track and soon there were trees on both sides of her. The sky barely shone through the branches overhead. The path, cool and moist, led her on to a little clear spring bubbling with good clean water. Thank God!

She put her bundle carefully down on the ground and knelt and drank thirstily. Her face was steamy with heat and sweat. She cupped her hands and dipped water up and laved it and cooled it. Thank God for water!

She sat on the ground and dabbled her dusty feet in the stream and her tired eyes rested themselves with watching dreamily the white sand rising and stirring and settling in the water that flowed out from under it.

Her thirst was quenched but she was hungry and sleepy. She had nothing to eat. Stretching out on the wet ground to sleep would not be good. She'd just sit here a little. The child seemed glad to be still.

It must be nearly noon. Maybe quite noon. Here, where the trees hid the sun, it was hard to tell exactly. One small bright spot of light fell into the water. She looked up to see where it came from. Yes, it came from straight overhead. It was noon. Time to rest. People who work by the day in the field all stop and rest at noon. She had walked far this morning. She was due to rest, too.

It was hard to realize that she was on the same side of the river with him. The deep yellow river no longer ran between them. It wouldn't take long to find him now--to tell him why she had come.

For his sake she was sorry to be deaf. But he had never seemed to mind. He laughed at the signs she made to him as if he liked them. He'd laugh with surprise to-day when he saw her here--when he knew about their little child--

A purple flower hanging by a slender stem over the shining water trembled as a dusty yellow bee hovered wavering over it, then settled to suck its honey. She bent forward a little to watch it better. She leaned her chin in her hand. Her eyelids grew heavy. It was so peaceful here. The air so fresh. The light so quiet and dim. The child must be sleeping too. . . .

When something roused her, startled, confused, she could not think at first where she was. She tried to get to her feet. A mule's great shaggy neck was almost brushing her shoulder. His big loose lips sucked up water close beside her. His great hoofs were sinking into the soft wet earth not far from her bare feet.

Black plowmen stood staring at her while other mules drank. They had come from the fields near by. It was noon. They came here with their mules to drink. She was over the river. She remembered.

Maybe they knew him, and could tell her where to find him. She'd try to ask them. To make them understand by signs.

They were speaking to her. They were asking her questions. She could tell by the look on their faces. By their moving lips.

Her own lips and throat struggled to form words. She pointed to tell them she had come from over the river. They understood.

They saw she was deaf. They were saying so to each other. They were laughing. Laughing at her. She could see it.

One of them, one with thick ugly lips, and eyes that flickered through narrow slitted lids, was saying something to her. She couldn't tell his words but she knew what they were by the look on his face. By the way the others laughed and scolded and shamed him.

He cared for nothing they said. He stood looking at her with bold mean eyes.

She tried to look away from him. To pretend she did not understand him. It was hard to do. She dropped her eyes to the ground. Then turned to look far away--and--there he was! He was coming!

He came riding a mule along the path to the spring. He laughed as he came and kicked the mule in the sides with his strong bare heels. He was shouting to the others. She could see his lips move. The muscles in his big throat quivered with his voice. It was he; Yes--here--

Her throat strained and strove to call to him. To tell him she was here looking for him. Her lips twisted and wrung with trying to speak words.

He saw her. He looked right at her. He looked straight into her eyes. And he turned away to the others. Maybe--Maybe--he didn't know her--

He had turned away. He did not know her.

She knew she was changed. Yes. That her body was different. But altered so much he did not know her?

The big, ugly man was laughing. Was making sport of her. And he--he was listening and laughing too--laughing at her--making sport of her--How could he--how could he?

Her forehead felt burning hot all of a sudden. Chills went up and down her spine. Her knees got weak and shaky. A dark mist came before her eyes. She couldn't see him--or anything.

A pain, sharp, brutal, like a butcher knife plunged through her insides made her stagger forward. Her weight made her clumsy. Awkward.

Her body squeezed itself into a tight, dumb knot of pain. She put out a hand to keep herself from falling. Her fingers felt the shaggy rough hair of the mule, then the leaves on the damp earth where she fell. She tried to reach out. Maybe she would feel the touch of his hand. She would feel the touch of his hand. She would know it even in the darkness. . . .

The next morning a thin black old woman with sunken eyes leaned over the bed where she lay and stared her hard in the face. How shriveled and puckered the old features were. But the dim eyes were gentle, pitying.

A trembling warm hand was patting her shoulder. The quilt was being drawn back. A shaky old hand was motioning to her to look at the child there on the bed beside her. The hand patted her and motioned again. It shook her and made quick impatient signs. She must turn and look, it was saying.

She was too tired to look at anything. She wanted just to lie still and sleep. Sleep on and on.

The old hand was bent on having its way. It pulled at her and jerked her. She may as well do as it bade. It would not let her rest.

She opened her eyes and followed where it pointed. Her baby was close by her on the bed. It was wrapped in one of her own petticoats, and sleeping. She raised up on an elbow to see better. Ah--With a finger she stroked its tiny head. Its small wrinkled face. Her little baby was sleeping as if there was no trouble in the world., while its father--wouldn't own it or her.

The old hand began making signs again. It pointed to her

breasts. It told her the child must be fed. Fed now.

She clutched at the quilt and drew it up over her.

She turned away from the child and with her face to the shabby, dingy, brown wall she tried to recover what had happened.

She had seen him and he had not owned her. Over and over the thought milled through her mind. He had not owned her. After she had come all this way to bring him his child, he did not care. He had laughed at her! She thought he'd be proud--when he saw her-- She was a fool! Yes.

Tears hid the rain-stained walls from her eyes. If she could only die! Why hadn't she died! The misery in her heart was too much to bear--too much--It was keener than her body's pain had been.

He--he--It was the loss of him that was eating into her very insides. Her lips began trying to cry out words. If she could only say words! They would help. Her throat almost burst with the effort to say them. Her breath choked back with sobs.

He had refused to own her! He wouldn't even own that he knew her! Before her own eyes--Before all the strange men--He scorned her--He made sport of her. It was too much!

The old hand patted her shoulder gently, then stroked her forehead. It drew the quilt up around her and coaxed her to be quiet.

How could she be quiet again as long as she lived? Everything was gone from her. She had nothing to live for. Why did she ever come to look for him? Why didn't she stay where she was? She would never have known how cruel he could be. She would always have believed he loved her. But now--now--that she knew--how could she bear to live on?

A mosquito disturbed by her moving flitted close to her face

then settled on the wall right in front of her eyes. His body was puffed with food. With blood. He had been feeding on somebody. She had not felt his stinging. Maybe he had bitten her baby. How dared he?

She turned to see if the child's face was stung. Not that she could see. The light was very dim. The door and the windows were closed and there was only the feeble fire light flickering in the chimney, and the thin pale lines of light that showed through the cracks.

She touched the baby's soft wrinkled cheek with an unsteady fingertip.

This was her child. Hers. Yet his too. Nothing could keep it from being his. Together they had formed it. He and she--and life--they had all three had a part in making it.

Once there had been love between them. Now he had only shame. And here was the child--Oh, who was to blame? What was it that made him forget and change--made him ashamed to own he knew her?

Poor little baby. Helpless. Naked. Friendless. Yet sleeping so sound. Sleep is good. If she herself could go to sleep and never wake up any more. That would be like death! Yes, death. If she and the child would both die.

If she never did feed the little baby it would sleep on and on. It would never wake up. Without food it could not live--it would die!

Should she let it die? Why not? He cared nothing for it. Nothing for her. It was better off asleep than awake--Dead than living.

The old woman was back at the bedside again, motioning to her to put the child to her breast. Pointing and gesturing and talking and insisting.

Her breasts were ready. She could feel them swollen, feverish, filled.

Should she let them give the child food? Should she wake it now? He had denied it and her. She'd let it sleep on and die. Yes, die.

Then she would die herself. She couldn't die now, but when the baby was dead she'd go somewhere in the woods, away off by herself. She'd stretch her length on the ground and die. Yes, she would make herself die.

The old woman shook her and pointed to a cupboard whose open door showed a pan holding pieces of corn-bread. The shelf near it held a bucket of water and on a nail hung a long-handled gourd.

The old woman said something else, then took up a basket and a sunbonnet. She was going somewhere. Yes, she was putting the sunbonnet on her head, and getting ready to leave the cabin--to leave her--here--alone. The old woman came back to the bed and pointed to the child. She said it must be fed. Foolish old woman!

When the old woman went out and closed the door behind her, the fire died lower and lower. The shadows wavered dim over the dingy walls until at last they were still. Only a few coals gleamed in the ashes.

The little baby woke. Its arms made quick jerky signs. It was asking for something. It was hungry and asking for food.

She leaned low and peered in its face. It was ugly and

twisted with crying. Poor little thing. Better cry now and have it over than to live on and on with something in your heart that cries always. Yes, let it cry.

She couldn't look at it. She turned back to the wall and closed her eyes. She was tired--tired--If she could only sleep!

The bed quivered a little with the baby's crying. She was glad she couldn't hear it. Yes.

When she opened her eyes the day seemed spent. No light came through the cracks. She got up and opened the cabin door. The night outside was black. Smothering black. The darkness pushed itself into the room. She could hardly see the bed except for the baby's little fluttering hands. They still made signs. Signs for something to eat.

Maybe if she gave it water it would rest and sleep again.

She found a piece of wood and threw it on the coals then knelt and blew on them until flames fluttered up yellow.

The long-handled gourd seemed big for a baby's mouth but no cup was in sight. She dipped up a little water and held it for the baby to drink. It couldn't drink. No, it didn't know how.

She took it up and wrapped the petticoat close around it. She carried it where the fire-light could fall on its face.

How like him it was. But, so little and so grieved. It couldn't help being like him. She had thought of nothing but him since he went away from her months ago.

Was it--was it a boy-child? She had never thought to see. Yes, it was. Of course it would be. He, so strong, so full of life, would never get girl-children. No, not he.

Pain, fierce, pitiless, clutched at her heart. Her breath seemed cut off. She loved him--loved him--and he--Ah--

She put the child back on the bed and covered it up with the quilt. She would sit there by the fire until day-light. Maybe its pitiful gesturing would be still before morning came. Maybe it would go back to sleep.

Her own weariness brought a kind of peace with it. A resignation. When at last day shone through the cracks, everything seemed quiet. The child? Yes, it was quiet too.

She uncovered its face. The eyelids were closed.

The mouth where white teeth were to grow and show with laughing--was slightly open--but the lips were blue. Still, Cold.

With earnest eyes she followed the curve of the tender cheek and chin. It was asleep for good. It wouldn't wake and flutter its little clenched fists any more. Not any more.

Another day was here. She must be moving. There was much to do before the old woman came back. She must hurry.

She went out of the door and looked for something to use for digging. Her baby had to be buried before she went away. Was there a hoe anywhere--or an axe?

The dull old axe by the wood-pile had a poor cracked handle but it would do. The earth was sandy. It would give. The grave need not be very deep--or large--

Where should she make it?

She looked for a place. A vegetable garden had hand-split clap-boards around it. Grass and weeds and a few green collards were inside. There, in the corner, would be a safe place. Safe from

the dogs and possums and cats. Yes, that was where she would put her child.

It didn't take very long. Her strokes were quick and the earth yielded easily. Gladly.

How could she put it in--and cover it--with heavy, stifling dirt--but it wouldn't wake--it couldn't--it never would know it was not on the bed covered up with the soft light quilt--it wouldn't know.

Tears almost kept her from seeing what she did. They poured out of her eyes and her nose and into her mouth. But at last she was finished. There was nothing else to do now but to tie up her bundle and start back over the river. She couldn't stay here. Not here. No.

As the sun showed above the tree tops she closed the cabin door behind her and started on the path to the little clear spring that bubbled with good clean water. Thank God for water.

She knelt and drank thirstily then took up her bundle and went on. It wasn't far to the railroad track. Soon she'd be back. Back, over the river.

Pastiches et Pistaches

By Carl Van Vechten

The Sabbath Glee Club of Richmond

When Joseph Hergesheimer and I recently visited Richmond, Miss Julia Sully arranged that we should hear The Sabbath Glee Club. This Negro organization, under the capable direction of Joseph Matthews, who, I believe, is a night-watchman in one of the Richmond banks, has been in existence for ten years. These men came together for the purpose of perpetuating the Negro Spirituals, the only folk-songs America has produced, in the only manner that they can be effectively perpetuated. They cannot be accurately set down in musical notation for the simple reason that they were created in a scale more inclusive than the tempered scale which the vogue of the piano has dictated. They were also created to be sung unaccompanied, but I believe their harmonization to be entirely traditional with Negro singers, a matter of interpretation in which they differ from the folksongs of other races.

The Sabbath Glee Club has an astonishingly large repertory of these spirituals, including No hidin' place, Toll the bell, I want to be ready, Every time I feel the spirit, Roll, Jordan, roll, Go down Moses, and, of course, the familiar Swing low, sweet chariot. The interpretation is reverent--one is, indeed, reminded of the old spirit at Oberammergau--and musically thrilling. I could wish, at times, for something more of the true Negro temperament, a little more hysteria, a little more care to reproduce the original dialect of the songs. It is important to get such things right before they become a lost art.

I told these men, after listening for an hour to their marvellous singing, that I considered their organization more important than any symphony society in the country. I meant exactly what I said. These Negroes not only are performing a service of vast value to the musical historian; they have also created an institution capable of giving the greatest amount of musical pleasure. Several of the Negro schools in the South have built up choirs for the purpose of keeping the spirituals alive, but none of these choirs that I have heard touches so nearly the essence of these songs as the Sabbath Glee Club, the members of which are all laboring Negroes.

I was amazed to discover that the white population in Richmond exhibits only a meagre interest in these singers. Until four years ago, when Matthews enlisted the sympathy of Miss Sully, the group had been kept together only by the enthusiasm of its members. Even today this club has no hall in which to work, to practise and learn the music; the thirty men are forced to meet in each other's parlours. The club has not even a hall to sing in. Ruth Draper recently listened to them in the auditorium of the Negro Y. M. C. A., and Hergesheimer and I heard them in the same place, a room too modest in size to support the resonance of so many voices. It would be unfortunate if the future endowment of this organization should be supplied by Northerners, more unfortunate still if a continued lack of support should cause the Negroes to become disheartened and disband. I do not think the latter eventuality is likely to occur; a healthy opposing sign is the fact that several young men have lately joined the group. The first is more likely to happen unless the people of Richmond begin to realize the value of these singers to their community.

If the Sabbath Glee Club were provided with a hall for rehearsals and performances and its existence were suitably advertised, I prophesy that visitors would come to Richmond from all parts of the country to hear them, just as Europe has its pilgrims to Bayreuth and Oberammergau. If these singers never travelled--and I should be opposed to touring as tending to rub off the naïveté and simplicity so important to the true delivery of this kind of music--and gave a concert once a month in a place suitable for such an entertainment, I think, within a short period, that these concerts would be attended not only by Southerners but by music-lovers from every part of the North and West.

The "Plum Blossom" Concubine Writes

to the Emperor Ming Huang

By Amy Lowell

I have painted my eyebrows like willow-leaves to delight you.

I have painted them like cassia-leaves to attract your fancy.

Now the leaves of all the trees have fallen,

And snow hisses from the sky.

My Lord,

Could you look in this mirror,

You would see

My face, white as heaped snow,

My lips, red as a sunset

Between peaks of ice.

On Reading Minor Poems

By Sara Haardt

I love these fumbling gestures of your mind
Of something sensed so infinitely sweet
That it has cost you pain and made you blind
As old men reeling in a dusky street.

Here darkness tangles with a misty fire
And the flame flutters like a thirsty leaf--
But I move in the rhythm of desire
I drink your madness, I divine your grief.

The Shade of Distinction

By Emily Clark

When Miss Wilder heard that there was a really notable Peale in the most improbable surroundings in the State her pleasure was as vivid as her astonishment. For there seemed no doubt that it could easily be removed by her to a background completely suitable. She had sometimes found it difficult, since coming South, to carry out her admirable plans, because of an unaccountable stubbornness in the makeup of the native population. Miss Wilder had already spent the six most uncomfortable weeks of her life--her superlatively effortless, luxurious life--in the most ancient commonwealth, with results which had, in a measure, repaid her. On the whole, however, these results were not overwhelming. Relaxed in the warm peace of her hotel sitting-room--a hotel which Palm Beach and Aiken visitors were able to endure with serenity on their way to and from the North--she contemplated her late experiences in a number of the counties with the curious satisfaction that mortification of the flesh, safely past, can sometimes produce. She had traversed the flat, yellow, sandy roads of Tidewater, and jolted over the hilly, terra-cotta roads of Piedmont, in Fords. Most primitively exciting of all her adventures she had covered at least a part of the gorgeous, lusciously sticky red mud of the Southside in a buggy, with an elderly roan horse named General John B. Gordon and a diminutive brown driver known as Buster. It had been difficult for Miss Wilder to address her courier so informally. She had asked him on their first pilgrimage for his correct name, but if he possessed

any other he was unaware of it, and she was forced to use the only name available. It annoyed her because it made her feel that a liberty was being taken. Whether this liberty was taken by herself or Buster she could not precisely decide. Perhaps by both. Certainly it placed her on an undesirably familiar basis, and at the same time detracted from the dignity of Buster's race. A dignity which she had been brought up to respect, but which did not, apparently, in the least disturb the people among whom she found herself at present.

Miss Wilder, through the possession of one of the largest fortunes in America, not exactly a new one either, because it was now two generations old, had been born in a position whose security was unquestioned in her own mind or the minds of her friends. The fact that her grandfather had created a remarkably successful soap in no way detracted from her distinction of appearance and manner. It did not, indeed, detract from an innate distinction of personality. No one who met her could possibly doubt that Miss Wilder was a lady, in every sense of that Victorian, justly scorned, but indubitably indispensable word. In spite of a New York house which faced the Park and a far more impressive establishment at Mount Desert, with, best of all, the knowledge that she could have as many other houses in as many other places as she chose, she had never been drawn into any of the more vulgar diversions of the excessively rich. She was more conservative in mind and manner than some of those whose ancestors had made New York, long before Miss Wilder's grandfather had made soap. Her clothes were so triumphantly inconspicuous that only the close inspection of a trained eye could completely compass their expensive perfection. She was, in brief, unnoticeable in every way,

and even, at times, wore her hat just a shade too far back on her well-brushed, uncurled head; this being the final test of assurance and unshakable belief in oneself and one's position.

She had traveled, naturally, very widely, and spoke several languages quite beautifully in an exquisitely cultivated voice. Pictures were her deepest interest in life, and portraits and miniatures of early Americans her especial branch of picture-collecting. An entirely sensible and estimable collecting fad, as thereby many really historic examples of excellent early America were saved for lamentable later America, examples which, in this poverty-stricken section, might otherwise be scattered Heaven knew whither. Of course in New England it was different. Things were, in the main, well preserved there, perhaps because there had been so little in the beginning. All of which shows that Miss Wilder was by no means a mere rich, flamboyant New Yorker, come down to jeer at the nakedness of the land and the shiftlessness of its inheritors and inhabitants, but a right-thinking, well-bred person who could not only meet the most unyielding, native old lady, but could also meet with the approval of the same old lady. She was completely prepared for genteel poverty, for the special sort of pride which conceals or ignores it, expecting others to do likewise, and to treat this pride with tenderness and delicacy. She had encountered its like in Boston, and even occasionally in New York. But in the counties her ideas had been a trifle upset. There was pride enough, to be sure, but of the sort which speaks carelessly and openly of deplorable conditions rather than attempts to veil them.

Moreover, these people did not know how to get the best results

from the few really desirable things they possessed. They clung, in many cases, to their pictures with peculiar tenacity, although now and then they had parted with them in order to make necessary repairs in their houses. But they had usually failed to dispose of them to the best advantage, and the owners of the pictures had sometimes been deceived as to their real worth. In spite of all ill fortune some really good paintings, Copleys, St. Memins, Peales, Gilbert Stuarts and Sullys, still remained in the State. The inhabitants were more inclined to part with books than with pictures. In its present era the commonwealth could, by no stretch of the imagination, be called library. Miss Wilder had heard that in an early golden age--say, the forties--it had been so. But in the back of her exceedingly well-trained mind Miss Wilder permitted herself a small doubt concerning the authenticity of this legend. True, there were "gentlemen's libraries" scattered about, but it scarcely seemed that these libraries had been the important preoccupation of their owners. Planting, fighting, lawmaking and attending to the majestic affairs of the Church had filled the larger portion of their existence. In one house, notably, already draped with a blanket of mortgages, whose nice, steep old steps were beginning to tumble down, there had been a rather fine eighteenth and early nineteenth-century library in the best classical tradition. Unpardonably, this library had never been appraised, but had been sold piecemeal, whenever a stray purchaser desired a book, or perhaps two or three books, at a time. The proceeds of these casual sales were thrust into a pigeon-hole of the shabby secretary, and whenever a member of the family needed immediate cash a bill would be extracted.

Certainly, the progenitors of this breed were even less occupied with painting pictures than with writing books, but pictures represented the Family in a more direct way than books could ever do. Therefore, pictures were harder to buy. Miss Wilder could well understand that a portrait removed from a colonial wall, or even a miniature from a colonial desk or mantelpiece, might leave an unpleasant, yes, a reproachful, vacancy. But in the affair of the rumoured Peale she was hopeful, positively buoyant, for she had heard that its home was almost squalid, and that its owners were persons who had so far degenerated that they could not possibly be appreciative of its artistic, or its particularly historic, value. Miss Wilder knew what degeneration could mean. In some of the counties she had encountered specimens of it in people whose ancestors had governed and made laws for the American people generations before her grandfather was born to cleanse them with his superior soap. And Miss Wilder, without abnormal conceit, could not help knowing that she, the product of only two generations, was thoroughly adequate in every obligation of her existence. These specimens had, it appeared, been happily ignorant of almost everything worth knowing, but had managed to maintain, somehow, an unaccountable superiority to circumstance. This superiority may, it is true, have been attributable solely to complacency, in which quality they were without peers. Who were they, she wondered, what had they done, what, indeed, had their ancestors done, to make their descendants so sure that all was well with them, and equally sure that much was wrong with the outside world?

But in the matter of the historic Peale there was no estate as

a background, not, Miss Wilder had heard, a single servant to support the assumption to which she had now become accustomed. And she knew the household was desperately in need of money, consisting as it did of an old woman and her unmarried daughter. The only son had married as badly as he might have been expected to marry, and had moved to another city. The hour arrived for Miss Wilder's appointment at this house, and with it her car, which had waited for her here at her headquarters while she spiritedly roamed the countryside in hired Fords. In an extremely short time she stood in the dark, narrow hallway of the incongruous shrine of the Peale, conversing with the daughter of its owner. Miss Wilder's manner was, as always, perfection, as she asked if she might see, immediately, the picture. The girl, whose coloring, figure and voice left a blurred impression of vagueness, took her into a room which was all that Miss Wilder had anticipated from the hall. A musty room, furnished sparsely with drab horrors. A withered little woman rose to receive them. Could it be possible, thought Miss Wilder, that these were authentic descendants of the celebrated soldier whose beautiful wife had been painted, in admiration, by Peale? Did they themselves fully realize the connection? For they had long since lost all claim to social position, even in the State which their family had helped to make. And how much comfort could be bought with the price which she was willing to pay! She would not dream of using their probable ignorance for her own profit. They were, obviously, ignorant of much. That was clear from their conversation and their ideas of decoration. After a suitable period--Miss Wilder never did anything unsuitably--of

desultory conversation she asked to see the Peale. The little old woman, whose wraithlike appeal was not shared by her daughter, moved across the room and with her clawlike, small fingers indicated the strip of wall next the window. From its shabby surface shone a face of rose and blue and gold. It was the wife of the great American, and all her radiance rightfully belonged to the two shadowy women. This was what a period of unendurable poverty had robbed them of. And this was what an equal period of ease and beauty had done for Miss Wilder. Miss Wilder, who was, beyond all doubt, a lady.

That dead, smiling lady of gold and blue and rose would unquestionably be more at home in the setting which awaited her with Miss Wilder. How lightly detached she seemed here. "Yes," the little old woman was saying, with a voice and enunciation that proved the length and completeness of her separation from her own kind, "people often come to look at her. She's such a pretty thing, and the General's wife besides." Have you ever had a price fixed for the picture?" hesitatingly asked Miss Wilder. The two amazing descendants of the loveliest of ladies looked blankly puzzled. "Why no," replied the daughter, "why should we?" Miss Wilder put up her hand to touch the smooth, rose ivory face of the ancestress who had been almost as conspicuous as her husband in Virginia, in Washington, in Philadelphia, while her own thoroughly commendable forebear as dealing competently with fate, weather and Indians in her staunch log cabin, and thought how miraculously the laws of evolution and decadence were bringing this colorful and distinguished shade to her ultimate and proper haven on Fifth Avenue. She delicately mentioned a sum which sounded large even to her. "That

is what the picture is worth," she said, "and I will pay it."

"You will pay it," echoed the mother. "What does she mean, Annie?"

"I don't know, mother, she only said she wanted to see the picture.

Lots of people do." "I mean," patiently explained Miss Wilder,

"that I want to buy the portrait." "Buy the portrait," repeated

the little old woman again, parrot-like. "But you can't buy the

portrait, you know. It's not for sale. It's a member of the

family."

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GREENSBORO, OR WHAT YOU WILL

By Gerald Johnson.

This is a chant of the city that is to be, and you may name it what you please--Charlotte, or Raleigh, or Winston-Salem in North Carolina, Greenville or Spartanburg if you go south, Danville or Roanoke if you go north, or any one of a hundred other names of a hundred other towns precisely like it scattered from the Potomac to Mobile Bay, from Hatteras to the Rio Grande. I name it Greensboro, North Carolina, because I am a citizen of Greensboro, and our muezzins summon us to prayer with the sacred formula, "There is no God but Advertising, and Atlanta is his prophet." Nevertheless, we are resolutely broad-minded. We gulp, and admit that there are other towns in our class known to some people besides Mr. Rand and Mr. McNally. Therefore, if it pleases you to strike out Greensboro and write in another name, by all means proceed to do so; we of Greensboro shall be secretly outraged, but just to prove that we are no Mainstreeters we shall smile from the teeth out and acquiesce too heartily.

But from one thing, I pray you, refrain. Do not curl your lip because Alias Greensboro comes shouldering its way into the grave and dignified company of its elders. If The Reviewer's ambition is to present a complete series of Southern types, this one cannot be neglected. The word "city" does not mean in the

South Richmond, Baltimore, Charleston, New Orleans, Louisville and no more. Nor may the collection be regarded as complete if Atlanta be added. By a merciful dispensation of Providence Greensboro has never been able to imitate Atlanta as closely as it would like. It is still distinctly different, still of an independent type; and to many hundreds of thousands of Southerners the word "city" means just such a town as Greensboro. A town that may be identified by so many Southerners as their own certainly is of right to be included in any gallery of pictures of Southern cities.

O. Henry once wrote that he was born in "a somnolent little Southern town," and in so doing a man to whose nature malevolence was foreign left to his city a legacy of bitterness. A considerable portion of Greensboro's stock in the advertising trade is O. Henry. It earnestly desires not to be ungrateful to him, but how those words "somnolent" and "little" do rankle! Greensboro is enormous, and so wide-awake that it is pop-eyed. Why, did we not have a special officer of the census bureau down last year to count us after the cotton mill villages had been taken in, and did he not report a total population of 43,525? Everyone knows it. None can escape the knowledge, except the wholly illiterate, for both the morning and evening newspapers still print the magic figures in large, black type every day. And as for alert modernity, does not a seventeen-story office building spurt up suddenly and unreasonably from the middle of the town, like Memnon among the dunes singing the glory of its creators when the rays of the rising sun touch it in the morning? It is really too bad that O. Henry wrote

that line, for his worshippers still come here in numbers, expecting to find a quaint Southern village, with the scent of honeysuckle and the sound of guitars filling the suave air at dusk. And they generally fail to appreciate at its true worth the progress that Greensboro has made. Some have been known to go away peevish.

Nevertheless, Greensboro is more representative of the present South than would be the somnolent little town for which these pilgrims seek in vain. Change is the breath of its nostrils, indeed the very texture of its soul. It was created by the sudden transition into an industrial region of the vast plateau that parallels the Blue Ridge from Atlanta to Lynchburg, Virginia. Here is established headquarters of one division of the new invasion of the South, which has occurred since O. Henry was a boy, and which has relegated the South that he knew to the pages of romance. Where Sherman came up and Grant came down to grind the Confederate armies between them, now Cotton and Tobacco have established their armies of occupation, and Greensboro and a long line of towns like it have sprung up with a speed comparable to the speed with which the cantonments grew in 1917.

But while the cantonments have already vanished, Greensboro will remain and nothing is more important to the South at the moment than to examine it, to inquire what manner of thing this is which has been thrust upon it, and which threatens to dominate its future. Inspection of its material phases is only too painfully easy. But whisper your inquiry, and our Chamber of Commerce will fall upon you ecstatically, snowing you under with pamphlets, casting recklessly into the air handfuls of popping statistics like

Chinese firecrackers, hustling you into a motor car to exhibit to you endless miles of asphalt and endless rows of unlovely skeletons of houses in process of construction.

It is a subtler and more difficult thing to catch a glimpse of the spirit of the place. It is not the business of the Chamber of Commerce to know that such a thing exists, and such things as it is not its business to know it painstakingly forgets. It cannot possibly remember, for instance, that Greensboro has only one railroad; why even inquire of it whether or not the city has a soul?

If the inquiry were made, the inquirer would almost certainly be misdirected. He would doubtless be sent to look at one of the suburban developments, which would be pleasant, but not profitable. They are merely additions to the pamphlets, the statistics, the automobile trip about the city. True, they are delighted to visit, all smooth-shaven lawns, broad streets with parkways running along them, and handsome homes all new and shiny inside. Some of them contain books and flowers and music as well as velours and mahogany and Oriental rugs; but they all have concealed plumbing, electric washing machines and vacuum cleaners. In other words, they are both new and complete. They have arrived, and the only story connected with them is a story of achievement. Greensboro, on the other hand, is new, but it is not complete; and the only story connected with it that is worth the telling must be a story of aspiration, a story of hopes hardly formulated, of ideals dimly received.

* * *

They wandered down Elm street on Saturday afternoon, when the mill villages on the outskirts of the town pour their populations

into Greensboro's main thoroughfare. The inadequate sidewalk swarmed with people in a hurry, but they were untroubled by the incessant bumps and shoves of speeding pedestrians on business bent. They had obviously come to take in the town, and they were taking it in, leisurely and with immense satisfaction.

He carried in his arms a child of some eighteen months. She wheeled a perambulator. First one, then the other, grasped the hand of a toddler of three and slung it along, its feet rapping the pavement staggeringly and ineffectually. His suit certainly had been purchased, some time ago, at a fire sale in New Jerusalem, down by the railroad station. His shirt might have been the cause of the fire. Her shapeless shoes, cotton lisle stockings, and dress of neutral tint were topped by a hat that reminded one of a startled hen balancing on a board fence and ready to fly at the slightest alarm. The characteristic pallor of the cotton mill operative lay upon them both. Their faces were equally vacant, but hers was pinched by a hunger not of physical food.

Their direction carried them into the stream of traffic nearest the curb, but suddenly before a shop window she turned at right angles, thrust the perambulator straight through the line of people going in the other direction without the slightest interest in the ensuing disturbance of traffic, and brought it to a halt before the sheet of plate glass. Languidly he joined her, and they stood at gaze.

The window advertised a sale of silks, and the decorator had followed the custom of fixing bolts on high and permitting the fabric to cascade to the floor in shimmering streams. The window

was a riot of colour blended with artful carelessness, a debauch of loveliness, voluptuous, enticing, exquisite. It fairly cried aloud for great ladies, imperiously it demanded wonderful bodies, soft and flawless skins, perfect contours, dignity and utter grace, for which these wonderful and costly things might furnish a worthy setting.

Outside he and she stood, not enraptured, but calmly and judicially admiring; indefinitely far from suspecting the irony that might have set Olympus a-roaring; and when they soon tired of it they moved on, having spoken only a harsh word or two to the squirming toddler.

Yet for a moment there had been a gleam in her eyes.

* * *

Greensboro is the Master Key to the South's Best Markets. If you don't believe it, ask the Chamber of Commerce. It has published a booklet saying so, and it ought to know, for that is one of the things it is supposed to know about. Perhaps you may have been deluded into believing that the master key is Danville, or Roanoke, or Winston-Salem, or Charlotte, or Raleigh, or Greenville, or Spartanburg, or Macon, or Augusta, or some other of those Southern towns that are always making preposterous claims. But it isn't. It's Greensboro. Greensboro thought of the phrase first and can prove it.

Greensboro has the biggest denim mills, and--and--and, oh, well it's all in the pamphlet. The point to remember is that Greensboro has the biggest.

Greensboro has a proud list of illustrious sons. She has

named a cigar and a mattress and a hotel after O. Henry, and if Wilbur Daniel Steele ever gets a big enough reputation she will doubtless name a cigar and a mattress after him. We have no new hotel to name just now.

Greensboro has many varied industries employing many thousands of workmen and the payroll amounts to so much monthly, and twelve times that in the course of a year.

Greensboro, as was said of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, is equidistant from all points of the horizon and is therefore a natural distribution centre.

Greensboro has practically the same climate as North Carolina, but being thirty miles east of Winston-Salem, and ninety miles north of Charlotte, and eight miles west of Raleigh, and fifty miles south of Danville, she is protected on all sides from blizzards, sandstorms and beating rains.

Greensboro has the absolutely unique distinction of being the third city in size in North Carolina.

Greensboro is infinitely preferable as a place of residence to New York, London, Paris, Berlin, or Vienna. I forget why, but you can find that and many more such absorbing items of information in the pamphlet.

No, that is inexact--I forget the reason given in the pamphlet, but I am well aware of many reasons for living in Greensboro that the pamphlet curiously omits. For instance, a good business man has served this city for three years as mayor without stealing a cent and without getting anything for his labour but a prolific crop of enemies. A big lawyer has spent \$50,000 worth of his time

trying to get--and getting--decent schoolhouses for the city's children, including the negro children. An insurance man for years has lived on half the income he might have made because half his time was taken up in a heart-breaking struggle to keep real estate brigands from putting garages in people's front yards, and in securing parks and playgrounds for the city. I might multiply instances of the kind, but these are suggestion enough.

Why do they do these difficult and profitless things? Well, they seem somehow to see, as through a glass darkly, a shimmer of magnificence in the future of this commonplace little town. They have the impression that somewhere beyond their reach, but within sight, there is such splendour, such grace and dignity and beauty as the town has never dreamed of; and arrested by the vision they stand spellbound. They allow themselves to be jostled and pushed aside by hurrying passers-by without protest, rather than turn away from the loveliness they expect never to touch. And he who strives to create unattainable beauty, regardless of his medium, has he not the artist's soul?

The irony of it is not subtle. He must be humourless indeed who fails to perceive the incongruity of Greensboro's critical appraisal of the apparel of queenly cities. I do not challenge your right to laughter who have seen her only as you passed by and have had time barely to note that she is well fed and musicless, dramaless, destitute of painting and sculpture and scantily endowed with architecture meriting a second glance. Languidly chewing gum and inspecting rich brocades woven for mistresses of empires and broad seas, she is perhaps justly an object of derision. But I pray you

pardon me if I do not join in your mirth, for I am somehow not in the mood for laughter. I have seen the gleam in her eyes.

Mabel Callahan

By Maxwell Bodenheim

This tale is not in artificial acts:
This tale reviles the tiny truth of facts.
It swings the weight of Mabel Callahan,
Who searches wildly, meekly, for her man.
Sordidly morbid Mabel held a fight
With lightly reckless Mabel every night,
And when within her heart the battle-drum
Became too brisk, she glued her lips to hum:
"Ashes to ashes, dust to dust,
Keep away, baby, from the white man's lust."
This tune reduced the battle to a jest
In which she stood, judicious and undressed.
Jim Donovan discovered her in this
Position and destroyed it with a kiss.
Once more arrayed in cotton chastity,
She blessed the tensions of her slavery
And slapped his face: he did not understand
That she had struck herself, and with a hand
Released by whiskey, stabbed her in the side,
The sudden rhythm healing cloven pride.
She cringed beneath the vacant grin of death,
Stripped to a tossing dream of feverish breath,
And when she rose from the sarcastic bed
Her scar was like a pink mouth closed to dread.
Fear is a knife within a knife, and she
Had blended them to one blade and was free.
When Donovan walked to her with the tread
Of a repentant emperor, she said
Three words, "Now, beat it," and the calm-edged tone
Removed him from her, like a wall of stone.

Il Penseroso

By Emily Clark

As The Reviewer grows older, and I too grow older, I am impelled upon occasion to meditate concerning the calculating spirit, and yes, the selfishness, of the reading public. Does anyone, I wonder, read--discriminatingly and widely read, I mean--merely for the joy of reading? Last year (I think) in the New York Times (I think) an article appeared containing inquiries as to the whereabouts of the historic "gentle reader," the harmless necessary gentle reader, in old times considered indispensable by writers. The adjective in itself implied a disinterested mental state, a degree of detachment, a pleasure without motive, in books and reading. Did this person still exist, queried the article and if so where, and how might he be reached? An inconvenient recollection has just overtaken me. I am almost certain that Richard Le Gallienne was the interrogator, and Mr. Le Gallienne has been so rude to one of The Reviewer's favorite authors that it is in rather bad taste to quote him in this place. But I have begun, and it is too late to turn back. For Mr. Le Gallienne's querulousness on this subject almost matches my own.

I, however, am able to enlighten him, by grace of three years' editorial experience. I know where the gentle reader is.

He has, and she has, in practically every case known to me, become a writer. Or else, he hopes, however secretly, eventually to become one. And writers are never gentle. I do not mean, by this assertion, that hundreds of people who neither hope, expect, nor desire to write do not read. Because they do. But they do not read in the thorough-going, abandoned, wholehearted, withal intelligent manner which would gratify most writers. I have not found one reader of this superior class who is absolutely without guile. Sometimes, of course, they do not intend to write books, but they are paid to read them in order to review them. Sometimes a young man finds no one to pay him to review them, but he hopes that in the future someone will; he believes, in brief, that with an impressive background of reading he may ultimately become a critic. And his conversational method of approach to a book is heart-sickeningly technical, almost clinical.

He may perhaps intend to become an editor, although his intention be wholly sub-conscious, as it assuredly must have been with the editors of The Reviewer. Occasionally, he simply desires to enter what are misleadingly known as "literary circles," and must be conversationally prepared. In any of these cases the glory is departed from the act of reading. Indulgence in literature has now become irritatingly unintelligent on the one hand, or sordid and self-seeking on the other. This is a fearful conclusion for a literary magazine to reach, but it is unavoidable. A European artist said to me once, "Oh, for an intelligent audience, such as we have at home! In your country, all of the

people who by temperament and training could supply the most sympathetic appreciation insist on being a part of the show, on the stage, doing things with crudeness instead of listening with perfection." I am speaking of literature here, but the same calamitous attitude prevails among the other arts. Nearly everyone who loves and understands music insists on playing a little and singing a little when such persons could be far better employed in listening. Precisely the same horrid facts are true of acting, and they may also be true of painting, although I have had no opportunity to prove it.

If it were at all possible to read in the grand manner after becoming a writer, critic or editor, these ends would not be so tragic. But all hope of a selfless, unconsidered love of books is lost when any one of these careers is embarked upon. Writers, critics and editors do not read *con amore*. The amazing truth is that some writers do not read at all. Reviewers and editors, being slaves instead of creators, must continue to read until they die, although the glory and the freshness dies long before these unfortunate persons do. But writers, I repeat, sometimes cease to read at all. This is only one of the uncounted discoveries I have made about writers since I became an editor--the remainder will not be published until I am quite old--and it is not the most astounding of these discoveries, although it is, in all conscience, sufficiently strange. Many writers continue to read, but they do not read in a *grande passion*. I shall refrain from more explicit discussion of just how they do read. I bear witness in my own person to some of my heresies, for in my childhood,

when still too young to have developed even a sub-conscious inclination or any sort of complex, books were so vital to me that not even a superlative degree of health and well-being, no, not even the knowledge of that second in the list of allurements, a horse ready saddled outside, could drive me out-of-doors when I had just become possessed of exactly the right sort of book.

The horrible truth is that books are now less vital to me. I can find only one explanation. That explanation makes me fear that if I continue to review, to edit, and in a minor--oh, but very minor!--way, to write, I may develop something not unrelated to a mild taste for literature. I am taking steps to recover my former poise by foregoing all "columns" and reading matter containing personal information about living writers, and I believe I shall find this beneficial. Stories and poems, together with lovely ladies and other nice things, have been stripped of far too much of their lawful mystery by the enterprising young men who write about them. These young men, in their well-meant zeal, are over-reaching their original aims. We should never have been informed that the fever and the fret which are the property of Wall Street are not unknown in--shall we say?--the Algonquin. That was a fatal error. At least one editor looks back, a bit wistfully, toward the gods and heroes of three years ago.

Some of those who are neither reviewers, authors nor editors, and who honestly consider these creatures, like the purple cow, more desirable to look upon than to be, may dispute what I have said about the nature of their own entirely innocent and uncom-
thoroughly, but not intelligently. They may read intelligently,

but not widely. They may worship a number of dead authors, but refuse to occupy themselves with living ones on the ground that they are assuredly light and of no account because alive. Or they may confine themselves to living authors because they are their personal acquaintances, or might become so, and their books for these reasons acquire an intimate personal enticement, just as gossip and letters do. And dead authors, by contrast, seem a trifle flat. Or they may read--most unpardonable of all reasons--to be instructed or improved, and may consider Jennifer Lorn, for example, as futile as they would have considered Alice in Wonderland if Lewis Carroll's death had not occurred at a sufficiently distant date to make his book safe for them. Or they may declare that they "love to read," which banality is proof beyond all argument that they do not. Now and again I encounter a charming college boy--he may even look athletic, and may fail to suffer from any of the more disquieting symptoms of literary ambition--or a deceitfully wide-eyed girl, obviously and normally interested in her clothes, who discourses so spontaneously of books, past and present, perhaps too, of magazines past and present, in a manner so wholly simpatica, that I am moved and thrilled, only to receive a few weeks later a manuscript from one or both of them revealing that a football figure is sometimes a disguise and that a designing young woman may look at one with wide and dewy eyes. The manuscripts also reveal too often that the ideas of these delightful young people are far less effective written than spoken. But they could never be content simply to read books and to love them. So gradually I am coming

to trust no one. The more so because I too am guilty.

A second disturbing memory suddenly interrupts me. There does exist, to my knowledge, one gentle reader, one to whom books, the right sort of books, mean rapture and intoxication, and who, guiltless of any professional connection, or of any preoccupation with manner and technique, of any vulgar speculation as to how the thing was done, quite instinctively knows the ingredients that make the right sort of book; who, so to speak, can "feel the combination," like those gifted gentlemen who open totally unfamiliar safes wherein treasure lies. If anyone, like Mr. Le Gallienne, should feel an absolute necessity to find this reader, I might consider furnishing the name and address on receipt of a stamped envelope.

These unwholesome meditations may be only a mood, the inevitable consequence of approaching age and disenchantment. But The Reviewer has ever been a magazine of moods, and all of them have been by no means wholesome. So I break no precedent; precedents are not lightly broken in Virginia. The mood, at all events, is so exigent that I surrender to it, at the cost of interrupting a series of respectfully impersonal comments on life as it is lived today in the most ancient Commonwealth.

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Dead Poet

By Joseph [sic] Pinckney

We thought of him as filling an armchair
Exclusively in the plane of commonplace;
We saw him as pale eyebrows, sandy hair,
And a rather eager, beaming type of face.

We never doubted that his spirit stayed
Comfortably at home in his brown suit,
Nor dreamed that it could stumblingly have strayed
Painfully seeking life's dark buried root.

He had too much good-nature for a poet,
Too much of easy means, to our thinking;
If he had suffered there was nothing to show it
In the shy eyes that our askance set blinking.

So when his metaphors began to climb
And dream on heights, we said it was pedantic
For him to utter cryptic things in rhyme,
And smiled at him grown suddenly romantic.

And when he said the gibbous moon's a dream
Worn in the sky of time, we mentioned that
He now took lemon at tea instead of cream
For the not unfounded fear of getting fat.

Till in the presence of his shielded eyes
Death's dignity has shamed our common sense,
And we confessed his right to being wise
Who now held knowledge of our going hence.

NEW ORLEANS

By G. William Nott.

Like a finely cut diamond whose facets reflect a distinct colour when held to the light, New Orleans reveals a different aspect of herself to suit the moods of each newcomer. She is all things to all men. Sailors from distant shores may wander along her waterfront, certain of meeting some vivid reminder of the homeland. Perhaps it is a skipper from Naples who catches the strain of some favorite Neapolitan canzone; or again, a swarthy cabin boy from Barcelona who strays into the café "Gato Negro," to find therein as motley a gathering as ever sailed the Spanish Main. The hardened old salt from Liverpool is apt to find his way to the "Irish Channel," where a friendly argument may suddenly terminate in a pistol affray. However, a worse fate may still await him. A zealous missionary is liable to bring him to a "seamen's bethel" where he will be given pious tracts and lemonade!

The young mess boy from Bordeaux, in wooden sabots and loose fitting blouse and trousers, will probably tour the variety shops near the levee, intent upon buying gifts for those back home.

Thus they pass through the city in a continuous procession, these seafaring men from far-off climes, seeking amusement whither their fancy leads them.

To the tourists who travel the four corners of the world with

the feeling that certain places "must be seen," New Orleans suggests merely one phase, Mardi Gras. To them it means that the city will be gaily decorated, lavish parades will pass through crowded streets, and costly private balls will be given. However, the celebration of Carnival has a far deeper significance. It is an indication of the gay, carefree spirit of the city, it shows how faithfully New Orleans has followed the customs of France. For was it not some young Creole gentlemen, returning from their studies in Paris who first decided to hold a street procession of maskers in imitation of the Carnival celebrations in Europe? It is even whispered by the Creoles, that Bernard de Marigny, the hero par excellence of their social tradition, was the first one to organize a Mardi Gras parade.

Withal, since the year 1827, New Orleans has, with few interruptions, set aside a day upon which like a young coquette, she adorns herself in bright colours, and in her most seductive manner, goes forth to charm her suitors.

That love of pleasure which is inherent in the French disposition, early found expression in New Orleans, and at the Théâtre d'Orléans the drama and opera flourished in the year 1817.

But it is to the old French Opera House, destroyed by fire in 1919, that so many charming memories cling. Who that has ever attended a gala night can forget the dazzling picture? However, the old Opera House was not merely for the socially elect. You might climb to the third balcony, and there you would find many an old Gascon couple, proprietors of a neighborhood shop. And when they anticipated an extra long performance, they would bring supper along.

Just to give you an idea of how every one felt perfectly at home . . .!

For the seeker of the picturesque and the romantic, New Orleans has a store of legends and traditions from which to draw.

Defended by a pirate, Jean Lafitte, and his followers at the Battle of New Orleans; narrowly escaping the horrors of the Inquisition, when under the domination of Spain; suffering several devastating fires and epidemics of yellow fever; witnessing the trial of a suicide's dead body, for according to French law, suicide ranks as homicide; the home of a weird negro cult, voodooism, whose devotees were in the thousands, and who went so far as to have a queen; these have been but some of the many experiences of the old Creole city.

And what a broad field has awaited the novelist and historian in New Orleans! Though the city does not boast of her favoured children, in fact, she frequently withholds from them the praise which is their due; she probably does not wish to play the role of the over-fond parent who stifles the creative instinct by an excess of adulation. That she has been guilty of no such offense is amply proven by the high calibre literary work of such writers as Grace King and George W. Cable; the historical writings of Martin, Gayarré and Fortier; the exquisite prose compositions of Lafcadio Hearn, though he might be called an adopted son; the brilliant journalistic career of Dorothy Dix, who though not a native Orleanean, has spent many years at different intervals in the city; and John James Audubon, whose studies of bird life have carried his name to every corner of the civilized world.

One reason for the romantic atmosphere of the New Orleans of the last century was the attention given to gardens. You might walk through the dingy streets of the Vieux Carré (the original plan of the early settlers) where the houses are all adjoining, and unexpectedly a door would open, giving you a glimpse of a high walled courtyard banked with palms and ferns. And if you had the least bit of romance in your make-up, you could imagine any number of picturesque scenes being enacted within those musty walls.

And even today, when the twentieth century has transformed New Orleans from an easy going, please loving town, into a metropolis where commerce and finance walk with quickened step, the spirit of the past will show itself from time to time. You will find houses that have sheltered three or four generations, some of whose occupants have never crossed Canal Street; the dividing line between the old and new city. Then as you stroll through some thickly populated neighborhood, you suddenly pause before a dilapidated fence.

You are attracted by the odor of orange flowers. Glancing over your shoulder, you see the white flowers glistening in the moonlight. Here is romance, you say to yourself. Peering into the silvery garden, you behold a mass of night jasmine. What a setting for a novel! A veritable ghost garden. You can almost see a tiny maiden in crinoline, sitting under the rose arbor. Perhaps she is waiting for her lover? He has been delayed, and she is plucking nervously at her lace handkerchief . . .

It is in scenes such as these that old New Orleans weaves a subtle spell about you.

When the modern city celebrates the erection of some archi-

tectural giant, the old city raises a protesting voice, and says, with a shrug of the shoulders: "Dans mon temps . . ." "In my day we had no such tall buildings, nor did we work so hard, and we were just as happy."

Ah, that word "happy" strikes the key-note of the Creole temperament. "Come what may, we must have our pleasure," is the attitude of the old city. And in an element composed largely of French and Spanish, it was but natural that many different forms of gambling should come into existence. With the passing of the lottery, the race course came into favour. The Latin population had inherited a love of gambling from their ancestors, and find some outlet they must. But they are good losers. Take old Bernard Marigny, for instance, who having lost a fortune at Craps and Bagatelle,--two very popular gambling games at that time,--had two streets named after them. New Orleans is like Colonel de Charleu, in one of Cable's romances. "He had had his vices," says the author, "all his life; but had borne them as his race do, with a serenity of conscience and a cleanness of mouth that left no outward blemish on the surface of the gentleman." It is for this reason that the Creole City has always felt privileged, aloof, as though the laws of the land could never be applied to her. How Jean Lafitte used to laugh at the Federal Authorities! Why the best people in the city were wearing silks and satins that he had smuggled! And at the present time, when a certain Mr. Volstead set out to reform the United States, New Orleans exclaims: "What, deprive me of my cocktail and claret? Ah, that will never do!" Whereupon a new fraternity of smugglers makes its appearance, much to the relief of the

populace. Just consider for an instant the effect of prohibition upon the hospitality of the old city. New Orleans, of all places, with its reputation of devotees to the culinary art! Could anything be more tragic than the master chef, French, of course, being obliged to make a "courtbouillon" without wine? He can sympathize with Vatel, that famous Parisian chef, who committed suicide because the fish for his master's dinner did not arrive on time.

While modern New Orleans speeds by in motor cars of every make, old New Orleans settles back in the few remaining plantation homes, nestling among the magnolias and sweet olive. Like a woman no longer in her first youth, she watches the new city with critical air, as if to say:

"Well, I don't doubt that you think you are having a wonderful time, though I really do not see how it can compare with the balls and parties we used to have."

Then she tells the story of a distinguished French planter, who spent nearly half a million on his gardens, and what gardens they were! Think of it, she adds, the guests were awakened each morning by a slave holding a finely scented rose under their nostrils.

Can modern New Orleans offer any similar example of luxurious living? However, the city of the present thinks in terms of banks, factories, industries, warehouses; tangible things.

Romance is for the novelist, it tells you; each to his task.

From earliest times New Orleans has found an outlet for its exuberance, "joie de vivre," as the French say, in music. Plantation songs in the mixed French of the West Indies, taught by the slaves to the Creole children; opera, French and Italian primarily;

popular songs played on hand organs; and much later the blaring music of the negro dance-halls, known to the world as jazz; these various forms have all played a part in the life of the city.

It is on account of this love of music and laughter that New Orleans is often regarded as frivolous by her more enterprising sisters. And does she feel the sting of this reproach? Indeed not, she dismisses it with a toss of head. In the words of Miss Grace King, the subtle and charming interpreter of New Orleans:

"New Orleans is not a Puritan mother, nor a hardy Western pioneeress, if the term be permitted. She is on the contrary, simply a Parisian, who came two centuries ago to the banks of the Mississippi,--partly out of curiosity for the New World, partly out of ennui for the Old--and who, 'Ma foi!' as she would say with a shrug of her shoulders, has never cared to return to her mother country."

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PUBLISHED IN RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

Three Episodes for The Hard-Boiled Virgin

By Frances Newman

Though her father and mother would not have said it in just that way, Katharine Faraday was the sixth pledge of their love. They had not much curiosity concerning the stars or the arts, and they would have been even less likely to say that she was born under the sign of Virgo, and in the early Beardsley period. But in cities more worldly wise than Atlanta, the prestige of double beds and double standards was not yet seriously diminished when she was eight years old, and husbands and wives were still called upon to be as faithful as nature and society required to tangent wives and husbands neatly buttoned into flowing white cambric. And, since women can not be mothers only by day and wives only by night, and since an ocean and a language still concealed the Freudian wish from Georgia, Katharine Faraday's little walnut bed stood in the bay-window of her mother's room and Katharine Faraday, with her ears vainly stopped against her mother's reproaches and her father's stumbling excuses, lay in the bed because she dared not risk escaping over its creaking edge. She had realized for some months that mothers are beings of an infallibility so papal and of a saintliness so impregnable that wise husbands and children will immediately acknowledge their sins with such contrition and despair, such lamentation and beating of breast, that if virtue does not relent

she will find herself unable to compete with the repentant sinner's self-abasement.

But if Katharine Faraday had known that she was only agreeing with Théophile Gautier, she would not have discovered with less anguish the awkwardness of quarrels between partners of a bed. And if she had known that she was following the path of Saint Katharine of Alexandria, she would not have realized with less anguish that the horrifying felicities of the holy bonds of matrimony sometimes follow upon the heels of the horrors of con-nubial fury, and that a father and a mother are a man and a woman--that they are not only one flesh but two.

II.

George and Marian Faraday were so beautifully brought up that they had never any ideas beyond the ideas of the vernally named street in which it had pleased their God to have them born. Arthur and Eleanor Faraday were no more than nicely brought up, but they were able to take a serious view of the Piedmont Driving Club's importance which made them satisfactory partners for its most fashionable members. Alex and Katharine Faraday were not brought up at all except when they risked a crime so noisy that it reached the ears of a mother absorbed by two daughters who had attained every social honour except marriage. They were sent to school, to be sure, but they educated themselves in a library, according to Mr. George Bernard Shaw's formula, and owing to their mother's elegant adherence to the vanishing law which allowed well-bred young ladies no gifts except flowers, books and chocolates, they passed from Uncle Rémus and Andersen and Alice to The Happy

Hypocrite and The Dolly Dialogues, to The Happy Prince, and to the tale of Cupid and Psyche in the cool violet twilight of Walter Pater's prose. When the tragic history of the little mermaid whom love and a sea-witch transformed into the saddest heroine of fairyland allowed the inference that happiness ever after is not the invariable consequence of love, Katharine Faraday was consoled by the history of Lord George Hell, whom love and a wax mask transformed into Lord George Heaven--beside the more gracious banks of the Serpentine. It was due to Mr. Beerbohm and to Mr. Wilde and to Sir Anthony Hawkins that she was hopelessly Anglo-maniac before she was twelve years old, and that she acquired a taste for the Oxford manner which rendered the literature of her own country forever insupportable to her--with three exotic exceptions--and which even drove her to the consistency of abandoning a heroine called Violet Carew in the middle of a chapter called Deeper Depths when it was borne in upon her that her own novel must necessarily be an American novel.

III.

The inevitability of her literary nationality was the greatest sorrow of a childhood darkened by unprofitable efforts to kiss her elbow and by the impossibility of getting rid of a deathless soul almost certainly predestined to hell--a frightful immortality revealed to her by Elsie Dinsmore and Dr. Faustus when she was already too old to plead youthful irresponsibility in a hell which for four hundred years had been showering its brimstone upon infants less than a span long. Katharine Faraday was no mystic, but merely human reason was no more responsible for her conviction that her

troublesome soul--like other people's--was the shape of a cante-loupe seed and nearly the same colour, and that it was about ten inches long and made of a translucent cartilaginous substance with a small oval bone in the centre than merely human reason was responsible for Monsieur Arthur Rimbaud's conviction that the vowel O is blue or the city of Algiers' conviction that the Blessed Virgin Mary was black. Its salvation would have been simple enough, she considered, if she had been asked to walk through actual Sloughs of Despond and past merely physical Apollyons, but for all that she was a child of the covenant, this curious new birth was as mysterious as balance on a bicycle or dead weight on a piano, and much more difficult to acquire. Being denied the convincing raptures of religious experience, and having naturally a touching confidence in the printed page which was increased by a realization that little girls whose hair is straight and black must be more erudite than little girls whose hair is fair and curly, she set herself to search the scriptures. But she abandoned her oval soul to its fate after the first chapter of the prophecy of Isaiah, and with a relief as great as the relief with which she was destined to abandon Professor Ruskin after the first morning in Florence, Dr. Johnson after his first cup of tea, and all the other men and women who thunder as major prophets--whether they are inspired from Sinai or from Parnassus.

The Second Way

(Adapted from the Chih I of Wang Po: circa 675)

By James Branch Cabell

To tread as other have trodden by faith controlled,
Handfast with hearsay,--these hardly heeding how they
Inevitably wane toward white through grey,
Subtly, as shadows¹ dwindle,--and tread with bold,
Inexplicable, unquestioning, manifold,
Superb unreason, keeps best our fathers' way²
Nowhere unfollowed, save where pride³ need slay
One, or some two, it may be even as of old.

Nowhere unfollowed (saving but through pride),
Survives the inveterate wayfaring which men
Endure, as did their fathers⁴,--though long denied,
Nowhere unfollowed, saving only when
Some two (or three, it may be), in mirth allied⁵,
Evade the unbreakable snares of faith again.

¹ The implication here is obvious, and not peculiarly Chinese: thus, the Tasmanian word for the shadow is also that for the spirit; the Algonquin Indians describe a man's soul as otahchuk, "his shadow"; and the Abipones made the one word loákal serve for "shadow, soul, echo, image."

² The second, and common to all men, of the six paths or ways (gâti) of existence: the other five being allotted to (1) angels; (3) demons; (4) hungry devils, or prâtas; (5) brute beasts; and (6) sinners in hell.

³ A vice regarded with especial reprehension by Chinamen of the Taoist persuasion; and punished, according to the Yi Li Ch'ao Chuan, in the Sixth Court of Purgatory, where the proud (along with those who tear or obliterate worthy books) are enclosed in a net of thorns and eaten by locusts, prior to the removal of their skins, to be rolled up into spills. The character rendered "even as of old" may here perhaps refer, secondarily, to this traditional torment.

⁴ The expression is exact: for a Chinaman, it should be remembered, may have as many as three legal fathers: (1) his actual father; (2) an adopted father, generally a male relative without sons to whom he has been given as an heir; and (3) the man his widowed mother may marry. The third, however, is entitled only to one year's mourning, instead of the usual three, since in China, unless through exceptional circumstances, it is not considered creditable for a widow to marry again.

⁵ Literally, "allied by Kuan-yin," the Chinese Goddess of Mirth and Mercy, she who "hears prayers" and, as is hinted above, is the bestower of children,--by whose birth "two" (the parents) may become "three."

ANNAPOLIS, OR WHAT YOU WILL

By Hamilton Owens.

Sometime ago the Honorable Benito Mussolini gave his official sanction to the erection of a sky-scraping apartment hotel in his imperial city. To show the completeness of his approval he announced his intention to lease the top-floor flat for his personal use. The sentimentalists of the whole world shuddered at the thought. But perhaps Benito was right. He has no desire to be the curator of a museum. He wants to be general manager, rather, of a going concern, devoted to efficiency and service and showing a comfortable growth in its surplus year by year.

The sentimentalists of Maryland shuddered in the same way when the Chamber of Commerce,--or was it the Rotary Club?--voted to provide Annapolis with a Great White Way. It was Desecration, they said, thus to flood those ancient highways with the garish light of modernity and dispel forever the gloom still haunted by the courtly shadows of colonial days. But the Chamber of Commerce--or was it the Rotary Club?--was as obdurate as Benito and it bought enough lamps not only to provide a Great White Way of no insignificant longitude but to go twice around the State House Circle as well. The dissenters were few, and they were completely lacking in influence and power. They were as impotent as the ghosts which are said to haunt certain rooms in that gaunt and yet gracious brick pile, the Brice House. Annapolitans have learned that they

have got a good thing. "Visit Colonial Annapolis" is painted on more than one roadside signboard. And they don't propose to let a good thing die because of any old-fashioned ideas about beauty or romance. Already the business men of neighboring Baltimore have begun to appreciate the "colonial beauties" of the ancient capital. You will find it described in their brochures with suitable phrases about its "quaint old-world charm." You will find frequent pieces in the Baltimore newspapers about its architectural beauties. You will find visitors besought not to miss it. You will find almost as many teashops as in Provincetown, with very much the same names, and with the same orange curtains. You will find, in short, an atmosphere comparable, point for point, with the atmosphere which has grown up about Nantucket, Woods Hole, Ogonquit and those innumerable places whose inhabitants live on the largesse of tourists.

All this, strangely enough, is a matter of the past few years, and it would be heresy not to blame it on the war. Up to those gaudy days Annapolis was quite content to enjoy itself in its own way. It knew it had certain advantages in the way of age and picturesqueness, but it was rather jealous of those advantages, and resented the occasional visitor who came to marvel at the survivals of its past splendour. It was a rare person, well armed with letters of introduction, who managed to pass the portals of those ancient brick fortresses. Annapolis had its own society, a strictly feudal society, entry to which was based upon colonial standards. The true Annapolitan considered the society of Baltimore an upstart society, based upon trade--domestic trade--whereas the best society of Annapolis was not only older but was

based either upon land or upon official position, for Annapolis is a capital. To be sure there was always the Naval Academy, preempting half the water front of the town and bringing every year a new batch of midshipmen, whose mothers and fathers filled the hotels, and whose instructors, in the person of naval officers, swaggered about the town as if they owned it. Annapolis could not conquer the Naval Academy. Indeed, the Naval Academy provided most of its income. It did the next best thing. It compromised. It married its daughters to the midshipmen, hoping ultimately, by thus boring from within, to bring the Academy to its own standards.

But, as I have said, the war changed all that. There were too many midshipmen even for the numerous young ladies of Annapolis. More and more it became necessary for the future Paul Joneses and Farraguts and Barneys and Decatur's, from the salt villages of Kansas and Nebraska, to find their brides outside the confines of the sleepy town. Annapolis could no longer hope to dominate. The merchants grew rich with the increase in the number of their customers. House rents went sky-hooting and, as in every other place in the known world, those who had lived on a few thousands suddenly found themselves pitifully poor. There was a great shifting of property. Houses that had remained in single families since the Revolution changed hands overnight. The standard bearers of the old regime felt the solid ground sinking beneath their feet. They struggled feebly for a time, but they could not hope to stand against the new and more garish prosperity of the town.

The fame of Annapolis was carried over the country by the crowds of people brought there by the war. Sight-seers flocked in. Now the tea-rooms began to spring up, the parties in the hotels to take on that air which is called cosmopolitan. And so the older Annapolis survived but in the gathering of a few ancient ladies over drawing-room tea-tables in side streets, shaking their heads at the passing of a day that had seemed to them eternal.

But hold. Though the Annapolis the world knew was the Annapolis of the Ridouts, the Harwoods, the Brices, the Pacas, there was another Annapolis known to few. The Ridouts, perhaps, knew it, because from their garden in the Duke of Gloucester Street they could see it lying beneath them.

I have said the aristocracy of Annapolis was based upon land and upon official position. But it was also based upon sea-borne trade. Annapolis, whatever claim it might have had in the past to be called the Paris of America, was first of all a noble port. When George Washington made his famous Southern tour, it did not occur to him to visit Baltimore, then a crude unpolished town. Instead he traveled south from Chester and Wilmington to Rock Hall and there embarked with his coach and his horses for Annapolis. Perhaps the sailors were overawed by the presence of one so mighty and so proud. Perhaps they celebrated too long in the taverns of Rock Hall. In any event the crossing was a matter of nearly twenty-four hours, and in making into Annapolis in the dark they grounded first on Greenbury Point, off which a thoughtful government has now erected a light, and later upon Horn Point, which is still a nuisance to careless mariners. Here the fuming George had to

spend the night, sleeping in his jack boots in a berth "too short by the head."

So Annapolis was first of all a port, and while governors and naval officers and such more or less decorative persons held revel in the town house drawing-rooms of the landed gentry, the business of ships and sailormen never ceased in the little harbour. Up on the hill, in Duke of Gloucester Street, in East Street, in Church Street, in the halls of St. John's College, the lights of leisurely landmen twinkled, but in the dark waters of the harbour, great ships were maneuvered expertly about and sailormen sang chancies as they hoisted anchor and made sail to go out with the tide of the westing breeze.

Most persons who go to Annapolis nowadays approach it by the bridge which crosses the Severn and see along the waterfront there only the ugly granite warehouses which are called the Naval Academy. That is not the way to approach Annapolis. Rather one should come in a small boat, preferably a sailing boat, and preferably also from down the Bay, so that one may feel, as those early sailors felt, that here at last is a safe haven after many days at sea. And you should remember also that the reef which makes out from Tolley's Point at the river's mouth is a long reef, on which many a good ship has come to grief. It is better to stay a full half mile off the southern shore. The lighthouse off Greenbury will tell you how close you may dare the northern bank. If the wind is ahead it will be better, perhaps, not to attempt the entry in the fading light of the end of day. Rather you might run close-hauled to that little indentation just inside the

light, called Carr's Creek, and lie there as many a ship has done before you. Here you will have good anchorage and protection from every wind except perhaps an unusually strong southeaster. You will sleep lulled by a gentle swell rolling in from the Bay.

In the early hours of the morning you will awake to see the sun catching the tip of the white dome of the State House and after you have had your coffee, you will weigh anchor once more and with a quartering breeze slip lightly up the river, remembering, as I have warned you, that George Washington himself came to grief on Horn's Point. Once past that obstruction, you may bear sharply to port, running now in the wide and quiet mouth of Spa Creek, which is, after all, the true harbour of Annapolis. If you are wise you will keep your eye to port until you have passed the Academy. Those great hulking buildings are a discordant note. Heller's shipyard with its two or three ancient pile-drivers and its railways on which Chesapeake Bay canoes and bugeyes are undergoing their annual scraping and painting is a more grateful sight. You will have to steer carefully here, for a dozen schooners, plying up and down the Bay, dropped in last night before you and anchored full in the fairway, hardly a length apart. A little beyond them you will see a fleet of small yachts, many of them yachts only courtesy, for they are similar in most respects to the work boats. If there is a proper place you may bring her up standing, drop your jib, let go your anchor and take in your main. The bottom is hard so you had better allow plenty of time.

Now take your tender and pull through the quiet waters toward the old town. As you pass the anchored schooners every man on

them will give you a hail or at least a wave. They are all wondering whether it is worth while, with this east wind, to get under weigh. As you drop under the stern of the last one you will see for the first time the most fascinating foreshore in the world, except that of the Thames at London. More likely than not you will meet Hop Horn, the lame man, pulling out in his long crabbing skiff, with its outriggers, on his usual expedition after shrimp. Hop will hail you heartily. He is almost helpless ashore, but he can pull an oar till his boat seems fairly to fly. Then you will almost certainly see old Captain Tee. He lives, like most of the watermen of Annapolis, across the creek in Eastport. His job is to put out and take in the lights on the anchored yachts. Always there are at least three dogs in his boat with him.

Now you are slipping into city dock. That long low building on your right is a decaying sail loft. The old man who runs it used to make a hundred suit of sail every year. Last season he made only two. The gasoline motor has nearly extinguished his trade. But still there is a little something for him to do, for from now on you will see tied up, each in its accustomed place, a full two-score of little skiffs, each with its tall mast at the same rakish angle, and each with its leg of mutton sail rolled on its spreat and made fast to the swaying mast with the main sheet.

Unless you are in a hurry it will pay you to rest on your oars for a moment, for the masters of these craft are even now preparing for their voyaging. They are, without exception, ancient negroes, crabbers all. They drop into their skiffs, loose the sheet with a practised motion, shoving off at almost

the same time. With a precision that would delight a military man they unfurl their grey and patched sails, lash the spreat at the proper place on the mast, seat themselves at the tiller, gather a bit of way, haul in on the sheet and lay each the same course out of the wide dock, like so many gray pigeons wheeling in flight. At the same moment they go about head down the creek gathering speed as they go. Late in the evening they will return, each with half a barrel at least of hard crabs, some of which you may eat tomorrow in a New York hotel.

You may, if you care, go ashore here, and drop into Trautwein's, the ship chandler, and buy a bit of hempen line or perhaps a riding light, or you may go up to the head of the dock and climb up and so come upon the market place, where practised hands are cleaning fish that have come in before you this morning. But further than that you should not go, though there are inviting streets and alleys leading off in all directions. For the truth is, that once you have left the very edge of the water, that instant you lose, despite outward appearances, the best of that which has survived of the old Annapolis.

Time was, I think, when the sailormen of Annapolis dared hold up their heads with the best. But that time is no more. They have been driven out of their rightful place by the machine-made midshipmen from the Western deserts, by the nouveau riche in search of an atmosphere which constantly flees before them and by the cunning merchants who are making hay while the sun shines. If you would know them you must come, as I have said, by boat, and you must not venture beyond the sound of the quiet wash of tidal water.

In Autumn

By John Powell

(October, 1901.)

Death and her loathsome daughter, foul Decay
Are now abroad and active at their work.
And Nature, like a woman spent with pleasure,
Bedecks herself with gaudy colours, striving,
Alas! in vain, to mask her sad decline.
When with the spring she came all innocent,
With modest blushes and pure flowers,
Vainly the Sun did woo her--she was firm,
And yielded not to his seductive voice.
But then the burning summer came, and she
No longer could withstand his torrid passion;
And when he placed red roses on her breast
She fell and yielded up herself to him.
And having richly now brought forth his offering
Again she blushes,--not the innocent
Pure blush of spring--a deeper, darkier, ruddier
Blush, the blush of shame without repentance.
And we are sad; for soon she will be gone
And garrulous old Winter o'er her grave
Will weary us with dreary moralizings.

Woman and Cat

After Paul Verlaine

By Lewis Piaget Shanks

She was teasing pussy, and
Wondrous fair to see were they:--
Slim white paw and slim white hand
Sporting in the twilight grey.

Wicked puss!--for hid away
Neath her mittens' silken strand
Murderous claws of agate lay,
Sharp as swords of Samarcand.

The other too, with honeyed guile,
Concealed her talons in a smile:
The devil lost not by the seeming:

And in the dusky boudoir, where
Her laughter tinkled, light as air,
Four little flames of hell were gleaming.

Light

By Allen Tate

Last night I fled . . . till I came
To streets where leaking casements dripped
Stale lamplight from the corpse of flame,
One nervous window bled.

A moon swaggered in the air,
Out of the mist a girl tossed
Spittle of song, a shrill light
Spattered the fog with heavy hair.

Damp bells in a remote tower
Sharply released the throat of God,
I leaned to the erect night
Dead as still turf in a winter sod . . .

(Alert, with the careful energy
Of dreams, the forward curse
Of cold especial teeth--
The headlong hearse.)

At Random

Postscript

By Emily Clark

Exactly three years ago, in October, 1921, I quoted in this place some of the things that persons, literary and otherwise, said to the insanely gallant, or gallantly insane quartet, who believed that The Reviewer was possible. Even the most sympathetic of these persons did not believe The Reviewer could last. Some declared that it would be a matter of two or three months; others that a year might be permitted it. They were all mistaken. The Reviewer will be four years old in February, and the indications are that it may grow even older. But the present editors of The Reviewer have learned that editing even a little magazine on an uncommercial basis requires an incredible amount of time, more than they are now able to give. Two of them, Margaret Waller Freeman and Mary Dallas Street, have already resigned, and the remaining two have, perhaps unfortunately, become possessed of the idea that it would be more interesting to write than to edit. They are, therefore, retiring from the editorial field with this issue.

But the magazine is left with no financial difficulties or debts, with a moderate bank account and a friendly circulation. Therefore, it is quite free to proceed on its lighthearted way if anyone should wish to adopt it and enlarge it. We, the retiring editors, truly hope that such a person exists. If this person, unhappily, does not exist, The Reviewer will add another distinguished page to the history of "little" magazines by returning all cheques

received for the coming year. We have proved that a successful Southern magazine is possible, even in the most unfavorable circumstances, and if The Reviewer is made an endowed, permanent institution, independent of whatever editors may come and go, we shall be heartily glad. We have published thirty-one magazines without paying a penny for material. We were told that this was impossible. Some of the contributions have come from the most distinguished writers in America and England, but better still, others have come from hitherto unknown Southern writers who were introduced to a national public through The Reviewer. Two Reviewer writers are publishing their first books this fall. We have had amazingly good press notices both here and in England, and the New York Herald listed this magazine with the sixteen important English and American reviews.

We have made many people exceedingly angry and we have encountered blank indifference from an even larger number. We are forced to admit that a more substantial part of our support, both literary and financial, has come from the North than from the South. But we have received miraculous kindness and attention in quarters where such attention was least expected, especially from a group of men whose work is greatly valued in magazines which pay well for what they print. It is mainly through the generosity of this group that The Reviewer has become a national, rather than a provincial magazine. We believe that in the far future it will be as well remembered that James Branch Cabell edited The Reviewer for three months as that Poe edited the Southern Literary Messenger for a much shorter period than is generally known. As Mr. Cabell's name did not appear

in these three issues, it must be told, for the benefit of collectors and historians, that they are October, November and December, 1921. The early Reviewers have already become valuable Virginiana, and the subscribers who have saved their complete files are fortunate. We also had the honour of printing the greater part of Mr. Cabell's The Lineage of Lichfield and of Mr. Hergesheimer's The Presbyterian Child before those two books were published.

We have had a number of tragedies which may to outsiders look remarkably like comedies, but we are still too close to them not to regard them with complete seriousness. Yet, we ask you, if we did not take The Reviewer with almost desperate seriousness, how could we have run it on its present peculiarly philanthropic basis? We have also had an enormous amount of fun. And we are entirely without regret. The Reviewer has had a more definite and permanent effect than is yet known except to its editors. Its ramifications are endless, and it has acquired a living personality sometimes human and sometimes diabolic. Its own editors have occasionally regarded it askance and wondered if it were really devil's spawn, although they have more frequently observed its course with a parental pride and affection. Its complete history can never be related in less than three volumes, and if truthfully told, without mincing matters, will be almost as strange as one of those tales which, according to a former editor of The Reviewer, were by ordinary narrated in Poictesme, in the old days. I hope that its whole history is yet incomplete. In any case I do not intend that our share of it shall remain unrecorded, and it will, without doubt, be published in one form or another. It will not improbably be

called An Experiment in Southern Letters. The Reviewer, on our part, was really an experiment which we hoped, and still hope, may be given permanence, but whether or not this is done we have triumphantly proved our case beyond all shadow of questioning. And we are proud of it. We could continue proving it if we had the time and inclination.

If we had possessed either wisdom or experience we would not, quite carelessly, at a Sunday afternoon party, have launched a penniless magazine. We were told, by a number of our superiors, that we could not begin without a capital of a hundred thousand dollars, or, at the least, fifty thousand, and we did it with nothing. We, in fact, snatched our little magazine out of thin air, and we have lived to hear several persons acknowledge their mistake. We are happy beyond words that we lacked both wisdom and experience, for we would not have missed The Reviewer for anything in the world. We hope that our contributors and subscribers could not possibly have done without it either and we would like to crown with laurel all the writers, publishers, newspaper editors and stockholders who have been so generous to The Reviewer. Without these stockholders, whose names we now print, with some additions for the second time. The Reviewer could not have lived through several difficult periods. They are:

MR. HENRY W. ANDERSON, Richmond.

MR. EDWIN SWIFT BALCH, Philadelphia.

MR. STERLING BOISSEAU, Richmond.

MISS EFFIE BRANCH, Richmond.

MRS. L. P. CHAPMAN, Springside, Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia.

MRS. E. M. CRUTCHFIELD, Richmond.
MR. FREDERICK B. EDDY, New York.
MISS VIRGINIA RANDOLPH ELLETT, Richmond.
MRS. SAMUEL E. ELMORE, Spindale, North Carolina.
MR. HENRY SYDNOR HARRISON, New York.
MISS CARLOTTE HAXALL NOLAND, Foxcroft, Middleburg, Virginia.
MRS. HENRY A. INMAN, Atlanta, Georgia.
MISS ELIZABETH RANDOLPH PRESTON, Richmond.
MISS ALICE E. ROWE, Hampton, Virginia.
MISS MARION STEARNS, Atlanta, Georgia.
MRS. S. G. STONEY, Charleston, South Carolina.
MISS MARY DALLAS STREET, Richmond.
MRS. MERRILL HOWARD TILGHMAN, Waynesboro, Virginia.
MRS. ARCHIE RYLAND, Williamsburg, Virginia
MRS. WILLIAM R. TRIGG, JR., Richmond.
MISS ROBERTA TRIGG, Richmond.
DR. BEVERLY RANDOLPH TUCKER, Richmond.
MR. AND MRS. EDWARD V. VALENTINE, Richmond
MRS. WILLIAM H. WHITE, Richmond
MRS. G. OTIS WINSTON, New York.

THE REVIEWER

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EDITED AT CHAPEL HILL, NORTH CAROLINA

By PAUL GREEN

BUSINESS AND PUBLICATION OFFICES AT HICKORY, N. C.

Onion Salt

By Gerald W. Johnson

Pessimists who see the South as being steadily engorged and assimilated by a nation standardized to the limit have yet to establish their thesis. Absorption proceeds, but it is still a question whether the result will be a South indistinguishable from the rest of America, or an America strongly flavored with the South. Onion salt is readily absorbed, but rarely lost. One may not be able to distinguish it from the rest of the mass, but the most undiscriminating palate knows that it is there.

Certain elements of Southern civilization are so astringent or pungent that their individual savor may be detected in the farthest confines of the Republic. Notable is the bundle of emotions--the Freudians have embezzled the word "complex" and converted it to their own uses so thoroughly that it is no longer available in the general vocabulary--outwardly manifest in the Ku Klux phenomenon. The most notable victory of the Ku Klux in 1924 was won in the state of Maine. Another of the banner Ku Klux states is Oregon. The leaven of Atlanta has leavened the whole lump.

So the influence of the South spreads from within outwardly. But it is potent also to tincture with its characteristic hue invading ideas of the most uncompromising Americanism. Nothing occurred in the South in 1924 more characteristically American than the establishment by Mr. James B. Duke of a foundation endowed with \$40,000,000, the interest on which is to be employed for educational and charitable purposes. In no other country is the establishment

of such foundations by men of great wealth so much the mode. The fact that a Southern multi-millionaire falls in with the custom of Northern and Western multi-millionaires is indisputably evidence of the similarity of Southern thinking to that of Northern and Western thinking.

And yet the Duke Foundation, while generally in accord with the American tradition, is characterized by a distinctly individual feature. There were many precedents for the establishment of Duke University. There were precedents for the extensive hospitalization scheme, which will absorb a third of the funds of the foundation. The feature that is unique for a foundation of such great size is the establishment of a sort of Congregatio De Propaganda Fide. A tenth of the income of the foundation will be used for the erection and maintenance of Methodist Episcopal churches in rural sections of the Carolinas. Furthermore, two per cent of the total income will be used for pensioning old preachers of the same faith who have served in the conferences of North Carolina. Mr. Duke's purpose is not simply to civilize, or even to Christianize, the Carolinas. He intends to Methodize them.

Is moral certainty that rises so near to the sublime to be encountered frequently outside the South? There are Mormons in Utah and Mennonites in Pennsylvania and Dr. John Roach Straton in New York, to be sure, but all three are conspicuous by reason of the striking contrast to the environment that their existence affords. Mr. Duke's concept, on the contrary, merges so perfectly into the philosophy of the South that hardly a commentator has seen anything noteworthy in it.

As long as such rigidity of conviction persists, the danger that

the South will lose its individuality may be considered remote indeed. As long as its local pride is warm, its patriotism fiery and its religion incandescent, it will remain distinctively individual in a federation otherwise populated by Laodiceans. It will continue to spawn prophets and martyrs, demagogues, saints, heroes, fakirs, and religious, social and political whirling dervishes like the grasshoppers for number. It will continue to stand ready to die at the stake for its ideals and equally ready to burn negroes and non-conformists. It will at any time unhesitatingly and cheerfully march through a slaughterhouse to an open grave behind the banner of anybody named Davis.

Since the fateful day of November last, the South and Wisconsin have maintained a political party each. This state of affairs is something new and strange for Wisconsin, and it seems unlikely to last beyond the quadrennium, but for the South it was a return to normalcy. Being politically separate from the rest of the union has not disturbed her in the memory of this generation. One continually hears of this movement or that, this leader or the other, as destined to break the Solid South, but on the morning after election day that solidity always shows up intact. The political individuality of the section resists every effort at assimilation. The experience of more than fifty years all goes to show that if political coalescence is to be secured, it is idle to talk of bringing the South back to the union; the only practical mode of procedure is to bring the union to the South. In 1884, in 1892, in 1912 and in 1916 that method was adopted; and then, and only then, the South has found itself politically in agreement with the rest of the nation.

This singularity rests, of course, on the peace without victory of 1865. Out of that affair the South emerged with the conviction that unqualified adherence to the theory of the rule of the majority is altogether wrong. If your majority happens to consist of negroes, then your theory collapses. The Democratic party was in position to make of the negro, as well as of the tariff, a local issue, for it had always been the traditional protagonist of states' rights. Naturally, it received the adherence of the South. It will doubtless continue to receive it indefinitely unless the South loses its moral certainty on the negro question, or until another party accepts the Southern view.

Unfriendly critics describe this state of mind as mere bigotry and prejudice. That description may, or may not, be correct. In any case, it has been applied to every individual, or group, that has affected the history of the world immediately and profoundly. Conquerors are always bigoted and prejudiced, from the viewpoint of the conquered. Neither Mohammed nor Martin Luther was filled with sweet reasonableness. If Willion Lloyd Garrison had been open to conviction, he would never have convinced enough others to win his fight.

The only really dangerous man in the world is the man who knows beyond peradventure that he is right. If it is true--and who can overlook the impressive array of evidence that supports the theory?-- that the South is the only section of the country that is blandly certain of its own righteousness, then it is folly to talk of the danger of any loss of its distinctive individuality, by its absorption into an amorphous mass. The danger lies all the other way.

Ku Kluxism, Fundamentalism, White Supremacy, to mention only three ideas once distinctively Southern which are now national, prove that the South, so far from being beleaguered and at the point of surrender, has developed a sort of von Hutier attack, is apparently conquering by infiltration.

Whether or not this will prove a good thing or a bad thing for the nation and so eventually for the South itself is altogether beside the point. The point is that the Philistines be upon, not the South, but the rest of the nation.

There is only one glaring weakness in this line of argument. That lies in the fact that the South is rapidly beginning to educate her children, and it is rare indeed that moral certainty can stand long against education. It is conceivable that, like Henry Adams, the South may eventually become so learned that she will discover that she knows nothing at all, not even that she is always right; in which case her hands may fall and Amalek begin to prevail.

A Plain Statement About Southern

Literature

By Paul Green

I

Accusations against the South for its lack of true literary activity has been legion for at least two generations. Most of these indictments have come out of the North, and they perhaps reached their climax in ruthlessness and conviction in 1920 when Mr. Mencken let loose his "Sahara of Bozart" blast. These polemics first began to register hits upon the quick of our self-esteem in the early part of this present century, and in 1907 and 1908 we retaliated with what we thought was a knockout blow by issuing from the press of an Atlanta publisher a mammoth work in sixteen volumes, bound in red morocco, edition de luxe, and entitled "Library of Southern Literature." It contained thousands of pages, selections from hundreds of Southern authors, and was sent forth unashamedly to convince the world that we were a wronged people, that our literature would bear comparison with that of any time and place, and that the North, as the result of an inferiority complex developed in the war, was deliberately doing us dirt.

The editors of this work, Messrs. Edwin A. Alderman, Joel Chandler Harris, Charles W. Kent, C. Alphonso Smith, John Calvin Metcalf, and Lucian Lamar Knight acknowledge as much. In the preface to the first volume Dr. Kent says, "It will have served one large purpose if it induce those who write of our American literature to revise their perspective and do ampler justice to a part of our union too little given to exploiting its own achievements."

He writes thus in black and white even while the South is overrun by knights of the big hat and burning tongue who spend their days and nights whooping up the virtues of Dixie--home of democracy, blue-blood, and virtuous women--rhapsodic mountebanks who for such whooping still become governors and senators among us, bearing thereby the heavy keys to the coffers of the state. But more of that anon.

Dr. Alderman, president of the University of Virginia, and an intense lover of the old South, as his recent speech on Woodrow Wilson testifies, in his introduction to the Library says:

A just appraisal of human values will place the makers of literature in the South, during the decades stretching between 1840 and 1870, alongside, if not above, our martial heroes, as souls of very rare quality from whose eyes no veil could hide the vision of things human and spiritual. It is just here that the Library of Southern Literature derives its chiefest justification. There is revealed through its pages a passion for self-expression and interpretation, of men and women who had no proper audience, and hence, no strengthening sympathy. Men like Poe, and Simms and Timrod and Hayne and Kennedy and Gayarre, and a half score of others of the ante-bellum writers belong of right to this inspiring company. One other thing, at least, this work will do in addition to its larger human and national purpose. It will make clear that the literary barrenness of the South has been overstated, and its contributions to American literature undervalued, both as to quantity and quality.

But men like Poe and Simms and Timrod had been recognized for what they were long before the Library of Southern Literature was ever thought of. And most of the recognition, strange to say, was from the North.

Again Lucian Lamar Knight in his introduction to the "Biographical Dictionary of Authors," volume XV of the series, declares,

The motive which called it forth was the desire to right what was believed to be the wrong of an unjust discrimination against this section and to show the true value and extent of the South's contribution to American letters."

He at least is open in his folly of local judgment and pride, and in confusing the criticism of art with the criticism of character. Emphatically, there can be no question as to the deliberate intent of the editors of the Library of Southern Literature.

There the matter might have rested, these sixteen volumes mouldering away in the press of time with nobody interested in literature to care. For with Dreiser's heavy novels and Sandburg and the coming of Spoon River, the New Poetry movement, a growing acquaintance with Mark Twain and humor, Miss Millay, and honesty and sincerity beginning again in American literature, and with here and there a gallant Southerner beckoning from ahead, you might have thought that the South would turn away from its futile pulmotor pumping in the valley of dry bones. And so did many of us. But it must be set down in the tablets that we are a tenacious people. Accordingly in 1923, Drs. Alderman, Metcalf, and Smith still jousting ahead in their madness brought us home another massive seventeenth volume of Southern literature. Its six-hundred and forty-two pages but reiterate that loud ranting note of ineffectuality so long common among us. The distinguished Southern editors with their writers and biographers invite us again into the barren country of La Mancha, pointing out and maintaining vehemently as of old that these witless windmills are at least thirty or more outrageous giants with arms two leagues in length.

As in the sixteen other volumes, the usual Southern rhetoric and spectacular hyperbole are indulged in here to prove that Lady Nancy Astor, for instance, is a light in Southern, therefore American, literature; that Bernie Babcock with her slushpots is more

savory than Sienkiewicz; that Champ Clark without the aid of pebbles got his tongue spitting oratory farther than Demosthenes; that Judd Mortimer Lewis with his lilt o' love offers a philosophy of living more vitally integrated than that in Hardy's Dynasts; that Annie Fellows Johnston--and so on. It is retching business!

II

Now what is the meaning of these seventeen magnificent volumes? Will there be an eighteenth, a nineteenth, a twentieth of their kind? Will such so-called critics and editors continue to compile the works of earth-departing spinisters, shave-tail poets, ninety-day wonders, cross-roads philosophers, minute Alfred Tennysons, and nostalgic, whimpering Poes? God forbid! Will the professed leaders of our culture continue to insult our intelligence by preaching that beauty is procured by sleight-of-hand, that there are short cuts to the perfection or expression, that those who climb up the other way are deserving of the emoluments and benefits accruing to the chosen ones near the throne and the same are not thieves and robbers? Will they continue to set the ransoms of social recognition upon the most mediocre effort? Or does this last seventeenth volume represent the ultimate spear thrust and bone-breaking fact of confusion?--the last word in judgment without cognizance of standards? The latter I believe is true. Volume seventeen is the final epitaph to the old way of manner-without-manner.

The old South of abstraction is dying, is dead. And in its place I profess to see emerging in literature a New South whose possibilities are such as to startle even the American Mercury. But they are possibilities. Can they become actualities? They can. For

if there is one section in the world today that has an abounding tradition, it is the South; but it is unassimilated. If there is a section containing an abundance of crude, unshaped material of art, it is this. Here in the rough is the dynamism of emotion terrible enough in its intensity for the greatest art. But hitherto our powers have squandered themselves, they have known no law. Our emotions, our passions have lacked the chastening and subduing of reflective thinking, of what is commonly called intelligence. As this latest collective activity in our literature has shown, we have been blindly content to follow the bell of quacks and charlatans. We have been passing our days in the elysium of lies. We have written and lauded one another, founded magazines to boost ourselves, drawn our boundaries around us and refused the caustic consolation of scholarship and criticism because it did not tickle our naive and foolish vanity.

But we are learning our lesson at last. We are beginning to humble ourselves before the most high God. We are gradually discerning the significant pattern that permeates the true delivery of joy or hate or any emotion. And we are as surely beginning to apply the whips of laughter and scorning to these prophets of quick attainments who would hand us on cuffed and bound in the control of an artificial tradition. And we are becoming conscious that the world is more intricate than we had known, that there is sin in it, and men struggling with undeserved and unaccountable misery and suffering. We are opening our eyes to record it. In this Library's thousands of pages there is no hint that times are ever out of joint, that evil is among us, that there are ultimate and absolute dramatic conflicts in which a

man can lose his soul. With the exception of one or two figures (and they are no more Southern than national), it has had nothing to do with richness, with spontaneity, with vitality. There have been no great leapings and consequently no great fallings there, no mighty hopes, no supreme disasters.

I am not declaring for a complete renunciation of the past in Southern letters, but rather for a truer and fresher interpretation of our environment and our relations to that environment; for a rejuvenation of our spiritual instincts so long dead to curiosity and wonder; for a food to feed upon different from the sweetened and cotton-candy stuff dished out by our party leaders and preachers and windy gullibles. But the escape from former emptiness and impotence does not offer through certain other readily apparent extremes. (But let me be quick to add here that, as for becoming purveyors of filth and doctors of fevered sex, that extreme will not interest us as we gain our freedom. The old South of gentility and taste has leavened us forever against it). And they are extremes to be positively warned against. There are young Southern Writers who are already adopting ingenuity, abstruseness, exhibitions of technique as the essentials of art. Our deliverance is not there. I do not believe either that it to come through subscribing to the philosophy of art practiced by the erratic Greenwich villager who denies any seriousness to his calling and declares for a non-moral world. Nor again do I believe the way of escape lies in yielding ourselves over to Mr. Mencken to add more clamorous voices to his train, hastening off with enough infection from his sonorous phrase, flowing style, imagery and abandonment to set us pawing the air, cutting capers

under heaven, and blaspheming God and every institution which has been built up out of the blood and bones, the hopes and heartaches of a hungry world. That Bull of Baltimore has his own rich and abundant method of bellowing, and an imitation of him is as bad as any other imitation. The South has had enough of imitators. We cannot create our art vicariously. It is as much an individual and original matter as a general and derivative one. And what we need first, as I see it, is to strive to record our individual emotions and ideas with their very individual expression. But we must remember that the significance and lasting power of that record--and this has been the rub--must and will depend upon a chastened and criticised thought, upon a view sympathetically acquainted with the best in tradition. Or in other words, the only way out for us is through an enlightened sincerity. And that will not be easy. In that belief The Reviewer will try to continue the act.

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By PAUL GREEN

Business and Publication Offices at Hickory, N. C.

Four Fables

By

Beatrice Ravenel

The Earthworm

An Earthworm once, a lither lad,
Adorned a suburb near Bagdad.
Five hearts were his (caloric load)
But most of these were well-bestowed:
Homemakers four his harem blessed
(Homekeeping hearts are happiest);
But one fond heart without a spouse,
(Just four the Moslem Law allows),
Condemned its impulse to suppress,
Died (earth to earth) of lonesomeness.

MORAL

Reduplication's not the clue,
To happiness. I give to you,
My Unabel, priority--
My Christian Minority!

The Snake

A Snake, respectably irate
With divagations by his Mate,
A bite bestowed upon her pelt,
(It doesn't do to be too svelte).
And then (otototoi! oto--!)
He found his fangs could not let go!
Oh, what he felt from head to tail,
Each scale an algedonic scale;
While she, though anxious to dissever,
Was more absorbed in him than ever.

MORAL

Marriage is risky with a free-
Engulfing personality,
For when at last no longer two
But one--the one may not be you.

The Chameleon

A young chameleon, science states,
Was full of sympathetic traits.
On purple, pink, or tangerine
His reciprocity was keen.
His nerve response was kept at par
Until they pushed him just too far--
(We do not mean that tale of sad
Orientation on a plaid);*
At a Reform Convention, he
Just perished of inanity.

MORAL

The Moral's not, as you infer,
Be off with Them, and on with Her;
Nor yet: Don't let your woes engross you
When friends turn round and double-cross you.
It's this: Avoid their tedious strife
Who'd take all color out of life.

*See G. Stanley Hall, Life and Confessions of a Psychologist.

The Phoenix

The phoenix laid, one glowing Spring,
Two eggs. 'Twas most embarrassing.
Our planet, scarce to it germane,
Is on the single-Phoenix plane;
So one (the Iron Mask again)
It hid beneath a setting Hen.

This Hen was wise, a true adept
In complex and repressed concept,
And polymorphical perverse.
In eggs she looked for worse and worse.
The proper therapy she knew
To guard this changeling egg's debut;
And so with joy the bailiwick
Acclaimed an Ordinary Chick.

MORAL

Be good. It's many a Chick's vocation
To win the Parson's approbation,
Through spirit or through plain gustation.

The Misses Poar Drive to Church

By Josephine Pinckney

Neatly darned are their black silk mitts,
And straight each stately sister sits.
Out from the tall plantation gate
Issue the Misses Poar in state.
Their carriage-dresses, brushed and steamed,
Cover their decent limbs,--they seemed
No finer, really, before the War
When money was free in the house of Poar.
The negro coachman in beaver hat,
Slightly nibbled by moth and rat,
Smooths his frock-coat of greenish hue--
But fitting as trim as when it was new--
With which he stiffens his spine of pride,
By tightly buttoning himself inside,
To drive in this elegant equipage
A yoke of oxen of doubtful age,
(They've had no horses since sixty-four
When the Yankees stopped at the house of Poar).

The ladies move to the square front pew,
Their Christian meekness in ample view,
And follow the youthful parson's word
With reverence meet for a legate of God
Up to the moment when he prates
Of the President of the United States.
Then--knowing full well that Heaven can't
Expect them to pray for General Grant--
They bury their noses' patrician hook
In dear great-grandpapa's Prayer-book
Wherein are found urbane petitions
To guard the Crown against seditions,
And rest King Charles the Martyr's soul.
Not that they hold King Charles so dear,
Although their blood is Cavalier,
But it suits their piety, on the whole,
Better to pray for the Restoration
Than the overseer of a patch-work Nation!

Bryony

By Donald Davidson

When Bryony was angered he would stalk
With hat and chin dejected up the walk.

He burnt the door with oaths, and slammed it after
As if to snap off short the light world's laughter.

Inside the house, no doubt, he had protection;
Shades might be drawn, keys turned, against detection.

But there what deed of dark he had to do
None but the ghost of Bryony ever knew...

More than a man might guess, for when he died
We found a small warped image at his side.

Pent in the crude numb fingers, half-concealed,
Death offered us what life had not revealed.

A block of wood where something struggled out
That might have been the face of king or lout.

Under the lamp its cloudy beauty burned
With all the light that Bryony dead discerned.

But in the grosser day it gave a leer,
Compound of all the living Bryony's fear.

And now we looked on calmest Bryony,
Doubting the wood, and stammering, "Which is he?"

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EDITED AT CHAPEL HILL, NORTH CAROLINA

By PAUL GREEN

Raleigh, Capital of a Neighborhood

By Nell Battle Lewis

In spite of census figures and papers of incorporation, the difference between a town and a city is largely a matter of atmosphere. With a city one usually associates an air of sophistication, a complex social life, relationships superficial and formal, busyness and bustle. Raleigh, North Carolina is a town. For Raleigh is not sophisticated nor complex nor formal nor busy. Raleigh is plain and leisurely. Between two ancient grand dames, Richmond and Charleston, Raleigh is an informal country matron whose charm is that of native simplicity rather than of aristocratic grace. If Richmond and Charleston look at Raleigh through elevated lorgnettes, Raleigh returns their survey with an untroubled glance through her spectacles and goes on with her knitting.

For good or ill, Raleigh insists upon being herself. The capital of a State that has recently experienced an unusual awakening along social, educational and industrial lines, Raleigh still takes her afternoon nap as usual and with a half-smothered yawn responds to the huzzahs of the State's boosters who are eagerly trying to turn North Carolina into a displaced section of the Middle West. Raleigh flatly refuses to be peppy. Perhaps she realizes that pep would be sadly out of character for her, and jealous of her individuality, leaves it to the towns that surround

her and that are agog with Rotary.

True enough, if Sinclair Lewis should come to Raleigh he would find much to confirm him in believing that he has written satires of general application to the whole United States. He would find cutting across Raleigh to the south a Main Street little different from that of Gopher Prairie except that it is somewhat longer. He would find a quartet of boosters' clubs with their zippy get-together luncheons at local hotels after the most approved Zenith manner, their campaigns, slogans, heavy jollity and lofty ideals. He would find scores of George F. Babbitts slapping each other on the back and exchanging jocose platitudes. He would find Dr. Will Kennicott with a beautiful faith in normalcy and a moderate knowledge of medicine making the rounds of his patients. He would come upon Carol Kennicott eating her heart out for "the higher things." "Aha!" perhaps Mr. Lewis would say, "Just as I thought,--they're all alike. So this is Raleigh!" And he would be mistaken.

For if he saw only that, something of Raleigh would have eluded him. He would have to search for her further. Perhaps he might find more of the spirit of the town if he walked through the cool, dim halls of the State Capitol whose Doric porticoes might appropriately face the Aegean Sea. Perhaps he would catch there a hint of a certain honest stalwartness that is characteristic of North Carolina at its best and that has lent a suggestion of itself to a State House beautifully plain. And if he should cross the street from the Capitol he would see a group of ecclesiastical buildings of old English Gothic so lovely that the

soul of Carol Kennicott might feed on its beauty through monotonous years. Let him walk along a broad residential street and knock at the door of an old house in a big green yard, and he will find more of Raleigh in five minutes' conversation with its occupants whose family has lived there serenely for years than he could learn at a hundred boosters' luncheons. Let him meet a stout white-bearded gentleman who as apt as not will quote Chaucer to him and ask him if he is related to the Lewises of Edgecombe and give him a resume of North Carolina genealogy, passing from that to a critique of Froude's History and a discussion of the character of Edward the Confessor, and perhaps Mr. Lewis might begin to have misgivings as to whether Raleigh and Zenith are identical. Yet it may be that, even so, Mr. Lewis would consider Raleigh only an average Southern town of thirty thousand people. It may be that only one who knows this town well is sensible of its mild, unostentatious charm.

For Raleigh has not escaped many effects of the standardization that curses this country and that is rapidly ruining whatever charm the South may once have had. The principal difference between Raleigh and its neighbors is that Raleigh does not take "progress" so hard and has not yet completely deified the norm. Despite the heroic efforts of the local Chamber of Commerce the question of Raleigh's population has never become a burning one. For most of the citizens of Raleigh census figures are as dull as figures usually are. While other aspiring North Carolina towns are at each other's throats in their efforts to extend their limits to include the largest number of outlying

Negroes and cotton mill workers. Raleigh blandly contemplates its aggregate thirty thousand sould and inquires, "What of it?"

If it could be shown that for some obscure reason the citizens of the Capital have less resistance than those of other North Carolina towns to what the State's boosters are pleased to call "The Perfect Climate" Raleigh's lassitude with regard to a subject of first import such as relative population might be explained. During five months of every year, from May until October, Raleigh swelters in unbelievable heat. If you would learn why Asa Candler made a fortune selling Coca-Cola to the Southern Anglo-Saxons, come to Raleigh in August. Then you will discover that those members of "the great race" celebrated by Madison Grant et al., who since the Civil War have been forced to work in an unfriendly sub-tropical climate, keep themselves in motion during the protracted summer mainly by the assistance of Mr. Candler's beverage. When autumn has tempered the tyrannical sun and wrapped Raleigh in haze and balm there is gradual recuperation from the summer's horrors. Through a mild winter one slowly gathers energy for normal effort which may continue for a few months before the cycle begins again.

This might explain, too, why the real Raleigh is a trifle bored with the new noise in North Carolina. To be sure, Raleigh is the site of the Capitol where, until halted this year by a mammoth State deficit, in alternate Januarys of late legislators have passed laws to out into effect the much-vaunted "Program of Progress" for the State. But the antics of legislators are all in the year's work for Raleigh, and the town never becomes unduly

excited about them. It will eat, drink and sleep politics when the overwhelming Democrats foregather biennially from "the highest mountains east of the Mississippi" and "the most dangerous point on the Atlantic Coast." But politics and politicians are Raleigh's diversion,--merry enough at times, indeed,--too common to be taken very seriously. Only State employees with fat jobs at stake lose sleep during legislative sessions. The citizenry in general take the legislatures with salt and as a matter of course, hoping for a lively bit of vaudeville during the session such as the debate over the anti-evolution bill afforded in 1925 and with the expectation of rather more available liquor than usual.

As it takes its legislatures with salt, so Raleigh takes the State officials who make the town their home during their terms of office. There has never been a Governor of North Carolina impressive enough to impress Raleigh. Governors come and go like the seasons, and why should Raleigh be impressed because spring has come again? Whoever may be the pro-tem occupant of an executive mansion constructed by a man with a genius for architectural monstrosities, it is all one to Raleigh. The Governor gives his receptions, Raleigh mutters, "What,--again so soon?" struggles into evening clothes, presses through the jam to shake the Governor's weary and perspiring hand, worms its way out into the air again, sighs, "Thank God, that's over!" and proceeds to forget that the State has a chief executive. Occasionally a Governor refuses to be forgotten. He then becomes a welcome source of entertainment in a town where entertainment is scarce. Raleigh will tell you jokes about the gubernatorial idiosyncrasies and gossip about him as about any other neighbor.

For Raleigh is really the capital of a neighborhood rather than a State. Theoretically North Carolina is a commonwealth, but actually it is a big neighborhood where one knows personally a large proportion of one's fellow-countrymen from the mountains to the sea. Not only do we know them but we know who their sisters married and what was their mother's maiden name. A homogeneous white population with slight distinctions in wealth and weaker traditional class barriers than in some other Southern States has contributed to this State-wide neighborhood. As the capital of such a neighborhood, Raleigh itself is typically neighborly.

Doubtless this comparative weakness of class barriers that has always been characteristic of North Carolina helps to make Raleigh's "society" rather heterogeneous. Old social distinctions have long since been broken down and the representatives of the old order for the most part have relinquished their leadership to the wives and daughters of up-and-coming automobile salesmen and realtors. Select little coteries still exist, but if Raleigh has an official social register it is probably the town directory. Always less proud than the aristocrats of South Carolina and Virginia, whatever aristocracy North Carolina may have had is rapidly admitting that the struggle naught availeth.

One of the symptoms of the exhibitionism which has accompanied North Carolina's recent progress has been the effect of the State to proclaim as many superlatives as possible as its own. There is hardly a town in North Carolina that is not superlatively something or other by its own free and glad admission. In one there is the largest denim mill in the world, in another the

largest hosiery mill, in another the largest tobacco factory. One manufactures more chairs than any other on the globe. One has the planet's largest cucumber market. One makes all the cloth for B.V.D's. And so on. Raleigh happily appears to be the only considerable town in North Carolina without self-advertised pre-eminence.

The only superlative connected with Raleigh is more in the nature of a slur than a boost. Josephus Daniels who, in a manner of speaking, took to the sea during the Wilson administration, publishes a newspaper in Raleigh which for months proclaimed on its front page the staggering fact that it was "the only newspaper in the world having a circulation greater than the population of the city in which published." The former Secretary of the Navy, having brought all the boys back from France, returned to his State to resume the editorship of the paper which is almost as much a part of Raleigh as the Capitol. Cursed by hundreds whom it exasperates, The News and Observer appears each morning to assure The Honest Farmer of the eternal sovereignty of The People, the sanctity of the home, the reward of simple worth, the inevitable triumph of the Christian virtues. Interspersed with its unfailing optimism may be found damaging remarks about the Republican party in State and nation and stout defense of the Democratic solidity of the South. Mr. Daniels' paper is still the most vociferous and most influential organ of the dominant political party in North Carolina, even though its editor since his return to the State has been at outs with the party's controlling faction.

Raleigh "reads after Jodannels" (with varying reactions) and doesn't bother overmuch about literature in general. Indeed, the arts do not trouble Raleigh unduly. The town has never dared attempt grand opera. It has no concert series nor "music festivals" like those advertised along with cigarette or hosiery or denim output by a few North Carolina towns hot for "culture." Perhaps a dozen Raleigh citizens feel the lack of an art gallery, but if so, they are inarticulate. The theatre in Raleigh is the theatre of the provinces, road shows with occasionally a well-known actor on tour. After the fashion of most of the New South, Raleigh leaves "culture" largely to the women's literary clubs.

By that curious psychology exhibited in what Mr. Mencken calls "the Baptist Belt" which regards the arts as in some indefinite way inimical to true religion, a natural corollary of Raleigh's lack of interest in the arts may be its interest in religiosity. Raleigh is what would probably be called a godly town. It attends its churches, especially its evangelical churches with regularity and will permit no levity on the Lord's Day. Yet Raleigh eschews pep in religion as elsewhere, thereby establishing a highly creditable record with regard to revivals and bringing down the denunciation of the professional devil-wrestlers. About a year ago the wildest revivalist with whom the State of North Carolina is afflicted and who had been working havoc in several smaller towns came to Raleigh and began to wrestle with Beelzebub in a large wooden tabernacle erected for the purpose. It was a source of frantic indignation to this medicine-man that his most violent contortions failed to fill the place. For weeks Raleigh remained

apathetic and only at the tail end of the revival did the town rouse itself and then apparently mainly because of exasperation.

Raleigh will tell you with pride that it is a "city of colleges" which means that the State College of Agriculture and Engineering is on its outskirts, and the Baptists and Presbyterians and Episcopalians have built educational institutions for their girls in the town. The Negroes also find Raleigh hospitable in two schools for their race. In addition Raleigh has the other institutions common to a Southern capital. On the town's eastern edge the feeble veterans of the Confederacy sun themselves idly through their sunless days at the home North Carolina has built for them. The benevolent Dorothea Dix came down to Raleigh in 1848 and persuaded the North Carolina Legislature to establish its first State hospital for the insane on a neighboring hill. Beside one of the railroads entering the town the State Prison stands like an antiquated fortress, and if you should care to see them the obliging citizen will show you the State institutions for white and Negro deaf, dumb and blind.

Though careless of progress, Raleigh through no fault of its own is being gradually overtaken by it. Slowly the town has developed a sky line. A farm to the north that a few years ago knew only rows of cotton has been transformed into a quasi-fashionable suburb and dubbed in honor of Sir Walter Raleigh's country place. The new good roads of which North Carolina incessantly boasts run from Raleigh toward all four points of the compass and along them the neighboring country people and those of nearby towns come into the Capital with a frequency agreeable to the Merchants Association.

On Raleigh's Main Street on a Saturday night in summer one sees these country people seriously disporting themselves in brief diversion from their hard-working, monotonous lives, diversion made possible oftener of late by the joint efforts of Mr. Henry Ford and the State Highway Commission. The Main Street Saturday night crowd in Raleigh is typical of any Southern town of medium size,--loafers lounging against store windows, family parties with the baby in arms on their way to or from the movies, Negro girls en promenade with dusky escorts arrayed in styles that only slightly caricature those of the flappers of both sexes of the other race drinking Coca-Cola in the corner drug-stores. A stream of automobiles rolls along the street, and the new electric traffic signals that gladden the heart of every true Kiwanian acquire an almost metropolitan importance.

History passing over Raleigh has left few notable marks. In 1788 at Hillsboro, North Carolina's first Constitutional Convention designated part of a farm in Wake County as the site for the State Capital, and in 1792 the boundaries of Raleigh were located. For a number of years the Capital was "a town of magnificent distances, of unsightly bramble bush and briars, of hills and morasses, of grand old oaks and few inhabitants and an unwelcome look to newcomers." An old engraving shows Lafayette at Raleigh in 1825 with a reigning local belle on his arm admiring Canova's famous statue of Washington that was destroyed when the first State House was burned in 1831. On May 20, 1861, an excited State Convention declared that "the Union now subsisting between the State of North Carolina and the other States under the title of the United

States of America is hereby dissolved," and cannon roared in Raleigh's Capitol Square while the bells of the town rang furiously and a new, ill-starred flag floated from its "secession pole." Four years later the sequel came when Johnston's retreating army passed through Raleigh and North Carolina's capital formally surrendered to Sherman a few days afterward. In 1868 a convention composed largely of carpetbaggers and Negroes met in Raleigh to adopt a new State Constitution that pledged North Carolina's reluctant allegiance to the Union. The ineffectual Reconstruction President, Andrew Johnson, had been born in Raleigh in 1808, and the one-room hut that was his birthplace now stands in a local park. Walter Hines Page, born and reared a few miles from Raleigh, returned in the eighties as the editor of the State Chronicle. But North Carolina was not ready for the unpleasant truth Mr. Page had to tell her, and he soon left for more congenial atmosphere and a more receptive audience.

So summer after summer has blistered and blisters Raleigh. Governors enter and depart from the executive mansion. Legislatures with their political clowns offer biennial diversion. Boys and girls are graduated from the institutions in the "city of colleges." Jodannels' paper defends the Democratic party, the home and the Christian virtues. Babies are born to Mr. and Mrs. George F. Babbitt. Dr. Kennicott dies to be replaced by other Doctors Kennicott. Church bells ring in decorous Sabbaths. A modest sky-line slowly rears itself. At all of this Raleigh, beneath whatever polite attention she may show, stifles a yawn.

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DREAMS

Even a fool can tell you that a week
Has seven days, or that a dove has wings;
That there are silks, and trees, and wharves, and kings;
That life is iron-hard; that one may seek,
And yet go empty. Even he may know.
By these we barter spires or a gilt cup,
Or patch a rod, or pluck a flower up.
I flout them with my dreams that do not so.
For what I have, I hold not in my hand;
For what I save, piles higher than a town;
For for one thing I spend, I gather four;
A roof, a field are mine in every land.
Let a world rot, or a rose crumble down;
The dream of it will run from door to door.

Owing to a printer's error, one of Lizette Woodworth
Reese's sonnets appeared in our April issue with two lines
misplaced. We make apologies and herewith reprint it
corrected.

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II. Manuscript Collections

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Paul Green Collection, Southern Historical Collection, Wilson Library, University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill;

Joseph Hergesheimer Collection, Humanities Research Center, University of Texas; and Alderman Library, University of Virginia;

Jay B. Hubbell Collection, Manuscript Department, Perkins Library, Duke University, Durham;

H.L. Mencken Collection; Enoch Pratt Free Library, Baltimore; Mencken Collection, New York Public Library; Mencken Collection, Princeton University Library;

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IV. Interviews and Other Unpublished Sources

Interview with Mrs. James Branch Cabell (Margaret Freeman), taped September 16, 1976. There were numerous other conversations which were not taped.

Interview with Mary Wingfield Scott, taped December 10, 1976. Only one of many conversations with Miss Scott on Richmond in the 1920's.

Interview with Mrs. William R. Trigg (Emma Gray), taped October, 1976. Only one of many interviews.

Informal talks have also been held with Mrs. Cassius M. Chichester, Mrs. Thomas Willing Balch of Baltimore, Mrs. John Gill, Mrs. John Guy, Mrs. Ralph Catterall, Mrs. Thomas Branch Scott, and Mrs. Walter Williams, Jr., all of whom knew the Reviewer group and gave a great deal of background information.

Schroetter, Samuel T. "A Brief Account of the Virginia Writers Club." Unpublished account distributed to club membership. Richmond, 1961.

The Woman's Club Scrapbooks for 1921-1924. The Womens Club, 211 East Franklin Street, Richmond.

The Reviewer

206 N. Harrison Street
RICHMOND, VA.

We ask your consideration of a venture, small in its beginning, but far-reaching in hopes for its future. It is acknowledged today that Richmond has become one of the literary centres of America, for it has produced a large number of artists in proportion to its size. It is common knowledge that Richmond held this place in the past, for it was the home of the Southern Literary Messenger, edited by Edgar Allan Poe, and thought by many persons to have been the most interesting publication in America. John R. Thompson, the poet, carried on the literary tradition here, until he went to New York to join the staff of the Evening Post, which has so often attracted the talents of brilliant men. Later, there was Colonel Gordon McCabe, who held a distinguished place in letters in this country and in England, and was the friend of Tennyson and Carlyle.

The arts of music and the theatre also flourished in old Richmond. Thomas Sully made the city his home for a time, and Moses Ezekiel was born here. There was an apparent suspension of artistic production after the War Between the States; for the very life of the new South required all the talents and vitality of the men and women there. With prosperity and progress, however, has come a Renaissance, and in the history of Virginia there has not been so large a group known throughout the country for its successful work along artistic lines as exists today.

Where there is artistic endeavor, criticism and recognition necessarily follow, and it is axiomatic that real criticism and creative work react beneficially upon each other. It seems, therefore, that the time is ripe for a review in the city which has produced so much that is worthy of serious criticism and appreciation; a review which will join, if possible, that group of publications printing not merely synopses, not always reviews, but sometimes criticism. We believe that a small voice, if honest and disinterested, may receive a hearing. Therefore, we announce to you the coming publication of The Reviewer, the initial issue of which will appear February 15, 1921. It will continue as a bi-monthly periodical during six months, in which time we shall learn whether there is a demand for it.

It is our great good fortune to have the support of a number of men and women who have won distinction in art and letters. Many of them will be among our contributors.

Mr. James Branch Cabell, whose talent is said by Hugh Walpole to be "as original and satisfying as anything that our time has seen," has been acclaimed by Burton Rascoe, former literary editor of the Chicago Tribune, as "the greatest living master of English prose," and is universally known as one of America's really distinguished men of letters.

Miss Mary Johnston, through her charm of style and poetic appeal, has made the romance of Virginia, from the days of "To Have and To Hold" down through her Civil War novels, felt throughout the English-speaking world.

Miss Ellen Glasgow is an acknowledged social historian of Virginia, and through her power of insight and vividness of portraiture has become one of the most brilliant exponents of the life of our day.

Mr. John Powell holds unquestioned rank as the foremost American pianist and composer, and is distinguished in musical circles throughout Europe.

Mrs. Kate Langley Boshier achieved wide reputation as the author of "Mary Cary," which she has sustained by a number of popular novels.

Mrs. Mary Newton Stanãrd is an authority on Virginiana, and her book on Poe is one of the best that has been written on that subject, both in its accuracy and in its excellence of style.

Dr. Henry R. McIlwaine, Virginia State Librarian, has contributed many important documents to the library.

Mrs. Sally Nelson Robins, Mrs. Emma Speed Sampson, and Miss Nellie Tompkins each has several successful books to her credit. Mrs. Robins is also an historian and an authority on subjects relating to Virginia.

Mr. F. William Sievers is the author of the Virginia Memorial Monument at Gettysburg, as well as many other works, including the recently unveiled equestrian statue of Stonewall Jackson in Richmond.

Princess Troubetzkoy (Amelie Rives) has published brilliant novels, plays, and poems, and has been, since her first story, one of the American authors most interesting to Europeans.

Prince Pierre Troubetzkoy has painted portraits of many well-known people both here and abroad, and is also an author of plays and fiction.

Miss Margaret Prescott Montague has for many years been conspicuous among contributors to the Atlantic Monthly, and within the last year has become known in this country and in England as the author of "England to America" and "Uncle Sam of Freedom Ridge."

Mr. Henry Sydnor Harrison achieved immediate popularity as the author of "Queed," as well as several widely read novels which followed it.

In addition to reviews and criticisms, The Reviewer will publish special articles on subjects relating to literature or the arts.

If you believe in what we are trying to do, if you are interested, will you help by becoming a subscriber?

Editors: Emily Clark, Mary D. Street, Hunter Stagg.

Managing Editor: Margaret Freeman.

Russell W. Montague, Of Counsel.

Offices: 206 North Harrison Street, Richmond, Virginia

We, the undersigned, realizing the need of a literary review in Richmond, and the growing demand for such a publication throughout the State, wish to express our cordial approval and endorsement of "The Reviewer" the initial publication of which will take place on February the fifteenth, nineteen hundred and twenty-one, in Richmond, Virginia.

James Branch Cabell

Mary Johnston

Ellen Glasgow

John Powell

Mary Norton Steward

Rati Langley Boshier

Sully Alderson Roberts

Emma Spud Samson

H. R. M^{rs} Swaine

Nellie Tompkins

J. Wm. Sever

Lucie Troubetzkoy

Pierre Troubetzkoy

Maryaret Prescott Montague

Henry Sander Harrison

A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF THE VIRGINIA WRITERS CLUB

[A condensation in the earlier portion and a preliminary sketch in later parts of of a longer account being prepared by Samuel T. Schroetter, Jr.]

The birth of the Virginia Writers Club late in 1918 was the second of a family of events that mark a Virginia renaissance of letters around the end of World War I. The first had been the national recognition of James Branch Cabell and Ellen Glasgow, though both had been published much earlier; the third event was the launching of a short-lived but remarkable little magazine, The Reviewer, by three young members of the club and a fourth young person who later became a club leader and the second Mrs. James Branch Cabell.

Emily Clark, Margaret Waller Freeman, Hunter Staggs, and Mary Dallas Street, the brash young foursome who founded, edited, and managed The Reviewer from 1921 to 1924, were ardent admirers not only of Cabell and Miss Glasgow but of H. L. Mencken, whose characterization of the South as "the Sahara of the Bozart" has been credited with stimulating the creation of the Virginia Writers Club, The Reviewer itself, and the Southern literary renaissance of which both were a part. Like their idols, they harbored definite hostility to Mrs. Grundy and to the "heightening of illusion" which still held the South in thrall.

The idea of the magazine was conceived at a November, 1920, cocktail and book-talk party at the 1510 West Avenue home of Helena Lefroy Caperton, eventually if not already a Writer's Club members. One of the participants said, as they lamented the demise of the only newspaper book page in Richmond, "Let's start a little magazine." By February, they had--with \$200.75 cash, credit from Whittet & Shepperson printers, a few advertisements, 107 subscriptions of one dollar for six months, the determination to declare "war" on "the second best" in literature, offices in the homes of the staff, and a distinguished list of sponsors and unpaid contributors.

The role of the Virginia Writers Club in The Reviewer has perhaps been exaggerated in some accounts, but it was real. Three of the four editors were then members, and Margaret Freeman Cabell later became one, as were most of the sixteen endorsers (listed as "contributors" in the second issue) who gave the venture instant prestige. Mr. Cabell had been the first to be approached; his acceptance was followed by that of Miss Johnston, Miss Glasgow, Mrs. Boshier, Sally Robins, Mrs. Sampson, Mrs. Standard, Dr. McIlwaine, Miss Tompkins, Miss Montague, John Powell (the musician, a future club member on the strength of his music criticism and interest in folklore), F. William Sievers (the Richmond sculptor), and four Virginians no longer residents or frequenters of Richmond and so not members of the club in that day of more difficult travel: Thomas Nelson Page, then Ambassador to Italy, Henry Sydnor Harrison, Amelie Rives, who had not visited Richmond in twenty years, and her artist husband, Pierre Troubetzkoy.

For the first six months as a fortnightly, The Reviewer drew chiefly on its staff, sponsors, and other Virginia writers, giving it a distinctively local flavor, but a distinguished one with contributions from Miss Johnston, Cabell, Miss Glasgow, Mrs. Stanard, and others. By October, 1921, when it became an expanded monthly and Cabell took over as guest editor for three issues to show how editing ought to be done, Mencken had become a booster and mentor, proclaiming the magazine "a violet in the Sahara." For the next three years,

without outgrowing the attitude that the magazine was a lark or the policy that contributors would be paid only "in fame not specie," The Reviewer as a monthly and then a quarterly made Richmond a literary center. It carried pieces by Achmed Abdullah, Edward Hale Bierstadt, Maxwell Bodenheim, Babette Deutsch, Joseph Hergesheimer, Robert Hillyer, Amy Lowell, Mencken, Robert Nathan, James Oppenheim, Burton Rascoe, Ben Ray Redman, Agnes Repplier, Jean Starr and Louis Untermeyer, Carl Van Vechten, and Elinor Wylie, together with others from a wider United States; introduced or widened the audience of such unknown or little known Southerners as Hervey Allen, Paul Green, Sara Haardt, DuBose Heyward, Frances Newman (a frequent visitor to the Writers Club), Julia Peterkin, Josephine Pinckney, Lynn Riggs, and Allen Tate; and got contributions from Europeans in America (Ernest Boyd), Americans in Europe (John Muir and Gertrude Stein), and Englishmen (Aleister Crowley, Ronald Firbank, John Galsworthy, Douglas Goldring, and Arthur Machen).

But by 1924, the editors wanted to move on to other things and, to prevent The Reviewer from becoming an adjunct of the Poe Shrine or falling into the hands of conservative Richmonders, they sold it for a dollar to Paul Green who carried it on for another year in Chapel Hill before it was merged with Jay B. Hubbell's Southwest Review. Emily Clark married Edwin Swift Balch of Philadelphia, and her subsequent books included Stuffed Peacocks and Innocence Abroad recounting the Reviewer adventure and its contributors; Mary Dallas Street produced short stories and two novels; Margaret Freeman became a successful interior decorator and part of the literary scene in New York, tried her hand at writing for the theater, and returned to Richmond to marry Cabell and edit his literary correspondence, Between Friends; Hunter Stagg failed to realize his enormous promise.

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The Reviewer Unites With the Southwest Review

THE REVIEWER, founded at Richmond in 1921 and transferred to Chapel Hill, North Carolina, in 1925, is—with this issue—combined with the SOUTHWEST REVIEW. Its unexpired subscriptions will be continued by this magazine.

THE REVIEWER has been a pioneer in the present literary renaissance in the Southern states, and, more than any other one force, has served to dispel the illusion that no good thing in literature can come out of the South. Its poetry and prose have been always graceful, sometimes brilliant; and it is significant that they have remained consistently native.

Under the editorship of Emily Clark and Hunter Stagg, and later of Paul Green, THE REVIEWER has introduced more than one young Southern writer who has won recognition. It has printed the works of John Peter in, the stories of Sara Heath, the critical articles of Frances Newman, Addison Hibbard, and Gerald W. Johnson, the poetry of Dolores Heyward, Allen Tate, John Richard Murchland, and Maxwell Bodenheim. It has also published the work of such well known Southern writers as Mary Johnston, Ellen Glasgow, and James Branch Cabell.

The announcement of the combining of the two magazines has considerable importance in the life of the SOUTHWEST REVIEW; but it marks not so much a change in policy as an extension of former purposes. THE REVIEW has tried to speak for the South and the West clearly, but with but insignificant reinforcement. The union with THE REVIEWER can mean only a reinforcement of that intention.

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SOUTHWEST REVIEW

APRIL, 1926

THE SCUFFLETOWN OUTLAWS

A *Carolina Folk-play*

By WILLIAM NORMENT COX

INTRODUCTION

By FRANK RICH H. KICH

THE *Scuffletown Outlaws* is representative of the native folk-drama of The Carolina Playmakers at the University of North Carolina in Chapel Hill. The plays are written in English 31, the University course in play-writing. The materials of these *Carolina Folk-plays* are drawn by the student playwrights from their own experience and observation—from folk-tales and the common traditions, and from present-day life in North Carolina. They are wholly indigenous—simple plays of the locality, of common experience and of common interest.

The *Scuffletown Outlaws* is based on a dramatic incident in the history of the Croatan Indians of Robeson County, North Carolina, whose forefathers are thought by some investigators to have absorbed Sir Walter Raleigh's Lost Colony. These, the earliest English settlers in America, had disappeared mysteriously from Fort Raleigh on Roanoke Island, North Carolina, by 1590.

The author of the play, William Norment Cox, of Robeson County, North Carolina, has lived from childhood within a stone's throw of the settlement of the notorious Lowrie Outlaws in the Scuffletown Swamp. His forefathers were leaders in the campaign organized to exterminate them. A kinsman of his, Owen C. Norment, was shot down from ambush by them a few feet from his own door-step; and several other relatives were wounded in defending their homes against the ravages of the Lowrie gang.

A troupe of our Carolina Playmakers were playing in Red Springs, in Robeson County, and Bill Cox was one of the company.

"Prof," he said to me, "I want to take you out over this Croatan section. There is a great play to be written here."

"Well, Bill," I said, "I guess you'll have to write it."

1008 Tada Avenue

ETC

Dear Mr. Waveland

Thank you
 much for Pistols for Two. It's de-
 lightful and I wish I'd read it before I
 met you. It might have helped, because
 though I could n't have met the specifica-
 tions laid down there - the Ben Dier not
 being equipped we with exactly the proper
 birthday or at all the proper coloring of the
 proper drinks - I would have made special
 efforts. Though you talked us to wonder-
 fully I didn't feel that I know you at all.
 I'm sure, however, that next time it will be
 much better. I'm glad to know you mean to
 be friends. I was afraid, from Mr. Herges-
 heimer, that you did n't. He said I was child-
 ish and scholastic and was frightfully
 cross at Castle Hill - to me at least. You
 were sure to stay away. You must see Castle
 Hill. It's just all over Tuckahoe. Ameliasbest
 wants you. You made a delightful impression

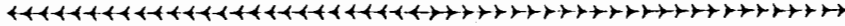
... for you boys, I'm sure
 that I want as many as you'll let me have
 because I like every word you write, even
 when occasionally it hurts my feelings.
 Mr. Cabell says that everyone is n't as
 generous as himself and Mr. Hergesheimer
 and that I must work for only three - the
 two Prejudices and Prejorars. Is that
 very bad form? But I'll be properly
 grateful for anything. When will you
 write me something more? Soon? And
 will you speak to Mr. Nathan? And
 get me some more contributors? I
 want to have been wonderfully
 generous here about the great. So
 don't tell, please.

Very sincerely yours,
 W. W. Clark.

Friday, December second 1921

on my mother, Mrs. Trigg and Prince Troubetzkoy, who is, as you say
 far too nice to be an artist. I understand from Mr. Hergesheimer
 that you and he don't get Mr. Cabell, but don't drop the subject in dis-
 quest, because it's really worth while. It's quite simple, too. You see, he's
 about Poictesme, instead of these United States, so, logically, he's
 there. And when dragged out into an alien, enemy country he is,
 as the celebrated Mr. Menckel would say, bemused. He's really
 splendid when you know him, and if you saw him as often as I
 do you'd find his eternal calm a relief beyond words - I know
 only a few artists and he's the most restful and aloof of them
 all. Though I'd hardly say with Miss Newman that he's
 "miraculous." Thanks for the Smart Set. We've already had the
 Saranore and I'll write to the other. Please send any sug-
 gestions that occur to you. Emma Gray Trigg says you wrote
 her that heaven my god to there was the time that played
 havoc with Mr. Hergesheimer. You told me it was The End of a
 Perfect Day. You should keep track of your letters. About the
 Valentine poems - those I've seen are in no way remarkable,
 although I've heard that others are much better. Mrs. Stan-
 ard, who wrote the foreword, is the author of the Poe and Ten-
 perance article in The Reviewer! Mr. Ben Valentine, who is now dead
 was a rich man and rather dilettante. Granville, who wrote the
 letter, is his brother and the Valentine Museum their pet hobby -
 it's the old Wickham house. I'll show you it and then next time
 you come. Their great-uncle, Edward Valentine, made the statue of Lee at
 Lexington and the dreadful Yaris monument here. They make their
 living - a very good one - from the Valentine Meat Juice which they in-
 vented, and divide their time between the abattoir and the museum.
 The sculptor is a darling of my way, if not a sculptor and you must
 see him and his studio and his Marie Antoinette furniture.

The Sahara of the Bozart



This produced a ferocious reaction in the South, and I was belabored for months, and even years afterward in a very extravagant manner. The essay in its final form, as it is here reproduced, dates sadly, but I have let it stand as a sort of historical document. On the heels of the violent denunciations of the elder Southerners there soon came a favorable response from the more civilized youngsters, and there is reason to believe that my attack had something to do with that revival of Southern letters which followed in the middle 1920's.

*Alas, for the South! Her books have grown fewer—
She never was much given to literature.*

IN the lamented J. Gordon Coogler, author of these elegiac lines, there was the insight of a true poet. He was the last bard of Dixie, at least in the legitimate line. Down there a poet is now almost as rare as an oboe-player, a dry-point etcher or a metaphysician. It is, indeed, amazing to contemplate so vast a vacuity. One thinks of the interstellar spaces, of the colossal reaches of the now mythical ether. Nearly the whole of Europe could be lost in that stupendous region of worn-out farms, shoddy cities and paralyzed cerebrums: one could throw in France, Germany and Italy, and still have room for the British Isles. And yet, for all its size and all its wealth and all the "progress" it babbles of, it is almost as sterile, artistically, intellectu-

From *A Mencken Chrestomathy*, 1949. Included in *Prejudices: Second Series*, 1920. Originally printed, in shorter form, in the *New York Evening Mail*, Nov. 13, 1917. Copyright 1920, 1949 by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. Renewal copyright 1948 by H. L. Mencken.

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ally, culturally, as the Sahara Desert. There are single acres in Europe that house more first-rate men than all the states south of the Potomac; there are probably single square miles in America. If the whole of the late Confederacy were to be engulfed by a tidal wave tomorrow, the effect upon the civilized minority of men in the world would be but little greater than that of a flood on the Yang-tse-kiang. It would be impossible in all history to match so complete a drying-up of a civilization.

I say a civilization because that is what, in the old days, the South had, despite the Baptist and Methodist barbarism that reigns down there now. More, it was a civilization of manifold excellences—perhaps the best that the Western Hemisphere had ever seen—undoubtedly the best that These States have ever seen. Down to the middle of the last century, and even beyond, the main hatchery of ideas on this side of the water was across the Potomac bridges. The New England shopkeepers and theologians never really developed a civilization; all they ever developed was a government. They were, at their best, tawdry and tacky fellows, oafish in manner and devoid of imagination; one searches the books in vain for mention of a salient Yankee gentleman, as well look for a Welsh gentleman. But in the South there were men of delicate fancy, urbane instinct and aristocratic manner—in brief, superior men—in brief, gentry. To politics, their chief diversion, they brought active and original minds. It was there that nearly all the political theories we still cherish and suffer under came to birth. It was there that the crude dogmatism of New England was refined and humanized. It was there, above all, that some attention was given to the art of living—that life got beyond and above the state of a mere infliction and became an exultating experience. A certain notable spaciousness was in the ancient Southern scheme of things. The *Ur-Confederate* had leisure. He liked to toy with ideas. He was hospitable and tolerant. He had the vague thing that we call culture.

But consider the condition of his late empire today. The picture gives one the creeps. It is as if the Civil War stamped out every last bearer of the torch, and left only a mob of peasants on the field. One thinks of Asia Minor, resigned to Armenians, Greeks and wild swine, of Poland abandoned to the Poles. In all

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that gargantuan paradise of the fourth-rate there is not a single picture gallery worth going into, or a single orchestra capable of playing the nine symphonies of Beethoven, or a single opera-house, or a single theater devoted to decent plays, or a single public monument that is worth looking at, or a single workshop devoted to the making of beautiful things. Once you have counted James Branch Cabell (a lingering survivor of the *ancien régime*: a scarlet dragon-fly imbedded in opaque amber) you will not find a single Southern prose writer who can actually write. And once you have—but when you come to critics, musical composers, painters, sculptors, architects and the like, you will have to give it up, for there is not even a bad one between the Potomac mud-flats and the Gulf. Nor a historian. Nor a philosopher. Nor a theologian. Nor a scientist. In all these fields the South is an awe-inspiring blank—a brother to Portugal, Serbia and Albania.

Consider, for example, the present estate and dignity of Virginia—in the great days indubitably the premier American state, the mother of Presidents and statesmen, the home of the first American university worthy of the name, the *arbiter elegantiarum* of the Western World. Well, observe Virginia today. It is years since a first-rate man, save only Cabell, has come out of it; it is years since an idea has come out of it. The old aristocracy went down the red gullet of war; the poor white trash are now in the saddle. Politics in Virginia are cheap, ignorant, parochial, idiotic; there is scarcely a man in office above the rank of a professional job-seeker; the political doctrine that prevails is made up of hand-me-downs from the bumpkinry of the Middle West—Bryanism, Prohibition, all that sort of filthy claptrap; the administration of the law is turned over to professors of Puritanism and espionage; a Washington or a Jefferson, dumped there by some act of God, would be denounced as a scoundrel and jailed overnight.

Elegance, *esprit*, culture? Virginia has no art, no literature, no philosophy, no mind or aspiration of her own. Her education has sunk to the Baptist seminary level; not a single contribution to human knowledge has come out of her colleges in twenty-five years; she spends less than half upon her common schools, *per capita*, than any Northern state spends. In brief, an intellectual Gobi or Lapland. Urbanity, *politesse*, chivalry? Go to! It was in

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Virginia that they invented the device of searching for contraband whiskey in women's underwear. . . . There remains, at the top, a ghost of the old aristocracy, a bit wistful and infinitely charming. But it has lost all its old leadership to fabulous monsters from the lower depths; it is submerged in an industrial plutocracy that is ignorant and ignominious. The mind of the state, as it is revealed to the nation, is pathetically naïve and inconsequential. It no longer reacts with energy and elasticity to great problems. It has fallen to the bombastic trivialities of the camp-meeting and the stump. One could no more imagine a Lee or a Washington in the Virginia of today than one could imagine a Huxley in Nicaragua.

I choose the Old Dominion, not because I disdain it, but precisely because I esteem it. It is, by long odds, the most civilized of the Southern states, now as always. It has sent a host of creditable sons northward; the stream kept running into our own time. Virginians, even the worst of them, show the effects of a great tradition. They hold themselves above other Southerners, and with sound pretension. If one turns to such a commonwealth as Georgia the picture becomes far darker. There the liberated lower orders of whites have borrowed the worst commercial boulderism of the Yankee and superimposed it upon a culture that, at bottom, is but little removed from savagery. Georgia is at once the home of the cotton-mill sweater, of the Methodist parson turned Savonarola and of the lynching bee. A self-respecting European, going there to live, would not only find intellectual stimulation utterly lacking; he would actually feel a certain insecurity, as if the scene were the Balkans or the China Coast. There is a state with more than half the area of Italy and more population than either Denmark or Norway, and yet in thirty years it has not produced a single idea. Once upon a time a Georgian printed a couple of books that attracted notice, but immediately it turned out that he was little more than an amanuensis for the local blacks—that his works were really the products, not of white Georgia, but of black Georgia. Writing afterward *as* a white man, he swiftly subsided into the fifth rank. And he is not only the glory of the literature of Georgia; he is, almost literally, the whole of the literature of Georgia—nay, of the entire art of Georgia.¹

¹ The reference here, of course, was to Joel Chandler Harris.

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Virginia is the best of the South today, and Georgia is perhaps the worst. The one is simply senile; the other is crass, gross, vulgar and obnoxious. Between lies a vast plain of mediocrity, stupidity, lethargy, almost of dead silence. In the North, of course, there is also grossness, crassness, vulgarity. The North, in its way, is also stupid and obnoxious. But nowhere in the North is there such complete sterility, so depressing a lack of all civilized gesture and aspiration. One would find it difficult to unearth a second-rate city between the Ohio and the Pacific that isn't struggling to establish an orchestra, or setting up a little theater, or going in for an art gallery, or making some other effort to get into touch with civilization. These efforts often fail, and sometimes they succeed rather absurdly, but under them there is at least an impulse that deserves respect, and that is the impulse to seek beauty and to experiment with ideas, and so to give the life of every day a certain dignity and purpose. You will find no such impulse in the South. There are no committees down there cadging subscriptions for orchestras; if a string quartet is ever heard there, the news of it has never come out; an opera troupe, when it roves the land, is a nine days' wonder. The little theater movement has swept the whole country, enormously augmenting the public interest in sound plays, giving new dramatists their chance, forcing reforms upon the commercial theater. Everywhere else the wave rolls high—but along the line of the Potomac it breaks upon a rock-bound shore. There is no little theater beyond. There is no gallery of pictures. No artist ever gives exhibitions. No one talks of such things. No one seems to be interested in such things.

As for the cause of this unanimous torpor and doltishness, this curious and almost pathological estrangement from everything that makes for a civilized culture, I have hinted at it already, and now state it again. The South has simply been drained of all its best blood. The vast hemorrhage of the Civil War half exterminated and wholly paralyzed the old aristocracy, and so left the land to the harsh mercies of the poor white trash, now its masters. The war, of course, was not a complete massacre. It spared a decent number of first-rate Southerners—perhaps even some of the very best. Moreover, other countries, notably France and Germany, have survived far more staggering butcheries, and even

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showed marked progress thereafter. But the war not only cost a great many valuable lives; it also brought bankruptcy, demoralization and despair in its train—and so the majority of the first-rate Southerners that were left, broken in spirit and unable to live under the new dispensation, cleared out. A few went to South America, to Egypt, to the Far East. Most came north. They were fecund; their progeny is widely dispersed, to the great benefit of the North. A Southerner of good blood almost always does well in the North. He finds, even in the big cities, surroundings fit for a man of condition. His peculiar qualities have a high social value, and are esteemed. He is welcomed by the codfish aristocracy as one palpably superior. But in the South he throws up his hands. It is impossible for him to stoop to the common level. He cannot brawl in politics with the grandsons of his grandfather's tenants. He is unable to share their fierce jealousy of the emerging black—the cornerstone of all their public thinking. He is anesthetic to their theological and political enthusiasms. He finds himself an alien at their feasts of soul. And so he withdraws into his tower, and is heard of no more. Cabell is almost a perfect example. His eyes, for years, were turned toward the past; he became a professor of the grotesque genealogizing that decaying aristocracies affect; it was only by a sort of accident that he discovered himself to be an artist. The South is unaware of the fact to this day; it regards Woodrow Wilson and John Temple Graves as much finer stylists, and Frank L. Stanton as an infinitely greater poet. If it has heard, which I doubt, that Cabell has been hooped by the Comstocks, it unquestionably views that assault as a deserved rebuke to a fellow who indulges a lewd passion for fancy writing, and is a covert enemy to the Only True Christianity.

What is needed down there, before the vexatious public problems of the region may be intelligently approached, is a survey of the population by competent ethnologists and anthropologists. The immigrants of the North have been studied at great length, and anyone who is interested may now apply to the Bureau of Ethnology for elaborate data as to their racial strains, their stature and cranial indices, their relative capacity for education, and the changes that they undergo under American *Kultur*. But the older stocks of the South, and particularly the emancipated and domi-

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nant poor white trash, have never been investigated scientifically, and most of the current generalizations about them are probably wrong. For example, the generalization that they are purely Anglo-Saxon in blood. This I doubt very seriously. The chief strain down there, I believe, is Celtic rather than Saxon, particularly in the hill country. French blood, too, shows itself here and there, and so does Spanish, and so does German. The last-named entered from the northward, by way of the limestone belt just east of the Alleghenies. Again, it is very likely that in some parts of the South a good many of the plebeian whites have more than a trace of Negro blood. Interbreeding under concubinage produced some very light half-breeds at an early day, and no doubt appreciable numbers of them went over into the white race by the simple process of changing their abode. Not long ago I read a curious article by an intelligent Negro, in which he stated that it is easy for a very light Negro to pass as white in the South on account of the fact that large numbers of Southerners accepted as white have distinctly negroid features. Thus it becomes a delicate and dangerous matter for a train conductor or a hotelkeeper to challenge a suspect. But the Celtic strain is far more obvious than any of these others. It not only makes itself visible in physical stigmata—*e.g.*, leanness and dark coloring—but also in mental traits. For example, the religious thought of the South is almost precisely identical with the religious thought of Wales. There is the same naïve belief in an anthropomorphic Creator but little removed, in manner and desire, from an evangelical bishop; there is the same submission to an ignorant and impudent sacerdotal tyranny, and there is the same sharp contrast between doctrinal orthodoxy and private ethics. Read Caradoc Evans's ironical picture of the Welsh Wesleyans in his preface to "My Neighbors," and you will be instantly reminded of the Georgia and Carolina Methodists. The most booming sort of piety, in the South, is not incompatible with the theory that lynching is a benign institution. Two generations ago it was not incompatible with an ardent belief in slavery.

It is highly probable that some of the worst blood of western Europe flows in the veins of the Southern poor whites, now poor no longer. The original strains, according to every honest historian, were extremely corrupt. Philip Alexander Bruce (a Virgin-

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ian of the old gentry) says in his "Industrial History of Virginia in the Seventeenth Century" that the first native-born generation was largely illegitimate. "One of the most common offenses against morality committed in the lower ranks of life in Virginia during the Seventeenth Century," he says, "was bastardy." The mothers of these bastards, he continues, were chiefly indentured servants, and "had belonged to the lowest class in their native country." Fanny Kemble Butler, writing of the Georgia poor whites of a century later, described them as "the most degraded race of human beings claiming an Anglo-Saxon origin that can be found on the face of the earth—filthy, lazy, ignorant, brutal, proud, penniless savages." The Sunday-school and the chautauqua, of course, have appreciably mellowed the descendants of these "savages," and their economic progress and rise to political power have done perhaps even more, but the marks of their origin are still unpleasantly plentiful. Every now and then they produce a political leader who puts their secret notions of the true, the good and the beautiful into plain words, to the amazement and scandal of the rest of the country. That amazement is turned into downright incredulity when news comes that his platform has got him high office, and that he is trying to execute it.

In the great days of the South the line between the gentry and the poor whites was very sharply drawn. There was absolutely no intermarriage. So far as I know there is not a single instance in history of a Southerner of the upper class marrying one of the bondwomen described by Mr. Bruce. In other societies characterized by class distinctions of that sort it is common for the lower class to be improved by extra-legal crosses. That is to say, the men of the upper class take women of the lower class as mistresses, and out of such unions spring the extraordinary plebeians who rise sharply from the common level, and so propagate the delusion that all other plebeians would do the same thing if they had the chance—in brief, the delusion that class distinctions are merely economic and conventional, and not congenital and genuine. But in the South the men of the upper classes sought their mistresses among the blacks, and after a few generations there was so much white blood in the black women that they were considerably more attractive than the unhealthy and bedraggled women of the poor

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nant poor white trash, have never been investigated scientifically, and most of the current generalizations about them are probably wrong. For example, the generalization that they are purely Anglo-Saxon in blood. This I doubt very seriously. The chief strain down there, I believe, is Celtic rather than Saxon, particularly in the hill country. French blood, too, shows itself here and there, and so does Spanish, and so does German. The last-named entered from the northward, by way of the limestone belt just east of the Alleghenies. Again, it is very likely that in some parts of the South a good many of the plebeian whites have more than a trace of Negro blood. Interbreeding under concubinage produced some very light half-breeds at an early day, and no doubt appreciable numbers of them went over into the white race by the simple process of changing their abode. Not long ago I read a curious article by an intelligent Negro, in which he stated that it is easy for a very light Negro to pass as white in the South on account of the fact that large numbers of Southerners accepted as white have distinctly negroid features. Thus it becomes a delicate and dangerous matter for a train conductor or a hotelkeeper to challenge a suspect. But the Celtic strain is far more obvious than any of these others. It not only makes itself visible in physical stigmata—*e.g.*, leanness and dark coloring—but also in mental traits. For example, the religious thought of the South is almost precisely identical with the religious thought of Wales. There is the same naïve belief in an anthropomorphic Creator but little removed, in manner and desire, from an evangelical bishop; there is the same submission to an ignorant and impudent sacerdotal tyranny, and there is the same sharp contrast between doctrinal orthodoxy and private ethics. Read Caradoc Evans's ironical picture of the Welsh Wesleyans in his preface to "My Neighbors," and you will be instantly reminded of the Georgia and Carolina Methodists. The most booming sort of piety, in the South, is not incompatible with the theory that lynching is a benign institution. Two generations ago it was not incompatible with an ardent belief in slavery.

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whites. This preference continued into our own time. A Southerner of good family once told me in all seriousness that he had reached his majority before it ever occurred to him that a white woman might make quite as agreeable a mistress as the octaroons of his jejune fancy. If the thing has changed of late, it is not the fault of the Southern white man, but of the Southern mulatto women. The more sightly yellow girls of the region, with improving economic opportunities, have gained self-respect, and so they are no longer as willing to enter into concubinage as their grand-dams were.

As a result of this preference of the Southern gentry for mulatto mistresses there was created a series of mixed strains containing the best white blood of the South, and perhaps of the whole country. As another result the poor whites went unfertilized from above, and so missed the improvement that so constantly shows itself in the peasant stocks of other countries. It is a commonplace that nearly all Negroes who rise above the general are of mixed blood, usually with the white predominating. I know a great many Negroes, and it would be hard for me to think of an exception. What is too often forgotten is that this white blood is not the blood of the poor whites but that of the old gentry. The mulatto girls of the early days despised the poor whites as creatures distinctly inferior to Negroes, and it was thus almost unheard of for such a girl to enter into relations with a man of that submerged class. This aversion was based upon a sound instinct. The Southern mulatto of today is a proof of it. Like all other half-breeds he is an unhappy man, with disquieting tendencies toward anti-social habits of thought, but he is intrinsically a better animal than the pure-blooded descendant of the old poor whites, and he not infrequently demonstrates it. It is not by accident that the Negroes of the South are making faster progress, culturally, than the masses of the whites. It is not by accident that the only visible esthetic activity in the South is in their hands. No Southern composer has ever written music so good as that of half a dozen white-black composers who might be named. Even in politics, the Negro reveals a curious superiority. Despite the fact that the race question has been the main political concern of the Southern whites for two generations, to the practical exclusion of everything else, they have

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contributed nothing to its discussion that has impressed the rest of the world so deeply and so favorably as three or four books by Southern Negroes.

Entering upon such themes, of course, one must resign one's self to a vast misunderstanding and abuse. The South has not only lost its old capacity for producing ideas; it has also taken on the worst intolerance of ignorance and stupidity. Its prevailing mental attitude for several decades past has been that of its own hedge ecclesiastics. All who dissent from its orthodox doctrines are scoundrels. All who presume to discuss its ways realistically are damned. I have had, in my day, several experiences in point. Once, after I had published an article on some phase of the eternal race question,² a leading Southern newspaper replied by printing a column of denunciation of my father, then dead nearly twenty years—a philippic placarding him as an ignorant foreigner of dubious origin, inhabiting "the Baltimore ghetto" and speaking a dialect recalling that of Weber & Fields—two thousand words of incandescent nonsense, utterly false and beside the point, but exactly meeting the latter-day Southern notion of effective controversy. Another time, I published a short discourse on lynching, arguing that the sport was popular in the South because the backward culture of the region denied the populace more seemly recreations. Among such recreations I mentioned those afforded by brass bands, symphony orchestras, boxing matches, amateur athletic contests, horse races, and so on. In reply another great Southern journal denounced me as a man "of wineshop temperament, brass-jewelry tastes and pornographic predilections." In other words, brass bands, in the South, are classed with brass jewelry, and both are snares of the devil. To advocate setting up symphony orchestras is pornography! . . . Alas, when the touchy Southerner attempts a greater urbanity, the result is often even worse. Some time ago a colleague of mine printed an article deploring the arrested cultural development of Georgia. In reply he received a number of protests from patriotic Georgians, and all of them solemnly listed the glories of the state. I indulge in a few specimens:

² "Si Mutare Potest Aethiops Pellum Suam," *Smart Set*, Sept., 1917, pp. 138-42.

The Sahara of the Bozart

Who has not heard of Asa G. Candler, whose name is synonymous with Coca-Cola, a Georgia product?

The first Sunday school in the world was opened in Savannah.

Who does not recall with pleasure the writings of . . . Frank L. Stanton, Georgia's brilliant poet?

Georgia was the first state to organize a Boys' Corn Club in the South—Newton county, 1904.

The first to suggest a common United Daughters of the Confederacy badge was Mrs. Raynes, of Georgia.

The first to suggest a state historian of the United Daughters of the Confederacy was Mrs. C. Helen Plane (Macon convention, 1896).

The first to suggest putting to music Heber's "From Greenland's Icy Mountains" was Mrs. F. R. Goulding, of Savannah.

And so on, and so on. These proud boasts came, remember, not from obscure private persons, but from "leading Georgians"—in one case, the state historian. Curious sidelights upon the ex-Confederate mind! Another comes from a stray copy of a Negro paper. It describes an ordinance passed by the city council of Douglas, Ga., forbidding any trousers presser, on penalty of forfeiting a \$500 bond, to engage in "pressing for both white and colored." This in a town, says the Negro paper, where practically all of the white inhabitants have "their food prepared by colored hands," "their babies cared for by colored hands," and "the clothes which they wear right next to their skins washed in houses where Negroes live"—houses in which the said clothes "remain for as long as a week at a time." But if you marvel at the absurdity, keep it dark! A casual word, and the united press of the South will be upon your trail, denouncing you bitterly as a scoundrelly damnyankee, a Bolshevik Jew.

Obviously, it is impossible for intelligence to flourish in such an atmosphere. Free inquiry is blocked by the idiotic certainties of ignorant men. The arts, save in the lower reaches of the gospel hymn, the phonograph and the political harangue, are all held in suspicion. The tone of public opinion is set by an upstart class but lately emerged from industrial slavery into commercial enterprise—the class of "bustling" business men, of "live wires," of commercial club luminaries, of "drive" managers, of forward-lookers and right-thinkers—in brief, of third-rate Southerners inoculated

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with all the worst traits of the Yankee sharper. One observes the curious effects of an old tradition of truculence upon a population now merely pushful and impudent, of an old tradition of chivalry upon a population now quite without imagination. The old repose is gone. The old romanticism is gone. The philistinism of the new type of town-boomer Southerner is not only indifferent to the ideals of the Old South; it is positively antagonistic to them. That philistinism regards human life, not as an agreeable adventure, but as a mere trial of rectitude and efficiency. It is overwhelmingly utilitarian and moral. It is inconceivably hollow and obnoxious. What remains of the ancient tradition is simply a certain charming civility in private intercourse—often broken down, alas, by the hot rages of Puritanism, but still generally visible. The Southerner, at his worst, is never quite the surly cad that the Yankee is. His sensitiveness may betray him into occasional bad manners, but in the main he is a pleasant fellow—hospitable, polite, good-humored, even jovial. . . . But a bit absurd. . . . A bit pathetic.

VITA

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