





# BROOM

AN INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE OF THE ARTS PUBLISHED BY HAROLD A. LOEB.

EDITOR, HAROLD A. LOEB. ASSOCIATE EDITOR, MATTHEW JOSEPHSON. AMERICAN EDITOR, LOLA RIDGE.

DECEMBER, 1922

APPEARS MONTHLY

VOL. 4, NO. 1

	Page
COVER DESIGN — (WOODCUT) — HALICKA . . . . .	—
SEVENTH STREET — JEAN TOOMER . . . . .	3
STAVROGIN'S CONFESSION — FEODOR DOSTOYEVSKI . . . . .	4
DOSTOYEVSKI — LOUIS GRUDIN . . . . .	12
WOODCUTS — LADISLAS MEDGYES . . . . .	13, 30
SOME COMMONPLACES ON THE DANCE — ANDRÉ LEVINSON . . . . .	14
JASON AND MEDEA — ENGRAVING BY J. BOYDELL . . . . .	FACING 16
MLLE. PUVIGNÉ, LA STATUE DANS PYGMALION — BY BOQUET . . . . .	FACING 17
THE COSMIC THEATRE — PAUL SCHEERBART . . . . .	22
NOTATIONS FROM A MUSIC MASTER'S ROLL-BOOK — HENRY BELLAMANN . . . . .	31
MARIE TAGLIONI DANCING A PAS-DE-QUATRE — OLD LITHOGRAPH . . . . .	FACING 32
FANNY ELSLER — LITHOGRAPH BY G. LEYBOLD . . . . .	FACING 33
THE LAY OF MALDOROR — COMTE DE LAUTRÉAMONT . . . . .	35
YOUNG MR. ELKINS — MALCOLM COWLEY . . . . .	52
CARLOTTA GRISI — OLD LITHOGRAPH . . . . .	FACING 56
BALLERINAS — PABLO PICASSO . . . . .	FACING 57
INSTANT NOTE ON WALDO FRANK — MATTHEW JOSEPHSON . . . . .	57
DANCER FROM THE BALLET TRICORNE — PABLO PICASSO . . . . .	61
NO. 19 — LOUIS KASSAK . . . . .	62
COSTUME FOR RAVEL'S "RHAPSODIE ESPAGNOLE" — GONTCHAROVA . . . . .	64
ON THE STAIRS LEADING TO MY MARBLE HALLS — ALFRED MOMBERT . . . . .	65
SUFFERING — ALBERT EHRENSTEIN . . . . .	65
THE MOSCOW ART THEATRE — H. A. L. . . . .	66

The Editor of Broom will be pleased to consider mss. submitted to him, but all mss. must be accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope. The Editor cannot hold himself responsible for loss of mss. in transit.

Mss. from Europe should be sent to the Berlin office; mss. from America to the New York office.

The price of Broom is:

For America, fifty cents the copy, and five dollars for a year's subscription. For Italy, 10 lire the copy, and 100 lire for a year's subscription. For France, 6 francs the copy, and 60 francs for a year's subscription. For Great Britain, 3 shillings the copy, and one pound and shillings for a year's subscription.

The contents of this issue are protected by copyright, January, 1922. Infringement of same will be prosecuted.

Entered as Second Class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y. April 22, 1922 under the Act of March 3, 1879.

HEADQUARTERS, SCHICKLERSTRASSE 5, BERLIN, GERMANY

NEW YORK OFFICE, THREE EAST NINTH STREET.



# BETWEEN OURSELVES

**John Cournos**, the author of **Babel**, is generally regarded over here as an English author. As a matter of fact, **Cournos** is an American citizen whose parents came from Russia many years ago and settled in Philadelphia where young **Cournos** began his literary adventures by peddling newspapers outside of the Pennsylvania station. From peddling papers to the job of printer's devil was a quick step, and from printer's devil to the job of reporter was only a matter of a few years. During these years when he was the principal support of a large family, **Cournos** saved enough money to make his "grand tour" abroad and finally settled in London where he has lived the last three years, during which time he wrote his trilogy, **The Wall, The Mask, and Babel**. Such worth while critics as F. Scott Fitzgerald, Rebecca West, Rose Macaulay, Sheila Kaye-Smith, May Sinclair, John Macy, Burton Rascoe, T. R. Smith, etc., think that **Babel** is a big book, and when **Cournos** returns to America this autumn, he hopes that the public will already have shown its full agreement with the high opinion of the critics.

Few people will believe that an author would spend something like \$ 12.00 rather than have a single comma in one of his books left out. Mr. Liveright, however, is willing to take an affidavit that on the morning of September 4th at the horribly early hour of 3:15 A. M., **Ben Hecht** telephoned to him from Chicago and took no less than 15 minutes to insist that on page 47 of his new book, **Gargoyles**, in the sentence reading, "If all women were like you, there would be no bad men," the omission of a comma after the word *you* entirely destroyed the rhythm of his prose. Mr. **Hecht** knew that the book was to go to press the following day and would not trust a telegram to make his meaning clear. In relating this story to several people the only comment which seemed to be forthcoming has been: What is punctuation to **Hecht**, anyhow?

It is not generally known that **Stacy Aumonier**, the author of **Heartbeat**, which in a short month has proven to be by far the most popular of his novels which have been published in America, was, before he devoted himself to letters, an artist of no mean ability. At The Savage Club in London, which corresponds more or less to our Players Club in New York, there are a number of Mr. **Aumonier's** pictures, and two of his sketches are among the most prized possessions of Miss May Sinclair, who is a next door neighbor of the Aumoniers at St. John's Wood.

**Hendrik Van Loon**, as everyone knows, is a merry old soul and he is just as generous as he is merry. His publishers have just received a cable from him from Stockholm saying: "Congratulations to everyone in the office on Mankind touching the 63,000 mark! The critics have said it's a good book, but the love and energy lavished on it by all of you, from the boss down to the shipping clerk, made it 60 instead of 6." We have just printed 50,000 additional copies of **The Story of Mankind** and feel that maybe that won't be enough for the holiday season.

Beginning this autumn, instead of continuing the former practice of publishing a number of new titles in **The Modern Library** in one group each season, one new title will be issued on the 10th of each month. One title each year will be chosen by the booksellers themselves. Mr. **Liveright** says: "There seems no reason why the reading public shouldn't look forward with as keen anticipation to the new Modern Library volume on the 10th of each month as the music-loving public does to the new Victor and Columbia records." The September Modern Library title will be **Ancient Man** by **Hendrik Van Loon** with a number of new illustrations by **Hank** himself.

**Ludwig Lewisohn**, the author of **Up Stream** one of the finest autobiographies which have been published in America in many years, and which, by the way, is now in its 8th edition and moving stronger up stream every day, is now at work on his new novel, **The Hearthstone**. If the next 300 pages are as good as the first 50, **Lewisohn** will score another big success.

The Carra edition of the works of **George Moore**, the first three volumes of which will be published in October, will be prefaced by a 10,000 word introduction which Mr. **Moore** calls *Apologia Pro Scriptis Meis*.

**Gertrude Atherton** writes us that she has almost completed the third revision of her new novel which will appear with our imprint early in January. How many writers in these mad dynamic days qualify for that fine definition of genius which consists in taking infinite pains?

*The books mentioned on this page may be had at any first-class book shop in the United States*

---

**BONI & LIVERIGHT,**  
Publishers

103 West 40th Street

NEW YORK





# BABBITT

By  
Sinclair Lewis

Author of *Main Street*

"Both the simple and the sophisticated will ask:

Is Babbitt 'as good 'as Main Street?

There need be no hesitation in answering:

It is better." *Ludwig Lewisohn*  
in *The Nation*.

## RUBE

By G. A. Borgese

A novel which has aroused a storm of discussion. The author is undoubtedly one of the most striking figures in the Italian literary life of today.

It is not a war novel, but a story of what the young intellectuals every where have felt since the war.

THE LONDON MERCURY

says that "the death of Rube" symbolizes the end of an unhappy and restless generation — and heralds the birth of a new era.

Translated by  
Isaac Goldberg

\$ 1.90

Four novels  
that reflect  
the intellec-  
tual life of  
T o d a y

## MARCISUS

by Evelyn Scott

A novel by the author of "The Narrow House".

Here is a novel that expresses in its insight into human nature, the loss of standards, the feverish turbulence of modern existence. Through the revelation of their mental life Mrs. Scott has created a group of characters who are unforgettable. \$ 1.75.

## THE

## GOOSE MAN

By Jacob Wassermann

Author of "The World's Illusion"

Jacob Wassermann's great novels are quietly but steadily creating in the mind of the public a conception of the author's genius, of his supreme understanding of humanity, of which Europe has long been aware.

Continental critics consider "The Goose Man" his greatest novel.

It has an immense and colorful background and shows the creative power of this profound student of life.

570 Pages

\$ 2.50

HARCOURT, BRACE and Co., 1 W. 47th St., NEW YORK.

The subscription price of BROOM is \$ 5 per year, but for a limited time only we are making the following special offer:



(1) BROOM for a year (\$ 5) and The Goose Man by Jacob Wassermann, author of The World's Illusion (\$ 2.50). Both for \$ 5.50.

(2) BROOM for a year (\$ 5) and Batouala by René Maran, winner of the PRIX GONCOURT (\$ 1.75). Both for \$ 5.00.

(3) BROOM for a year (\$ 5) and The Hairy Ape (including Anna Chrystie and The First Man) (\$ 2.00). Both for \$ 5.00.

## BROOM

3 EAST 9th STREET, NEW YORK CITY

For the enclosed \$ ..... please send me Broom for a year and the following book .....

Name .....

Address .....



## SEVENTH STREET

Money burns the pocket, pocket hurts,  
Bootleggers in silken shirts,  
Ballooned, zooming Cadillacs,  
Whizzing, whizzing down the street-car tracks.

Seventh Street is a bastard of Prohibition and the War. A crude-boned, soft-skinned wedge of Negro life breathing its loafer air jazz songs and love thrusting unconscious rhythms, black reddish blood, into the white and white-washed wood of Washington. Stale soggy wood of Washington. Wedges rust in soggy wood . . . Split it in two! Again! Again! Shred it! . . . the sun. Wedges are brilliant in the sun; ribbons of wet wood dry and blow away. Black reddish blood. Pouring for crude-boned soft-skinned life, who set you flowing? Blood suckers of the War would spin in a frenzy of dizziness if they drank your blood. Prohibition would put a stop to it. Who set you flowing? White and white-wash disappear in blood. Who set you flowing? Flowing down the smooth asphalt of Seventh Street, in shanties, brick office buildings, theatres, drug stores, restaurants, and cabarets? Eddying on the corners? Swirling like a blood-red smoke up where the buzzards fly in heaven? God would not dare to suck black red blood. A Nigger God! He would duck his head in shame and call for the Judgment Day. Who set you flowing?

Money burns the pocket, pocket hurts,  
Bootleggers in silken shirts,  
Ballooned, zooming Cadillacs,  
Whizzing, whizzing down the street-car tracks.

JEAN TOOMER



## STAVROGIN'S CONFESSION

### CHAPTER III

The reading lasted about an hour. Tikhon read slowly and perhaps re-read several passages many times. All the time Stavrogin sat silent and motionless. The shade of impatience, absentmindedness and, one might say, delirium which had hovered over his face all morning, vanished almost completely, and was replaced by a calm and by a kind of sincerity, which gave him the appearance of something close to dignity. Tikhon took off his spectacles, paused, and finally looked up at him and began with a certain cautiousness:

"And wouldn't you make some corrections in this document?"

"Why, I wrote sincerely," said Stavrogin.

"Possibly in the style. . ."

"I forgot to warn you," said Stavrogin swiftly and abruptly, with a forward jerk of his whole body, "that all your words will be in vain; I shall not delay carrying out my intention; do not take the trouble to argue with me. I will send it broadcast."

"But you did remember to warn me before I began reading."

"It's all one," Stavrogin interrupted brusquely, "I repeat: however strong your arguments may be, I won't give up my intention. Note that by this awkward or perhaps shrewd remark, however you may take it, I'm not trying to lead you on to argue with me and persuade me that I should give up my idea."

"I could hardly attempt to argue with you, let alone ask you to give up your intention. This idea is a great idea, and a Christian thought could not express itself more amply. Repentance can go no further than the admirable act which you have in mind, if only. . ."

"If only what?"

"If only it is really repentance and really a Christian thought."

"I was writing sincerely."

"It is as though you purposely presented yourself as a coarser man than your heart would dictate. . ." Tikhon was getting bolder and bolder. Obviously the "document" had made a very strong impression on him.



"*Presented?* I repeat, I didn't present myself, I did not pose."

Tikhon quickly dropped his eyes.

"This document comes straight from a heart wounded unto death. Isn't that true?" he said with persistence and with extraordinary fire. "Yes, this is repentance and the natural need for it which has overcome you, and you are on a great road, an incredible road. But it is as though you were already hating and despising in advance all those who will read what you have written, and as though you were challenging them to an encounter. Since you are not ashamed to confess your crime, why are you ashamed of repentance?"

"Ashamed?"

"Yes, ashamed and afraid."

"Afraid?"

"Terribly. 'Let them look at me,' you say; and you yourself, how will you look at them? Some of the passages in your narrative are exaggerated by virtue of style; it is as if you were admiring your own psychologizing, and you cling to each detail so as to amaze the reader by a callousness which isn't really in you. What is this, if not the guilty one's proud defiance of his judge?"

"But where is the defiance? I eliminated all discussion on my part."

Tikhon passed this over in silence. A faint color came into his pale cheeks.

"Let's leave this subject," Stavrogin cut him off abruptly. "Allow me, on my side, to put a question to you: we have been talking for some five minutes after this," (he motioned with his head toward the pamphlet) "and you show no signs of disgust or shame. . . It seems you are not squeamish. . ." He did not finish.

"I shall hide nothing from you: I was horrified to see so much idle energy spent upon abominations. As for the crime itself, many commit it, but live at peace with their consciences, considering that it belongs to their inevitable wild oats. There are old men too who sin likewise, even wantonly and playfully. All these horrors fill the whole world. As for you, you have perceived all the depths of this vileness, a thing which rarely happens so completely."

"Am I to understand that you have begun to respect me after these sheets?" Stavrogin grinned crookedly.

"To this I shall give you no direct answer. Of course there is not and there cannot be, a greater and more fearful crime than your act against the child."



"Let's give up this measuring by the yard-stick. Perhaps I do not suffer as much as I wrote here. And perhaps I lied a lot about myself," he added unexpectedly.

Tikhon passed this over in silence also.

"And this young lady," began Tikhon again, "with whom you broke in Switzerland, where is she at present, if I may take the liberty of asking you?"

"Here."

Another pause.

"Perhaps I lied a good deal to you about myself," Stavrogin repeated insistently. "What if I have defied them by the coarseness of my confession, if you *did* notice the challenge? I will only force them to hate me more, that's all. That will only make it easier for me."

"That is, their hatred will only rouse hatred in you, and hating, you will feel more comfortable than if you had accepted pity from them."

"You're right. You know," he laughed suddenly, "they'll probably call me a Jesuit and a pious hypocrite after this document. Ha! Ha! Ha! Isn't that so?"

"Of course, such words will certainly be said. And how soon do you intend to carry out your intention?"

"Today, tomorrow, the day after tomorrow, how do I know? Only very soon. You're right: I believe I will do it suddenly, in a fit of revenge and hatred, at a moment when I hate them most."

"Just answer one question, but sincerely, only to me, to me alone," said Tikhon in an entirely different tone of voice. "If someone were to forgive you for this," (Tikhon pointed to the pamphlet) "and not anyone whom you respect or fear, but a stranger, a man whom you will never know, who would forgive you mutely, while reading your terrible confession, would the thought of this make it easier for you, or would it be all the same to you?"

"It would be easier," answered Stavrogin in a low voice. "If you were to forgive me, it would make it much easier for me," he added, lowering his eyes.

"I will forgive you, if you forgive me also," said Tikhon, in a voice betraying deep emotion.

"Bad humility. You know, these monkish formulae are altogether ungraceful. I will tell you the whole truth: I want to have you forgive me. And perhaps to have another man, and even a third, do so too, but let everybody else hate me. But I want this simply that I may bear with humility. . ."



"And you couldn't bear universal pity with the same humility?"

"Perhaps not. Why do you ask?"

"I feel the depth of your sincerity, and of course, it's my fault that I do not know how to approach people. I always felt it to be my great failing," said Tikhon with warm frankness, looking straight into Stavrogin's eyes. "I ask, because I fear for you," he added. "You have an almost impassable abyss before you."

"I shan't endure it, I shan't be able to stand their hatred?" Stavrogin was roused.

"Not hatred alone."

"What else?"

"Their laughter," the words escaped from Tikhon as though with difficulty, in a half-whisper.

Stavrogin was taken aback. His face showed his alarm.

"I foresaw it," he said. "Do you too find me very ridiculous, after having read my document? Don't let it trouble you, don't be embarrassed. I expected it."

"There will be universal horror, and of course, more sham than real. People are only terrified by what directly threatens their personal interests. I do not speak of the pure souls, they will be horrified secretly, and will blame only themselves, but they will be unnoticeable because they will hold their peace. But the laughter will be universal."

"I am surprised to see what a bad, what a low opinion you have of people," Stavrogin dropped, with a somewhat embittered air.

"And will you believe me, I judge more by myself than by what I know of others," exclaimed Tikhon.

"Really? Is it possible that there is something in your soul which rejoices in my misery?"

"Who knows? Perhaps there is. Oh, yes, perhaps there is."

"Enough. Tell me then, what is there in particular in my manuscript that is ridiculous? I know it myself, but I want to have it pointed out by your finger. And be as cynical as possible, and speak with all the frankness of which you are capable. And let me tell you again that you are an awfully queer fellow."

"Even in the very form of this great confession there is something ridiculous. Oh, don't doubt but that you'll conquer," he suddenly exclaimed, almost rapturously. "Even this form," he pointed to the pamphlet again, "will avail, if only you will sincerely accept the blows and the spittle. It was always thus, that the most disgraceful cross became a great glory and



a great power, if only the humility of the act is sincere. It may be that you will be solaced even while alive."

"And so it is in the form alone, perhaps, that you find something ridiculous?" insisted Stavrogin.

"In the substance too. The ugliness will kill," whispered Tikhon, lowering his eyes.

"The ugliness? What ugliness?"

"Of the crime. There are truly unbeautiful crimes. Crimes, no matter what they are, are the more imposing, the more picturesque, so to speak, the more blood, the more horror there is; but there are shameful, disgraceful crimes which escape the dreadful, so to speak, which are all too ungraceful. . ."

Tikhon did not finish his sentence.

"That is," Stavrogin fell in, agitatedly, "you found I cut a very ridiculous figure when I kissed the dirty little girl's hand. . . . I understand you perfectly. And you fear for me desperately, precisely because this is ugly, disgusting, no, not that, not disgusting, but shameful, ridiculous, and you believe that this is what I'm not likely to endure."

Tikhon was silent.

"I understand why you asked whether the young lady from Switzerland is here."

"You aren't prepared, you are not inured," whispered Tikhon timidly, dropping his eyes. "You are torn out of your soil, you have no faith."

"Listen, Father Tikhon: I myself want to be able to forgive myself. That's my chief aim, that's my whole aim!" Stavrogin said suddenly, with gloomy rapture in his eyes. "I know that only then the vision will vanish. That is why I seek measureless suffering, I seek it myself. Do not frighten me, or I will perish in my viciousness."

This fit of frankness was so unexpected that Tikhon rose to his feet.

"If you believe that you yourself can forgive yourself, and that you can attain to that forgiveness in this world by suffering, if you set yourself such a goal with faith, then you have complete faith!" exclaimed Tikhon rapturously. "How then could you say that you don't believe in God?" Stavrogin did not answer.

"God will forgive your unfaith, for you honour the Holy Ghost without knowing it."

"And by the way, will Christ forgive?" asked Stavrogin with a crooked grin, rapidly changing his tone, and there was a slight shade of irony in



his voice. "It is said in Scripture 'Whoso shall offend one of these little ones,' remember? According to the Gospels there is no greater crime."<sup>1</sup>

"Simply, you are anxious to avoid a scandal, and you set a trap for me, my good Father Tikhon," Stavrogin drawled casually and spitefully, half rising. "In short, what you want is to have me become respectable, marry perhaps, and end my life as a member of the local club, visiting the monastery each holiday. A penance, of course, isn't that so? However, as a searcher of hearts perhaps you have the feeling that no doubt that's how it will all end, and it's all a question of having you plead with me insistently for the sake of appearances, because it's really the only thing that I'm after, isn't that so?"

He laughed brokenly.

"No, not that penance, I'm preparing another one," continued Tikhon with fire, without paying the slightest attention to Stavrogin's remark and his laughter.

"I know an old man, he's not here, but not far from here either, a monk and hermit, and of such Christian spirit that you and I could hardly understand him. He will heed my entreaties. I will tell him everything about you. Go to him, and become a novice under him for some five or seven years, for as long as you find it necessary. Take a vow and through this great sacrifice you will purchase all that you desire, and even more than you expect, for you cannot appreciate now what you will receive."

Stavrogin listened earnestly. "You bid me become a monk and enter the monastery?"

"You do not have to enter the monastery. You do not have to take orders. Simply be a novice, secretly. You can do this living in the world."

"Quit it, Father Tikhon," Stavrogin interrupted disgustedly, and rose from his chair. Tikhon rose also.

"What is the matter with you?" he exclaimed suddenly, staring almost fearfully at Tikhon.

Tikhon stood before him, his palms pressed together and thrust forward, and a morbid convulsion, apparently caused by an overwhelming fear, momentarily contorted his features.

"What is the matter with you? What is the matter with you?" repeated Stavrogin, running toward him to support him. It seemed to Stavrogin that the man was going to faint.

---

<sup>1</sup> This is the end of the fourteenth galley. There is a gap between it and the beginning of the next galley.



"I see. . . I see clearly," exclaimed Tikhon in a penetrating voice and with an expression of most intense grief, "that never, poor lost youth, have you stood nearer to a new and more terrible crime than at this moment."

"Compose yourself," Stavrogin begged him, positively alarmed for him. "Perhaps I will postpone. . . You're right. . ."

"No, not after the publication, but even before it, a day, an hour perhaps, before the great step, you will plunge into a new crime as a way out for you, and you will commit it solely to avoid the publication of these sheets."

Stavrogin veritably shook with anger, and with some fear.

"Cursed psychologist!" he broke out in a rage, suddenly cutting the conversation short, and without looking back, left the cell.

FEODOR DOSTOYEVSKI

*(Translated by A. Yarmolinsky)*

#### POSTSCRIPT

The proof-sheets which contain the preceding text are crowded with corrections and insertions. Yet hardly any of them are sufficiently significant to demand inclusion in this translation. Even with these changes the text lacks the polish of final copy. In this connection it is pertinent to note that there exists another version of Stavrogin's Confession, which presents internal evidence of being an earlier variant. This is a manuscript, written in Madame Dostoyevski's hand, and kept with other Dostoyevski material in the Pushkin House attached to the Russian Academy of Sciences. This text was published in a Russian historical review practically simultaneously with our own.

The two texts differ considerably in phrasing, especially in the third chapter. The text given here is on the whole more concise. The manuscript version contains a curious detail of composition characteristic of Dostoyevski's literary technique. Stavrogin hands Tikhon his confession sheet by sheet, and the first sheet carries the narrative to the point where the reader expects a description of his crime. When Tikhon has read this sheet Stavrogin, instead of handing him the second one, gives him the third. The following dialogue ensues:



" 'That second sheet is under censorship for the time being,' said Stavrogin rapidly, with an awkward smile. He was sitting in the corner of the divan, and watching Tikhon with a steady, feverish stare. 'You'll get it later, when you deserve it,' he added, with an unsuccessful attempt at familiarity. He laughed, but it was pitiful to look at him.

'Well, second sheet or third sheet, it's all the same now,' remarked Tikhon.

'What do you mean — all the same? Why?' cried Stavrogin, starting forward. 'It's by no means all the same. Ah, you, as a monk, must immediately suspect the worst. A monk would make the best prosecutor.'

Tikhon regarded him silently.

'Compose yourself. It isn't my fault if the little girl was foolish and misunderstood my intentions. . . Nothing happened. . . Ab-so-lute-ly nothing.'

'Well, then God be thanked,' Tikhon crossed himself.

'It would take too long to explain. It was merely a psychological misunderstanding.'

He blushed suddenly. Disgust, longing, despair were written on his face. He stopped abruptly. For more than a minute neither of them spoke or looked at the other.

'You know, you'd better read it,' he said, automatically wiping the cold perspiration off his forehead. 'And you'd better stop looking at me altogether. . . It seems to me that I'm dreaming. . . And remember, I'm at the end of my patience,' he added in a whisper.

Tikhon swiftly turned his eyes away, took up the third sheet and read the pamphlet to the end without interruption."

In the third chapter Dostoyevski indicates that both men disregard Stavrogin's denial of his crime. In this chapter the novelist introduces an incident which he omits from our version. Stavrogin picks up a small ivory crucifix from the table, and turning it nervously about in his fingers, accidentally snaps it two. It is curious to note that this is a favorite device of Dostoyevski's for symbolizing the tragic split in the spirit of the unbeliever.

A. Y.



## DOSTOYEVSKI

A man with a face like a thin green wave  
that rose in a drawn treble against the darkness,  
stood in a small bare room;  
it fled in four directions  
from the frantic gaslight.

Faces vaguely resembling his own  
ranged about him and hung in straight lines,  
like an abandoned quest.

Hungers with tired hands  
and hatreds, breast to breast  
groped toward him, crying  
that their struggles were unavailing,  
and in their midst a ceaseless wailing  
suddenly choked itself, explaining  
that it did not know how to die;  
a man and woman relinquished each other  
and pointed to their futile bruises;  
a violent ghost leaped before him  
and fluttered with a pain without words;  
among them hovered  
a woman with an invisible face  
and shoulders like a heavy scent  
which she had wearied of pursuing;  
a giant stared at his own phosphorescence  
and begged with guiltless candor,  
from a heap of implements and rags,  
to be told what he wanted.



The young man stumbled among them and they  
clung to his clothes,  
their voices struck him like hail,  
and he cried that he was only a child.

He fled till he knew they would not vanish,  
then he lay, whispering their questions,  
tasting them warily, as though  
he had learnt how to sip poison;  
it flamed gently in his veins,  
and he knew the gaiety of those  
that need no sunlight and can no longer die.

LOUIS GRUDIN





## SOME COMMONPLACES ON THE DANCE

### I

#### THE BALLET AND THE ANTIQUE DANCE

The position to which the classic ballet has been relegated by public opinion for the last fifteen years is such that any discussion of the subject is apt to resemble a trial by jury, with the partisan of the ballet in the role of attorney for the defence. This being the case, I take the witness stand with alacrity and shall restrict myself simply to refuting some of the arguments of my adversaries.

The supreme argument triumphantly hurled in the teeth of the devotee of the ballet is the example of the ancients. It is one of the confirmed habits of our civilization when seeking a renewal either of inspiration or execution to turn towards Ancient Greece. "It was thus in Greek times" has become a phrase to conjure with — and this in spite of our freedom from all aesthetic dogma and our revolt against the categorical imperative of the laws governing creative effort.

The actual reformers of the dance invoke the Hellenic tradition with profound conviction. For example Isadora Duncan dancing before the camera in the "*orchestra*" of the deserted theatre of Dyonisios, and studying antique monuments in the Museums! Or Fokine the famous Russian *maître de ballet*, composer of *Narcisse*, *Daphnis* and *Chloë*, and the dances for Gluck's *Orpheus*; and did I not one hear a savant partisan of Jacques Dalcroze honor his method with the name of *Rhythmic orchestric*?

In reality nothing could be more arbitrary or more paradoxical than this constant opposing of the antique orchestric to our ballet.

True, during three centuries numerous attempts to reconstitute the antique dance from literary sources have failed lamentably. Monsieur Maurice Emmanuel alone, in his remarkable book, succeeded in giving a plausible and precise idea of the mysterious *orchestic* of the Greeks, by juxtaposing reproductions of 600 friezes and monuments illustrating the Greek dance with photographs of the movements of the contemporary ballet.

A few conclusive examples will suffice to prove the analogy between the classic ballet and the *orchestic* dance and to eliminate certain pre-



judices which tend to distort the facts. A great number of poses and steps (and the monuments analysed by Emmanuel prove this) constitute a common foundation for the two styles — ballet and *orchestic*. I will mention only the *attitudes*, the *battements*, the *jetés*, the *glissés*, even the "*entre chat*" and the famous *fouetté*, considered by some detractors to be a lucubration of the late nineteenth century.

The antique dance practised leaps and *cabrioles* as well as the steps which do not leave the ground. Certain steps were executed on the flat foot, others on the half toe and still others, contrary to the general opinion, on the toe. This latter performance of the Greek *orchestic* was only attained by the ballet one century ago.

The naive idea that "bare feet" constituted an essential element of Greek dancing comes from the conventionalized method of representation employed by Greek sculptors and decorators. The ordinary shoe of the Greek dancer, the *crépide* with flexible sole, appears to have been much like our ballet slipper. The insistence upon nudity, as well as upon the use of the short tunic has been "made up out of whole cloth" by the popularized Hellenism of today. As a matter of fact the antique dance made much of the play of complicated draperies.

At the base of the mechanical and decorative structure of the ballet is the principle, (formulated for the first time by Jean Georges Noverre, developed by Carlo Blasis and later by Del Sarte) of *opposition* of the different parts of the body (the right arm balancing the left leg etc.) which gives the maximum of stability and harmony. The same principle is found in many statues of the antique dance.

This brief summary leads us to infer that there was not merely a fortuitous resemblance but a fundamental affinity between the technique of the ballet and the methods of the antique dance.

The Greek dance was not, as we are too apt to believe, a mere variant of habitual and ordinary movements; it was on the contrary the result of a conscious and complicated technique and was, like every real art expression, artificial.

That which absolutely fixes the boundaries of the two domains is the role played by the arms. It goes without saying that in the poses and steps where the movements of the arms and legs balance according to the law of opposition the analogy remains. Otherwise the position of the arms in ballet dancing is determined by fixed decorative rules, — always conserving a beautiful unity of line. Thus the position of the hand is subordinated to that of the arm; even the fingers are restricted to a few combinations. And though our ballet includes an expressive pantomime,



this only alternates with the pure dance and never encroaches upon its essential unity.

The antique dance on the other hand, was dualistic. The legs danced, the arms talked; the dancer was also a *chirosofer*. The decorative position of the arms was replaced by the significant gesture. The gesture had to be able to say everything and "to say everything in the clearest possible manner." The expressive faculties of the arm were possibilities which were meticulously studied: the hand, free, moved independently; each finger had its role; one part of "the language of the hands" (chironomy) was the "language of the fingers" (dactylology).

Thus dance and pantomime formed in Greek times a complete ensemble, while the dance of the ballet is limited by fixed gymnastic formulae and alternates with the pantomime.

Here are in short the similarities between the Greek dance and the ballet. The technique of the ballet creates a system of artificial movement, whose smallest details are foreordained, prescribing the amplitude of the various movements within definite limits, subject to its inherent logic and acting upon the "plane" of pure form, without paying attention to the specific emotions of pantomime. Its mechanical and decorative canons are inalterable; it has evolved through two centuries of uninterrupted tradition. The antique dance does not present such homogeneity, the intrinsic law of the dance is less evident. The Greek dance formed, above all, the gymnastic and rhythmic basis of the pantomime. The ballet on the contrary, is pure dance and its spiritual content is expressed through the interplay of balanced lines and masses.

My reason for insisting upon the parallel between the two styles is that many elements which our reformers seek in the antique dance are already present and harmoniously developed in the ballet dance. Emmanuel's book, which is a source of authentic information, deals only with the gymnastic side, the pure dance of the *orchestic*. The expressive side, the pantomime of this art, is not even touched upon in his work.

Let us see how this pantomime was produced. Was it a free improvisation springing from the legendary *joie de vivre* of the ancient Greek, the expression of his sensibility, a sort of choreographic impressionism? We might think so if we heeded certain propagandists of the "Greek revival."

Our literary documents alone suffice to prove the contrary. True I am but a mediocre humanist and can make no pretence at paleography. Moreover the existent texts, the collection of which was begun in the 16<sup>th</sup> century, are fragmentary. The sole evidence belonging to the classic period, the treatise on the dance by Aristoxenes, the illustrious theorist of





Jason and Medea

Engraving by J. Boydell, 1781





Mlle. Puvigné, La Statue dans Pygmalion

Boquet (18 th. Century)



rhythm, is lost; and the exact significance of the *orchestic* terminology is far from proven.

But the little we actually know permits us to affirm that nothing in the Greek *orchestics* was left to chance or to the incoherent inspiration of the executant. Movement and gesture were restricted by severe rules, unchangeable as a liturgical ceremony. It was an extraordinary language of forms, hieratic like all the Greek dramas and very probably incomprehensible to the uninitiated. And, it is not without reason that Atheneus, encyclopedist of the Roman epoch glorified in the person of Aeschylus, the austere warrior of Marathon, not only the great poet but also the inventor of several new choreographic formulae (*schemata*.)

It follows that if the sublime spirit of the antique *orchestics* still exists anywhere it is in the forms of our classic ballet. There we find if not the direct continuation of the Greek dance, at least its aesthetic equivalent, a method born of the same preoccupations, subordinating the dancer to the law of mobile forms while freeing him from the anarchic fantasies of his personal sensibility.

It is high time that the prejudices which range the antique Hellede upon the side of the Duncans and the Dalcrozes in their combat against the art of the ballet, be eliminated, for it is a presumption founded upon a misconception.

## II

### THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE DANCE

Taken in a general sense, the effort of the supposed reformers of the dance — be they named Fokine or Duncan — is above all an attempt to base the dance upon a rational or psychological foundation. One cannot move without reason; in order to hold interest the dance must have a subject. Thus philosophical rationalism being already "dead and buried" some artists advance a sophomoric rationalism, a teleology which very nearly approaches an utilitarian conception of the dance — the freeing of the body from the limitations of a style, from the *immorality* of unnatural conventions, and Heaven knows what other humanitarian and pedagogical nonsense!

They would have the dance express definite emotions, be determined by rational motives. But what precise emotion does the overture to the "Magic Flute" express? What plausible subject inspired the trills from the "Queen of Night?" Why did El Greco exaggerate the length of limb in his saints and martyrs? Of what use are the fugues of Bach?



The apparent *irrationality* of the ballet, the absence of a passable bridge between the abstract spirit of its form and the superficial phenomena of our emotional life, aroused a profound distrust of the "dance for its own sake" in half cultured renovators, and orientated them toward pantomime, archeology, and folk dancing. They would sacrifice everything to a psychological realism, to an exact and intense evocation of the passions. They envy the drama where everything is *motivated*. They seek the comprehensible, the explicable, the truth that can be proven; and they ask perplexedly. "What sense is there in spinning like a top?" *Naturalism* having exhausted literature, seized upon the art of the comedian; now that the comedy has thrown it off, it menaces the ballet. The old doctrine — "Life is the law of art" — is again being preached to us. Let us consider it. Life is the raw material out of which art is made, but does this material (whether it be marble or the human body) contain within itself the law of creation? "The most important problem of architecture" — says Salomon Reinach in his splendid book, — "is the victory over the suggestions of its medium."

What is then the aesthetic nature of the classic ballet? It is not easy to define, but the ancient sage frankly acknowledged that it was "difficult to define beauty."

It is easy to describe the technique, the gymnastics of the ballet dance, but who would think of establishing for each movement a corresponding psychological idea? The ballet dance, as we have already said, is not determined by any exterior motive. It includes its own law, its own logic and any departure from that logic, pertaining to a body moving in space with the aim of creating beauty by *organized dynamism*, is perfectly apparent to the spectator.

One of the fundamentals of the ballet dance is equilibrium, the search for absolute balance. Hence the shape of the ballet slipper — flat sole and reinforced toe. "It is then the simple and irritating necessity of furnishing a balancing point for the ballerina which determines the shape of this shoe which you extol!" — jeer my adversaries. I find this necessity neither simple nor irritating. All architectural art is founded upon necessities just as simple. What is a buttress if not a force counterbalancing the pressure of the arch? What is a colonnade but a system of pillars supporting the weight of the cross beams?

In so far as it is possible to compare movement with immobility we find many points of analogy between architecture and the ballet. Like architecture the ballet is an emanation of geometrical and spatial conceptions. It is a *Raum Kunst* — "The art of space," as the Germans call



the arrangement of architectural interiors. It reduces its splendid and vibrant instrument — the human body — to its tectonic not plastic elements. For the plastic volume is autonomous, limited by the form. The framework of the dance is like the draft of a temple formed by lines — lines which are often ideally prolonged in space. This is why classic choreography can disregard certain plastic peculiarities of the human body which would break its unity of line.

Thus the leg of the ballerina with instep thrown out and toes rigid creates a vertical line of incomparable purity from which radiates a charming and delicate play of curved lines. In this position the shape of the leg, subordinate to the single movement of the whole body, loses its individual character and becomes conventionalized or generalized.

"You would like to synthesize the dance then, but that is the opposite of art; you would achieve a dull uniformity; you would suppress creative development by doing away with individuality" and my adversaries would demand individual rights for each toe and finger, and tear the rose satin of Cinderella's slipper and the silken threads of her fleshings (for generally the first gesture of the modern dancer is to discard fleshings.)

Every artist, painter or sculptor begins with what is individual and works toward the typical, eliminating accidental and emphasizing essential elements. Creation is a constant deformation of empiric reality, a progress toward a superior reality, *de realibus ad realiora*. The path of the artist leads always from the concrete to the symbolic.

Who dares criticize the spirit of uniform synthesis found in Egyptian sculpture, in the Byzantine mosaics of Ravenna or the primitive Siennese frescoes? Decidedly all these rebellions against the conventional formulae of the ballet must be relegated to the garret along with old fashioned naturalist methods.

There is nothing more unnatural than the fundamental position of the ballet technique, the feet turned directly outwards, but the result of this habit achieved by years of gymnastic training is not only a balance which surmounts all difficulties but also an extraordinary *amplitude* of movement. Thus the *moving leg* can be raised until it forms an obtuse angle with the *pivot leg* without upsetting the centre of gravity. Natural movement acts upon a limited plane while the ballet dancer can move with equal freedom in all directions.

Under the *old régime* with its great formal culture, a close relation existed between the theatrical dance and the dances of Court and Society. But with the decline of *mondaine* choreographic education not only the



theatrical dance but even its elementary position became impossible for the non professional.

As it was more and more monopolized by professional artists the artificial character of the dance became increasingly pronounced and at the same time more *spiritualized*.

The idealistic cult of the *toe dance* and the *élévation*, which determined the forms of our contemporary ballet made its first appearance in the beginning of the nineteenth century. Noverre, the "Shakespeare of the dance," in the eighteenth century knew nothing of the whirling movements on the toe nor of balance prolonged in the *attitudes*.

This is not the first time that a crisis has occurred in the development of the ballet. They recur periodically and their usual symptom is the predominance of pantomime.

In the middle of the eighteenth century there was the *rationalist crisis*; in the beginning of the nineteenth the *romantic crisis*. Both menaced the ballet but it survived them enriched by new resources. The evolution of its technique has continued uninterruptedly. The different centuries through which the ballet has passed have left their impression upon its scenic arrangement. The libretto of 1830 is still its model and through this romantic veneer we catch glimpses of rococo affectations, the pompous allegories of the *French Baroque*. These echoes of the past may charm us — memories light as the pollen of flowers upon a butterfly's wing. But the living spirit of the ballet is not in these seductive futilities. She is not a marquise in powder and patches!

Today the ballet is passing through a third crisis. I do not know if it will prove as fecund as the other two, but I doubt not that the ballet will rise like the Phoenix from its ashes. It will adopt more profound modern theatrical conceptions. It will create for itself a new pictorial or architectural milieu. All the fortuitous elements, ephemeral and extraneous, which hide its true essence will fall by their own weight.

In this "twilight of the false gods" of dilettantism, of eclecticism, which would transform the dance into an ethnological or archeological exhibition, the classic ballet shines forth in all its splendor. For it presents unlimited plastic and dynamic possibilities. We have seen how the establishment of an artificial equilibrium multiplies these possibilities. Doubtless the number of fundamental movements is limited, like the colors of the spectrum visible to the human eye, or the sounds perceptible to human hearing; but the multitude of possible combinations, shades and variations, passes all imagination. It is only to the uneducated eye inapt to observe subtleties that



the ballet appears monotonous, as is the measured verse of the poet to the uncultured ear.

These assertions are supported by incontestable evidence. And now the reformers admit the ballet scoffed at during a quarter of a century by the élite as well as the common herd, but they admit it only to combat it the better. Silly they try to crush it beneath their respect and relegate it to the museum. "Very well," they say, "but can we attempt nothing new? Do you insist upon the monopoly of the dance by the ballet?"

And what if I do? Frankly these questions seem to me suspicious. Why should one so earnestly *seek* what one has *already found*? Why should one replace a thing which one publicly approves?

Two formidable armies are leagued against the ballet — those who do not see and prefer to touch, to hear, to feel, and those who *could* not if they *would*. But the classic ballet strong in its tradition in accordance with the spirit of order and discipline which animates the élite of today, will triumph over this conspiracy of the blind and the paralytic, which I shall never cease to denounce.

May these few lines aid her triumph!

ANDRÉ LEVINSON

(translated from the French by K. C.)





## THE COSMIC THEATRE

"Bring the Edam cheese now," called Mr. vom Treckenbrock at the disappearing back of the servant.

At this Justina, the spouse of Mr. vom Treckenbrock saw fit to remark: "I find the Edam cheese quite revolting today; I can't stand it. My dear Justus, can you not forego the cheese this time, and suffer it to remain in the kitchen?"

"But my dear Justina," asserted Justus very roundly, "I have never seen you show such antipathy to Edam cheese before; I can't understand you. Frederick do bring the Edam cheese."

And Frederick brought in, upon a big dark blue plate, the big round carmine-red cheese.

Mr. Justus vom Treckenbrock took the long wide carving knife and was just about to cut the Edam cheese squarely through the middle, when his wife Justina cried out in fear: "Justus, dear Justus. Don't do it! Don't cut it! I can't bear it today; I fear that some disaster will befall us, if you do it today."

Struck by this, Justus remained silent for a moment and regarded his wife strangely.

Finally he said in a measured voice: "Then I must beg you to give me an explanation of all this. It passes beyond my understanding why I should not cut up my round little Edam cheese."

Justina replied: "The round red ball that lies before you on the dark blue plate, reminds me of so many things which move me strangely. To me the round cheese seems just like a great drop of blood. You have always said that in our tiny world the smallest things lead to the greatest consequences, and vice versa. Like the astrologers, you have always believed that the planets of our solar system exert a powerful influence upon the lives of men. The sun itself and our moon undoubtedly play a great role in our life. And so I feel that even the smallest things — such as this Edam cheese — can alter our destinies fatally. It is not merely the Edam cheese; but I feel somehow that the Edam cheese will have some effect upon the play which you are to present to us tonight."

"Fine!" said Justus, "if you believe that even the tiniest things and the most casual actions can endanger a whole life, I should be the last one to



oppose you — for it is all undoubtedly true. Nay, I go further. I believe that the life of a man can become dangerous to a colossal star. I am ready, then, to send the nice Edam cheese back to the kitchen and continue our play without any Edam."

"But, no!" cried Justina, "I must beg you also to give up the play for tonight."

Mr. vom Treckenbrock, however, had invited six guests, who had come purely to see the cosmic drama; he replied in a rather harsh voice, his face becoming quite red: "My dear Justina, you cannot very well ask such a thing of me. If it is impossible for you to attend the performance, you can easily leave the room while it is going on. I was not brought into this world to treat your most unfounded misgivings with the tenderest regard."

"You have no regard for anybody," retorted Justina vehemently. It is precisely your complete indifference to everyone and everything that makes me so unhappy, that makes me feel that sometime they will be just as indifferent about us."

Then the guests spoke soothing words.

But nothing helped.

Justina only became the more aroused.

She spoke decisively and in a rather loud voice: "You-do not know my husband. You do not know how violent and ill-tempered he is — how he always expresses himself in the crudest speech of the common people — how he hates the common people — how he wishes them the most horrible end — how he prizes the old Mithra legend in which the ignorant and witless are tortured to death. Do you think that these cruel and callous words will have no rebound upon him? We can never know what will happen. But we should fear for what may happen. Boastful domineering men always come to some unhappy end. We must be more tolerant about that which we cannot bear: we must realize that we are not the masters of our destinies."

Justus wanted to interrupt his wife, but she kept on with her hand upraised and even more animatedly: "Why does my husband always prate of the countless relationships between stars and men? Why does he say that the each is bound up in the all, when he seeks merely to tear all the threads which bind him to the rest of mankind. There is something illogical about all this. How often we have spoken of the inner relationships of all things and all forms of life — especially, how one word could release a whole procession of images and associations of thought — and how



accordingly one single thoughtless act — such as the cutting of an Edam cheese — could unloose a whole succession of dreadful catastrophes.”

“My dear wife,” cried Justus laughing, “of course anything may come to pass. Certainly. By all means. That is, however, the big thing in life: that something unexpected is always liable to happen. If we knew everything beforehand, the future would have no charm for us. If we knew what would become of us after death, death would no longer be so impressive. And it is precisely its impressiveness that counts with us.”

He was silent, but his wife was not; she resumed bitterly: “You overlook what is essential. I feel that an art which addresses itself only to a few and not to many, is something barbarous. Understand me, barbarous. It is just those people who try to pass for superior or extremely cultured persons by avoiding all contact with simple people, who are to my mind nothing but plain blockheads. Every fresh outburst of rage, my dear Justus, has its echo. And you rage against the ignorant, who, you are firmly convinced, can not understand your cosmic drama. You will be punished for this hatred. That is why I fear something will happen tonight if you present your cosmic drama before only seven or eight people. Why didn’t you invite more guests?”

“I do not throw my pearls to swine,” retorted Mr. vom Treckenbrock coldly.

His spouse rose from her chair and answered scornfully: “I never bade you to invite such animals. But I see that all argument is fruitless. You will maintain your obstinacy and indifference at all costs. I shall no longer try to oppose you. Come what will. If the knife cuts the Edam cheese — or if something similar takes place in the Andromeda Nebulus — remember what I said! Think of me! We shall see each other again perhaps — under other circumstances.”

She bowed and, gathering up her rustling train, forsook the room swiftly, swiftly.

Mr. vom Treckenbrock looked at his guests, laughed, and then said softly: “My wife seems to be very nervous. Please be so good as to pardon her.”

These words spoken, he cut with one broad motion of his carving knife the whole red Edam cheese in two halves, so that the two slices glowed warmly upon the blue plate against the red crust of the cheese.

This was in December of the year 1885. In the month of August a great star of the sixth magnitude had suddenly flared up in the Andromeda Nebulus, which had grown very much smaller by the beginning of December.



Astronomers had interpreted the sudden appearance of this great luminary as a token of the doom of a whole astral system.

Mr. vom Treckenbrock however, who had built an astronomical theatre in his castle in the Tyrol, did not at all accept this theory, and so he invited six friends to a performance entitled: "An End-of-the-World with a Surprise."

After the cutting of the Edam cheese the wide black silk curtains which covered one whole wall of the dining room rolled back and the seven gentlemen suddenly found themselves staring into universal space. The servants handed the guests opera-glasses and they all gaped at the countless stars.

"Gentlemen, you are now beholding the Andromeda Nebulus. I have brought this highly interesting nebulus a few billion miles nearer to you. The nebulus is of course no nebulus at all; it consists of millions and millions of stars like our Milky Way, and is lentil-shaped. But you are now so near this astral system that you can no longer perceive its shape. The stars that you are able to see compose only a small part of the whole system — this very system in which we discovered last August the new star of the sixth magnitude. Scientists are of the opinion that the sudden appearance of this new orb can be ascribed to the collision of two suns; according to their view we have witnessed the destruction of a whole solar system in the Andromeda Nebulus. According to science, the great stars of the universe are clumsy beasts who are afraid to come too near each other; as soon as they get too near, they recoil violently, and crowding and bumping into each other are immediately transformed into smoke, steam and gas, out of which a great mass of light appears. To my mind, the stars are by no means such clumsy stupid beasts as our earthly scholars would have them; they are of course creatures who think differently from human beings, and are not stupider, but somewhat cleverer — in fact so clever that we can never quite grasp them with our cumbersome systems of reasoning. One thing is certain to me, however: the stars can't be so foolish as to fall apart and be turned into mere atoms. Our conception of magnetic power in order to be applied to cosmic phenomena must undergo a considerable revision. The stars in our solar system, for instance, are so placed that they keep at a given distance from each other which does not permit of too great proximity. So with the cosmos. Look again, gentlemen, at your ease, at those parts of the Andromeda Nebulus which lie within your ken."

This the six gentlemen did with alacrity.

They saw also, that very few of the stars were spherical; most of the



stars had long quivering snouts that seemed to go sniffing about in all directions.

And then there were stars that looked just like long telescopes, and could in turn lengthen and shorten themselves.

Other stars were shaped like crystals, and others again looked like lop-sided punctured toy balloons.

The small creatures who lived on the outer crusts of the stars could not be distinguished.

The remarkably varied colors of the stars called forth repeated applause. There were stars that glittered with all the colors of the rainbow. Then there appeared many cones of light which would suddenly shoot out like reflectors and illuminate their surroundings as with the light of day, so that the innumerable littler stars which spread out like vast swarms of gnats became visible.

Such reflectors also made larger pear-shaped and spherical stars visible. And these larger stars were almost completely dark.

"Behold, gentlemen," cried Mr. vom Treckenbrock excitedly, "the dark ball shaped star which becomes visible above and to the right of the three cylindrical stars. Do you observe how it has a dark red color which distantly resembles that of the Edam cheese. It approaches slowly. You will soon observe how it grows larger and larger with every vibration of light."

And then a comet became visible to the left, which in a few seconds developed six beautifully formed comet-trains; the whole comet moved with extraordinary rapidity from left to right.

"Will you please tell us, Mr. vom Treckenbrock, whether the stars are not moved by little strings," called out one of the guests. "How did you concoct the whole business? It is certainly very interesting technically."

"In this theatre," replied Mr. vom Treckenbrock laughing, "everything is designed to maintain the illusion perfectly. If I should reveal to you with what delicacy each star is directed by my mechanics, the illusion would be lost for you, You should simply assume that all of the stars perform upon my stage exactly as they do in the heavens."

New comets began to appear thick and fast upon the left — and these comets were all of different shapes, many of them having, instead of tails, great refulgent bladders. The comets passed off at the same pace with which they had entered.

"You must keep in mind however," said the Inventor of the Cosmic Theatre, "that each second of your life is as long as a thousand years — for the life of a great astral system does not pass as rapidly as it seems



to in my theatre. Perhaps my guests will do me the kindness to approach close to the rail, so that they can gaze into the depths, for my theatre of course has no stage-floor like the theatre of other mortals."

Everybody came forward; they pushed their chairs up to the parapet and looked down into the depths of universal space and were quite ravished with the infinite colors and forms which the stars radiated all about.

And now there rose slowly out of the deep an orbicular comet; the orb turned round and was all snow-white, and from its surface brilliant rays shot out in a fine spray and vibrated like waves of radium light.

In the meantime, the great red star moved slowly up from the right and became larger and larger, so that its crimson outer crust could be distinguished quite clearly, it had many strange lines, which traversed the whole whirling body like mountain chains. The lines became clearer and clearer and were of a deep red color.

"And remember," said Mr. Justus vom Treckenbrock, "that according to the view of my wife, I should make this miraculous cosmic theatre accessible to a larger public. It is true that I am often transported with rage when I think upon all the human stupidity and ignorance which engulfs us. Of course, it is not difficult to follow such a play with perfect ease and pleasure. But I urge you, my friends, not to forget that the astronomers of our time are as yet unwilling to accept such presentations. Do you think then that the simple peasant would receive them better? Or do you think that the ordinary frequenter of our metropolitan theatres would pay any attention to such a drama of world catastrophes. The average theatre lover would probably ask me: But where is the conflict? How about the hero? And if I answered: But wait a moment; the great spherical comet will soon grapple in conflict with the round red Edam cheese — then they would . . . ."

At these words the spherical comet moved close to the dark red star and with a frightful stroke cut it — just as the knife had cut the Edam Cheese — into two even halves.

The guests sprang up dismayed, but out of the interior of the red ball-shaped star came the great surprise: innumerable little stars glittering like diamonds burst into fiery pyrotechnics and then dispersed falling splendidly in all directions.

The spherical comet, whirling, climbed hastily upwards, while the two glowing crimson halves of the round red star sank into the deep, like empty shells.

Then in the neighbouring room a fearful crash was heard, and immediately after a pealing scream of pain.



A servant burst into the dining room and stuttered "Madam is — Madam is —!"

"What has happened?" bellowed the lord of the house grabbing a chair, as if he meant to throw it at the head of the servant.

But the servant ran out still yelling as if possessed: "A disaster! a misfortune!"

And now the guests of Mr. vom Treckenbrock recalled how Mrs. vom Treckenbrock in leaving had said: "Think of me, if the knife cuts the Edam cheese or if something of a like nature takes place in the Andromeda Nebulus."

And all thinking of this simultaneously the six leaped to their feet as one man and ran after the howling servant.

Mr. vom Treckenbrock kept on looking at the scintillating play of colors that had spilled out of the round crimson star, and said in a loud masterful voice: "Look, gentlemen, it is the end of a world — but one accompanied by a surprise. There is nothing destroyed. Nothing at all. This stroke brought but liberation for the round star, which held hidden and sheltered in its belly billions of new worlds, which having been sheltered long enough can enter into the vast free spaces of the universe. We have witnessed a moment of liberation in this world-catastrophe. And thus we can interpret the appearance of the star in August 1885 as the birth of billions of new worlds — nothing is destroyed, nothing perishes. In the life of the cosmos the destruction of matter is unknown — that is . . .'

He turned proudly and saw . . . that he was alone.

He lifted his eyebrows and suddenly recalled the crash, the scream of pain, and the ill-behaved servant who had dared to interrupt the presentation of a splendid world-end.

Mr. Justus vom Treckenbrock let his head sink to his chest and stood quite still.

Then the servant came again and said with correct demeanour: "I should like to know, sir, whether you wish to come to madam."

They went into the boudoir of the lady. Justina lay upon the divan and whimpered; the heavy wash bowl had slipped out of her hand and fallen on her left foot.

One of the six guests who happened to be a physician was bandaging her foot.

When Mr. Justus vom Treckenbrock seized all this, he began to laugh like a madman and could hardly contain himself. The six guests did not know what to make of the whole matter.



Justina continued to whimper and then said with a sigh: "I have no worlds in me."

Justus stopped laughing; he said angrily: "My dear Justina, your poor foot will soon get better. And rest assured: you are not the only one who has no worlds in himself. Your heavy wash bowl also had no worlds in it — merely water — dirty water. The whole room is full of water. But I am full of anger. I can scarcely believe that anyone should ever dare to interrupt me so. Your forebodings were quite justified: I have suffered a monstrous vexation."

Just then voices cried out loudly: "Fire! Fire!"

In the machine room of the cosmic theatre fire had broken out.

Two hours later the whole cosmic theatre and the dining-room had burnt to mere ashes.

\* \* \*

Mr. vom Treckenbrock promised his spouse a few months later to build the Cosmic Theatre for a great public in Munich.

They traveled to Munich and the great theatre was to be built. But then Mr. vom Treckenbrock repented of the whole business, and he declared to his wife one evening that his new theatre would be built to contain only ten persons.

Just as he had uttered these words the servant entered again with an Edam cheese; Justina looked at the servant with such dread that he let the plate with the cheese fall to the floor. At the same instant Justina fell forward with her head upon the table.

A doctor was called immediately, and he announced after a brief examination that a stroke of the heart had brought the life of Mrs. vom Treckenbrock to its end.

Mr. Justus vom Treckenbrock soon left Munich and went abroad. But he returned within the year and not far north of Munich by the banks of the Isar and near the Grunewald castle had a new laboratory built — for his cosmic theatre of the Future.

This time however he arranged the heavenly bodies in such different sizes that all of his time was taken up and he could scarcely think of holding a public performance. Mr. vom Treckenbrock was so completely overwhelmed by the preliminary labors that he entirely lost sight of their goal.

The old gentleman still lives near Grunewald castle, and is accessible to nobody; only when he travels away to buy some new chemical can one



enter his great laboratories by bribing the butler and behold the most remarkable of heavenly bodies. Indeed, they all lie about in such great disorder, covered with so many layers of dust, that it is hard to conceive how any presentation can be given in a cosmic theatre with these outlandish orbs.

The butler, who does a rather good business in this way, assures each visitor that Mr. vom Treckenbrock will soon build the cosmic theatre. But it is already ten years that the butler has been assuring people of this, with the same earnest butler's mien. His earnestness earns the man much money.

PAUL SCHEERBART

*(Translated from the German by Matthew Josephson)*





## NOTATIONS FROM A MUSIC MASTER'S ROLL-BOOK

FLY-LEAF

Uplifted faces  
of slim, laughing girls —  
fleeting  
as wild roses on a hedge.

ESTHER CAIN

Professor Vale and Doctor Gray,  
Dean Cartright and Tutor Waite:

Running river,  
do you heed them, —  
these old snags  
that break your speeding  
into foam?  
Better snap them,  
take them with you  
to the sea!

SUE KITTREL

Rutledge, Ravenal and Rhett:

Flowered names, often on your lips,  
with Chaucerian tricks of speech,  
something Charleston lends —

. . your playing peeps out from the silence  
half heard, as one half sees,  
painted silken ladies  
in a folded fan.



ALINE CARTER

*The dark stream of the world's sorrow  
threads its way downward,  
seeking —  
seeking a channel for its wide singing.*

A thousand faces, row on row,  
like terraced silly blossoms,  
fluttering pink and white,  
while Beethoven's tortured questions  
shout at God.

Why do you shrink as from a shameful thing?  
Why do you fumble programs?

*The dark stream of the world's sorrow  
threads downward,  
breaking a channel for its wide singing.*

MARY LARKIN

. . . bread and butter manners —  
manners like your father's  
smoothly buttered sermons.

Is this your writing, girl? —  
the jig-step of your thought?  
Now I know your mind  
races at night over the tiles,  
the green-eyed cat  
I always thought it was.





Marie Taglioni dancing a Pas-de-quatre

Old Lithograph 1845





Fanny Elsler

Lithograph by G. Leybold (1840)



LOUISE TRAYLOR

The supercilious dean  
makes sad eyebrows  
at the mention of your name.  
Ladies, in Sunday taffetas,  
creak with sighs, as your car,  
orange pennants on the back,  
and five co-eds on the running board,  
roars out the Camden road.

But I have heard adagios  
singing under your hands,  
and mighty allegros  
running like chariot horses  
before the whip-lash  
of your thin brown arms.

O chilly-fingered, school-girl crew —  
can you know the Valkyr cry,  
Walhalla bound?

CARRIE DYER

You wait with such slow patience  
some magic from my lips  
to make you play like other girls.

Good biscuit-making fingers,  
how shall they learn the subtlety  
and indirection  
of this little compliment  
Chopin paid the Countess? —



or know the laughter,  
the tears and kisses,  
the gesture of youth  
in the stark face of Death  
as the Polish exquisite  
danced toward Père la Chaise?

EDNA BENTLEY

You have the line of cheek and chin  
and dark fanatic eyes  
one sees so often in the quaintly drawn  
mediaeval heads.

They lived in little cities  
walled from the wilderness;  
knew God and the saints  
through the hard speech of Dante  
or Savanarola's threats.

You live, walled tight,  
in Orangeburg;  
know God from the harsh echoes  
of outworn creeds —  
burnt cinders of Savanarola's fire,  
back wash from Dante's hell.

Outside,  
God walks with man, —

You still pile bricks along your walls.

HENRY BELLAMANN



## THE LAY OF MALDOROR

### SIXTH CANTO

The shops of the rue Vivienne spread their riches to marvelling eyes. Lit by many gas jets the mahogany coffers and gold watches shed streams of dazzling light through the windows. The clock of the Bourse has struck eight, it is not late. Hardly has the gong struck for the last time, when the street, whose name has been given, begins to tremble and shake its foundations from the Place Royale to the boulevard Montmartre. Pedestrians quicken their steps and pensively withdraw into their houses. A woman faints and falls to the asphalt. No one picks her up; each hastens to remove himself from the vicinity. The shutters bang to hurriedly and the inhabitants bury themselves under the blankets. One would think the bubonic plague had revealed itself. Thus, while the greater part of the city prefers to swim in the delights of nocturnal rejoicings, the rue Vivienne suddenly finds itself frozen into a sort of petrification. Like a heart that has stopped loving, its life is extinct. But soon the news of the phenomenon spreads into other layers of the population, and a dead silence hovers above the sacred capital. Where have the gas jets gone? What has become of the chafferers of love? Nothing . . . solitude and darkness. A screech owl flying in a direct line and with a broken leg passes above the Madeleine and takes its flight to the barrier of the Throne, crying out: "Some evil will happen." But in the region which my pen (this true friend who is a veritable accomplice of mine) has just made mysterious you will see a person show his silhouette if you look in the direction where the rue Colbert enters the rue Vivienne in the angle made by the meeting of these two ways, and lightly walk towards the boulevards. But should one approach more nearly, in such wise as



not to draw upon himself the attention of the wayfarer, it will be seen with an agreeable astonishment that he is young. From a distance one would have taken him for a man of ripe age. The sum of a man's days and years counts nothing when it is a question of measuring the intellectual capacity of a serious face. I can read from the physiognomical lines of the brow; he is sixteen years and four months! He is as lovely as the retractility of a bird of prey's claws; or again, as the instability of muscular movement in wounds of the flabby parts of the posterior cervical region; or rather like the perpetual rat-trap which is always stretched again by the captured animal, and which alone can catch rodents indefinitely and can even work hidden under straw; and above all, like the fortuitous encounter on a dissecting table of a sewing machine and an umbrella! Mervyn that son of pale England has just had a fencing lesson from his tutor and he hopes to arrive home at nine; it is an enormous presumption in him to think he knows the future with certitude. What unforeseen obstacle may not delay him on his way? Mervyn does not know why his temporal arteries throb so strongly, and he hastens his step, obsessed by a terror of which he and you vainly seek the cause. One must grant him his determination to discover the enigma. Why does he not turn around? He would understand everything. Does one ever think of the simple method of putting an end to a condition of alarm? When an apache crosses a suburban road, a bottle of wine in his gullet and his blouse in shreds, if in some corner of a fence he sees a muscular old cat, contemporary of the revolutions in which our grandfathers took part, contemplating with melancholy the moon's rays as they fall upon the sleeping plain; he approaches tortuously in a curved line and gives a sign to a knock-kneed dog who rushes off. The noble animal of the feline race awaits its adversary courageously, and defends its life dearly. Tomorrow some ragpicker will buy an electrifiable pelt. Why did he not fly then? It was so easy. But in the predicament which interests us now, Mervyn further complicates the danger by



his own ignorance. He had, to be sure, certain very rare forebodings, whose vagueness I shall not stop to explain here. He is no prophet, I daresay; nor does he recognize any such faculty in himself. Having arrived at the great artery, he turns to the right and crosses the boulevard Poissonière and the boulevard Bonnes Nouvelles. At this point of his road, he advances into the rue du Faubourg Saint-Denis, leaves behind him the terminus of the Strasbourg railway, and stops before a lofty portal, immediately before reaching the almost perpendicular superposition of the rue Lafayette. Since you advise me to end the first strophe here, this time I am very willing to comply with your desire. Do you know that when I think of the iron ring hidden beneath the stone by a maniac's hand, an uncontrollable shudder passes through my hair.

He pulls the copper bell, and the gate of the modern mansion turns on its hinges. He strides through the courtyard and mounts the eight steps of the flight. The two statues situated to the right and left as guardians of the aristocratic villa do not bar his passage. He who has abjured everything, father, mother, Providence, love, the ideal, in order to think only of himself, has taken care not to follow the preceding footsteps. He saw him enter a spacious drawing-room with cornaline panelling on the ground floor. The aristocratic boy throws himself upon a sofa and emotion prevents him from speaking. His mother with long and trailing robe, anxiously tends him and clasps him in her arms. His brothers, younger than himself, group themselves round the burdened piece of furniture; they do not know life sufficiently to clearly comprehend what is happening. Finally the father lifts his cane and throws an authoritative glance upon the onlookers. Pressing his wrist on the arm of his chair, he leaves his usual seat and advances with alarm, though enfeebled by years, towards the motionless body of his first born. He speaks in a strange language and all listen with respectful silence: "Who has put my son into this state? The foggy Thames will sweep down a great quantity of mud before



my strength is completely exhausted. Defensive laws do not appear to exist in this inhospitable country. If I knew who was guilty he would feel the weight of my arm. Although I have retired remote from naval battles, my commodore's sword, hanging upon the wall, is not yet rusted. For the rest, it is easy to sharpen it up: Mervyn be at ease; I will give instructions to the servants, to look out for the track of him whom henceforth, I shall seek to destroy with my own hand. Wife, take yourself from there and go and squat in a corner; your tears unman me and you would do better to close the conduits of your lachrymal glands. My son I beg you, come to your senses and recognise your family; it is your father speaks to you . . ."

The mother held herself at a distance and to obey the order of her lord, she has taken a book in her hands and tries to remain quiet in face of the danger run by him whom her womb engendered. "Children, go and play in the park, and take care, in admiring the swimming of the swans, not to fall into the lake . . ." The brothers, heads hanging, were mute; all, their bonnets topped with a feather torn from the wing of the Caroline goat sucker, with breeches of velvet, stopping at the knees, and red silk stockings, took each other by the hand, withdrew from the drawing-room taking care to press the ebony floor only with their toes. I am sure they did not enjoy themselves, and that they walked gravely in the alleys of plane-trees. Their minds were precocious. So much the better for them. Futile ministrations, I rock you in my arms and you are insensible to my prayers. Won't you lift your head? I will embrace your knees, if necessary. But no . . . she falls back inert. "My sweet lord, if you will permit your slave, I will go to my room to look for a phial filled with spirits of turpentine which I always use when headache invades my temples on returning from the theatre, or when reading some moving story, recorded in the British annals of the chivalrous history of our ancestors, my pensive thoughts are cast, into the bogs of drowsiness."



"Wife, I have not given you leave to speak and you have no right to take it. Since our legitimate union no cloud has come to interpose itself between us. I am satisfied with you, I have never had any reproach to make you, and reciprocally. Go seek in your apartment the phial filled with spirits of turpentine. I know there is one in your chest of drawers and you tell me nothing new. Hurry to mount the stairs of the spiral staircase and return to find me with a satisfied expression."

But the emotional London lady had hardly reached the first stairs (she did not run as quickly as a person of the lower orders) when one of her own maids descended from the first floor; her cheeks empurpled with sweat, and holding the phial which might perhaps contain the life-giving liquid within its crystal walls. The maid, offering her present bends gracefully, and the mother advances with regal gait to the tassels which fringe the sofa, sole object which occupies her tenderness. The commodore with a proud, though benevolent gesture, accepts the phial from the hands of his spouse. An Indian handkerchief is dipped therein and the head of Mervyn is wrapped round with the orbicular meanderings of the silk. He smells the salts; he stirs an arm. The circulation comes to life and the joyous cries of a Philippine cockatoo perched in the recess of the window are heard. "Who goes there? . . . Do not stop me . . . Where am I? Is it a tomb supports my heavy limbs? The planks seem soft to me . . . The locket which contains my mother's portrait, is it still fastened to my neck? . . . Away, ill-doer with tousled hair. He could not catch me, and I left a slip of my doublet in his fingers. Untie the bulldog's chains, for to-night a recognizable thief may with effraction introduce himself while we are plunged in sleep. Father and mother, I recognize you and I thank you for your cares. Call my little brothers. It is for them I have bought these burnt almonds and I want to kiss them." With these words he fell into a deep state of lethargy.

The doctor, called with all possible haste, rubbed his hands



and said: "The crisis is passed. Everything is well. To morrow your son will awake cured. Go all to your respective couches; I command it, so that I may rest alone by the sick bed, until the apparition of dawn and the nightingale's song."

Maldoror, hidden behind the door has not lost a word. Now he knows the character of the mansion's inhabitants and will act accordingly. He knows where Mervyn lives, and does not wish to know more. He has inscribed in a note-book the name of the street and number of the building. That is the chief thing. He is certain of not forgetting them. He advances like a hyaena, unseen, and skirts the walls of the courtyard. He scales the railing with agility, and is embarrassed a moment by the iron prongs; with a bound he is on the pavement. He moves away stealthily. "He takes me for a criminal," he cries out; "as for him, he's an idiot. I would like to find a man exempt from the accusation which the invalid has made against me. I did not steal a flap of his doublet as he said. Simple hypnogogic hallucination caused by terror. My intention was not to seize him, for I have other ulterior projects for this timid youth."

Walk towards the lake with the swans, and I will tell you later why one of the group was completely black, his body bearing an anvil surmounted by the putrefying carcass of a hermit crab; inspiring and with reason, his other aquatic comrades with distrust.

Mervyn is in his room; he has received a letter; who then writes to him . . .? His emotion had prevented him thanking the postman. The envelope has black borders and the words are traced in a hasty writing. Will he carry this letter to his father? And if the signatory expressly prohibits it? Full of anguish, he opens his window to breathe the scents of the air; the sun's rays reflect their prismatic irradiations on the Venetian glasses and the damask curtains. He throws the letter aside among the gilt edged



books and albums bound in mother of pearl, strewn upon the tooled leather which covers the surface of his school-desk. He opens his piano and runs his tapering fingers over the ivory keys. The brass wires make no sound. This indirect warning makes him pick up again the vellum paper, but the latter recoils as though affected by the hesitation of the receiver. Taken in the trap Mervyn's curiosity increases and he opens the scrap of prepared rag. Until this moment he had seen no other than his own handwriting. "Young man, you interest me; I would make you happy. I will take you as my companion and together we will accomplish long pilgrimages in the Oceanic Isles. Mervyn, you know I love you, and there is no need to prove it you. I am certain you will accord me your friendship. When you know me better, you will not repent of the confidence you will have shown towards me. I shall keep you from the dangers your inexperience must run. I shall be a brother to you and there shall be no lack of good advice. For a more detailed explanation, be on the Pont du Carrousel the day after to-morrow at five o'clock in the morning. If I have not come, wait for me; but I hope to be there at the exact time. You do likewise. An Englishman will not easily forego an opportunity of seeing clearly in his business. Young man I greet you, and good-bye for the present. Show this letter to nobody." "Three stars instead of a signature," cried Mervyn; "and a bloodstain at the foot of the page!" Copious tears poured upon the strange phrases his eyes had devoured; and which opened an illimitable field of uncertain and new horizons to his spirit. It seemed to him (but only since what he had just read) that his father was a little severe and his mother too majestic. He had reasons which have not come to my knowledge and which in consequence I cannot transmit to you; which insinuated that his brothers did not please him either. He hid the letter in his breast. His tutors have noted that on this day he did not seem himself; his eyes had grown unnaturally gloomy and the veil of excessive thought had fallen upon the peri-orbital



region. Each tutor blushed, afraid of not finding himself of the intellectual standard of his pupil, and yet, the latter for the first time had neglected his duties and had not worked. In the evening the family gathered in the dining room, adorned with ancient portraits. Mervyn admires the dishes heaped with succulent meats and odoriferous fruits, but he does not eat; and the polychromatic gushing of Rhine wines and the sparkling ruby of champagne in narrow tall Bohemian crystal goblets, leaves even his sight indifferent.

He rests his elbow on the table and like a sleep-walker remains deep in thought. The commodore, his face tanned by the sea spray, leans towards his spouse's ear: "The first-born's character has changed since the day of the fit; even then he was full of absurd ideas, but to-day he spends more time than ever dreaming. All the same, I was not like that when I was his age. Pretend not to notice anything. Now would some efficacious moral or mental remedy easily find employment. Mervyn, you who love reading books of discovery and natural history, I will read you a tale you will not dislike. Let everyone listen attentively, and each will profit thereby, myself first. And you others, children, learn by the attention you know how to lend my words to perfect your style and to make sure of the subtlest meanings of the author."

As if this brood of adorable brats could have understood it as anything but rhetoric. He spoke, and upon a gesture of his hand one of the brothers moved to the paternal library and returned with a volume under his arm. During their passage the tablecloth and silver had been cleared and the father took the book. At the electrifying word discoveries, Mervyn has lifted his head and has tried to put an end to his irrelevant meditations. The book is opened about the middle, and the metallic voice of the commodore proves that he is still, as in the time of his glorious youth, capable, of commanding the fury of man and of tempests. Long before the end of the reading, Mervyn has sunk upon his



elbow, finding it impossible to longer pursue the explanatory development of phrases passed through the filter and saponification of obligatory metaphors. The father cried out: "It isn't that will interest him; let's read something else. Wife, read. You will be luckier than I in chasing annoyance from our son's days." The mother has no further hope, nevertheless she takes another book and the sound of her soprano voice falls melodiously upon the ears of the product of her conception. But after a few words, discouragement overwhelmed her and of herself she ceased the interpretation of the work of literature. The first born cried: "I am going to bed." He withdrew, his eyes lowered with a cold obstinacy, and without adding a word. The dog begins to howl lugubriously, for he does not think this conduct natural and the wind outside, irregularly engulfed by the longitudinal crack of the window, makes vacillate the light of the bronze lamp, which is thrown downwards by the rosy crystal domes. The mother presses her hands to her brow and the father lifts his eyes to heaven. The children cast terrified glances at the old mariner. Mervyn double locks his door and his hand runs rapidly over the paper: "I received your letter at midday, and you will forgive me if I have made you await a reply. I have not the honour of personally knowing you and I do not know if I ought to write to you. But since impoliteness does not dwell in our halls, I have resolved to take up the pen and thank you warmly for the interest you take in a stranger. May God keep me from not showing gratitude for the sympathy with which you overwhelm me. I am aware of my imperfections and it does not make me prouder. But if it is proper to accept the friendship of a grown up it is proper also to make him understand our natures are not similar.

"Indeed, you appear to be older than myself, for you call me young man and yet I still have doubts as to your real age. For how are the coldness of your syllogisms to be reconciled with the passion which they breathe? It is certain that I will never abandon the place that gave me birth in order to accompany



you to far countries; which would be impossible save on condition of asking first from the authors of my days an importunately desired permission. But since you have enjoined me to secrecy (in the critical sense of the word) as to this spiritually tenebrous affair I hasten to obey your undoubted wisdom. It would seem that it would not willingly affront the light of day. Since you appear to desire me to have confidence in yourself (a desire, not out of place, I am pleased to confess) have the kindness I beg of you to show an analagous confidence, as regards myself, and do not presume so much as to imagine that I will be so unsympathetic to your advice, as not to be punctual at the appointment. The day after to-morrow morning at the stated hour, I will scale the wall of the park enclosure, and no one will witness my departure. To speak frankly, what would I not do for you, whose inexplicable attachment so promptly knew how to reveal itself to my dazzled eyes, most astonished by such a proof of kindness, and which was, I am quite sure, entirely unexpected. Before I did not know you. Now I know you. Do not forget the promise you have made me to walk over the Pont du Carrousel. In the event of my passing, I am absolutely certain of meeting you and touching your hand, provided that this innocent display of a youth who, but yesterday, bowed before the altar of modesty, does not offend you by its respectful familiarity. But is not familiarity admissible in the case of a strong and ardent friendship, when ruin is serious and earnest? And what harm, I ask you yourself, could there be after all, for me to say good-bye in passing, when the day after to-morrow, whether it rain or no, five o'clock will have struck . . . ? You will appreciate, sir, the tact with which I have conceived my letter; for I do not allow myself in an easily lost loose sheet, to say more to you. Your address at the foot of the page is a conundrum. It has taken me nearly a quarter of an hour to decipher it. I think you have acted well in making the words so microscopic. I dispense with signing and in that I imitate you; we live in a too eccentric age to be



astonished for a moment by what may happen. I am curious to observe how you learnt the place where my glacial immobility dwells, surrounded by a long series of deserted rooms, foul charnel houses of my bored hours. How express myself? When I think of you, my chest swells, sonorous as the collapse of some decaying empire; for the shadow of your love suggests a smile which perhaps does not exist; so vague is it and moves its scales so tortuously. I abandon my impetuous feelings between your hands, tablets of new marble and still virgin of mortal contact. Let us be patient till the first rays of the morning twilight, and while awaiting the moment which will cast me into the hideous embrace of your two pestiferous arms, I bow humbly before the knees I embrace."

After writing this guilty letter, Mervyn carries it to the post and returns to go to bed. Do not count on finding his guardian angel there. The fishes tail will fly for three days only, it is true, but alas! the beam will none the less be burnt; and a cylindro-conical bullet will pierce the rhinoceros skin despite the beggar and Snow-white! The crowned mad man will have spoken truly concerning the fidelity of the fourteen daggers.

The golden haired pirate has received Mervyn's reply. In this strange page he follows the trace of the intellectual difficulties of him who, abandoned to the feeble forces of his own suggestivity has written it. He would have done much better to have consulted his parents before replying to the unknown friendship. No benefit will result to him for having taken part as principal actor in this equivocal intrigue. But anyhow, it was his own desire. At the appointed hour, Mervyn has gone from the door of his house, straight before him; following the boulevard Sebastopol as far as the fountain of St. Michel. He takes the quay of the Grands Augustins and crosses the quai Conti; at the moment he passes over the quai Malaquais, he sees upon the quai of the Louvre, walking parallel to his own direction an individual bearing a sack under his arm and who seems to be examining



him attentively. The morning mists have vanished. The two wayfarers issue at the same time from each side of the pont du Carrousel. Though they had never seen each other, it was a mutual recognition! Truly, it was touching to see these two beings, separated by age, unite their souls in nobility of feeling. At least, such would have been the opinion of those who would have stopped before this spectacle which more than one, even of a mathematical turn of mind, would have found moving. Mervyn, tears streaming down his face, thought he was meeting, at the beginning of his life so to speak, a precious support in future adversities. He persuaded that the other said nothing. This is what he did: he unfolded the sack he bore, opened the mouth, and seizing the youth by the head, pushed his whole body into the canvas envelope. With his handkerchief he tied up the end which served as an entrance. Mervyn uttered shrill cries, but he lifted the sack like a bundle of clothes, and several times hit the parapet of the bridge with it. Then the patient, made aware of the cracking of his bones, was silent. Unique scene which no novelist will ever invent again! A butcher passed sitting on the meat in his cart. An individual runs to him, requests him to stop and says: "There is a dog shut up in this sack; it's mangy, kill it as quickly as possible." The interrogated person shows himself willing. The interruptor, moving off, sees a young girl in rags holding her hand out to him. How far then will the height of his audacity and impiety stretch? He gives her alms! Tell me whether you would like me to introduce you some hours later to the door of a remote slaughter-house. The butcher has returned and throwing his burden to earth, said to his mates: "Let's kill this mangy dog quickly." There are four of them and each seizes his accustomed hammer. And yet they hesitate because the sack moves violently. "What emotion holds me," cries one of them, slowly lowering his arm.

"This dog whimpers with anguish like some baby," said another, "one would think he understood what fate awaited him."



"It is their habit," said a third, "even when they are not sick, as is the case here, it is enough for their master to remain absent for some days from the house for them to begin to give tongue to howls which really are painful to endure." "Stop . . . stop . . ." cried the fourth, before all the arms could be raised in unison to resolutely strike, this time, upon the sack. "Stop I tell you; there is some fact here we are ignorant of. Who tells you the canvas contains a dog? I want to make sure." Then, despite the gibes of his companions, he untied the bundle and drew out one after another the limbs of Mervyn! He was almost suffocated by the difficulty of his position. On seeing the light again, he fainted. Some moments after he gave indubitable signs of life. His saviour said: "Another time know to use caution even in your business. You have all but remarked of yourselves, that it serves no good to practise the inobservance of this law." The slaughterers fled. Mervyn, his heart oppressed, returns home and shuts himself up in his room. Is there any need to enlarge upon this strophe? Ah, who would not deplore the events consummated! Await the end to pass an even more severe judgment. The catastrophe is about to precipitate itself; and in this kind of tale, when a passion of whatever kind it be is premised it fears no obstacle in continuing its progress; there is no room to water in a cup the gum-lac of four hundred banal pages. What may be said in half a dozen strophes should be said and then silence.

I continue! There was a fishes tail, which moved at the bottom of a hole, beside a down-at-heel boot. Was it not natural to ask oneself where is the fish? "I but see the tail in movement." For, since one implicitly admitted not having seen the fish, it was because it was really not there. The rain had left some drops of water at the bottom of this funnel, hollowed in the sand. As for the down-at-heel boot, some few have since thought that it was deliberately abandoned there. The hermit crab, by the divine might was to be reborn from his resolved atoms. He drew



the fishes tail from the well and promised to rejoin it to its lost body if it would announce to the Creator, the impotence of his messenger in dominating the furious waves of the Maldororian seas. He lent it two albatrosses wings and the fish tail took to flight. But it flew towards the home of the renegade, to relate what had happened and to betray the hermit crab. But he divined the spy's plan and before the third day reached its end, he pierced the fish tail with a poisoned arrow. The spy's gullet emitted a feeble exclamation which rendered up its last sigh before reaching earth. Then a venerable beam, situated on the summit of a castle, rising to its full height, and turning on itself, cried out loudly for vengeance. But the Almighty, changed into a rhinoceros, informed him that the death was deserved. The beam, reassured, went and took its place again in the depths of the manor, resumed its horizontal position and recalled the terrified spiders that as in the past they might continue to weave their webs from its corners. The man with sulphur lips learnt of his ally's weakness; he commanded the crowned madman to burn the beam and reduce it to cinders, that is why Aghone carried out this severe order. "Since, according to you, the moment has come," cried he, "I have gone again to get the ring I buried under the stone, and I have attached it to one of the ends of the cable. Here is the packet." And he showed him a thick cord, sixty yards long, rolled upon itself. His master questioned him as to what the fourteen daggers did. He replied that they remained faithful, and held themselves ready for any necessary event. The forger bent his head as a token of satisfaction. He betrayed surprise and even disquiet when Aghone added that he had seen a cock cleave a candelabrum in two with his beak, plunge his vision into each part in turn and cry out, flapping his wings with frantic movements: "It is not as far as one imagines from the rue de la Paix to the place du Panthéon: the lamentable proof will shortly be seen!" The hermit crab, mounted on a fiery steed, flew at full speed towards the reef, which had witnessed the hurling of a stick by a tatoored arm, asy-



lum of his first day's descent upon earth. A caravan of pilgrims was about to visit the place, henceforth consecrated by a sacred death. He hoped to reach it to beg urgent help against the plot in preparation for him, and of which he had knowledge. Some lines further on, helped by my glacial silence, you will see that he did not arrive in time to relate to them what a rag-picker, hidden behind a scaffolding near a half-built house, had reported to him, the day when still bearing the damp dews of night the pont du Carrousel, perceived with horror the horizon of its thoughts enlarge confusedly in concentric circles at the matutinal apparition of the rhythmical kneading of an icosahedron shaped sack against its calcareous parapet! Before he stimulates their compassion by the souvenir of the episode, they had best destroy within themselves the semen of hope . . . To destroy your laziness make use of the resources of a good will, walk at my side and do not lose sight of the madman, his head surmounted by a chamber-pot, who pushes ahead of him his hand armed with a stick, and whom you would have difficulty in recognizing did I not take care to warn you, and to recall to your ear the word pronounced, Mervyn. How changed he his! His hands tied behind his back, he walks straight before him, as though he went to the scaffold, and yet he is guilty of no crime. They have reached the circular area of the place Vendôme. On the entablature of the massive column, and leaning against the plain balustrade more than fifty yards from the ground; a man has cast and unrolled a rope which falls near Aghone. Habitual things are quickly done; but I may say that the latter did not take long to tie Mervyn fast, to the ends of the cord. The rhinoceros had learnt of what was about to happen. Covered with sweat he appeared breathless at the corner of the rue Castiglione. He did not even have the satisfaction of a fight. The individual who scrutinized the neighbourhood from the top of the column, cocked his revolver, carefully took aim and pressed the trigger. The commodore who begged in the street since that day upon which he believed what he imagined to be the madness of his son, had begun, and the mother who had



been called Snow-white on account of her extreme pallor, interposed their breasts to protect the rhinoceros. Futile precaution . . . The ball drilled his hide like a gimlet; one might have thought with some semblance of logic that death must infallibly appear. But we know that the substance of the lord had been introduced into the pachyderm. He withdrew with annoyance. If it had not been proven definitely that he was too good to one of his creatures I would pity the man on the column! He with a sudden jerk of the wrist, pulled to him the thus ballasted cord. Situated abnormally, his oscillations balanced Mervyn, whose head looked downwards, and who clutched eagerly with his hands at a long garland of immortelles which connected two consecutive angles of the base against which he struck his brow. He carries into the air with himself, what is not a fixed point. After having piled a large part of the rope, at his feet in the shape of superimposed ellipses, so that Mervyn was suspended half way up the bronze obelisk, the escaped forger with his right hand imparted to the adolescent, a movement accelerated by a uniform rotation in a plane parallel to the axis of the column; and gathered with his left hand, the serpentine entwinements of cordage which lay at his feet. The sling whistles in space; Mervyn's body follows it everywhere, always held from the centre by centrifugal force, always keeping his mobile and equidistant position in an aerial circumference, independent of matter. The civilised savage little by little lets it out to the very end, which he retains with a firm metacarpal, resembling to the life a bar of steel. He begins to run round the balustrade holding to the rail with one hand. This manoeuvre has the effect of changing the original plane of the rope's revolution and of augmenting its already too considerable tension. Henceforth it turns majestically in a horizontal plane, after having in a crazy progress passed successively through various oblique planes. The right angle made by the column and vegetable thread has its sides equal and the renegade's arm and the murderous instrument are confounded in a linear unity, like the atomical elements of a ray of light entering a dark room.



The theorems of mechanics permit me to speak thus; alas! it is known that a force added to another force engenders a resultant made up of the two original forces! Who would dare assert that the linear cordage would have broken already but for the athlete's vigour, but for the good quality of hemp? The golden haired pirate, suddenly and at the same moment, arrests his acquired speed, opens his hand and lets go the cable. The countershock of this operation, so contrary to those preceding, makes the joints of the balustrade crack. Mervyn followed by the cord, resembles a comet trailing after itself its flaming tail. The iron ring of the running knot, flashing in the sun's rays pledges itself to complete the illusion. In describing his parabola, the doomed one cleaves the air as far as the left bank, passes it by virtue of the propulsive force, which I suppose infinite, and his body hits the dome of the Panthéon, while the cord with its turns, partly embraces the upper region of the immense cupola. It is on the spherical and convex superficies that resembles an orange only by its form, that at any hour of the day a dried up skeleton, still hanging, is to be seen. When the wind swings it, it is said that the students of the Latin Quarter, in dread of a like fate, make a brief prayer; but these are trifling rumours, and there is no need to believe them; they serve merely to frighten little children. He holds in his contracted hands what seems like a large wreath of stale yellow flowers. The distance must be taken into account and no one can affirm, despite the evidence of his long sight, that they are really those immortelles. I have mentioned, and which an unequal struggle close to the new Opera, saw detached from a grandiose pedestal.

It is none the less true that the drapings arranged like a crescent moon, no longer receive the impression of their definitive symmetry in a quaternary number; go and see for yourself if you do not wish to believe me.

COMTE DE LAUTRÉAMONT  
(Translated by John Rodker)



## YOUNG MR. ELKINS

*"Apparently the skyscrapers of lower New York had vanquished. What could one individual, assisted by a few dreamers, do against a civilization?"*

PAUL ROSENFELD

To make the factory wheels revolve, eternal hills squeezed minerals from their bowels and prairies consumed themselves in wheat. Factories turned in three shifts daily, competing with churches and poolrooms to produce a new and arbitrary civilization, the only one of its kind, Biggest in the World Endorsed by Millions of Satisfied Users, and this civilization laboured in its turn and brought forth young Mr. Elkins.

It suckled him with Shredded Wheat.

It draped Kuppenheimer Klothes about his shoulders.

It gave him an Underwood typewriter (Model 5) and convenient magazines.

It sent him to Harvard as a classmate of Walter Lippman.

Perhaps it was only to produce young Mr. Elkins that American civilization existed. . . . Under the grey water a volcano stirred, vomiting boulders in a steam, depositing them in layers awkwardly, and so building a mountain higher than all other mountains: Mount Marbor that slopes on all sides vastly into a grey sea. On top of Marbor precisely, by its one caprice, was deposited a pea, and the pea was critical of the mountain. Mr. Elkins while still in college wrote such articles on puritanism as would have shocked his forebears.

His possible forebears would be shocked, but in spite of biology I suspect that he does not possess any. I suspect that only American civilization brought him forth, acting as both his father and his mother. Mystically functioning both as male and female agent . . . so young Mr. Elkins may have written.

He never mentions more definite relatives. Certainly he is not connected, even remotely, with the family of the defunct senator from West Virginia or with the Elkins Wideners of Philadelphia. There is no old Mr. Elkins.



There is a young Mr. Elkins nevertheless, and he retains the adjective which has definitely taken the place of his initials. "Young Mr. Elkins asserts," writes the superior-but-friendly critic of the Literary Review or the Independent. "Young Mr. Elkins objects (or disclaims or rejoins)." One pictures him vaguely in knickerbockers dictating his precocious essays to a governess. As a matter of fact young Mr. Elkins was born in 1888, and there is a trick of puffy eyes under his spectacles which makes him look well over forty.

Mr. Elkins, being an American intellectual, belongs to the professionally young. At sixty he will retain the discouraged deep scepticism of adolescence.

At sixteen, however, he joined the Y. M. C. A. and even meditated a course in electrical design from the International Correspondence School of Scranton, Pa. Why and at what age did the milk-and-honey, even the rye whiskey of America turn bitter in his mouth. Was it in his sophomore year and because he bought a complete and unexpurgated edition of the works of Guy de Maupassant?

Was it because he felt "a naked instinct stirring in him, down, deep down; an urge, a flood of sex which would some day burst the narrow man-made barriers of American convention?"

Was it because of a course he took on Sewage Disposal in the German Cities?

Or merely was it because he felt the London-tailored mockery of an article in the London Nation? He wanted so to be Free and he wanted to be urbane; he wanted to be English and Continental; he hardly understood what he wanted or how his new idea was born, but already before he graduated from college he was declaiming against American grossness and American puritanism in one breath and as if they were the same thing.

*"The new feeling that is in America, it is only an infant. It is no more than a puny child born in the nadir of the year, a helpless, naked mite. In all the grey winter of the land, under the leaden immeasurable vault, it is a nigh invisible fleck. And still, somehow, it is there, born."*

The new feeling that is in America . . . it inspired young Mr. Elkins to thunder against billboards, Billy Sunday and Methodism, proportional representation, Comstock, elevated railroads. One year with a special fulgurance he thundered against the commercial ugliness of cities. American civilization listened and moved uneasily like a sleeping volcano. Stung



finally to action by his criticism it spewed forth city planning commissions, commissions specially trained at the Beaux Arts and specially delegated to make Paris, Okla. the replica of Paris, France, in miniature. The volcano slept comfortably. Mr. Elkins was not appeased.

He gathered disciples about him; young Mr. Elkins multiplied himself. He published magazines and wrote them; he wrote plays and acted in them; he populated a quarter of New York with two suburbs. His face and opinions were reduplicated as if by American machinery. At times you met him everywhere and at times this omnipresent personality was reduced to the proportions of a squat young man of thirty-four, with puffy eyes; a single tired wrestler at grips with American civilization and determined to talk it to death.

So as to confound it, he began to amass facts about this society he hated. He went about his work as if he were organizing espionage in an enemy country. He made the acquaintance of reporters, statesman, barbers; studied official reports; even joined a lodge of Elks surreptitiously. In this manner he collected volumes of fact; millions of shining, unpleasant facts. Some of them he published, but he reserves the choicest for his conversation.

He says: "Whiskey running last year caused 26 deaths at the Canadian border . . . The new representative from Oregon is only the third atheist in Congress . . . . Out of 1103 cases of insanity in the State Asylum, 458 were caused by sexual repression . . . . An injunction has been granted to restrain Pittsburgh streetcars from operating on Sunday."

He says, confidentially: "I learned yesterday from a private source that there were 433 murders last year in Memphis, Tennessee. In the year before prohibition there were only 219. The hypocrisy of a dry nation cannot endure much longer." A few days later he draws you aside and says: "Remember. Remember that we are living in the United States and not in a free nation. I know authoritatively that the Society for the Suppression of Vice is taking action against 183 books and pamphlets, including several editions of Shakespeare. Already a bookseller has been jailed because he sold a copy of Measure for Measure. Trouble is brewing. Tell nobody, nobody."

Young Mr. Elkins places an evident value on his facts and yet he collates them around a simple, almost a childish thesis; a single thesis concerning America and puritanism: Puritanism is bad; America is puritan;



therefore America is bad. (Or, to state his syllogism in its more usual form: America is bad; America is puritan; therefore puritanism is bad.) (Or: badness is puritan; badness is American; America is therefore badly puritan,) He has never tried to define puritanism or America.

But he dreams about them often; before his typewriter he dreams of an America delivered utterly from the puritan yoke. An America whose street-corners blossom with cafes and whose sidewalks with little tables painted green. Beer stains and the smell of beer. A broad leisurely America without machines and Methodism. Sunday baseball in Pittsburgh (or better, Sunday cricket;) open urinals and racetrack gambling; the works of Freud and Boccaccio and D. H. Lawrence sold at newsstands openly. Young Mr. Elkins dreams and writes a few rapid sentences on his Underwood.

He dreams of the Paris where he should like to be at home. A walled river with its bridges gilded and millions devoted to Art. For Mr. Elkins a bench in the Luxembourg gardens; children play it front of it decoratively and none of them bursts out of the picture to disturb him. Dreaming he writes:

*"I like nothing better than to watch the youngsters, the nurses and mothers, the students, and the promenaders all at play. There is so much unaffected fun and laughing gaiety over the simplest things: I can watch the eager babies as they get their first ride on the stolid donkeys, the pride of the owners of the small yachts that sail over the tiny artificial lake, the quivers of delight and mirth that shake the children's audience at the 'Grand Guignol,'<sup>1)</sup> their sheer joy at riding on the flying pigs . . . The students from the Sorbonne or the Ecole de Médecine nearby swing their books, and on some of the stone benches young people will be embracing or kissing with no one paying the slightest attention . . . Somehow I never enjoyed walking in Central Park of a Sunday."*

He never walked in Central Park without dreaming of the Luxembourg and Hyde Park and the Tiergarten, or of a future America into which their virtues had somehow been incorporated; he dreams of an America which has imitated the best of Paris and Berlin and London, an Anglo-Franco-German America ruled by philosophers and economists and rising clean from the sackcloth-and-ashes of puritanism into the leisured humanism of European culture, into a naked dawn. And what he dreams he writes, in his deep room, sulkily, on a typewriter which is the most finished product of a mechanical civilization.

---

<sup>1)</sup> Grand Guignol: — a theatre which Mr. Elkins would find, if he ever visited Paris, at a distance of several kilometres from the Luxembourg Gardens.



Meanwhile this civilization which produced young Mr. Elkins and his typewriter in one careless gesture; meanwhile American civilization howls outside his window. An elevated express rumbles up Ninth Avenue and an elevated local rumbles down Ninth Avenue. Precisely under Mr. Elkins' room four subway trains crash past each other. One of them is bound for the 273d Street hugest Tabernacle, where Mr. Sunday preaches that afternoon to an audience of over fifteen thousand. Shortly he will save 931 souls for democracy, while at the same moment and as if by the same angelic influence, the quarrel which had been storming in the poolroom at the corner will be composed to the tune of East Side, West Side. Black Jim Kelly produces a pint of gin. James Robert Kelly finishes the layout of his two-page spread for the Foundation Company of America and the Saturday Evening Post. He shows his drawing to a friend. "That's damn fine," James Kelly says, translating freely from Benvenuto Cellini. Thirty stories below an automobile skids into a shop window, killing two and a wax dummy . . . . Child Crushed by Car at 92nd Street . . . . Bronx Express Derailed Many Deaths . . . . A cable snaps on Brooklyn Bridge; fire spreads to the oil tanks; on the docks a carload of dynamite explodes . . . . In a vain effort to dislodge the pea Mount Marbor was erupting: Granite boulders as big as a locomotive shot into the air, collided, and crashed down; ten thousand feet ten thousand fathoms bumping crashing down.

Young Mr. Elkins, annoyed by the racket, rose nervously and closed his window.

MALCOLM COWLEY





Carlotta Grisi

Old Lithograph (about 1845)





Ballerinas

Pablo Picasso



## INSTANT NOTE ON WALDO FRANK\*

*"I know what love is because I know what horror comes when love is starved or denied . . . I am a woman who has always lived in dirt . . . I know that dirt is always just that denying of love."*

MRS. LUVE.

The green sea waves toss mountainously burying the swimmer. They are liquid and then they are erect. They are green . . . They are real . . . With mighty efforts the swimmer plunges and wallows through the creamy foam. He is tired. He is little. He is one. . . His mouth is full of tears. Salt tears. Words come, rounded and easy words, through the sea of his mouth. His own life, his own gay and lovely life . . . broken so wantonly, so swiftly . . . here is strangeness enough . . . Magnificent his Desire to attain the land, magnificent his muscles, magnificent his poised back. From the breasts he sees the land. He sees Hope. And in the troughs . . . Faith . . . So he rolls. So he swims. Nearer . . .

The shocking sex-repression of the nineteenth century has reaped the shocking sex-outletting of the twentieth in our unhappy land. Puritanism is sent rolling back to the farthest corners of New England upon a wave of moral indignation. The day of vengeance. The lost provinces are restored and phallic monuments are struck and erected in the public places.

But it is far easier to understand how a myth came about than to forgive it.

Let us not be irritated by the sex alarm of the day into offering a futile resistance to the crusaders. Let us grant first that all true pictures of life have represented man as a base animal, especially foul and dangerous when his appetites are thwarted; to wit: *The History of Amelia*, *Roderick Random*, *le Rouge et le Noir*, *Brothers Karamazov*. Prepared by years of journalistic warfare, one fails to be revolted by the single-mindedness of the psycho-analytic novel proper, such as Waldo Frank has conceived it. Its interest lies chiefly in the application of the Freudian tactic: we shall hearken only to the subconscious strata of the brain, observe only instinctive behaviour, and speak only in the shadowy diction of dreams. It is simply Henry James undone! The actions of each character appear in their most naked state; the conversation always *en deshabillé*, if not *à poil*; the style is reduced to brief gasps of bad breath, instead of the sustained sober pace of the elder novelist.

---

\*) *Rahab*, by Waldo Frank, Boni & Liveright, New York, 1922.

*City Block*, by Waldo Frank, privately printed, 1922.



Your unconscious type *par excellence* always removes all her clothing upon receiving a guest, revels dogmatically in nudity, longs for *freedom*, slips readily into the most compromising situations, in short abides by a most definite, restricted and habitual creed of her own, with its established ceremony and mummary. Substitute for the crucifix the phallus, and for the pater noster such facile shibboleths as, "I am real . . . I touch . . . . I am one . . . . I am in you!" Thus from Rahab, which is the romance of a woman whose behaviour is unfailingly and remarkably sub-conscious:

"I shut my face in my hands and you are about me, my Baby. I am a baby with you. Our flesh is one: our hands are one like the petals entwined in a flower. We are a flower together. We spring from the black earth. We have had our blooming. The earth is there. We are gone. In the black earth under the snows, there is a seed of us, Edith! . . . of our softness, of the bright bloom of our twined petals the hard seed. I am lain away in the earth. The earth blooms only in us."

From this specimen of the apostrophizings of Fanny Luve, it will be remarked that the sub-conscious is extremely mystical, that it prefers to speak in monosyllables, to employ only the short sentence, of which the stress always comes in the opening phrase, thus giving the effect of the rhythmic spasms of the old gasoline motors found in back country districts. This is a highly disturbing element, because at least forty per cent of the pages of Rahab and City Block is devoted to the communings of people with their subconscious selves.

The subconscious mind employs words most weirdly:

". . . . With her child in her arms she could *pinch bravely* and *find real* . . .

"Harry is coming back. O I *know!* I must be *ready*. I must be *real*."

"Nakedness binds this warmth and this stillness. Nakedness must *end*." (\*)

To suggest the qualities of dreams, the Great Vague is invoked. Substantives, such as "softness," "whiteness," are heavily counted upon by the myopic libido.

One serious objection to the subconscious is its lack of humor. It has no sense of the absurd, no capacity to laugh at itself. For instance when the question is put: "Could you eat some more toast?" it cries:

"How do I know what I eat?

God you insult us.

If we must feed on dirt.

Why give us the love of the Clean?"<sup>1)</sup>

\*) The italics are for laboratory purposes only.

<sup>1)</sup> Rahab — Page 175!



Needless to say, a personage who proceeds through life in such a dazed, unprotected state suffers severely at life's hands; and Mrs. Luve from the time she betrays her husband to the day she is put into the streets by the ruffianly police of New York certainly does suffer many hardships. But in stripping her, in divesting her of her gowns, her camisoles, of all the — for the Freudian — fripperies of a superficial civilization which are invested in the *conscious* mind, Waldo Frank has rendered her unsympathetic and tedious. He has attempted, through the psychoanalytic formula to catapult himself into the ultimate sappy core of reality, to steal a march upon the *Ding an sich*. An interesting and daring experiment, this of launching human beings into a vague plane of life like muffled machines, with all their organs functioning blindly and immodestly. An experiment quite unprofitable: these creatures are slack balloons appended to bulbous genitals.

*City Block* is an arrangement of stories about people whose lives happen to pass in one square block. This is evidently the thread which binds these people, making their existences unanimous, (unanimistic) and their drama, a collective one. But the crowd element neither adds to nor detracts from the interest. Their personalities are still libido-ridden. All varieties of Freudian paraphernalia, from the simple affair of the pretty young governess who throws herself at the first comer, a policeman, to the young boy who loves his mother — well — pathologically. The machinery of these stories is conventional, aside from the erotic data; i. e., the plot moves either to the fulfillment or the vanquishment of a repressed desire. (Here you have the technical basis for a "psychoanalytic" literature to supplant the plot-setting-character formula.) And the women are extraordinarily alike. They are all hungry and want "beyond. . ." Beyond what? The men all have big coarse features, hairy hands and kind hearts. Their lives are restless, their moods always high-pitched, their voices hoarse and intense with emotion. How ugly are untutored emotions. Especially when they are not balanced against the schooled reasoning of modern man, when there is no vacation from them, when one fails to be diverted by them.

And Waldo Frank has excellent musculature. He has gone far afield, conspired and perspired much to fabricate a psychoanalytic prose. Deliberately, he rides a vague and flaccid vocabulary. His style is certainly the most vexing issue. When he consciously misplaces verbs and adjectives as "Friday night *when always* he broke away. . ." instead of "Friday night when he always broke away," and distorts and inverts the language as in "Sophie no longer yearned to do *caring* things for Hilda," or "She is pain,



gasping and falling," one can only remark that with the same effort an impressive and convincing diction might have been attained.

There are moments when the dramatic possibilities of a situation cause Frank to swerve from his bias. The second of the *Under the Dome* stories is a calm sunny picture of an idiot boy and his credulous parents. It is an excellent human-interest story in the old grand style. But here at least one may measure Frank himself. In *Hope* the chug-chug of the Frank style is most adapted to his subject matter, and carries the most physical persuasion. In its brief confines, this story really contains all that the writer could have done artistically with his sexual machinery: a common case of adultery becomes something terrifically absurd and — tragic. It is interesting to conjure with what the writer of these two stories will turn to next. How articulate or how "sub-conscious" will his succeeding books be?

The dominant tendency of Waldo Frank's books place him with a group of American Impulsionists, with the exponents of mystical or unconscious behaviour such as James Oppenheim and Sherwood Anderson. Despite an unfortunate emotional equipment similar to that of these men, he does attempt experiments with his material, which the others are either incapable of or unwilling to hazard. This alone renders him a much more hopeful subject than these inarticulate personalities: his process swings from thought associations to thought-dissociations, to a state of mind (upon a few rare occasions) when the march of rhetoric seizes him to the complete obliteration of his message. Out of his unhappy gropings comes an ingenuous and unforgettable sentence:

"She walked, clear slender neck and legs with her child so full before her her walk seemed to say: 'My child comes first.' "

Dripping, as he is, with emotion for humanity, for the spread of knowledge, or *clarté*, or whatever it is that must be spread, will Frank ever turn upon himself with a nice brutality and adjust himself properly about the language?

The emphasis of modern literature, and of modern poetry especially is upon great articulateness and precision of expression, whether or no the whole form give an effect of articulateness. The effect of novelty develops through a fresh approach to the business of defining experiences by a sharply demarcated personality, such as one discovers in William Carlos Williams, in E. E. Cummings, in Marianne Moore. Their speculations with syntax, their rebellions, are the consummation of a long straight line whose inception lies in our traditional literature, and in the purest language forms. A truly inventive spirit is a lordly fish; the language is his grateful element: a sea in which he cannot drown.

MATTHEW JOSEPHSON





Dancer from the Ballet 'Tricorne

Pablo Picasso



NO. 19.

The angels filed through the black net the geese gathered  
round the glass warehouses and the scullion milked  
the pot clear to the brim  
light be his burden who is gone  
yet we are a simple European family and our life here  
is like an old cylinder  
it is in fact full of lice waterways and pilots with nine  
fingers  
lift the children out of your eyes  
lo and behold the mothers of Lily Street of the ponderous  
breasts the arms linen rods and under the knots of  
their hair the liveried coachmen stretch themselves  
out  
the thinkers have just installed themselves under the  
brass hump  
of the camel and the mountains labor in the throes of  
birth  
however the midwife has lost her diploma  
I have neither shirts nor hose  
I have no shirts no shirts I have straw slippers  
I have no shirts I have straw slippers  
I have no shirts I have straw slippers I have no shirts  
of shirts I have not any  
And it you who are entirely to blame  
the bells of the neighboring village sing in D flat  
and you do not remark the snowdrops in our hearts drip  
it is also possible that we have grown too fat



O O it were best to die  
let us ring the little lambs in  
beyond the forest the world can still be seen dissolving  
in a scarlet nebula  
and the most domesticated of the dogs flying with pea-  
cock feathers in their buttocks toward the moon  
there can be no more doubt that it is the twelfth hour  
our our our thour our ow  
Mr Kempeler lights up the stars  
the war veterans close up their shops  
and we three walk in a pair of straw slippers through  
the cloven mountains.

LOUIS KASSAK

*(Translated from the Hungarian)*





Costume for Ravel's Rhapsodie Espagnole

*A. Gontcharova*  
Gontcharova



## ON THE STAIRS LEADING TO MY MARBLE HALLS

On the stairs leading to my marble halls,  
In the moonlight  
I stand, erect.  
Far below, in the thin blue mountain-lake,  
Death is bathing,  
The miscarried child of an unripe world.  
The wretched creature is two feet high.  
He wants to cleanse himself secretly  
In my beloved faithful waters.  
Every worm in my kingdom  
Is more radiant and is more blessed  
Than that creature, below there.

ALFRED MOMBERT

## SUFFERING

How am I hitched  
To the coal-wagon of my mourning!  
Loathsome as a spider  
Time creeps over me.  
My hair falls out,  
My head greys, like a field  
Where the last reaper  
Swings his sickle.  
Sleep darkens about my limbs.  
Already in dreams I have died,  
Grass sprang out of my skull,  
My head was of black earth.

ALBERT EHRENSTEIN

*(Translated by Babette Deutsch & A. Yarmolinsky)*



## THE MOSCOW ART THEATRE

Czar Feodor Ioannovitch produced by the Moscow Art Theatre Company under the personal direction of Stanislavsky was given, last Sunday night, in Berlin. The lifted curtain revealed a picture, three men in a room, a primitive, such a one as the art galleries term "In the Byzantine Manner." And as the participants spoke, gestured, moved, the illusion remained. Not the crooking of a finger would have roused the spectator from dreaming that he had awakened, like the Connecticut Yankee, in some long past century.

The critical faculty revived as the action proceeded. One examined the constituents of the picture to discover just how the spell was invoked. The setting was good. The costumes were genuine, such as one sees in a few rare collections, and very beautiful. A group of old Altar paintings in a corner was the centre and binding motif of the decorative scheme. More than to any of these elements the spell was perhaps due to the perfection of the acting. Each gesture could have been only that gesture and no other. Each inflection of the voice, each cut of beard, could have belonged only to that particular actor and no other. Perhaps the production of Stanislavsky can be compared to *Salammbô* of Flaubert except that in this case for the *mot juste* is substituted the *ensemble juste*. Both seem inspired by the belief that there exists but one way of expressing a thing and that to find this is the task of the artist. Like Flaubert, Stanislavsky with superhuman efforts, approximates his ideal.

In the year 1898 the Moscow Art Theatre was established. Feodor Ioannovitch was given on the opening night and the same company, with a few minor changes in the cast, performed in early October 1922. Twenty four years ago the utilization of an original tableset from the time of Boris, the faithful imitation of an ancient room, copied out of a museum, the exact representation of the superseded social mannerisms of the epoch and above all the perfection of detail which the genius of Stanislavsky never fails to command, made a sensation in Moscow which culminated, many years later, in the general recognition of the supremacy in the theatrical world of the Moscow Art Theatre.



Stanislavsky still possesses in the Western World his great prestige. He intends with the assistance of an American contract to exhibit the plays which "made his theatre famous," before the great foreign audiences. As he has without question pushed his method or theory of the theatre to the limit of its possibilities it is well worth attending the performances even though one believes, like the contemporary Russian art radicals, that his productions are as anachronistic as the painted icons in the museums. In fact Meyerhold, Tairov, Forreguer and many other of the active theatrical men are wholly opposed to the subtle realism, to the scientific analysis of psychological states, which constitute the main preoccupation of the *Three Sisters*, *Uncle Vania*, *The Cherry Orchard* and other plays of his repertoire. They consider all this obsolete now that the revolution has overturned every old value and made fluid the social stratas, formerly static. The newer tendencies in the Russian theatre seek theatricalism rather than realism, turn to the circus, to melodrama, to burlesque, neglecting the drawing room and the hidden struggles of constrained wills. Simple passions expressed in action are felt to be more in tune with present conditions.

Even though workmen have taken the place of the old bourgeoisie and a new bourgeoisie is now occupying the chairs of the workmen, still the Russian theatre-going public throngs Stanislavsky's theatre and from one point of view their instinct is sound. For it must be admitted that this Moscow stage has maintained during many terrible years a standard of production which has never been excelled even though we may differ with its underlying theories. An interesting commentary on the problem is that Stanislavsky admits in conversation, to a change of emphasis not evidenced by the plays which will be given in America. He believes the importance given to settings and stage accessories overdone and would prefer to have his actors play their parts before a black curtain.

H. A. L.



---

*One must learn the language in which an art speaks if one is to have a mastery of that art.*

*Like all forms of art, interior decoration draws upon many others for its perfect individuality. It has its own laws, its own technique, its own rewards, and it is one of the few arts that works in three dimensions.*

*It demands wide academic knowledge, a thorough grasp of principles and practice to understand as well as to create.*

*The Arts & Decoration Practical Home Study Course in Interior Decoration is a result of the remarkable demand made upon the magazine for authoritative comprehensive knowledge on this subject.*

*The course covers every phase of interior decoration beginning with fundamentals and explaining each progressive step, illustrated with a wealth of pictures and clear, simple text.*

*This course is essential to a cultural education and a necessity to those who desire to make their surroundings more beautiful.*

*The directors of the course are Harold Donaldson Eberlein and Nancy V. McClelland consulting and practicing decorators of national reputation.*

*The Advisory Faculty includes such distinguished authorities as William Emerson, Director, Architectural School, Massachusetts Institute of Technology; Huger Elliott, Principal, Pennsylvania Museum and School of Industrial Art; Richard F. Bach, of the Department of Industrial Art, Metropolitan Museum of Art; Whitney Warren, Architect, and Phyllis Acherman, Ph. D.*

*The course is completed in twenty-four lessons covering a full year. We shall be glad to send you a booklet giving a full description.*

# Arts & Decoration

50 West 47th Street      •      New York City

---



# THE NATION

20 Vesey Street  
NEW YORK

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD,  
Editor

Associate Editors  
LEWIS S. GANNETT  
ARTHUR WARNER  
FREDA KIRCHWEY  
LUDWIG LEWISOHN  
NORMAN THOMAS

ERNEST H. GRUENING  
Managing Editor

JOHN MACY  
Literary Editor

Contributing Editor  
JOHN A. HOBSON  
ANATOLE FRANCE  
H. L. MENCKEN  
FRIEDRICH WILHELM FOERSTER  
ROBERT HERRICK  
CARL VAN DOREN

With **THE NATION**  
for a year:

\$ 5.00

**Contemporary American  
Novelists,**

by Carl Van Doren

**The Enormous Room,**

by E. E. Cummings

\$ 5.50

**Babbitt,**

by Sinclair Lewis

**On Life and Letters, III,**

by Anatole France

**The Critical Game,**

by John Macy

\$ 6.00

**Up Stream,**

by Ludwig Lewison

If Balieff's small drama *On the Sudden Death of a Horse* illustrates as he insists the Greatness of the Russian Soul, it is easy to understand why Sherwood Anderson's animadversions on the Cincinnati river front reveal certain important facts about the mental processes of Americans. Admitting this, one admits that **The Nation's** series, "These United States," is building a composite picture of America all the more faithful because it distinguishes instead of generalizing. While Kansas is still buzzing with William Allen White's accusation that his mother state is unsafe for poets, Nevada and Delaware and New Jersey leap into the public view and prove by the heat of their protests the unwelcome truth of their portraits.

\* \* \*

Adding the ideas of his "Spirit of American Literature" to the rich tradition of Carl Van Doren's literary editorship of **The Nation**, John Macy is making the book department illustrate the theme of his latest volume that talk about literature is of no value unless in itself it is enjoyable. It is possible to be entertaining even about statistical works, and this when necessary **The Nation's** reviews achieve.

\* \* \*

The above reasons for reading **The Nation** are of minor importance, compared to your certainty that you will find information which is not accessible elsewhere; and that events in Europe are pretty apt to turn out as **The Nation** prophesies them. At the left are mentioned a few attractive ways to see **The Nation** regularly.

## THE NATION

20 VESEY STREET

NEW YORK

I enclose \$ —

Send **The Nation** for a year and .....

Name .....

Address .....

15 cent a copy. Annual subscription \$ 5 00 B-12



# "LIGHT AND LEADING" IN THE WORLD OF LETTERS

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, which for more than a hundred years has maintained unchallenged primacy among the literary periodicals of America, announces the publication of a series of articles of singular timeliness and authoritative value in the present period of disputation and transition in the world of letters. The writer is Professor John Erskine, who occupies the Chair of Literature at Columbia University and who is himself an author, editor and critic of distinction. Under the general heading of **The Literary Discipline** he is discussing the pertinent topics of

**Decency in Literature,**

**Originality in Literature,**

**The Cult of the Natural,**

**The Cult of the Contemporary,**

**The Characters Proper for Literature.**

In these five comprehensive articles he states, in terms of the art of letters itself, certain aesthetic principles of the highest importance, which for the moment seem to be forgotten, and to the overlooking of which is due the major part of the unsatisfactory conditions now prevailing in American literature. The first of these articles, on **Decency in Literature**, appears in the November number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, and the others will appear consecutively in the succeeding four numbers.

This series, which will be recognized as one of the most significant publications in literary criticism for many years, will be not so much as a tithe of the valuable contents of this magazine. Other articles in the current number or scheduled for its near successors are by **Robert Bridges**, Poet Laureate of England, on Free Verse; by **John Cotton Dana**, the eminent librarian, on the effects of recent social and economic changes upon reading, and conversely the effect of reading upon such changes; by **Montrose J. Moses**, author and critic, on paternalism in children's literature; by **Joel Blau**, one of the foremost rabbis and Hebrew scholars of the age, on the Second Coming of Israel; by **William D. Riter**, Assistant Attorney-General of the United States, on the contrast between earlier and later Constitutional conceptions of the relation between States and Nation; by **B. Seeborn Rowntree**, the British industrialist and publicist, on the future of British industry; by **Alice Lothian** on the literary art of Walter de la Mare.

Poetry, always an important feature, will be represented by contributions from **Anne Goodwin Winslow**, **Margaret Widdemer**, **Constance Lindsay Skinner**, **Leonora Speyer**, **John R. C. Peyton**, **William A. Drake**, **Joseph Auslander**, and others.

A frequent feature will be a critique of some outstanding Book of the Month, from the brilliant and incisive pen of **Lawrence Gilman**; Professor **Willis Fletcher Johnson**, historian and international publicist, will write each month on the Affairs of the World; and there will be a multitude of reviews, extended or brief, of significant new books.

Any reader of BROOM can secure this extraordinary series of articles by Professor Erskine, each accompanied by more than a dozen others of comparable worth, and two additional numbers of this REVIEW for good measure, by writing to THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, mentioning BROOM, and enclosing \$ 2.00 (or \$ 2.48 from a foreign country). He will in return receive seven successive numbers of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, beginning with that for November containing the first article on **Decency in Literature**. Seven numbers for the usual price of six.

Address — promptly, in order to take advantage of this special offer and to make sure of securing the November number before the edition is exhausted —

## THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW,

9 East 37th Street

NEW YORK



# *If You Like Broom* *You Will Like* **THE DIAL**

—a journal whose sole purpose is to bring the work of the artists who count to the people who care.

The significance of THE DIAL in contemporary literature is due to its established policy of including the best procurable work of Americans and Europeans, both famous and unknown, without regard to the novelty or conventionality of the form in which their work is presented.

THE DIAL is, therefore, able to offer its readers a review in which new and traditional modes of expression are published side by side, so that the reader may have the unusual pleasure of exercising his own judgment, with the assurance that he has in hand the best of both schools.

In addition, THE DIAL offers a critical *compte rendu* of art and letters throughout the world.

THE DIAL was the first old established magazine in America to adjust its policy and point of view to include the newer tendencies in art and letters. Since THE DIAL's change of policy, less than three years ago, two other well-known, old established magazines, have modified their traditional point of view in the direction first taken by THE DIAL. A number of new magazines representative of modern tendencies in art and letters, of which Broom is one, have sprung up in both Europe and America within recent months.

If you like Broom, you will like THE DIAL. Each supplements the other, and yet each has its own distinctive flavor. It is impossible for any one magazine to offer all of the best work of the world's finest artists. Broom and THE DIAL together, however, very nearly cover the field. If you like one, you will surely like the other.

## **Special Offer**

**B R O O M**

and

**THE DIAL**

each alone for one year \$5.00

BOTH TOGETHER

**\$7.50**

You may enter my name for a year's subscription to BROOM and THE DIAL at the special combination rate of \$7.50

Name.....

Address.....

☐ I enclose \$7.50. ☐ I will remit \$7.50 on receipt of your bill.

THE DIAL  
152 West 13th Street, New York City

B-11-22  
B-11-22



*For the playwrights of tomorrow  
a professional course in*

# PLAY WRITING

under the personal supervision of Theodore Ballou Hinckley, Editor of THE DRAMA (formerly of the University of Chicago) assisted by famous playwrights, critics, actors and producers.

OFFERED now to a limited number of ambitious people, this personal correspondence course in play-writing affords an unusual opportunity hitherto unavailable. It covers a year of closely supervised instruction in the technique of play-writing. It is individualized in a manner that makes it unique, thorough and practical.

Throughout, the aim is toward actual production—not mere amateurish effort. The course brings all that is best from many sources. In study courses, books, examinations, practice plays, analyzations, criticisms, etc., you are taken step by step, from the simplest rudiments up to actual completion of plays, and then on to the consideration of producers.

## Good Plays Earn Big Royalties

The building of a successful play lies in the intelligent direction of study—in the guidance of a master-critic. Mr. Hinckley has devoted his life to the study of the drama. He has guided many successful playwrights. He knows what to stress, what to avoid. He will train you to sense the changing demands of the public. Manuscripts with the endorsement of THE DRAMA receive the attention of producers.

As this is a highly personalized course, Mr. Hinckley, in order to individualize each course by correspondence, is forced to limit the enrollment to the most promising people. Please do not confuse this with any correspondence course ever offered before—it is entirely different.

## Limited Enrollment

The coupon brings complete information. Fill it out and mail it. You'll be surprised and pleased at the details and at the low cost of enrollment. To insure your place in the class, you should familiarize yourself with this great opportunity before the class reaches its limit of enrollment. Mail the coupon now to the Department of Instruction, The Drama Corporation, 500 Athenaeum Building, Chicago.

## Complete Information Sent to You If You Mail the Coupon Now

Department of Instruction,  
THE DRAMA CORPORATION,  
548 Athenaeum Bldg., Chicago.

Please send information regarding your personalized course in play-writing.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

## ARE YOU A BOOKFELLOW?

If not, you should belong to the order of Bookfellows, an International Association of Readers and Writers. Publishers of books and brochures written by, and sold to members only. First editions of James Branch Cabell, Hamlin Garland and others, not on sale in bookstores. We also publish the Step Ladder, a monthly journal of bookly ascent, free to members. Referring to Stuart P. Sherman's note on Carl Sandburg (in September issue) the Chicago News says, "We easily recommend The Step Ladder in place of The New Republic". One dollar per annum, circulars on request.

**Flora Warren Seymour,**

Clerk, 4917 Blackstone Avenue,  
Chicago, Illinios, U. S. A.

## DANIEL GALLERY

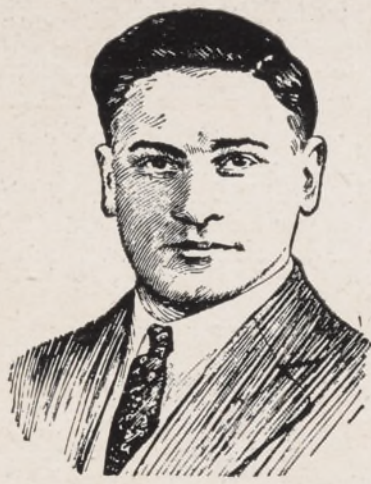
PAINTINGS BY MODERN

AMERICAN AND FRENCH ARTISTS

DEMUTH	CEZANNE
DICKINSON	DERAIN
MAN RAY	GRIS
MARIN	LAURENCIN
HARTLEY	MATISSE
SHEELER	PICASSO
STELLA	VLAMINCK

== 2 WEST 47<sup>TH</sup> STREET  
NEW YORK CITY ==





**E. Haldeman-Julius**

Editor LIFE AND LETTERS

# "I Will 'Fordize' the Magazine Field Too!" — E. Haldeman-Julius

That Was the Assertion of the Editor of  
The Pocket Series of 239 Classics—And He Did It

BY GEORGE C. NAGEL.

*"I want to edit a magazine that will be better than the so-called 'Quality Group,' but which will NOT cost \$5.00 per year. My idea is to print the finest literary material and charge only twenty-five cents per year—two cents per issue. I know the idea is sound; so I am going right ahead with the work, positive you will endorse the plan and subscribe."*

LIFE AND LETTERS tackles *one subject at a time*. Below are listed some of the historical characters Mr. Haldeman-Julius' editorial department will handle, each in a separate issue. Look over the program below and see if there are not some characters with whom you would like to get better acquainted. There are also many others who will get consideration.

*Don't you want to know more about these Master Minds?*

Balzac	Moliere
Boccaccio	Montaigne
Bruno	Montesquieu
Buddha	Napoleon
Caesar	Newton
Carlyle	Nietzsche
Cellini	Owen
Cicero	Paine
Comte	Plato
Confucius	Poe
Darwin	Reclus
Demosthenes	Renan
Dickens	Ricardo
Disraeli	Rochefoucauld
Emerson	Robespierre
Galileo	Savonarola
Gorki	Schopenhauer
Haeckel	Servetus
Herodotus	Shakespeare
Homer	Socrates
Horace	Spencer
Hugo	Mme. De Stael
Huxley	Stevenson
Ibsen	Stirner
Ingersoll	Shaw
Jesus	Thackeray
Lincoln	Thoreau
Louis XV	Tolstoy
Macaulay	Toussaint
Malthus	Voltaire
Marat	Wagner
Mazzini	Wells
Mill	Wilde
Mirabeau	Whitman

Mr. Haldeman-Julius has succeeded, and LIFE AND LETTERS takes its place among the magazines of today devoted to giving the public the very best in English literature at the unthinkable subscription price of 25 cents a year. It now has 100,000 subscribers.

LIFE AND LETTERS is a monthly magazine devoted to the best in literature. Nothing but the best appears in it. It preaches no isms. It has no pet theories. It has no hidden policies. Mr. Haldeman-Julius maintains the American people know what they want. He contends they want the best kind of reading matter. But they cannot and will not pay several times what it is worth. Most purses will not permit that.

Education will increase in direct proportion to the decrease in the expense of attaining it. Good reading is one of the greatest elements in education and culture. University education has the works of the masters as its basis, and the individual who consistently reads the works of the masters gets the same satisfaction.

LIFE AND LETTERS has as its

purpose the acquainting of its readers with the great masters and their works.

The first number was devoted to Henry David Thoreau, the great New England individualist. Sir Richard Francis Burton, the British explorer, Orientalist, soldier, writer dominated the second issue, and Plato the third.

LIFE AND LETTERS is not filled with mere printed pages. Neither is it stuffed with dry-as-dust theories or half-baked ideas. The biographical sketches in LIFE AND LETTERS are correlated with the character's deeds and works. Don't miss LIFE AND LETTERS.

Subscribe NOW and receive the current issue!

LIFE AND LETTERS contains sixteen pages, each half the size of your Sunday newspaper. It is printed on a fine grade of book paper, and is profusely illustrated with portraits and pictures. No pains are saved in making LIFE AND LETTERS a magazine any one should be proud to have on the library table. Its being there is a sign of literary taste and appreciation of the better things in literature.

## Twelve issues for 25 cents

Mr. Haldeman-Julius' ambition to "Fordize" the magazine field, coupled with a 100 per cent automatic printing plant and presses that can print 25,000 magazines an hour, permits LIFE AND LETTERS to be sold at 25 cents a year. And still Mr. Haldeman-Julius can maintain around him an able editorial staff to make LIFE AND LETTERS distinctly a magazine of culture.

*Subscribe now. Don't miss an issue*

LIFE AND LETTERS is not sold on Newsstands. It comes every month direct to your door.

For one dollar bill you can subscribe yourself and have three of your friends receive LIFE AND LETTERS and enjoy the pleasures of good reading for twelve months.

This coupon in an envelope with 25 cents in coin or stamps will bring you LIFE AND LETTERS for a whole year.

## Life and Letters, Girard, Kansas

Subscribe for LIFE AND LETTERS—Use this coupon.

E. Haldeman-Julius, Dept. T—45  
Girard, Kansas.

Send me your magazine LIFE AND LETTERS for one year for which I enclose 25 cents.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

In Canada and other foreign countries the subscription price is 50c.



why not read them now? why not read them now? why not read them now? why not read them now?

# The Oldest and Newest Art of America *in the January Broom*

Maya Sculpture and  
Architecture

Contemporary American  
Prose and Poetry

The Art of the Mayas was the earliest American Art. Conceived some ten centuries ago, it remains the magnificent expression of one of the noblest races which inhabited America. Since then, many races, many cultures have come and gone. All but the topography of North America has been altered. But the new races which populate the transformed continent are also creating a new art which mirrors as faithfully the astonishing environment they have made for themselves. Why not read them now?

BROOM from old Europe will present in the JANUARY number an array of AMERICAN writings such as no magazine in America has yet ventured. Why not read them now?

## PRIZE CONTEST

*Which  
prominent  
American  
does this  
portrait-statue  
represent.*

*P R I Z E S  
for  
best answers!*



*1 st. PRIZE  
Subscription to  
B R O O M  
for Life.*

*2nd. PRIZE  
One year's  
subscription to  
B R O O M*

*3rd. PRIZE  
One year's  
subscription to  
B R O O M.*

BROOM has never lacked faith in the Artistic future of America. Here are new writers, some known, most unknown, whose work is as varied, as fertile, as powerfully muscled as anything being written in England France or Germany. Here is Comparative Literature. Here are writers who will be studied in Courses in Comparative Literature twenty years hence. Why not read them now?

KAY BOYLE

MARIANNE MOORE

KENNETH BURKE

ROBERT SANBORN

MALCOLM COWLEY

GERTRUDE STEIN

MARGARET EVANS

JEAN TOOMER

CHARLES GALWEY

WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS

and others who are not to be had in book form. not to be found on library shelves. In them is the clamor of a young culture. The JANUARY number of BROOM is a challenge to Americans to recognize a national art as profoundly American as

**BASEBALL**

**THE CINEMA**

**THE JAZZ BAND**

**AND THE DIZZY SKYSCRAPER**

while fundamentally in harmony with the Art of the ancient Mayas. The best way to be sure of reading them now is to

**SUBSCRIBE AT ONCE Five Dollars (\$ 5) to BROOM  
3 East Ninth Street, New York.**

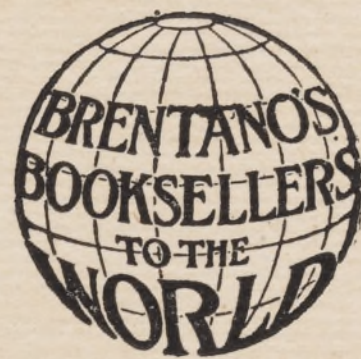
why not read them now? why not read them now? why not read them now? why not read them now?

Beach  
1901  
2130





# Gifts for All



in great variety and style—to suit every age and taste and purse—for your friends, your family, your children, or other children. Books make particularly acceptable and lasting gifts.

## FOR MOTHER

Books, Leather Goods, Portfolios, Engagement Pads, Brass Locks, Sets, Imported and Domestic Stationery, Silver and Gold Caskets, Miniature Bibles.

## FOR CHILDREN

Books: Myths, Legends, Fairy Tales, History, Animal Stories, Nursery Rhymes, Picture Books, Games, Blocks, Toys.

**Picturesque Spain**, by [unclear]  
Profuse illustrations of little known spots of natural wonder.

**Architecture and Art of Spain**, by August [unclear]  
A study of the beautiful architecture, showing by more than a century the fulness of an art which boyant fancy of the Moor was the genius of the Goth.

## EX LIBRIS



**SHAKESPEARE AND COMPANY  
PARIS**

## FATHER

Almanacs, Diaries, Foundational Address Books, Brass Paper Weights, Reference Books, Reference Book Sets.

## FRIENDS

Cards, Book Ends, and Single Volumes, Subscriptions to magazines.

A magazine published in and fantastic beautiful translation.  
\$ 15.00 the year.

**of the Italian**  
a Schottmuller.  
Illustrations, the assembly of Italian domestic  
An essential book  
\$ 10.00

**Degeneration in the Great French Masters**, by Jean Carrère.

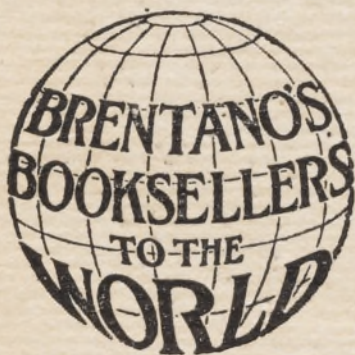
A criticism of the tendencies in French literature from Rousseau, with much new light and personal anecdotes about Zola, Verlaine, Chateaubriand, and others.  
\$ 4.00

**The French Revolution: A Historical Sketch**, by Walter Geer.

The first book in English for forty years on the great Revolution. Geer deals with men. His history has the swiftness of an outline with the intimacy of a biography, and is always soundly grounded. A comprehensive and authentic book.  
\$ 5.00

**Italian Romance Writers**, by Joseph Spencer Kennard.

A discussion of the art and work of the great Italian romancers of the present and past generations. Dr. Kennard is equally facile in Italian and English. His novels have sold second only to those of D'Annunzio in Italy. A necessary book for quick understanding of Italian literature.  
\$ 2.50



**BRENTANO'S  
NEW YORK**

Paris Washington London





