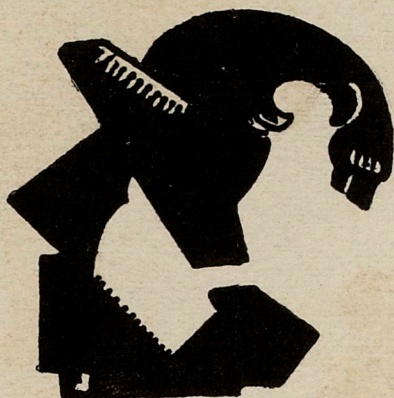


25

# GARGOYLE



PARIS

NOV.-DEC. 1922

THIRTY FIVE CENTS

TROIS FRANCS CINQUANTE

ONE SHILLING SIX PENCE

AMERICAN ART NUMBER



# GARGOYLE

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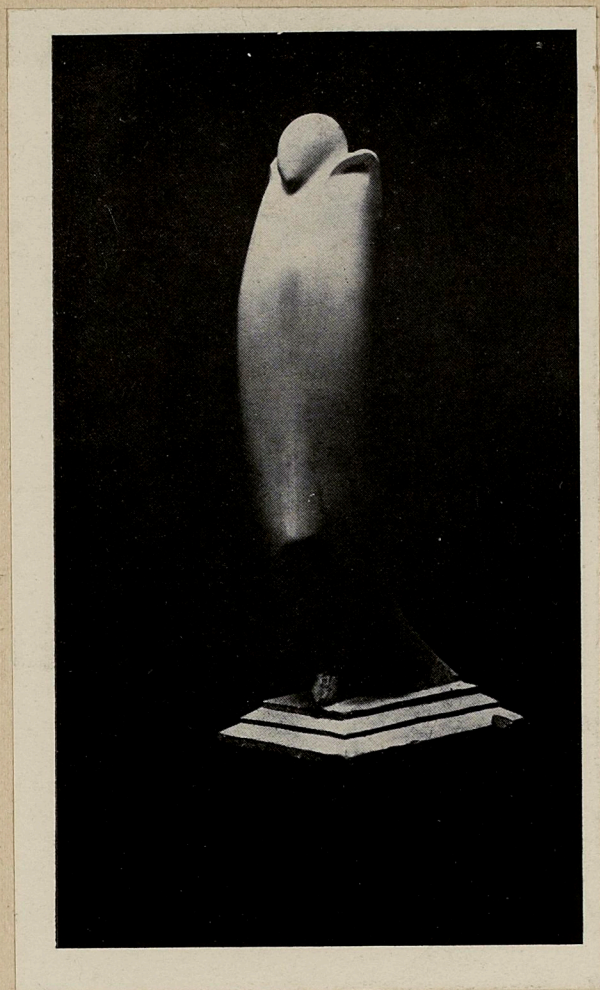
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**Sculpture**

**Rafael Sabatini**

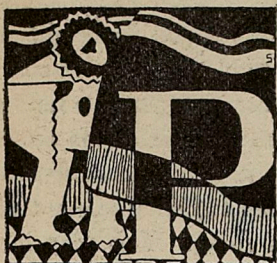




Painting

Waldo Pierce





# ARADE

Henry Bernstein has come back as a playwright with a dramatization of the Judith and Holofernes legend. The scale of action is tremendous and the characters assume heroic proportions without losing humanity. Judith is represented as seeking always some kind of self-realization and a personal exaltation which always fails her. First it is literary reputation, then political glory, then the ecstasies of love, then the murderous expression of an intense physical revulsion. Simone is excellent in the fluctuating emotionalisms of Judith. France Ellys realizes faultlessly her complete foil in character. Among the others, Alcover's suave and embittered eunuch ranks highest. The *mise-en-scène* is Antoine's—a welcome return of this celebrity to activity on the Paris stage. And chiefly responsible for the scenery is Soudeikine. His second act in which three different scenes are managed with a single colorful and luxurious decor, by means of rearrangement of properties and draperies, is a magnificent creation both as spectacle and as dramatic background. The last act is highly symbolical. It should be done with very little if any scenery and a lighting system that would pick out the figure of Judith as she appears on different levels climbing to that spot on the hillside where the head of Holofernes is empaled. The visible forms actually used in this act are far from satisfying. But finely impressive are the curtains with enormous Assyrian designs used to prelude the second and third acts.

Charles Dullin's Atelier now housed in the Théâtre Montmartre at one end of the fine old Place Dancourt is consistently advance-guard in its administration and staging, if only partially so in its repertoire. The opening play was Calderon's *Life is a Dream*. The *mise-en-scène* is the only really notable factor in this production. A very high and rather shallow platform, curtained at the back and sides, is erected above the normal stage level and connected with it by side stairways. The space below this platform is used in some scenes as a dungeon. In court scenes the space is covered by an imposing stairway



which leads to the throne in the center of the upper level. The costumes suggest Velasquez. The restricted space of this platform and its height are well suited to a certain ceremonial and pictorial quality of the scenes at court. It has a tendency, however, to give the effect of presenting scenes on a narrow shelf, a sort of walking the plank, which detracts from the ease of the actors. For a series of posed scenes involving no movement it would be admirable.

On the stage of the large Théâtre Champs Elysées Pitoeff presented his scenically important production of Lenormand's *Les Ratés*. This play in a series of fourteen scenes applies a sort of cinema technique to the revelation of an entirely psychological development in the two central figures. Their various environments and the other personages of the play are studies in genre. The difficulties of rehearsal, the barrenness of provincial hotels, dressing room intrigues, public entr'acte comments, the vanities of ham-actors (called more discriminatingly by the Franch—*m'as-tu-vus*), the stupidities of cathedral sight seeing, sordid night haunts, the deadly hours before dawn in a station waiting room—such pictures are presented with a biting sardonic certainty. Through these scenes progresses the intensely dramatic struggle of two beings toward mental and emotional adjustment, a struggle ending in tragedy both physical and psychological. The production is the best thing of Pitoeff's that I have seen. A super-stage is erected upon the one usually employed. By curtaining off and lighting different sections of both the upper and lower level he has achieved a unified and visually satisfying presentation of the fourteen successive scenes. The shape of these sections, the use of light and properties is delicately adapted to dramatic necessity and atmospheric suggestion. Pitoeff and Marie Kalff convey with a kind of inspiration the subtle mental reactions, the piteous human qualities, the hysterical intensities of the two protagonists.

Zacconi, the Italian tragedian already recognized in Paris, has presented a well balanced repertoire at the same theatre. Of his performances I have seen only Macbeth. There is something too rolling and liquid in the Italian language when employed for the bleak terrors of the heaths of Scotland. The banquet scenes come more into the tone of the language. The settings are of the sort which subdued and modulated by the intelligent use of light could be transformed into unobtrusive backgrounds, since they are structurally well enough adapted to the action. The use of a high stairway leading to Duncan's room at the back with the Macbeths and the sudden guests coming and going upon it has immensely more dramatic possibilities than the usual rushing off at the side to indicate visiting the scene of the murder. The banquet scene too is well laid in a sort of alcove with opportunity for the asides down front. But



all this is weakened theatrically by the awkward and irrational use of light. The murder of Banquo in which the scene is flooded with dim blue and the sleep walking scene which is only faintly lighted show the possibilities of the commonplace scenery if it is not thrust too much into an indiscriminating glare. The acting on the whole is more violent than we are accustomed to seeing even in the Shakespearean tragedies. Lady Macduff, for instance, whose scene with her small son culminating in the murder of both of them is usually omitted as partaking too much of the early Elizabethan drama of blood, is here presented in conversation not with one child but with three (that's Italian love!) who divide the responses among them, and at the end all four are murdered on the stage to the accompaniment of the most abandoned howling imaginable. And Macduff who in the English tradition receives the news of this murder with a moment of overwhelmed silence, a few dazed repetitions of the unrealizable loss, then pulls himself together to swear eternal vengeance, is here shown as throwing himself down and groaning until Malcolm succeeds in rousing him to the business of revenge. This pursuance of the expressive rather than the repressed tradition in acting is actively distressing in the case of Ines Cristina who makes Lady Macbeth a bounding, screaming, hysterical shrew rather than a woman of enormous vital power: a figure of farce rather than tragedy. It is not the Italian tradition which is objectionable but the pursuance of its methods without a natural ballast of sincerity and power. Zacconi himself is always exalted rather than ecstatic. His magnificent voice attuned equally to devastating force and melancholy sensibility lifts all of his speeches above the commonplace. Some of his scenes, like that of the dagger soliloquy, involve much more stage business than I am used to. But his performance never loses its rightness.

*Annabella* at the Femina almost finds an excuse for its infantile plot, insipid music, and atrocious comedy in the prettiness of its settings. The Apollo Theatre has a non-descript entertainment, *Le Baiser aux Enchères*, which reeks with plot and succeeds in dragging live lions into it. The principals really have pretty voices. The so-called Cubist Ballet is absurd: the backdrop made by Ladislav Medgyes and Waldo Pierce is far too good for it. As for the poor dear old lions, the trainer succeeds in whipping them into reluctant leaps and roars, but he cannot prevent their displaying occasional bored yawns, and if left alone for a moment they lie down like lambs.

At the *Ceuvre*, Jacques Natanson has revealed another one of those plays dealing with the sorrows of sensitive youth in its first love affairs. It is a common premise in French plays that woman is either angel or devil—never

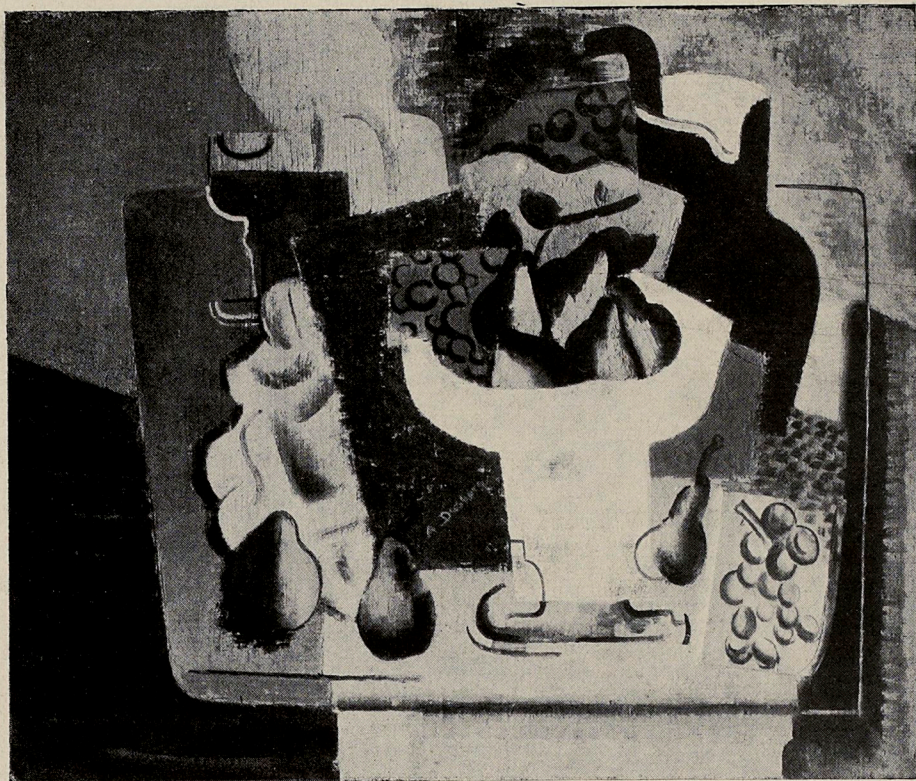


an ordinary human being, as man is accepted to be. In this case a father, to avenge his own sufferings, determines that his son shall be disillusioned in advance and reared with a cynicism which will insure not only the boy's passive immunity from grief but his active cruelty to the opposite sex. There is sure comedy in the father's coaching of the boy and his youthful attempt to follow line for line these sophisticated instructions. The situation arising when the boy actually falls in love is made the most of dramatically, culminating in his inevitable reversion to the type of passive sufferer. Lugné Poe is ideally cast as the father of the boy. The same theatre gives a powerful performance of Strindberg's *The Father*. It gets well below the surface of events and throws into clear relief the physical discordance of the two principal characters which is the real basis of their spiritual conflict. Though Allain Dhurtal is too obviously irascible in the first act, he presents the obsessions, the hysterical self abasement, the violence, and the pathetic exhaustion of the succeeding acts with both force and delicacy. Mitsie Marsa is an ideal realization of the youthful attractive wife, capable of the highest cruelty in that sublimation of sex-energy which overflows in a determination to dominate completely the future of her child. Jany Caseneuve achieves a portrait of the old nurse exquisite in its restrained pathos.

In the Pitoeff production of Shaw's *Candida* there is a single setting pleasing to the eye even with the necessity of introducing objects so difficult to assimilate in a more or less abstract scenic effect as a work desk and a typewriter. The Shaw comedy is played in high dramatic relief with emphasis on the human situation rather than on the brilliance of the dialogue. It is well played too. Paulette Pax is successful in conveying the static unpretentious naturalness of *Candida*. Herrand's poet is at once beautiful and puerile, as Shaw typically conceives it. Michel Simon in whom the technique of character acting is almost too highly developed portrays the humorous Burgess with admirable restraint and a sure sense of proportion. I should like to see him play the Dustman in *Pygmalion*. Possibly the most remarkable portrayal is that of Decaye as Morel. He manages the pomposity and self sufficiency of the character so deftly as to command a real sympathy which actually rejoices in his winning *Candida* through his weakness.

FLORENCE GILLIAM.





Painting

Andrew Dasberg





Painting

Julian E. Levi



## BANCROFT SAVES HIS SOUL

There was small hope of my getting ashore in the afternoon. I was thoroughly displeased with my captivity as I looked seaward at the dome of Santa Maria della Salute and the straight, severe shaft—straight and severe for Venice—of the Campanile. As I gazed, I longed to see the city by the afternoon's light that toned the alley streets of Venice with shadows that always seem to lean heavily against the house walls like the tall carabinieri who steal into side streets, like the shadows, to lounge.

« Cu'mahn, snap outavit, sailor. Yah can't get ashore by hanging over the rail dopin' about it ».

Bancroft, the first engineer, for whom I was waiting, yelled this unregulation command over my shoulder in his sharp voice. After another "cu'mahn" we started for the oil yards to sound the tanks and compute their capacity.

Bancroft was the most immaculate man on the ship. He was the Narcissus of our outfit, a swaggering chap, a poor listener, but always had to have his opinion heard. He usually expressed himself as through he expected his brother officers might rise and dispute him with cutlasses, perhaps. Some of the oilers said he was crazy, and a water-tender told me that Bancroft took dope through a hyperdermic needle, the marks of which could be seen plainly on his bare arms. There was another rumor about him. This had to do with the torpedoeing of one of his ships, slopping about for forty-eight hours in an open boat off the coast of Ireland, two men going insane, one jumping overboard, and the other killed when he attempted to murder his shipmates. Bancroft was supposed to have come out of this with "an unhealthy mental attitude". Whatever the third mate meant by that I can only guess now. The gray hairs that appeared on his head, like veins of white through some of the black marble I saw later in Venice, were discovered after he was rescued from the drifting life-boat.

Soon after my return from our job, Bancroft appeared at the door of my cabin with his suit pressed to sharp creases and with a face still red and white from razor blade and talcum powder. In an attempt at humor, after gazing at me with one of his dazed, puzzled stares, he advised me about my behavior ashore. Then, throwing back his shoulders with an accompanying "hoo" he stepped off with a "s'long, chief".

About a half-hour later, the vaporetto brought me near St. Marks Plaza. I thought of what I had been reading in Ruskin's "The Stones of Venice", and felt impelled to look for the windows on the water side of the ducal palace that added artistic balance to the general effect of the building because these windows were higher than their neighbors. But, across the plaza I saw "Ameri-



can Bar " beckoning to me in a wanton Latin manner. At the bar I lolled myself on my elbows and sipped a hot rum punch while I stared at the labels of liquors unknown to me.

"Cu'mahn, have some *schnapps* with me."

Bancroft stood alongside me. He was accompanied by two other young officers who were gradually becoming intoxicated.

"Where is the district, Chief?" the tall, blond officer inquired.

I asked for directions from a British sailor who was cursing the Austrian bartender.

"Its all over, mate", the gorilla-formed Britisher yelled, and with a victorious fist on his hip, the limejuicer gave me directions to reach the quarter.

We left the plaza for an alley, and then wandered vigilantly into a narrow street, peering down the alleys as we crossed them. Then we stopped at one along which many men passed. Those who entered were curious, somewhat unassured and spoke to their companions in confidential tones. Those who came away were laughingly describing their recent amours as they looked contentedly and superiorly at those going the route they themselves had traveled a half hour before.

We entered this alley. At the entrance to a smelly house an ugly, faded woman, hatless, but wearing a white apron, seized Bancroft's arm.

"Exhibition", she announced, pointing to a window overhead where two girls stood.

We looked up. Our training in an American environment manifested itself as we became perplexed and showed signs of embarrassed self-consciousness at the actions we beheld in the window. Bancroft lowered his eyes. He had forgotten probably that there was an ugly old woman watching him with smiling anticipation as she clutched his arm.

"Let go o' me", he yelled as though he were in the grip of some awful creature in a nightmare.

He passed on, heaved up his shoulders to adjust his jacket, straightened his collar, which was quite in place, and swung his arms out a bit from his sides to make his sleeves hang well and to arrange his white cuffs.

"What sort of a country is this, anyway?" he demanded. "Thank God I'm a decent American and not a filthy foreigner."

The others smiled.

We came to another doorway where an Italian girl, who had been once attractive, smiled at us. An elderly woman stepped out of the house and invited us to follow her within. There were a few women inside who attempted to be sociable in their native tongue. The two young officers, untrammelled by American moral standards, and feeling quite free in the privacy of a dwelling four thousand miles from home, displayed a familiarity toward the women that reminded one of the behavior of naughty boys.



Bancroft sat with his hands in his pockets, and with his legs stretched out before him looking through the door that opened into the hall. Finally he arose, after the habitual adjustment of his uniform, which never arranged anything that I could observe, and almost commanded me to leave the house with him.

"This is a helluva country", he muttered to Venice, for he didn't seem to speak to anyone.

I suggested that he should remember that the same conditions existed in the United States.

"Hell, man; that's alright, but we're not rotten like that", Bancroft shouted as though upbraiding me for what he believed to be a defence of Italians.

Before long we got back to the American Bar after a meal of soup and spaghetti at a small restaurant. Bancroft drank a lot of whiskey, moralized about the purity of women, and then told me about the woman he had loved for six years but could not marry because she adhered to her religious faith which she wanted him to embrace.

"Yuh see, I'm a Christian Scientist so that stands in our way, because she won't change, and then she's a beautiful woman and I'm a good-looking man, I'll tell you, and she's always straight and I'm on the—".

I interrupted to ask whether he would have another drink or take a walk. He studied me foolishly, assured me that I was a gentleman, and because of that he was drinking with me.

"Yuh see it doesn't matter if a feller's a commissioned officer er not. It's just is he a genelman? Thaz why I didn't wan' tuh see a feller of good family like you spoil yourself with them women so's no decent woman'd want yuh."

Bancroft was getting drunk and more officious. Several times I tried to get him to return to the ship. But he became friendly with a couple of British seamen and bought them drinks.

"Cu'mahn boys, ranks an' titles don't count. We're all brothers in Christ. Let's go round to the hotel down by the Ponta Paglia—that means bridge o'straw".

In the grill room of the hotel Bancroft got the two sturdy Britishers so drunk that one of them manifested his condition by weeping.

Bancroft forgot about returning to the ship.

"My dear sir", said the last British tar to depart, "believe me when I say it. I never'd the pleasure of drinking with a naval officer. The officers in my navy would never do this. Believe me, sir, I've been honored, and I know that it will give my dear mother great pleasure to'ear of it."

"Thaz alright young feller. Everything is alright, nothing on this earth matters. It is our soul that counts. I can do anything with this body of min



and it won't matter", Bancroft concluded as he waved the young Englishman on his way in a careless, superior fashion.

Bancroft's last remark surprised me into pondering. As I pondered I found myself becoming anxious about our return after the Englishman left, but Bancroft refused to depart. Nothing would make him consider departure until the waiter told us that the law, still in effect since the war, prevented the sale of liquor after one o'clock, and that it was now two and that he had ignored the law for us only because we were welcome strangers. I waited to hear Bancroft say that the law did not matter any more than the body and that we should be supplied therefore with cocktails. He disappointed me by taking the law for granted and we arose to go. Then the waiter offered us another surprise by informing us that the gondolas could not be hired after one o'clock. Bancroft decided that we should remain at the hotel, but I persuaded him to try to get back.

On the way down the Grand Canal in the afternoon a sailor showed me a kiosk at the foot of a street where a gondolier slept who, if paid enough, would venture forth after the prohibited hour. Remembering where the place was, being fairly sober, and seeing the reflection of moonlight on the pavement outside, that would light our way, I told Bancroft I could take him to a place where we could get a boat.

"Now, listen", he commanded. "The Lord is with me. God always takes care of me no matter what I do. This body of mine, Henderson, doesn't matter. I can get drunk or do anything to it, but my spirit remains untouched, y'see?"

"Then why didn't you go with the young Italian girl? You showed plainly that you wanted to", I inquired.

"Yuh love some woman, don't yuh?"

"No."

"How about that pretty girl whose picture I saw in your cabin?"

"I don't love her. But what are you driving at, lieutenant?"

"I love a woman", he shouted vehemently, "that's why I shan't show affection for another woman."

"But how can that make any difference? You give me to understand that it is your soul that this woman loves."

"My soul wouldn't be as good if I did that, can't yuh see?" Bancroft whined close to my face, almost pleadingly.

He was getting so drunk that I assisted him by taking his arm. He resented this, whereupon I walked ahead diagonally across Saint Marks Plaza. The



first engineer took as straight a path behind me as he could. He had forgotten the adjustment of his sleeves and collar. His jacket, still properly creased, fitted about him trimly though he did not realize this. His head was no longer held erect, his feet moved like well-oiled mechanical devices made to swivel about readily in any direction, and his slight Southern accent was becoming more pronounced. All he tried to tell me, which was a drunkard's repetition, came now in a high pitched voice, then rumbled like the rapid thumping of a driving shaft in a storm when the propeller rises out of water.

"It's alright, Henderson. If yu' not going straight just this minute, God will direct me. I'm pretty drunk, chief, but that doesn't matter. I've spent most uv ma money, but even that doz'n matter. God will provide and protec me. Nothing can harm my soul. My body doesn't count."

We had crossed the plaza and were entering a maze of narrow streets where one's voice echoed fearfully against the high flat-walled houses. Voices in an engine room sound sometimes the way Bancroft's mutterings seemed to rise to the house tops and descend again upon us.

"Say, Chief, d'yuh think it would have harmed my soul if I had made love to one of those women?"

"I'm not familiar with this subject of the soul, lieutenant. I guess you can answer that question yourself. From what you keep saying I don't see how you could injure your soul. But, what's the soul, anyway?"

"The soul's the spirit God puts in us when he makes us. Thaz Godimself. You can't hurt God, so you can't hurt your soul", Bancroft explained with the rapidity that familiar ideas are recited by the drunken.

Sometimes Bancroft would shout in anger his beliefs about the soul as though there were people in the windows we passed who were jeering at him and disputing his ideas. The echo made his words sound more threatening. He was wearying me. At last I said as calmly and thoughtfully as I could that he would have, no doubt, more peace of mind if he did find a girl to bestow his affections on.

"Peace of mind!" Bancroft growled so that I turned around sharply. He was glaring not at me but at the universe, I guess, and clenched his right fist. When he came close I noticed that his mouth was distorted, and that the right corner of his upper lip curled back a trifle like an angered dog's. "Do yuh think I'd harm my soul for peace of mind?"

I was convinced he would suffer anything to protect whatever it was he called his soul. Yet I couldn't understand why he worried about it so much



since it was part of God and since God couldn't be deleteriously affected. These thoughts, the moonlight that made the doorways on one side of the street illuminated cavities in disquieting contrast with the threatening dark ones on the opposite side, and the unstable, garrulous, uniformed, white becaped, tortured one who took two crazy steps behind me to each one of mine, disquieted me so that I wanted to flee. But I turned a corner and saw the kiosk at the foot of a street close to the Grand Canal, and felt the relief that so often comes of the discovery of a landmark in the midst of a disturbance in unfamiliar surroundings.

"There's the gondolier's pagoda, or whatever you call, it", I shouted back almost light-heartedly.

"There y'are. Whadida tell yuh? God's hand has directed us, Henderson. All will be always well with me, for God is in me. I can do anything to my body, but nothing can destroy the part of God within me".

I knocked at the door of the small square house. A voice within complained in Italian. I caught some phrases that meant the negation of everything including an offer to hire a boatman.

"Offizio Americano beaucoup d'argent", I retorted in Franco-Italian. "Vaporato at the Italiano Americano Petroleum Fabrica", I now informed the visage that appeared in the doorway as a noise in the unshapely head kept rumbling like the circulator pump in our engine room.

The head and cheeks shook simultaneously a negative and the great flabby jowls seemed to come to rest several seconds after the irregularly made head. Bancroft mumbled something about God being with us and that everything would be alright. For the first time his philosophical obsession seemed to give me fortitude. I knew a greater assurance however when I drew out a roll of lira notes and asked the gondolier how much. He grunted, threw his hand upward, averted his gaze reverently, grumbled a "Santa Maria" and asked for twenty lira.

It was chilly. But, Bancroft, unaware of the dampness, continued to refer to the problem of the Italian girl. I refused to advise remembering his rage when I offered him what seemed a logical solution. I sat silently as the gondola shot up close to the corners of the houses, swirled around clear of a corner into another small canal at the heave of the oarsman's blade, which trickled a metallic series of notes that rose in pitch and slowed in time at the termination of the sweeping stroke. One time the moon would care the shadows from Bancroft's



lined face, and at the next turning with the moon hidden, I would feel uncomfortable to look at the loosely moving head with the deep shadows over the face.

When I got him aboard Bancroft was getting fairly sober. Now, with a better grip of himself, he commanded me not to tell anyone about our experience or anything he had said during the night. The quarter-master came out and checked our names on his list and, as we started aft, slipped back into the pump-room companionway to nap with his hand on his revolver.

"So yuh think I shoulda gone with the pretty little wop girl", he sneered at me as we stood near his cabin. He studied me a moment, smiled as though he believed he should have gone, and then his face became, rigid, severe, defiant.

"Yuh've never loved a woman", he said condemningly and then said good-night with the emphasis on "night".

It was not a good night for me. I had known Bancroft's problem to a lesser degree. I reviewed my past mental processes to give him advantage of them if he should wish them in the morning. These mental gymnastics found me thinking about two women at home in whom I was interested. I became restless and felt feverish after my drinking of the night. I arose, slipped on trousers, sweater and sneakers and went on deck. The moon would soon disappear over the horizon. I watched it a moment, and then I heard a step on the steel deck and looked around, expecting to see the quartermaster. Instead I saw a man standing at the rail with a white cap on his head. In a moment he turned about slowly and approached the gangway. Now he stood facing the ladder, straightened sleeves and cuffs, and then snapping himself into a military posture and exclaiming "hoo", he stepped up to the ladder and went over the side.

MARSHALL D. BEUICK.





Painting

Louis Bouché



## M A D A M E       S I X

*(Continued from October number)*

I am beginning to feel very happy here, actively, consciously happy. I'd like to stay in hospital all my life—if I could get well enough to sit up a bit ; I write lying on my back with the pad in the air, and just when I'm nicely into some subject, the nurse pops around and won't hear reason—I have to leave off.

Been reading different people's views on love. I don't think I have any. Love is so diverse. I often weave poems or stories around loves, but when I come to, I mostly exclaim—"What a sublimation ! Oh, Bottom, how art thou translated !"

Views? No. La belle affaire—my notions about it change according to the adored one. When I loved thee, Hazan, long ago, Eros was a gipsy with a voice of gold, and his country ran up mountain roads and down again to a sub-tropical ocean shimmering away to the South Pole. Of bright but limited intelligence, Eros caught a cold, and when he couldn't sing he was nothing to a romantic young person, merciless as youth is. Of Eros the gipsy full weary, I turned away. He came back in the uniform of a guardsman with fair English hair and correct ideas about marriage. He slew himself unconsciously with a tableau of the servants lined up and awaiting Our arrival home. I was then twenty-two, had already been married twice, and knew the complexes of the holy state even without three dozen thousand-eyed domestics looking on. The resurrection of Eros with young Absalom's beauty made me the mother of a little girl lovely as a star, and averse from this world : she gurgled and danced through ten months and then, at the first painful touch of disillusion, shut her beautiful eyes and went away. I wept myself blind and had no eyes for Eros for long afterwards, and when he next came, he looked something like the baby, and I spent a world of tenderness on the image—which had clay feet—until even fanaticism could no longer see any resemblance.

Amours de voyage. Eros, loved and forgotten like the beauty of one island



until the next comes into view. Eros on the Karoo desert, Eros on the gold-mines, Eros amid the flowers of Madeira, Eros on the seaside downs of Sussex, Eros at Windy Holyrood, Eros in stuffy Chelsea, Eros on an Irish hunter galloping through Phoenix Park, Eros on a hired hack tripling along the bridle path at Boston, Eros on the planks at Atlantic City, Eros dancing at the Mc Alpin Roof, Eros in Paris—Fair or dark, rich or poor, provided Fancy sat in my eye. Imagine having views with so much else to do.

I used to think that a passage in Rémy de Gourmont's "*Lettres à l'Amazone*" seemed to suit me. He says—"You are of the race of conquerors, you, Amazone. You do not allow things to resist you, and you cannot bear people to love you against your will. Either this makes you laugh, or it irritates you. Nothing amuses you like a booby who makes love to you, and nothing terrages you like the impudent being who goes on believing in your love after you have ceased to believe in it".

But, as well, much that Gourmont says of himself seems to apply to me. For instance, in the same letter—"I find it just as natural to resist sympathy as to give way to it, and I have never been astonished that anyone should respond to my tenderness only by indifference, or worse, politeness. I respect in others the liberty which is dearer than anything to me".

If I had scientific views about love, no doubt I might reconcile these tendencies which Gourmont seems to place in opposition. Nothing in love is so fixed as all that: also, here, the desire to conquer includes the desire to be vanquished. The military metaphor does not really apply. No one was ever yet "vanquished" in love who had not secretly sabotaged his own weapons, and the "conqueror" cannot win without disarming. This graceful comedy is the nearest approach one can ever make to war in love. What goes beyond is not matter for Cupid but for Freud or the police. Average honest love is like a man who places a bottle of his best wine in his neighbour's cellar, expecting a return in kind: if the neighbour takes no notice of the gift, the man dreams one night that he had previously tied a long string around the bottle by means of which he might draw it back: and he wakes up and finds it was true.

My ideal? What is it? Never thought about it much. And yet I have some notions. Mostly what he must not be. He mustn't put profound meanings into my simple statements. He mustn't take note of some fault or slip of mine



and dish it up in a row which has nothing to do with it. He mustn't be hairy. He mustn't be poor, because in that case I should have to keep him and I prefer to be kept. He mustn't talk milieu or group slosh either of the Right Bank or the Left (of course he must know Paris) : same with literature, especially if he be a writer ; and yet he must know it. He must usually live inside himself and be liable to misjudge his own character if he steps outside—and not mind. He need not be absolutely faithful, but certain of denying even if taken in flagrant délit. He needn't be tidy, but if he isn't, must have the sense to undress in his own room. His head perfume must be fresh and expensive : odours of the jungle a disqualification. And God may direct his taste in tobacco.

It sounds fairly simple, but it isn't. It's impossible. I shall certainly finish my days in solitary glory and peace, a humourous old lady with rheumatism and, nevertheless, a passion for gardening—that's if Benjamin doesn't beat the doctors. I don't think he will. My piqûres are doing splendid. I had the third this morning and the Chief says that the lump is already softening.

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\* \*

“ That Roman country-side of two thousand years ago ”. Loti is talking of Virgil. All that world buried, buried, worms' play ! There are moments when I revolt against worms. I occasionally become a would-be cosmicide. The offer of no matter what creations, all which Jehovah, Jupiter and Parabrahm together combined, and what works of gods be in the dim and so banal deserts of Time—nothing—nothing—worms' play, after all. Nirvana for a nod of the head!

Nothing wanted of all their grand systems, since each is rotten from the beginning. M'en fiche. Stuff to sneeze at. If all the constellations sang together, they could only surprise me. They could'nt bring a little crinkling smile to my nose as still may the souvenir of trivial past and lost things—a memory of Apollinaire saying to me after dinner (he and I and Picasso and Cendrars were chez Madame E. the pretty, rose-cheeked, blue-eyed, white-haired Chilian), “ Won't the tap run? ” It was question of writing an extempore dedication to Madame E. And I couldn't. Also Apollinaire, in the salon of my dear little hovel on the Butte, gazing at a wondrous petticoat I had of



daffodil satin brocaded with the flowers in white—"Mais, ma chère, c'est solennel !"

Ephemeral things are all which matter to ephemerae like me. To pretend to notice the solar system is mayfly's snobbery.

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Max Jacob brought in Florent Fels who invites me to contribute to his review. I have never contributed to anything in Paris. Outside writing, a simple matter which publishing is not, my love-affairs have taken all my time. It's a pity. I would like to have my cake as well as eat it. Max, after a temporary opulence, is poor again. He is still the same, frank and jolly. Possibly noone but I would ever speak of Max as frank and jolly, but I've known him that way. He said to me once, "There's a man dead inside me". This dead man occasionally speaketh and above all, laugheth. And it's a good heart, courageous and amusing : among the ephemeralitys I would preserve while universes might go crumble.

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Some people who drop in with a long face ready seem quite shocked to find me cheerful. I was never one to see the sad side of existence, for long, anyway—it's all absurd of course, and the absurdest of all is that humanity does its best to make it tragic. It isn't God's fault if men money-grub, slay, over-populate, persecute, lie, bear false witness and prohibit. It is God's fault about earthquakes and typhoons—but there is no command on man to take up his abode on the slopes of Mount Vesuvius. Besides, the only result of a command not to, would be a rush to the spot—just to see. The natural veto on Naples makes it one of the most populated cities in the world. In San Francisco, men worked themselves to the bone to get the new city run up before the next earthquake. Humanity is a bad lot for the most part, avid of horrors and averse from happiness. My narcissan revolt against worms yesterday was downright criminal. Given the chance, I would have paralysed the cosmos and made it an eternal mirror of my own face. No, no, things aren't so important as all that, not today, at least.



I certainly had a desperate time yesterday. A young person to whom on coming here, or rather, finding myself here, I entrusted all my worldly goods, revenges herself for being under certain obligations to me by neglecting these, and consequently me. I wrote her an annihilating note wherein I compared her with all the great adventuresses of history. This is distinctly a narcissian symptom of mine, to conclude that persons who do me a shabby trick must be something sublime in their line—a kind of concealed compliment I pay to myself. Posterity need not judge these malefactors by my epistolary estimate of them. All the same, some people seem, and sometimes are, damned mean.

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How sad I am to-day. Blank. It comes to the same thing. I pull a long upper lip, regard sideways and downwards, feeling like a sensitive kind of mummy at the centre of a haphazard universe which doesn't interest me. This universe is made of my remembrances patched together, with great holes here and there. By reaction, dislike of being alone amid chaos, I write. A pen is a great friend. I hope that being dead may not mean resting inactive although conscious while scenes of the past display themselves endlessly, unmethodically, irresistibly. A cinema which never left off and which one could not leave even

by shutting one's eyes ! I'm almost frightened imagining it. Sleep ! Sleep !  
No sleep.

\*  
\* \*

Why try to imagine it ? One cannot, really. One can only think of it for a moment. And then—one reasons. Whatever part of us it may be which needs sleep will certainly not survive without sleep, nothing of us might survive without its necessary accompaniments. So why worry oneself with such nightmares. Ah why ? One does.

Thank heaven I have not often such a poor day as to-day ; a victim to mental mange, even my bristliest past all worn down and dropping off : boredom in all my being. What do I care what things were, how or when ? They pass, ghost-like, in spite of all their different sounds, colours, values—all hotch-potch,



mute and grey, just like life really is to people who have found out how far short it comes of what may be imagined. I have not a tragic nature, quite the reverse. The image which I think sums up life for me is very mildly tragic—a red-grey, uncommunicative cow confined in a dull, not very clean field on a day of patchy sunlight—*Pas bien tragique, cela*. Curious that the accessory values of the cow, milk, butter, cream—I nearly added eggs, they ought to go with cows—are only moderately to my taste ; I can't do without them, but don't want much. The case is that I don't particularly mind living—the dull field contains enough to interest a naturalist or a child—but wouldn't wink an eyelid to get born.

\* \* \*

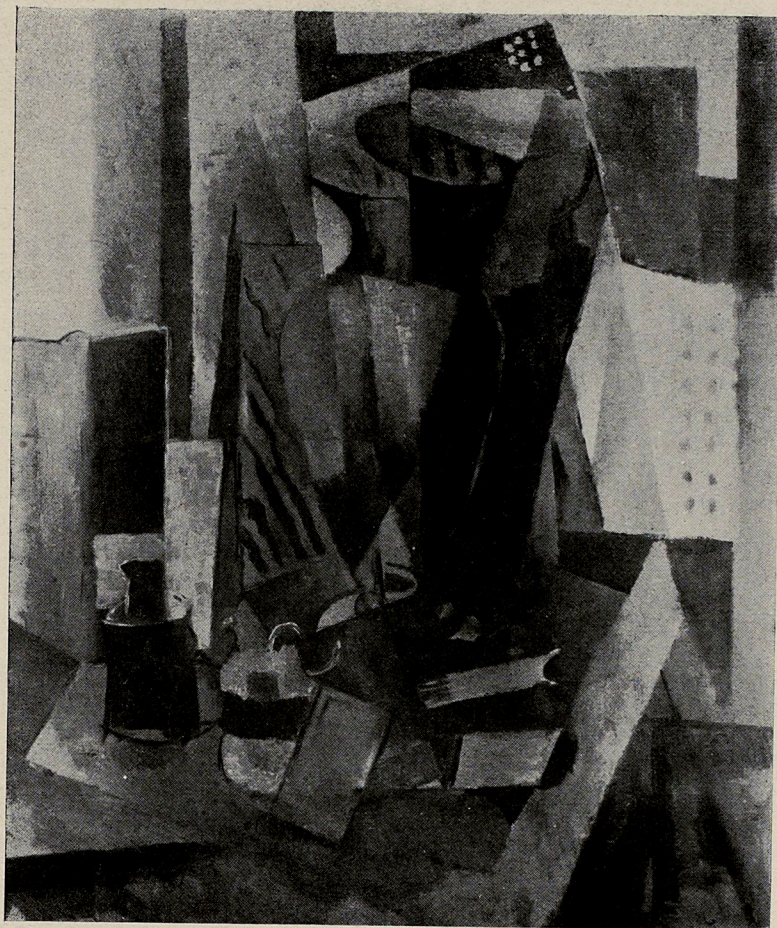
I hear the taxis hooting along the Boulevard Saint-Michel.  
Tous les soirs sur son passé  
Il pleurniche  
Sur le Boul' Mich.

Tis the tale of a very young man laving the Latin Quarter with tears for his tragic past. I know not the cause of his sorrow. 'Twas probably a *demoiselle*. She is now speeding along in one of those taxis, going to meet someone for dinner. She is gay and wears real silk stockings and lovely shoes and any frock, and she was quite right to quit the crybaby. I hope the music at the dancing place will be played by negroes. The French haven't yet got the ragtime trick. I hope she won't drink too much champagne. It is usually not, in those haunts, but some sticky ciderish mixture. I only like it extra sec myself, and not more than two coupes. Three make me sleepy. I hope this potion on my table is going to do likewise, as my *piqûre* is hurting a bit, and I've been sleeping badly these two nights. Suppose I asked the nurse for three coupes of champagne? She wouldn't give it to me. A badly arranged world—

BEATRICE HASTINGS.

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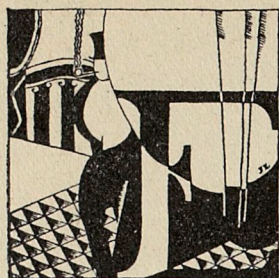




Painting

Henry Mcfee





## NTR'ACTE

The somewhat ponderously humorous Mister Heywood Broun makes a rather heavy bow in his role of novelist. His first attempt, bearing the arresting title of *The Boy Grew Older*, is good journalese which is as it should be. It would be unduly exacting to demand literature in a first novel by a practising newspaper columnist. Peter Neale, sporting editor and father of *The Boy*, is a fairly convincing portrait. It is a relief to find a newspaper man and newspaper activities stripped of the unreal and romantic treatment which most writers seem to think their readers demand of such subjects. But the other characters are poorly operated marionettes, Peter Neale Junior being a particularly unreal creation. However there is an ease and swing of narrative that ranks *The Boy Grew Older* as at least good light reading. (*Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York*).

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It is several years since I have felt the inclination to read anything from the pen of Lord Dunsany. I had become wearied by his monotonous harping on the single chord of phantasy. The contemplation of a middle-aged Peter Pan spouting intellectual fairy tales almost converted me to Dadaism. And so, reluctantly dutiful, I embarked upon the task of reading the noble romancer's latest effort, *Don Rodriguez, Chronicles Of Shadow Valley*. The first chronicle and I had made the acquaintance of an entirely new Dunsany. And through eleven more chronicles I enjoyed the delightful society of the noble Don Rodriguez and his gargantuan servitor Moraño. High phantasy is here but this time



interwoven with high good humour and a sardonicism I had no reason for expecting from Dunsany. Don Rodriguez and Moraño fare forth on romantic quests somewhat in the manner of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, but this time the adventurers reach the goal; a Castle in Spain. The author's asides, his frequent excursions into bold buffoonery, and his underlying thread of suggestive subtlety, make Don Rodriguez a second cousin if not a closer relation to Jurgen. I hope my enthusiasm is not built up entirely by my pleasure in finding such unlooked-for interest in a book by Dunsany. (*Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York*).

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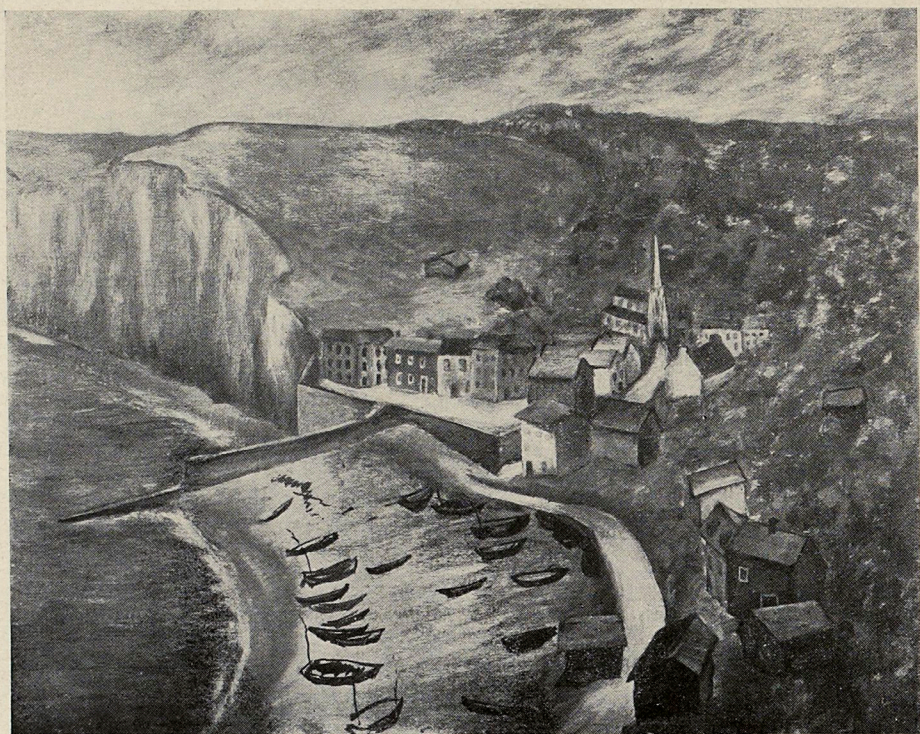
It was my recent privilege to witness in Paris a performance by the world's worst theatrical company, the Jewish Art Theatre of Vilna. The impossible situations in Leon Kobrin's ridiculous tragedy, the hysterical histrionics of the leading man Moses Feder (may the bones of gefüllte fish stick in his throat), Chaim Schneiur's sad interpretation of a comic drunk, and the flimsy oy-veh-down-east scenery, sent me reeling from the theatre a convert to fratricide. Though this troupe will arrive in New York with the slogan "fresh from Paris triumphs" I think they'll fare dismally on the East Side where there is such an astute and intelligent theatre-going public.

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Another Putnam publication that has engaged my attention is *Europe In Convalescence* by Alfred E. Zimmern. The author has something to say, knows how to say it, and confines himself to 250 pages without losing comprehensiveness thereby. Though he commits the grave error of underestimating Russia's importance as a contributing factor to world stabilization, Mr Zimmern displays an amazing tolerance and breadth of vision for an admittedly conservative critic. He faces hard truths unflinchingly and turns a ruthless spotlight on Lloyd George and the other ridiculous Elder Statesmen. Despite occasional smugness and sentimentality, particularly in the insistence on the paramount importance of Franco-British unity, Mr Zimmern's book is a splendid analysis of the post-war madness.

ARTHUR MOSS.





Painting

Dorothy Varian



## BISECTED CIRCLE

A policeman, late at night, walked his beat. He tried a door he slapped his nightstick companionably against his thigh and he was walking walking walking. His automatic heavy on his belt, bright buttons a contiguous tail to every twist of his eyes a man indolently leaning slipped into a late-lighted lunchroom at sight of him; his heavy trousers wriggling muffled wrinkles up his legs under his helmet with the gray sloping brim he ceases to become a man to the vagrant passers-by, a man, let us say, whom one can imagine taking off his coat at home, exchanging a word with his wife a man at the theatre laughing or with his face in a mug of coffee he has no face at all, under the gray hat with the circular brim no front no sides is an indistinguishable mass of whitish matter shaped roughly spherical—eggshaped perhaps but no one looks closely—if eyes all eyes he walks and to satisfy no purpose of his own those solid pumping shoes are cast of bronze.

the pavement is their pedestal he walks down streets vanish in floury radiance is light warm on ice? he walks the tight long coat the legs muffled to become kneeless in heavy cloth like bronze he walking men dribble past him a long trail irregularly broken their faces the bulging articulations of a worm alternately gathering extending men crawling listlessly moving after each other's backs winding all through the city intersected by women pinked and cut across with malicious delicacy by women and a policeman enveloped in certainty is walking but we do not admit, it, we DO NOT ADMIT IT in the misty, conflict of nocturnal incertainties, he insists he is walking he tries a door, puffing he disks his chest reassuringly into his own vision but we returning with silent insistence we deny he is walking WE move the streets about him, we pull behind us E. Johnson Stationery in gold letters an ornamental doorway this flagstone sounds hollow the turn to the right to Maddaway Street and Elite Fashions



Women's Wear we bring Ellsworth Street, we in a long slow trail wound closely through the city we white faces following are the city moving the stolid exterior policeman walking but we have the assurance of insubstantiality we move great angular blocks of houses on a regular beat timed by street lamps striding turn right to Maddaway Street is the diameter spins slowly followed by other dim streets where high lamps with folded arms and mouthy visages approaching and we trailing white faces bubbling. Assured uncertainties, and the trail spirals out authority insists on circumferences. A policeman insisting against us and we move out destructively from approaching and stationary and walking and houses are circling.

a silky pallor creeps down the surfaces of walls, effacing tone effacing wood effacing metal. It is produced by the rubbing of faces drifted against it. Walls become plastic as sea-walls, curving overhead to form white substanceless vaulting of an even, breathing color that varies between light and darkness

and now silence remains a vast crystalline ball, void even of vacancy, cut to thin clarity and set quivering on the remembrance of sound and some substance begins to infuse itself within this ball where one is swaying and bending to balance its perilous leanings and a shadowy substance drifts in beguilingly, forming clouds.

fine, faint fingerings travel across the face like a trail of spiders, white-bodied, fat bagged bodies striated in indistinguishable floating colors, puffy bodies of membranous texture bloated and white with pale poisonous stuff within, all agilely mechanized on delicate legs trailing threadlike footsteps across the face

distinctly, seven rays from a telegraph pole, with the concise, classic beauty of angular convergence, seven rays shoot out and vanish, the circle of vacancy expanding swiftly after them so beautiful symmetrical inexplicable that what is their color launches itself vainly



from each window, presently, becomes an eye, briny cornea, dulled as by sea-water, pale glistening iris, pupil varying dizzily between light and darkness the eye bulges out of the livid membranous texture of houses

soft pulp, pale, silky to unimaginable fingerings streets rotating slowly received by pestle in mortar bumping shoes and dull light from pale mouthy visages stone metal wood unresistingly ground up dissolved together but undulate necessarily at constant bumping BY CHRIST ! the street the very stone the soft complacent arching buildings moving slowly the long pale street glows coiling it is luminous with a policeman is walking in veinous tissue, a dead carcass extends itself, the long undulating arteries, in gray silky pressure of flesh, the tiny, delicately pinkish veins all drained and emptied tunneling, through gray pulp of flesh, long unlivened by any blood, soft silky recepton of bumping, decay delicately interlaced in living fibre, greenish glow on silky membranes distended by rotting and a policeman walking yes yes present the disgusting semblance of squirming life in the drowned, dull undulation of the policeman bumping on soft veins, LOST a policeman wandering, tunneling with squeamish bumping hazardous on awkwardly yielding fissuring rot

Rounding a corner brings a man in whom even at a distance oneness exaggerates loneliness until his tentative visage and uncertain arm retain him as blind. It is a blind man stepping through the city and he halts the policeman, saying :

" You are a policeman. Let me present to you the following facts :

The circle should be abolished from the consideration of mathematicians. Within a generation the triangle, the rhomboid, the parallelogram, the polygon, the rectangle will triumph. Only a fool sees the circle as other than an  $x$  for uncertainties. I alone, and you, pursue the uneconomical circle.

Humanity spirals. Industry is in its most perfect form (if an archaic term will be intelligible to you) a tangent. But if we produce the tangent— " he paused, wagging his finger. " Don't bother to interrupt ", he continued,



"I am also deaf. But since it is inevitable that we meet again and again to-night, let me present the following paradigm :

Premise : Only one point is a center, and that stationary.

Now : Red, yellow and blue are the primary colors—three in number.

Therefor :— " he paused again and tapped his stick twice on the pavement. "Cogitate that ", he said and moved away. The policeman heard his voice again from the darkness, more forcibly. "Cogitate that !"

His shadow became the shadow of the street, running river-like, swiftly along the walls, and the policeman is a moment under the apex of two joined sloping planes hearing "I give as clues : five nails form the smell of glue ; growth is scissors, for example : a roof ; you cannot buttress glass, action, if negative, is not necessarily untransitional—as, a window, for example. I am at present constructing a machine for making time into sausages—eternity then will be ponderable and indigestible, analogy : clocks. " This came in a rapid voice veiled intonation and netted about the policeman his shadows starring in six irregular rays away from as many street lamps.

. . . . .

And suddenly the street became crowded with people.

The houses were silent, the street was silent too, but God ! the red, the yellows, the blue, the clipping, intersecting black, tailoring men against women crossing men striding in scattered rhythm extended looping surging to rough intensities.

under tossing faces and under rolling banners a man alone stepping hesitantly behind a frisking stick Mc Dowell as if leading a regiment apprehended as a unit only as following, aimless only in inappreciable zig-zags but following long suspended moments of waiting as awaiting music but triumphantly resuming, following

companies intersecting, harrying outward but as leaves branch precipitately from trees and yet following great waves of effort irresistible surging but following, following a tall man gesticulating with a companion, two women sidewise at a window, he drawing on gloves and a red-



haired boy with a pail white-spotted one who fingers a fawn-colored vest all following she moving aimlessly a red hat glanced at, figures hurrying subaltern-like officious gestures, messages ahead, following, hurrying, aimless activity bundled together dart-like directed ripples in a turbine-flow no more energized, the velocity of color merging in the zig-zag of lightning, and following, following, McDowell again, stepping, he in minute divergences but no bridge follows triangular section on section, diagonal truss on zig-zagging span with more direct and driven force than tossing, green, yellow, red, white faces spiked and tossing like banners

and a policeman stumping finds McDowell again, asking, "How do you like this? Does this not shake your faith in circles?" Bubbling yeastily, the policeman finds articulation, "No?"

"But you have perceived that they are shadows, unrealities? I see your nickel buttons through the corsage of a fat boarding-house-keeper lady—"

"They do not contest my reality like the others", the policeman gets out, seeing unhappily that the blind and deaf McDowell has not understood a word. Taking his revenge, he continues, "It's people like you—" while McDowell unheeding went on talking about red wraps and green trousers,—"I saw them in full regalia, white plumes and purple mantles, striding by fours with drums and fife, now and you a policeman when the crowd gathers roaring and then scatters running in diverging arpeggios of movement—" "What could you see you dummy?" the policeman bursts out, his words sinking like a stone in McDowell's steady utterance, but among the faces that drip and toss and burst and blow on again like bubbles one face becomes clear the others fading behind it into the dimness of some old fresco painted on bare wall long since grown pallid silky dim with wearing, one face he sees his brother

the old man's neglected fist upheld a fork piercing a slice of pancake his face gaping never-to-be-forgotten all in the familiar yellow-lighted dining room "What ails the lad? Hey? Get him out o' here! Don't let me lay my hands on him!"



If you go around a corner, he is there, leaning against a wall with reddish hands and a ragged sweater collar over a greasy mechanic's coat. "Why won't she let me in?"

The time in the parlor. Mr Hubbard a center of apprehension. "It wouldn't have been Edward. Not my son, Mr Hubbard." Fingering a doily. "Ma'am, I tell you I saw them. I opened the back door slow-like and there was three of them at the till. Two I didn't recognize but—"

We lie on the grass after swimming in the center of the gang. "She give me a dollar for the shirt and it was only forty-eight cents. I knocked down—" The others are not shocked. They laugh

"Why won't she let me in?"—"I got a job with the Electric Light Company—snow plow."

It is a wall and the policeman leans against it, shaking his head slowly as a face following in the soundless throng, moving in voiceless persistence, drifting into obscurity, surging again it grows and flushes again, expanding and paling with the forceless velocity of lightning it obscures the houses, but their silky pallor is represented here, their soft texture poisonous to the unimaginable finger-touch, the vast round face the puffed nose the bristled forgotten chin the eyes briny as the bulge of windows, the crowd is hidden but it runs through throbbing with unhuman colors streamlike undefined indistinctly merging and now the mouth opening in a mild malicious beggar's grin

is swallowed as the face shrinks untransitionally as a punctured balloon into a face tossing as the crowd follows, elliptically rounding out of nothing to swerve upward in the incalculable spiral of distance.



And McDowell again, stepping, all rags on a string. "Remember, all cure is the concentrated pain of the disease."

But again his brother, and now this crowd, moving so silently, as if revisiting some phantom festival, is stabbed through with thunder and the echo of thunder he has his cap drawn down, the visor conceals the eyes, his shoulder slouched, with adder-like assurance one sees he has aimed a pre-calculated blow and he follows with vicious glancing light-footed he follows one among the moving crowd, is it thunder? is it any sound at all, this dull trepidation that shakes the heart inwardly and the policeman dimming, confusing, oh ! this roaring that swells only within the ear ballooning tumult with the gray circular hat-brim crushing

it is all dizzying, the crowd, spattering among the bubbling thunderclaps has quickened into broad criss-crossing streaks of color becoming orange and the policeman his body slack within the muffling cloth, the policeman leaning, the egg-shaped head swimming soft as jelly melted into the impress of the circular hat, eye following as a thousand objects the one face interweaving, stitching gray through the wriggling stream of orange

the policeman, stiff legs sinking, sagging wax kneelessly within sculptured wrinkles the bumping bronze boots clamping to the pavement the molten feet within and through punctuated parabolas the city circling beyond the lashing color in a silence of thunder that he realizes to have been as surfaceless and tenuous as a crystal globe hung on light wires about his head only after a rigid voice rods with terror :

"Come ! Mister ! Officer ! Officer ! My house has been broken into ! Come ! Quick !"

He lifts mountains as he straightens and moves unevenly toward a woman's figure that through the pale texture is constantly shifting between light and darkness of what is a wrap of some kind is crying incoherently, "In the dining room—a sweater and a cap—I put on the lights—oh ! It's the first time. My husband—you must come, he got his gun away and he has him now—Come !—he may get away—and my husband has him—" there was now in that yellow



room some diffuseness of purpose that penetrated the walls and that was fourteen—seventeen years ago all that for the convergence of destiny strung on the darting lines he whining, "Why won't she let me in?" and now the whirl of orange vanishes and she is white there calling accentlessly indistinguishable words there is room here for slow thought, room here and the policeman it is a yellow room something was lacking there some point of fate but it must be jammed back seventeen years accordeon-like folded again and he balances the weight trembling as she reaches for his arm : come !

as the woman seized his arm past and present met with the crash of catastrophe and among the roaring that whirled him up was it McDowell crying to the apex, "Remember the parallelogram of forces"? but the room the yellow room is as clear as day his father collarless and he shouted with a sense of warning her, "I can't ! I can't ! It's my brother !"

but she shrieks again at him the white figure before black between the yellow and once more "I can't ! I can't !" the force overtook him and he lashed his fists at her he beat and tore was she entirely a creature of the wind? the sense was that he was stunning himself for giant hammerings beat at him coming from her screaming but he beat at her still to smash her back into the room for a moment the years were crumbling and he saw behind her down the street approaching the blind man stepping gently forward in his manner the satisfied assurance of complete foreknowledge, in that flash no line cut on steel was ever clearer than the world that rushed at the eyes of the policeman to be burst apart and swallowed in the gust of red and the figure before him fell backward, he yelling, as it swept him running and rolling wildly down the street to be heard long after the woman and the blind McDowell had halted staring at each other, "Tell him ! Tell him ! Tell him ! Tell that one ! He's the one to blame. It's my brother and he's to blame. Tell him ! Tell him !"

ROBERT COATES.

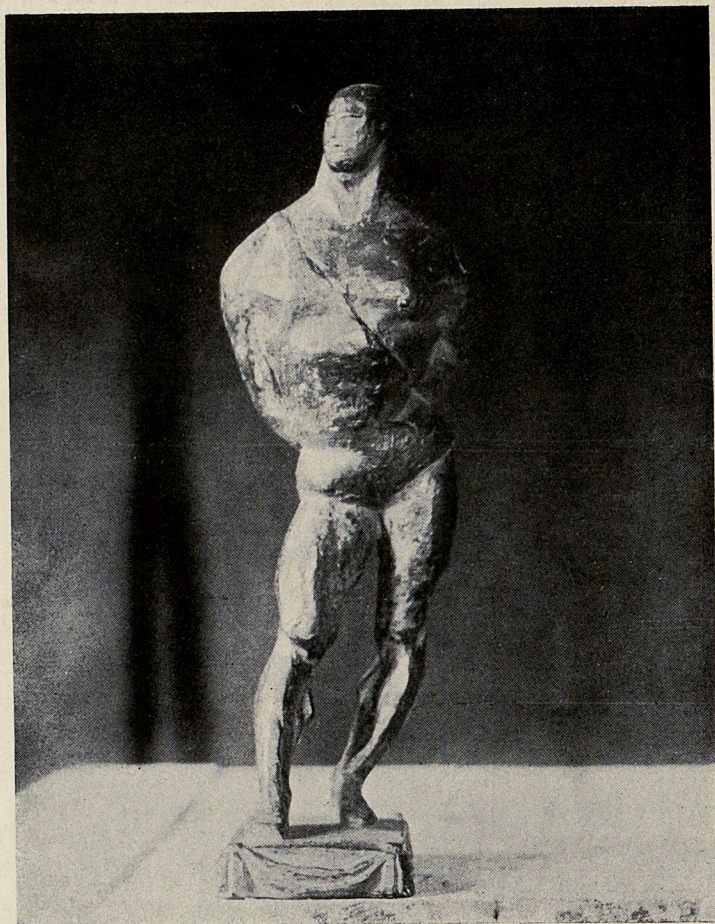




Painting

Horace Brodzky





Sculpture

J. Wallace Kelly



## CONCERNING JAMES SMITH

Somewhere in "Jurgen" Mr Cabell makes the amusing statement that the pawnbroker's profession is an admirable niche for the retired poet. There is something vaguely reminiscent, almost familiar in the collection of verse, *The Barcarole of James Smith And Other Poems*, by Mr Herbert S. Gorman, recently published by G. P. Putnam's Sons. This impression of remembrance became so strong that in an endeavor to discover the reason perhaps a more than sub-conscious search for old friends ensued. In "Love's Fanatic" is Louis Untermeyer's sure satirical touch. "The Intolerable Procession" became a page by Siegfried Sassoon while in "Einstein Practices" lurked T. S. Elliot. There is no suggestion of plagiarism intended. Merely a hint at inoriginality. It is as though in a rummage through the shop an old coat had been found to which new pockets had been added or another boutonniere attempted. Most of us prefer a new coat even if it is not so perfectly tailored.

"The Son of Dawn", the story of Kit Marlowe, a long but interesting poem has its high moments and is without doubt the finest in the collection. There are many lines which if there were space could bear quoting. Of the lyrics, "The Satyrs and the Moon", and "Look Here, Upon this Picture", a tribute to Elinor Wylie, are the ones to remember.

In the poem "Masterbrook" are two verses, the second and the last, which seem to bear upon my criticism: the last I quote in fairness to Mr Gorman.

"But wiser thinkers pricked the huge balloons  
Of colored speech he soared so cleverly,  
With needles of plain logic, and his tunes  
From subtlety turned sheer banality.

So Masterbrook would talk down Time to laughter  
While wiser men would talk it up to grief,  
And when he died, to thousands who came after  
He stood a symbol and departed chief".

MARGARETTA VAN R. SCHUYLER.



# D E C O R A T I O N S

## I

There is a town of cardboard cut and pasted,  
a coloured-paper town in arbitrary folds :  
children abandoned it somewhere in winter at  
the edge of the sea.

Look closer : the hands of children have soiled  
the walls.

The sea is a violent blue of picture postcards,  
but do not approach, do not touch it, the sea  
is real.

I found a flower cast up by the sea, a flower  
composed of thousands and ten thousands of animals  
minutely bound together so as to form

a spray of lilac, a pink-and-yellow spray like  
faded lilac, but my flower, the sea-flower,  
smelt dead.

The town itself has the air of something faintly  
dead and marine : a species of wilted flower cast up by the sea.



## II

Some day I hope to wade out silently  
to float away in silence on the sea.

Some day to drop my alien clothes and glide  
into the water naked when the tide

commences its quotidian retreat  
when seabound currents suck against my feet

and little inborn ripples lap my thighs  
to draw a sharper breath, open my eyes

against a setting sun and, leisurely  
watch the tide ebb and follow it to sea.

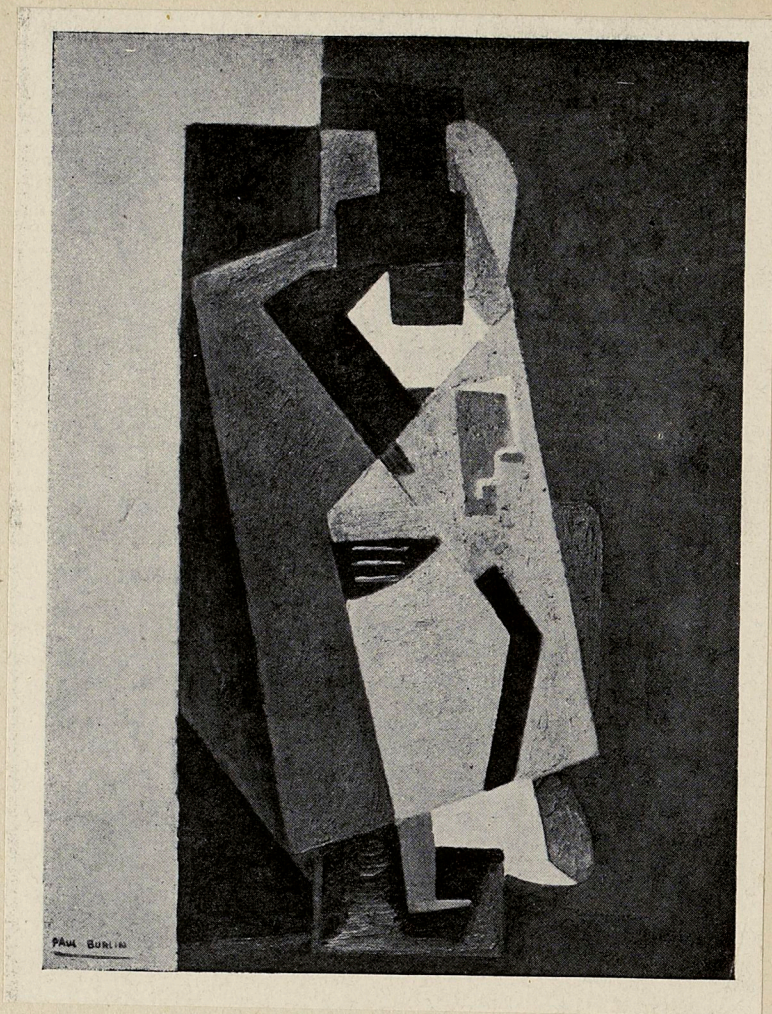
Not that I wish to die but rather more  
to drift, gently, against another shore

and so with seaweed trailing from my hand  
naked to rise upon the naked sand

a decorative figure on the sand,

MALCOLM COWLEY.





Painting

Paul Burlin



## CHILDREN OF THE NIGHT

*El fior che sol potea pormi fra dei  
Quel fior che intatto io mi venia serbando  
Per non turbar, ohime! l'animo casto,  
Ohime! il bel fior colui m'ha colto, e gusto.*

*Mémoires de Casanova.*

The express from Frankfurt to Cologne had come to a stop beside an unknown town now relapsing into the soft rainy twilight which had crept up from the vague prairies washed by the Rhine. This little city, encountered by chance in the course of a banal journey, interested me by its air at once mysterious and unpretending, and I was not sorry to turn from my travelling companion, Jacques Derennes, with his endless, if colorful, autobiography, and enjoy, through the vignette of the carriagewindow, the picture of grassy streets under goblin turrets, ascending to a single gray old tower set on a hill, and surrounded by a tender perspective of dim meadows and fading fields.

It was a little retrospect of the Rhineland of 1922 before the present glorious epoch of model cities and the Proletarian Bureaucracy, an evocation of the bad, mad old days of my own youth in a carnivalesque Germany where cabinet ministers were murdered every other Thursday and their murderers committed harikari on the stroke of midnight in ruined castles. That feverish and fascinating Germany has gone, and we shall never know it again; but for two exiles who had lived on into the year of grace, 1948, its sudden apparition in the form of this spectral burg, abandoned, as it were, by the wayside, was as gracious as a tankard of true Pilsner borne by a miracle to a thirsty Yankee. I am not Jacques Derennes, and thus I search in vain for a more romantic comparison.



I was about to communicate this impression to my comrade who for some moments had been silent, but when I turned to him, the words perished on my lips. Bolt upright, his hands clenched, he stared through the window with an expression of singular wildness, and the obscurity was not too great for me to see that he was very pale.

"Not possible", he murmured. And then, with a curious accent, "thirty years ago".

Knowing well my companion, I should have ordinarily taken this for one of those half-calculated overtures with which he sometimes preluded the recital of some gallant or subtle adventure. But this time, whatever was its cause, his trouble was immistakable and sincere. His lips quivered while he swept the perspective of the town with his eyes, and as if overcome by a memory too frightful or too poignant for endurance, he put his hand before them.

Then the train began to move. Lights sprang up in the compartment, restoring to view the faded red cushions, covered with illustrated papers, and the mural representations of casinos and bathing-beaches. The town, with its zigzag streets and solitary ramparts, moved slowly out of sight. My friend leaned back in his place with a sigh like one shaking off the malefice of a crushing recollection.

"Sorry", he said "And I am very embarrassed to explain just what ailed me a moment ago. It is, I suppose, that the consciousness of old age which, habitually, we accept so much as a matter of course that it ceases to be conscious, stabs us at moments, like an old wound. Some trifle, some accident—some antique tango, a photograph long mislaid, the sight of a faded town, forgotten for years and suddenly seen from a passing train—opens out long vistas of recollection and reveals in a flash our irreclaimable youth, epoch of supreme opportunity and supreme mischance. It is a mirror that leaves no cruel lineament unrevealed; the present confronts us in its full cynicism, and—we remember the days that have been.

"It was in the autumn of 1922, the fourth year of the Occupation. As a Frenchman, one was not very well viewed here, and opportunities for amusement were so rare that I yielded to the entreaties of a German friend—a music-hall artist—who begged me to pass the evening at a masked ball to be given in the town we have just seen.



'Come in costume', he added laughing, 'And since you speak German, the presence of the invader will not be remarked.'

I rode out alone from Dusseldorf, my friend having preceeded me by an earlier train. It was long after nightfall when I reached A—. At ten o'clock in the evening the crooked streets were deserted as a cemetery, and looked even more unreal under a thin rain which was beginning to fall. Enveloped in a huge burnous, ignorant of the town, uncertain of the direction and hardly able to keep my footing, I own that I was not very happy, and I heartily regretted having come. Finally by a miracle I found the house where the masquerade was to be held, and which, as if masked itself, presented a blank row of shuttered windows to the empty street which was sinister and ill-lighted, lying in a remote modern quarter of the town near the railroad. Only the name of the street and the number 15, painted in great black letters across the fanlight of the entry, told me that I had not gone utterly astray.

After a moment's hesitation, during which I examined this equivocal facade, I rang the bell, and, being admitted, found myself in a long passage where some nondescript creatures in black peered at my ticket through the slits in their masks and motioned me forward. Beyond me was the warm red light of the hall cut every moment by the gross shadows of dancers as they passed. Have you read Wilde's poem *The Harlot's House*. Or have you seen those futurist ballets, so in vogue twenty years ago, where the personages were not only travestied beyond recognition, but had their heads and hands incredibly enlarged so that the simplest gesture was rendered superhumanly grotesque and even horrible. Well it was like that, only worse. At first I thought I had penetrated into a madhouse at recreation. Not a single human visage, not an atom of flesh was visible. All these people were masked, and what is more remained so. Effigies which seemed spawned from a nightmare, from the most monstrous dream, passed whirling, in the arms of phantom partners, or executed strange steps of an antique gaiety, the very sedateness of which emphasised their absurdity in which there was almost a touch of horror. It was as if they were there for some occult and ulterior purpose, as if one and all, they had something to conceal. It was impossible to believe that under all those dreadful disguises



dwelt ruddy skins and sane souls, the honest everyday physiogomies of a quiet town. No, it was something more lawless, more unnatural. Perhaps once a week or once a year these people came together goaded by one of those primitive impulses which produced the *Sabbats* of the Middle Ages, and heavily draped and hidden one from another, allowed for once their real souls to be seen, their souls but not their faces. The drums crashed, the music sobbed and reverberated; it was a true pandemonium, an inferno. My head swam, and so inhuman, so abominable were most of the travesties surrounding me, that it was hard to distinguish the living from the dead; it seemed that, in another moment, inanimate objects—the very buffets and chairs—would rise and revolve in a ghastly waltz, a terrifying pantomime.

It was a manifold symbol of the madness which survived the war, and overshadowed the early years of the Germany we have both known in our youth. Yes, it was that, the living image of the old society, the old world rushing down to destruction conscious of one thing only—the brutal appetite to seize the beloved, to satiate the sick nerves, to roll together in the gulf before the stars paled, and the music faltered and died, and one by one the lights went out before the catastrophe—. And though I had come there in all innocence, expecting nothing extraordinary, a contagion of depravity seized me also. It would have taken a stronger head than mine to have resisted. My heart beat, and I ground my teeth in the effort to keep down the outrageous trouble, the vague desires which mounted in me. I wanted something with all the strength of my being, and I little knew or cared in what form it came. In that moment I was capable of anything and capable of all.

Vainly seeking my friend, I made my way through the press, and found an empty table where I could examine at leisure the wild and dissolute crew. It was worth a moment's scrutiny. All vices, all deformities, all secret sins and veiled desires, all the morbidities of soul and body, looked out from those shrouded eyes, burned in the solicitation of those gloved hands, spoke in the contact of those cynical bodies rustling in cardboard and satin. And all the time no one spoke. I was suddenly conscious that, ever since entering the hall, I had not heard a human voice. Either all sounds were extinguished in the abominable blare made by the musicians, masked also like the guests, or else people did not dare to raise their voices anymore than they did their masks.



Had one of them done so, the reality behind might have been too horrible.

Suddenly, to my real relief, I heard behind me, on the other side of the partition, a sound that was like the breaking of crystal thrown into the midst of that monstrous merrymaking, where nobody spoke, and only the infernal orchestra filled the void with a din more appalling than the eternal silences. For the first time in a half-hour I heard a human voice, and a voice, *mon vieux*, that I hear still after the interval of thirty years, young, low, indescribably captivating—the voice of a woman or a child. The curtains opened, and three new noctambules came in. Two of them were heavily swathed in huge dominoes, sewn with black lilies, silver birds, every variety of fantasy. The third, who was little and slight, leaned between them fraternally, dressed in the mauve costume of a page or mignon under Henri III, and wore no mask. I could scarcely contain a cry of admiration. The face was itself so beautiful that for the first moment, I did not think of asking myself whether its possessor was a woman or a singularly handsome boy. Smile if you like, be cynical, but I swear that for once in my life, and only for a moment, I knew the unrelated happiness that angels must feel in contemplation of the Eternal Beauty. It may have been a state of nerves due to my abnormal surroundings, but, for a moment, the seraphic face of the little page seemed to dominate the smoke-dimmed hall, full of so many bad passions, of things ugly and inexplicable, like one of those exquisite mediaeval cherubim in Italian paintings erect amid a company of demons.

After the first moment, this feeling of pure aesthetic pleasure (if you will) gave place to a less objective sentiment. The page had begun to dance with one of his companions who, I am convinced, was a woman, and it became increasingly evident, alas, that the face and body which at first had seemed so enchanting, could not be those of a girl. Decidedly I was on the wrong tack. That extreme slimness, those long flanks, fine nervous legs, the masses of dark gold hair piled low on the little head and nevertheless cut too short, above all, something masterful and assured, something male in the gray eyes—all this convinced me that so far as gallant adventure were concerned I might as well have stayed at home. Moreover, I had no desire to investigate what lay behind all those other equivocal travesties. I felt with some indignation that my friend had



led me into an environment wholly special and worse than irregular, and I had no wish to see more of it. Once or twice the page passed me in the arms of a partner, and each time our glances crossed he turned his eyes away incuriously, and each time, strange to say, I was conscious of the vague sensation of happiness and disquiet in which his entrance had thrown me.

It was necessary to finish somehow the baroque evening ; I called for my cloak and went out. My friend had found me a room for the night in a private dwelling house. Midnight tolled sadly from half a dozen spires. My steps led me through unfrequented byways of the old city, past dumb rows of peaked houses, all dark and enigmatic in the ghastly radiance of a whitefaced moon which had risen over my shoulder, and seemed to watch me as I retreated rapidly down the road like one who escapes.

Once undressed and in bed, I found it impossible to sleep. Cold moonlight flowed in silently through the open casement, describing a livid triangle at the foot of the bed, and forming a pool of liquid clarity on the floor. I became disagreeably aware of the presence of glimmering household objects all around, advancing more and more precisely from the shadows. The china swains and mandarins on the mantel grimaced and gestured at each other ; the ivory arms of a crucifix stretched out wirelike, horrible. A whole Sabbath of cats howled outside like lost souls, preparing their own intimate and macabre amusements. I was gradually oppressed by a feeling not remote from horror. Sometimes a wave of sleep overwhelmed me, and then the spectral personages I had seen that evening disputed my peace, masks without eyes, masks imitating every possible mutilation, masks without faces behind them. It was a repetition of the scene I had witnessed, heightened by the fact that this time I was wholly without resource and at the mercy of my unhappy imagination. I would have given my soul to have heard again the voice which had broken like crystal on the terrifying vacuity of the dance hall, annihilating its bad magic. Every nerve was awake and bristling as the legions of the dark marshalled at the foot of the bed to advance soundlessly, inexorably, like madness.

At that moment there was a knocking at the door.

" Who is there? " I cried sharply.

The creature outside made no reply, but knocked again softly and insistently.



I was incapable of saying "herein". What incredible shape, what obscene prodigy of the night would my sick brain conjure up to draw aside the curtain, showing some appalling visage, some ghastly gesture which would complete the shipwreck of my nerves? I waited for the apparition without power to utter a word.

The door opened, and I saw, clearly revealed in every line, fretted with silver by the moon, the violet figure of the little page.

The second reaction, produced by the same means as the first, was so unexpected, so violent, that I could almost have sobbed with relief. The youngling made no sound, but undid the ribbons of his doublet, appearing in his white shirt, and kicked off his pumps. With an air of weariness he then climbed up on the bed and fell across the counterpane, his dim golden head half buried in the pillow.

'Are you asleep Fritzchen?' he said in his grave, sweet voice, and, without waiting for an answer, 'I am so tired—I have danced up to the end.'

It was then no dream of supernatural visitation but a natural error as to room mate. Now, of course was, the moment to rise in the full dignity of an officer of the Armies of the Republic, however momentarily reduced in habiliment, state in a few words the mistake, and invite my young visitor amicably to seek his bed elsewhere. But the memory of the phantom-haunted moments I had passed before his entrance, mixed with some obscure instinct I still seek in vain to clarify, combined to chain me to my place.

The boy shifted his position slightly so that the light fell directly on the charming puerile head, revealing the strange purity of the profile, intagliated, as it were, on the pillow, and his eyes, the color of seawater, meditative under black lashes. I thought of Anacreon's lines in which the genial poet receives in his chamber another child, naked and wandering in the night, with results disastrous to his later peace. If this were not the literal god of love in person, it was, as Mirabeau might have said, his first cousin. Within the last few minutes, my mind had become marvelously tranquilized. The night appeared like a vast pool of sleep, immensely calm, beneficent, starred by floating images, innocent and happy like water-lilies. No natural instinct warned me of the adorable reality hidden behind this ingenuous symbol. It was only as if some



impalpable and lovely presence flooded the dark with peace, dispelling all that still lurked secret and ugly, as the silver clarities of the moon irradiated the shadows of the room.

'I am so tired', said again the crystaline voice at my side. 'Goodnight Fritz—sleep well—and to-morrow'.

His lips brushed my cheek; then he turned his face from the moonlight, and a moment later he slept. I reflected a moment, but a great tide of sleep overwhelmed me, and I too knew no more—.

"And that is all?" I inquired.

"Not quite", said Derennes with an effort. "I should add that when I awoke I found myself alone in the bed. For comprehensible reasons, I avoided all explanation with the good woman of the house, but took the first train back to Dusseldorf. Two years later I was taking an early morning walk in a remote part of the Tiergarten at Berlin. A carriage came toward me driven slowly under the green light of the forest so that I took in at a glance the liveries of two solemn lackeys as well as some vague armorial insignia. In the carriage sat a beautiful girl. Pale, very pale in the matinal light, as one who returns listless from the bed of her lover, she leaned back on the cushions, and the sun gleamed on the tawny masses of hair piled low on the charming puerile head, and lighted the eyes, the color of seawater, meditative under black lashes. I saw her as I see you now; I would have known her among a thousand; I have never seen her since".

"It is not much of a story Derennes", I said after a pause.

"No", he rejoined, "it is a little scabrous taken in one way, a little ridiculous taken in another; it is trivial and tragic and, worst of all, quite improbable. In short it is very like life".

Conversation languished, and each of us, a little embarrassed, looked from the window at the violet copses and dim fields outlined in the dull silver of a moon that had arisen melancholy and without a meaning.

CUTHBERT WRIGHT.



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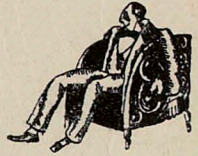
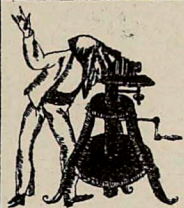
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