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A TESTAMENT.

I have become an old man and my mother is dead. I live in a town in Ohio. My foot, that is all twisted out of shape, became that way because one summer I decided I would not work in a factory any more and took a job with some men who paint roofs. It was a mistake, I am too much of a dreamer to paint roofs. I forgot myself. One day I absentmindedly walked off a roof into the sky. It is better for me to work in a factory.

It is evening and I am sitting on a pile of railroad ties near my boarding house out near the edge of our town. I am thinking about myself. I am thinking about the town I live in, the factory I work in. I am thinking about my lame foot, about birds that fly around, about cows that eat grass in pastures, about how my father once stood up to another man who was larger than he and how the two men fought. I would not have done that. I would have run away.

I may be my own father. He is dead now. Why could that not be!

My eyes are sore and I do not see very well. I wonder if that is a bird I see flying low over the top of a tree. It might be a man walking in a path across a field. It might be a boy throwing a stone. I threw stones when I was a boy.

One who has bad eyes cannot look along winding twisted paths. If you dream as I do you cannot look back along the paths of your life. That is a thought. I have many thoughts. I could have been a preacher.

Everything in my mind flies about. That is why I have a lowly place in our factory. It must be so. That is why I have no wife and children. That is why I have strange dreams.

I must have been a beautiful boy. When I was a boy people stopped to look at me. Both men and women stopped to look at me.

I work in a bicycle factory. The man who works in the same room with me is named Biffer Smith. He is a short man with a round belly and big black mustache. The place I work in is called an enamelling shed. The enamelling shed is separated from the rest of the factory because in the enamelling of bicycles liquids are used that are likely at any time to catch fire and explode.

I like to sit on the pile of ties by the railroad near my boarding house in the evening and dream. I dream I am a dry leaf blown by a November wind. I dream I am a bird sailing on a wind.

I have dreamed I am a blackbird and that it is a morning in the spring.

I am one of a flock of a hundred blackbirds flying in the sky. A flock of a hundred blackbirds would not blacken the sky so a man with weak eyes could see them.

We are flying along in the sky, rising and falling. We are like the waves of a sea. We are flying, all of us together in the sky over our town. Our wings make a soft rustling sound.

Softly and swiftly we fly. We come out of a wood south of our town. It is a warm morning in May. There are perhaps thirty streets of frame houses in our town. There must be thirty-five hundred people here. I once worked on roofs, painting them. I fell off a roof. That's how I got lame.

It is about ten o'clock in the morning when we came out of the wood. Before that we had been walking about on the warm earth of a young cornfield. We pulled up the tender young corn blades and ate them. Sometimes the kernels of corn that were put into the ground for seed came out of the ground with the young corn blades. Young, fragrant, succulent roots were creeping out of the soft kernels of corn. We ate our fill and by nine o'clock had flown back into the wood to sit swaying on tree tops.

A farm hand drove us out of the wood. He crept along beneath bushes with a shot gun in his hand. He fired the gun into a tree. The shot rattled through the leaves. We flew away crying wildly. Our way led over the town, over the town.

How quiet a town when every one has gone to work at a factory. Women are hanging out clothes on clothes lines. People's clothes are ugly.

We flew over the town. How sweet the air is.

The bicycle factory in our town was built twenty years ago. I went to work in the enamelling room when I was a boy. The foundations for the factory were laid during the winter. In the spring men and women went to work there. That's when I went to work, too.

When I was a blackbird, flying in the May morning I flew with the other birds along a street, just skimming above the tops of maple trees. We went along a winding dirt road. Smoke rolled out at the chimney of the factory. The houses along the street were dirty. I live in an ugly house now. At the factory faces peered out at windows. The faces at the windows looked like the faces of people in a prison. We did not care. We flew high and free. It was a May morning and the young corn was just coming up in the fields.

In a bicycle factory several hundred bicycles are made every day. There is a thing called a frame that is made first. The frames are carted on trucks along an elevated runway to the enamelling shed. They are enamelled by Biffer Smith and myself.

In an enamelling shed there are long tanks filled with a black shiny liquid. A vapor arises and stings the eyes. It does not hurt Biffer Smith's eyes. The frames are dipped into the tanks and hung up on hooks to dry before they are put into the ovens that stand at the end of the room to bake.

Biffer Smith and I stand over the tanks dipping the frames. My eyes sting and my throat hurts but his throat does not hurt. He sings. Flocks of blackbirds fly high up overhead, going away to the fields.

Biffer Smith is sixty years old. He had a daughter once. She got drowned in the lake. She was no longer a virgin when that happened, but Biffer did not know and his wife did not know. I did it. It was in a barn on Saturday afternoon. She asked me to do it.

Biffer Smith has a son. He only has one leg. He lost his leg hopping a freight train. He is a man now and gets drunk.

Biffer gets drunk. He was once a carriage painter and had a shop of his own. He is short and has a big belly. His hair is curly and he has a big mustache. On Wednesday morning he begins to sing a song and keeps on singing it until our shop is closed on Saturday night. "Saturday night and supper on the table," he sings over and over.

There is a small dirty frame house along a railroad track back of our bicycle factory. In it lives a woman who has a bad reputation. Her husband owns a team and hauls lime to our town from a limekiln eight miles away. He leaves his house at daylight and comes back at night or in the late afternoon. When there is a lot of building going on he takes two trips a day and does not get home until ten o'clock at night.

Men come down the railroad track to visit his wife. Biffer and I see them creeping in at the side door of the house. Biffer Smith tells me a story of how on the night before he got in bed with his wife and what happened.

My hands tremble. Bicycle frames are held by hooks to be dipped into tanks. They slip off the hooks and fall to the bottom of the tanks. I put in my arms and fish them out. My arms are brown. They used to be white but they are now brown. I cannot wash them white. Whenever a man goes into the house of the lime hauler to visit the lime hauler's wife I drop frames into the dipping tanks. My eyes are sore all the time. I cannot hold my hands steady over the tanks. In the evening when I come here to sit I cannot see the paths that run through the fields by the side of the railroad tracks.

A TESTAMENT: THE LAME ONE

At night when there are no lights my city is a man who arises from a bed to stare into darkness.

In the daytime my city is the son of a dreamer. He has become the companion of thieves and prostitutes. He has denied his father.

My city is a thin old man who lives in a rooming house in a dirty street. He wears false teeth that have become loose and make a sharp clicking noise when he eats. He cannot find himself a woman and indulges in self abuse. He picks cigar ends out of the gutter.

My city lives in the roofs of houses, in the eaves. A woman came to my city and he threw her far down out of the eaves on a pile of stones. Nobody knew. Those who live in my city declare she fell.

There is an angry man whose wife is unfaithful. He is my city. My city is in his hair, in his eyes. When he breathes his breath is the breath of my city.

There are many cities standing in rows. There are cities that sleep, cities that stand in the mud of a swamp.

I have come here to my city.

I have walked with my city.

I have limped slowly forward at night with my city.

My city is very strange. It is tired and nervous. My city has become a woman whose mother is ill. She creeps in the hallway of a house and listens in the darkness at the door of a room.

I cannot tell what my city is like.

My city is a kiss from the feverish lips of many tired people.

My city is a murmur of voices coming out of a pit.

A TESTAMENT: A YOUNG MAN.

I found you fighting in the waves of a sea.

A soldier came to my house. His hands were dirty. He had made a mess and besmeared himself. He told me you had thrown yourself into the sea. He said you were fighting desperately to make your way back out of the sea.

I went to the seashore but did not find you.

You were walking in the streets of a city.

Something had made you proud and arrogant.

You spoke of a goddess who walks by the seashore in silence. She wears heavy gold wristlets and in her hair is a chain of finely wrought silver.

It was your intention to go on a long journey. We spoke of the matter at length. I watched you closely and understood your most intimate thoughts. You muttered that something had been sacrificed. You spoke of blood that had befouled the grass in the fields.

For a long time I was absorbed in watching you. Your coming cold and in doubt out of the sea did not interest me but your intention of going on a journey was intensely interesting.

Your journey no doubt lasted a lifetime. It lasted through the lifetime of yourself and your father and grandfather.

Wherever you went you bathed yourself. Bathing had become a passion with you.

You bathed in a brook.

You bathed yourself with prayers in a church.

You bathed yourself with love in the presence of men.

You went into a lonely place to bathe yourself with thoughts.

What is the most curious fact of all is that you became an unreality to me. For a long time I had the notion that you had ceased to exist—that you had been blown out like a candle. I thought you had died and that someone had erected a statue to you—that you had become a thing of stone and iron.

I have just found out that you have come out of the sea and home from a journey.

By the shore of the sea there are bushes and I have seen you crawling beneath bushes to look at a goddess who walks by the seashore in silence.

She wears heavy gold wristlets and in her hair is a chain of finely wrought silver.

SHERWOOD ANDERSON.

OLYMPIANS

After the Wilsons moved from Edgewood, their house was left empty for nearly two months; at the end of this time it was occupied by a Mr. Beck, who put a little black and gold sign in his window, "J. J. Beck, Instructor in Music." Also, Mr. Beck joined the Methodist Church on Braddock Avenue, and gave five dollars to the local ball team. When asked to become affiliated with the gymnasium, Mr. Beck said they were doing invaluable good towards the upbuilding of healthy American manhood, but that he personally was denied all violent exertion, owing to cardiac rheumatism. He gave full assurance of his moral support, however.

Within a year Mr. Beck had convinced every one that he was an asset to the community. As a member of the Christian Entertainment Committee he had applied himself with an earnestness that was not easily forgotten, and already he had piloted seven little girls and two boys safely through Czerny, both elementary and intermediate. The Howardell's eldest daughter, Dorothy, was even playing the "Valse" by Durand, and the "Scarf Dance" by somebody, but she had taken lessons before Mr. Beck taught her, and was unusually gifted anyhow. Besides, she was older, now being nearly fifteen.

A disagreeable incident took place in the basement of the church once, when a chapter of the Boy Scouts was being organized. One little ruffian nominated Mr. Beck as scout-master, causing a subdued titter to pass around the room; but he was afterwards reprimanded by the minister, and his own father as well. A younger and sturdier man was elected scout-master, of course, and no further mention was made of the matter. It is even doubtful if Mr. Beck ever got wind of it.

Aside from this one incident, which was of no importance as it was occasioned by a mere child, Mr. Beck was treated everywhere with consideration and respect. The minister's wife used to invite him now and then to speak at one of her teas on "The Appreciation of Music," or "Music as a Factor in Education," or some such subject, where he always charmed his audience with his astonishing modesty, a certain lovable shyness, and a wealth of anecdotes taken from the lives of great musicians. And nothing is more illustrative of his goodness of heart than the fact that, although he was by far the best musician in the community, he refused to hear of replacing the church organist.

Perhaps the quality which went farthest towards Mr. Beck's popularity was this pathetic modesty of his. Although he knew so *much*, he seemed to be continually apologizing for his presence. One might almost say that he was timid. When he was introduced to anyone, he stuttered noticeably, and retired from a conversation as soon as was possible within the bounds of politeness. He was tall and thin, which with his ailment, the cardiac rheumatism, gave him a very *fragile* appearance, so that one would inevitably treat him with a kind of tenderness almost without knowing it. As a result Mr.

Beck always brought with him into the room an air of peace and mildness, and any one who talked to him for any length of time was left with an impression of how lovely life can be if we but choose to make it so.

So that Mr. Beck was sweetly and inexorably removed from the class of eligible men, and looked upon as a kindly institution. With an unquestioning docility, he walked in the path that was laid out for him, shielded his failing soul with umbrella and goloshes, kept it sufficiently warm with the horrible respect of his acquaintances. The facts of his own flesh and blood, however, caused him to suffer a mild degradation, which made all of his contacts with life awkward for him. This was the cause of his timidity, or his *fragility*.

All of which agitations culminated when he was teaching the Howardell's eldest daughter, little Dorothy, who was now nearly fifteen, and was his favorite pupil.

*

Three times a week she came here with her music-roll, corrected her *espressivos*, practised her fourth finger, and when Mr. Beck praised her, fed her healthy little ego with satisfaction. To Dorothy, Mr. Beck was simply a nervous "Good morning, Dorothy," a pulling of a chair up beside her at the piano, and a voice in her ear that made suggestions, with a queer licking sound in its throat after it swallowed. To Dorothy, none of this was especially pleasant, but it must be gone through before one can play before visitors, and was therefore beyond question. Miss Sweeny was a Catholic, while father said that the teachers downtown charged too much. Then again, she really preferred Mr. Beck in a way. For Mr. Beck meant music to her; the taking of lessons was clearly associated with Mr. Beck; when she went to Mr. Beck, she was performing one of the functions of all the music students in her Sunday school class.

This morning Dorothy was with him again, had come out of the first spring day and into the dark parlor with the picture of a man with side-whiskers over the piano. One of the windows was open a little, so that the spring air, and the soft noises outside, and the notes of Dorothy's "Witches' Revel" had commingled in a way that caused Mr. Beck to feel a mild and uncertain despair.

A few houses farther up the street, some boys were playing marbles, shooting against the curbstone; while directly across, the Wrights' washerwoman was standing in the doorway, leaning, her bare arms crossed gloriously on her breasts. The grass on the front lawns was sappy with the last of the melting snow. Dorothy had finished. "I want you to learn that well, Dorothy. . . . You know, you are my favorite pupil."

Dorothy was his favorite pupil. Dorothy his favorite pupil, and it was spring! That urge, then, was to awaken in them? The tender urge which lends poignancy to "The Barcarolle" and perpetuates the funny little grasshoppers? Were Dorothy and Mr. Beck to *sing* together? Mr. Beck's heart, already weakened as it was by rheumatism, fluttered irregularly with affirmation. The Olympian was rising within him, along with the sap in the trees outside. Apollo was stirring; Balder . . . But Dorothy had fastened her music-roll; she was leaving. "Good morning, Dorothy."

The next time Dorothy came for her music lesson, Mr. Beck felt strangely unfit. She stepped into the parlor, laid her hat and coat on the settee, and sat down at the piano. She was now ready for the voice to buzz in her ear, and make the funny licking sound when it swallowed. But Mr. Beck experienced a sudden fling of insolence. "It is going to be a wonderful spring, Dorothy." He was comforted with the tenderness of his own voice.

Dorothy spread out the "Dance of the Elves" before her. "Yes, Mr. Beck," she answered, obediently. Mr. Beck understood fatally that she had not responded. Somehow or other, he had expected something of her. There was a pause; Dorothy glanced with unconscious significance at the piano. Mr. Beck found something strangely disproportionate. It was as though he were walking arm in arm with a midget, or riding a puppy-dog on his back.

"Let me play you something, Dorothy." The piano became a lovable instrument. Dorothy arose from the stool with a puzzled "Yes, do, Mr. Beck." He seated himself in the place she had left; it was quite warm! He ran a scale, and was astonished that it was so *brilliant* a scale. "I shall play a little 'Albumblatt' of Beethoven." Here was he, and here was the piano; he felt very professional; yet he was trembling as he began to play.

He was elated by the daintiness of its arabesques. Then came a miniature *crescendo*, with its insistent bass, followed immediately by a clean chromatic descent in triplets. It transformed again into the arabesques, and was finished. . . . Mr. Beck left the piano with a feeling of surprise. He had taught this piece probably fifty times in his life, and never realized until now that it was so neat and white. Dorothy broke in with a dutiful "How fine it was, Mr. Beck," and that was all gone, too. Without spirit, he gave her her lesson.

After Dorothy had left, Mr. Beck was frank to himself about any number of things. The scene he had just been through made him weak with humiliation. And to have played for her; as though he had stood beneath her window as a troubadour.

Out of this unaccountable disgust, Mr. Beck tried to reach a determination. He must annihilate Dorothy from his head. For at best he could only wake her out of a dead sleep; at best prepare her for some coarse, brutal youth.

*

It was late, and they were returning in a street car. Dorothy was trying to hold her eyes

open, lulled by the low groan of the motor. In another fifteen minutes, thank God, Mr. Beck would leave her at her doorstep; she would go to bed without cleaning her teeth. Mr. Beck sat beside her, his eyes working over the other occupants of the car. Every one was dull, and detestable. But in Mr. Beck there was still a disturbance from his memory of the opera. The duet is so *bold*; the voices of a man and woman in harmonization, adapting themselves to each other, intertwining. The car jerked and groaned through the deserted streets. And they passed dark houses, shutting away all manner of things; houses that stood out frankly and openly, but within their walls, what slinking possibilities; houses with black corridors, with furniture and people in the shadows. These were sleeping houses, and as secret as caves.!

SCHERZANDO

As I entered the room, he was reading one of his poems to a very moth-eaten person. "*Catalogus Mulierum*," he grunted at me, and went on with the poem. From which I assumed that the title of the thing he was reading was "*Catalogus Mulierum*," or "A Catalogue of Women."

"Yes, I know the old ones who have had their day.
I have observed them.
Those old wrecked houses;
Those dead craters."

The next I do not remember. Or rather, I do not want to remember it. It was detestable. And the stanza following. . . . The moth-eaten person clucked after each, and murmured something. When he had read another stanza, I left, while the moth-eaten person clucked—whether at the poem, or at me, I do not know.

"Then there are the little girls,
Recently able to become mothers;
Packages wrapped securely
In the admonitions of their parents."

Why must men be hog-minded like that, I say. Great heavens! have we exhausted the play of fresh morning sunlight on a lake? Have all the possible documents been written of a star near the horizon? I have seen him sitting monstrously in his chair and leering at me as though I were a whole world to leer at. I remember him in the distillation of my memory as a carcass, so many pounds of throbbing flesh with the requisite organs stuffed in, growling over the raw meat of his ideas.

Is there some gigantic cancer for us to sap with wells, and where we can descend on ladders? Could we spend our holidays here, on the edge of the decaying flesh, with our wives and children? I used to grind my teeth at the mere thought of him, until I had diseased my liver, and I ached from escaping juices.

Ossia: There has been Christ, and the saints, and whole libraries of sanctity, and yet there was no law to exterminate this man! What darkness of darknesses have we been plunged into, when pestilence is invited among us, suffered to sit at our table and fester our tongues? But the critics are coming, and the satirists. Soon a wide plague of caterpillars will cover all the green leaves. There will be nothing behind them but naked trees and the scum of intestines. Prepare for a lean season, made meager with excessive insects.

I have sat opposed to him, and remembered the sunlight with a bursting gratitude. I remembered a little town sleeping in the foothills, with a bright clay road working across the country-side, and a green pool with the shadows of trout. I remembered the long, drooping fingers of the chestnuts—for the chestnuts blossom late, and there was a scattered frost of them even though the beards on the corn were already scorched. I remembered all this, while there spread about me the cool, dank mould from the cellar of his brain.

While he went on mixing a witches' potion of toads squashed until they popped.

Coda

Let us construct a vast hippopotamus to the glorification of our century. Other ages could have constructed hippopotami of equal vastness, but ours will be superior in this: That it is exact within as well as without. A steam heart will beat against the brazen ribs of the brute, and the ooze

of the kidneys will have been studied accurately. On the bolsters of his folded hide, we shall have blotches and sores proper to the hippopotamus. And when we have finished, we shall have constructed a vast hippopotamus, which will cast its shadows across the plain, and disfigure the sky to the glorification of our century.

KENNETH BURKE.

GOSSIP

I

I lie high on the valley side above the town of Leece.
The little town is low and white and very cold in the green hollow. It is Spring. The earth is a virgin, fresh and sweet with unadventured passion. I am very high among boulders and violets above the village. The village does not come up to me. It is full of men and women who have not looked upward. They have many churches, many morals . . . but they do not look upward. They are apart from the green passion of their world. They are under it. It covers them. It forgets them. It fails to warm them . . . I am free of the town of Leece which lies stiff there beneath my eyes. I can sing free of these rigid men and women. I sing. Lying on my back, I sing. I look up feeling Presence. There about me, stand seven Cows.
I sing to them . . .
I: O cows, come near. For you live. Come near, for I live. Come nearer, cows.
Cows: What are you doing up here, you who live?
I: Why should I not live?
Cows: You are from the valley. They of the valley are so little living that we are free of them up here. That is why we love to feed among the difficult boulders. They of the valley do not reach up to us here.
I: I reach up to you, cows. I love you. I stretch out my arms and my mouth is open to you. Come nearer, cows. For we are alive together.
Cows: We shall stay here and watch you and see what this is all about.
I: I am free among you. You are sweet, you are green, you have lovely flesh. My music is a strand from my mouth to you. It is soft like your udders, it is full and rich like them. My music is my mouth upon your udders.
Cows: You had better stay where you are, or we'll wheel around and away.
I: I want to touch you. I am a fleshly ugly thing. I am not satisfied with my touching music . . . I shall try . . . I sing . . . Cows, living cows . . . overcome my death.
Cows: We are ourselves up here. We do not know whether to mind you or not. You are not of here. You are different. Yet you also want to touch us.
I: I am different things. I am between the people down below whose livingness is so little it does not touch you, and yourselves who possess these heights. I want to be no longer between you and them. I want to be altogether you.
Cows: Up here, men are not. They are like flies that are gone. We are above men here. They are like flies that are not . . .
Cows: Down there, they are dead. We love this grass.
Cows: There is an end to this. An end that does not last. Ends do not last.
I: Men are ends . . . which do not last.
Cows: Stay still . . . A vast Fly comes. He has two white wings. He lays one wing on this slope of the valley. He lays one wing on the slope beyond. His body covers the hollow and the town. All the world is white under the vast Fly. He bites. His bite is against our hides. His whiteness shrivels the grass. The sap and the sweetness of grass retreat from the vast Fly. Go downward. There is no sweet eating. Then we use men. We go down the valley, and there we stay . . . we eat hay. Until the white Gadfly goes.
I: I am wiser than you, cows! That is winter.
Cows: Pooh!
I: I am becoming a man. Won't you let me touch you?
. . . I sing. I crawl on the ground, my fingers among violets. Treacherously I sing.
The cows watch me, and wheel away.

II

The whole field was daisies: waves of daisies down from my feet to my eye's sweep over mountains. Daisies.
I left the road and sat in daisies. I lay in daisies. Small birds twinkled like flying stars: the sun was a flower, many flowers in an empty field was the sun . . . flowers cast down about my hair and hands among daisies.

I lay under daisies. Very slender and tall they sang in my ears . . .

DAISIES: We give no heed to you, we are one with suns.

I: Give heed to me for I have need of you.

DAISIES: We give no heed to you, there are many suns.

I: Many suns . . . ?

DAISIES: Suns numberless as we . . . and you a single blackness under us.
Why give heed to you?

Then I sat up.

I: I am a man, and you are daisies. Sun
is nearer to my head than your frail fingers

. . . They were a maze of springtime song. They stood there, swam there, sang about me like crystal
fires. . . .

I: I am a man. I love a woman. Daisies,
answer me: does she love me?

DAISIES: We give no heed to you, there are many suns.
What do we care for you? for her? . . . coupling in darkness . . .
two . . . against our many suns?

I: She is white . . .

DAISIES: . . . suns . . .

I: Her hair is gold like yours, her hands
like yours are white: her thoughts
like yours, clear dancings, myriad, under sun.
Now tell me, does she love me?

DAISIES: We give no heed . . .

. . . They would not answer. I am a man, I will be masterful, I thought.

Near my hand a daisy stood up tall, taller than waves about it.

I plucked it.

I told my love on its petals, pulling them one and one.

"She loves me . . . with passion . . . little . . . not at all

"She loves me . . . with passion . . . little . . . not at all."

DAISIES: I am the sun
from my gold heart
white fingers rimming round
lead light

. . . I told. The daisy's voice was still.

"She loves me . . . with passion . . . little!"

there

the white wheel of fate cast me down at last upon a field of daisies. They had waved away from me,
down toward the high mountains in my eyes. Now, as the sun stood sheening on their tips, they turned
about! upward they waved glistening upon me, laughing waves of daisies up against my sorrow.

I: Daisies, daisies, you are not gentle with me.

DAISIES: Why didn't you leave us alone?

I: Daisies, I needed to know.

DAISIES: She loves you little . . . little she loves you . . . little loves you she
they laughed at me.

DAISIES: Who little loves hurts little, little lives:

He is whole who is loved little

they mocked at me.

. . . I came away from the daisy field waving its laughter sunsparked after me.

WALDO FRANK.

THE HOSPITAL

Knifesharp, a dull glitter, the hospital waits for us. They are for us, the pinching vise of pain, the hypocritical sweet of ether. They are for us the naked windows and the whitewashed steel. There is no sense forgetting the wicked edge turned usward, the iodoform and the ghastly bareness. The hospital is always there but a few doors removed from any house we may inhabit. It is always there, lurking behind the piles of the town that screen it. Off the sidewalk it opens wide its maw; from the careless traffic of the sidestreet it raises its drab walls and sleepless windows. Always that mouth takes in, always the rooms behind the empty panes are full of aching bodies. It may be a week, it may be a month, it may be a year, that it will wait, motionless. It may wait motionless for us two years, three. But each of us bears always in him a sickness twin to his wellbeing. Each of us bears within him a death

that is twin to his life. Sacks form themselves in organs. We are born jangling discordant orchestras of nerves; we steady ourselves, control them, and ulcers grow rank in the linings of the canals. We do not welcome with open arms the arrows of life; and the body hears our secret prayer, and sickens, and commences suddenly to die. The organism cannot longer defend itself unaided. Surgeons and anaestheticians are given mandates, created functions of the helpless, manic frame. The fine steel edge of the hospital, that has been waiting so stilly but a few yards away, springs close, and bears its knife upon us. It is we, at last, must go pass through the maw. It is we must go be the creatures who suffer the operating table and the fumes of ether and carbolic acid. It is we who are forced to come to know in our turn, the lying prostrate, pain-ravaged, in the high iron cot; the lying bare to the naked walls and windows, plaster and iodoform of agony; the lying helpless beneath the indifferent lethargic tread of hours that will not speed. We must go learn the thrust of pain in the soft entrails; learn what it is to be the feebly prostrate thing to whom folk bring flowers, and who grows grey with utter weakness after but few minutes' talk, and whom a woman has to lift.

The telephone-bell rang harmlessly in the dwelling-room, but through the receiver there jetted livid into the shelter the words seven feet high OPERATION TOMORROW EIGHT A. M. REPORT THIS EVENING. The hospital has touched. Up to the ominous and electric moment in which the business-like pleasantness of the young lady secretary of the surgeon spoke, only the head had known the hospital. Even after physicians have declared a section imperative, only the head had known it. The quick had remained innocent of it. Now the quick, too, knows. The cold metal hand has laid itself on the center, and all about, pandemonium shrieks. About the suddenly paralyzed spot, an insane dissonant orchestra howls and gesticulates and clatters. Drums throb, strings shriek, horns gasp and roar while the words of doom fear themselves white and enormous. Impulses commence motions of flight. Impulses get up and try to push. A thousand voices babel evasion, defiance of doctors. Impulses get up and throw a few clothes hastily into a satchel and take the next train for Chicago from whence they telegraph to the surgeon that the operation is indefinitely postponed. For pain is upon us, and we are found naked defenseless against the imminent pain. Naked, with the defenseless body, we are called to meet the scaly monster. We have only the white tender flesh to oppose to his claws, the white sensitive flesh that every pin can wound. And where should one get the science to meet the onslaughts of pain? Where the technique of passing the hours of embrace of the unknown might? They teach us politeness. They train us how to serve ourselves with knife and fork. Oh, yes, they train us not to drop morsels of food from the lips, to clean our mouths on napkins. But the science with which to meet with the soft cringing flesh the blows of pain, that they do not give us. We can search frenetically all day long in our memories for some gesture to make, some method with which to meet and disarm the dragon. There is none there. If the elders knew it, they did not pass it on. Pain is coming; and we cannot find a spell to conjure it away.

The dislocated orchestra wearies itself out. The impulses start feverishly awhile, then tug with lesser and lesser main. Something in one must be careless whether the immense unknown threatens the innocent flesh. Something must be willing to combat the scaly beast naked and unarmed. Perhaps it is a greater fear that drives one; fear of the penalty of refusing the hospital's aid. Whatever it is, nevertheless in the self, where the telephoned words dug deepest, there solidifies a steel. The rest of the body, the fiddling and lamenting musicians, are compelled to obey. The steel makes preparations for the hospital calmly, as though ignorant of the fact that distress awaits it. The future patient finds himself, he does not know precisely in what manner it came about, coated, descending the stairs to where the taxicab waits, the affairs he has left behind him arranged. The flesh may cling supinely to the city objects it is compelled to give over. Serenades of misery may chant sweetly and mournfully in the blood. Magnificent farewells to the drivers of the trucks skirted by the taxi, to women mounting to the elevated railway tracks carrying bundles, may compose themselves all along the route. The chauffeur clutches the wheel and drives forward the car; the pillars of the elevated railway fall behind relentlessly one by one. The patient finds himself standing in the garishly lighted hospital office, giving the name and address of the next of kin who is to be notified in the eventuality that an "accident" transpire. Swiftly, the high nude room, in which he is to lie during the weeks after the operation, is entered and known. Clothing, city's clothing, the right of those who walk the streets of the world whole, is abandoned in the tiny closet closed by the white-painted door. The hard high bed is mounted. The orderly with his razors and scissors and bottles comes for the business of depilating.

There must be many for whom the sojourn in the lazaret never becomes other than this, who pass through the great funnel of the place like captives of war dragged by soldiers in the train of a triumphant, and know only the cruelty of it. There must be millions who, even after the cot has been mounted and the pubis shaven, even after the section has been made and the ether-trance quit and the convalescence commenced, refuse to find within themselves the will to take the hospital to them and make the event their own, and draw from the happening an experience. One need not, after all, balance oneself upon the tight-rope of life. One is at liberty to elect to be shoved across it shrieking. The blows of the hospital can be received on the back. The misery can be rejected with wailing and complaint. Eight dollars the day hires a nurse who hearkens soberly to every whimper one may choose to emit. Drugs deaden the ache. Morphine unhooks legs and arms from one's trunk as though they were legs and arms of a porcelain doll joined by wire, lays them gently aside in the bed. The chamber where lie stored the weapons of the spirit can remain unopened. Only, to refuse the hospital the consent is to be doubly

smitten by it; to leave it standing erect and dully glittering all the duration of life. Scarcely have the blander days of bedriddenness come, than the old fear is on the patient once again. The edge is bared again, and threatens. Suddenly, over and over again, he remembers that, in but a few years time the knife will spring upon him once more, and submit him to fresh agonies. The hospital, he knows, is full of a thousand forms of pain that wait for their occupants as the cots in the wards wait for theirs. And into any one of them he may be fitted capriciously by the world machine, and compelled to make silly and meaningless gestures of suffering that have been rehearsed before myriad times to no end, and forced at last to die an anonymous death that is shabby from constant mean usage. Never does the hospital cease casting toward him its long shadow.

But another hospital, not edge and adamantine plane, can rise and wipe away the inhuman force and blind machine, and flourish in its stead. If millions of those who pass through the place feel only the brutal buffet, come forth smitten with their own ugliness and impotence and insufficiency, equal millions come to know an institution that is like a tall gaunt woman, not at all comely, not at all smiling, but nevertheless of a gracious touch, a thousand grave and tender ways, a white and healing presence. The lovers of life come to know this. To them, it shows its silver kindly visage. It does not crush, does not take strength away. When this gives back the body, it gives back a body purged of fear. Like a loved and loving woman, it can prove a bath of life. The hospital can show its sorcery on the very night when the lover for the first time lies in the stripped room and waits alone for dawn and the hour of the surgery. He, too, may have entered a herd of captives scourged to their goal by a single steel master. He, too, may have lain himself down unreconciled to the truth that to live is to give pain and receive it. But, scarcely is the orderly with his tray departed, than an old trick plays itself. The back that has hitherto been turned to the present sinks. Slowly, tranquilly, serenely, the breast that has been held away from it heaves upward, turns fully on the situation, and meets it warm. The frenzy of escape goes. The sense of utter destitution beneath an empty illimitable dome, disappears. Misery of loneliness becomes joy of loneliness. Feeling of destitution becomes feeling of delight at being left alone to confront life unaided. Immense, the joy of being possessed of self, of being within his own proper skin, of being alive and there at that very moment, in that very place, rises through him, and floods his veins. Since he is here, the here may as well come on, whether it be pleasure or be pain. Even if it is hurtful, it is no less welcome. The patient, who an hour since was eager to flee his fate, hugs himself for the sense of power and ability that well in him, shakes his own hand as one shakes the hand of a good friend seen after a long separation. The world is here in this narrow room as outside under the black vault of the sky. Even were tomorrow to prove the last day, and the ether-cloud never to part, and the street again never to take up the lover, this night at least feels the blood in him still jetting hot and quick, the wonder of white linen and velvet night-clouds still about him. The hospital, the knife sharpness and the hurtfulness, have been accepted.

Thick doors to muffle moaning were there, in the room, a while since. There was a washstand, from which nurses had carried water and cloths to wash those too weak to serve themselves. There was hung, pointing downward, up in the ceiling, an iron fixture, like the breast of a gigantic negress, within which was hidden an electric globe ready to filter a sickly light through sleepless night hours. Up on the highest story of the hospital there was a room where abdomens were slit daily and tubes inserted. But they have disappeared, in that hour of reconciliation. The whole outside has been crowded back into shadow. It is the space within the self that has become wide, stretched, exclusive of the objects that were once so close, pushing them back to find space in the universe for themselves as best they can. If light there is in the tiny apartment, it proceeds from within. The great space that fills the world is suffused with secret light. It is as though in a tiny dark cabin a door had suddenly been thrust open, and the light of myriad candles reflected by lustres and mirrors been poured into the sombre place. For, in truth, a door in the brain, long shut, has suddenly given, and flooded forth a radiance that is not often seen, and discovered a winged figure. The other self, the self whose visitations are so rare, the self with immense white pinions, is here, bending over the lover again. Her hand is upon his skin. She is ever with him, she murmurs. She will not let him go, she breathes. She holds him tight in her embrace, sinks him into sleep. And when morning comes she is not gone. She is there when enters the nurse with the morphine-loaded needle. She it is who assists him into the humble apron-like hospital shirt, the shirt that is ridiculously like a child's frock, the shirt that patients must wear onto the operating table so that they can be stripped with a single jerk. Tittering and hilarious, she mounts with him the go-cart on which he is wheeled to the operating room. She urges him to laugh to scorn the sudden blinding blaze with which the operating-room bursts over him upon his carriage, faces with him the complex of bare glittering steel and murderous disinfectants and clusters of many fierce electric bulbs above the operating table; makes light of terrifying appurtenances, scintillation of the edges and surfaces of myriad objects of metal and glass, slaughter-house aprons of a crowd of attendants, enervating bustle and objectivity of the nurses and doctors, biting glare of the sun through glass roof into the hot place. They tie him to the table; tie him hand and foot, pull back the blanket from his body. But she breathes for him deeply, joyously, scornfully, into the ether-cone; gulps with madness and defiance the warm sickish gas, forces it downward into the lungs and at last spreads over the head of the sick man the mantle of unconsciousness.

A galloping of black nightmare steeds. They shoot out, away, travel ten miles in an instant like the spinning lead horses 'bout a roulette wheel, disappear, and then are back, shooting out like bullets

once again . . . In the midst of a steel maelstrom that whirls and whirls and sucks there erects itself a pyramid of polished livid metal. It is small, but terrible and frigid and threatening, and on it there is a number, 2 billion billion billions, and the pyramid is the number and one cannot grasp it, it is too immense and the thing is sucking you in . . . Somewhere, in an illimitable floating space of pure, untrammelled being color of nasty sweet yellow, somewhere they are holding it under, forcing it down, down, crowding it under with a thumb. First, they are forcing it down in the corner of the room, up under the ceiling. Then, they are pushing fiercely on the upper lip, and the voices all are near, and they say "Diabetes and Bright's Disease," or "Cancer" or "Tuberculosis of the Intestines." There is a great crowd standing about the patient, he is still in the operating room, he supposes. But pain, searing pain, pain that beats in the wound, is in his bowels. Someone, it appears has struck him a ferocious blow, kicked him in the abdomen, and over the stifling hot cloths and blankets in the conservatory heat, the black shades of the secluded sick-room define themselves. The operation is over; the table has become a bed. Pain beats in the wound, returns with strength increased after each assault to beat again, to beat persistently in the very quick of the wound. The crowd has thinned to two nurses. The floor-nurse goes; the other, the day-nurse refuses water to the ether-sick parching throat. But though pain subtly parts leaf from leaf, subtly fingers its way through the petals so that it can stab into the very bud of the wound, the other self, the self with wings, is still with the lover. What health, what pleasure, could not achieve, the domination of pain, the over-topping of fear; that, in the space of a dozen hours of contact, the hospital has already succeeded in teaching him. Here, in the very furnace of the enemy, amid his searing, broiling flames, a serene gesture sweeps over the fiery space. Since pain clamors like a dog for the flesh, the flesh is thrown before pain. Pain is permitted to lord it as he will, to stab into the raw unintermittently if he will. The flesh is thrown before him so that he may glut himself to his content. No defense against his hammering is made. He has the body entire in his grasp. The hands are lain passive on the breast. Passive before his assaults the spirit itself lies. For the spirit knows it cannot be attained, cannot be violated. The spirit, pain cannot overwhelm, savagely as he may attempt the storm. His renewed and ever again renewed charges cannot lay low the walls. They rise imperial above his grasp. If time will not on; if it is only twelve o'clock when it should be five, and only nine o'clock when it should be one in the morning; if time lags outside in the street like a drunkard, making no headway even when he seems to be on his way, reeling impotently from wall to wall, losing ground rather more than gaining it, he is not spurred on, chided forward. Time may fall in a heap in the gutter and lie prone, if he will. Even should it appear that he will nevermore stir again and resume his regular march, he is left to lag as he chooses. For, high above the fury of norseman Pain, the bulwark stands, the towers rise, the crown floats high and untarnished and inviolate.

Strange, the health, sometimes so fine, sometimes so coarse, that the hospital makes to thrill through its guest. Shortly after it has discovered to the patient the power of pride, it brings close to the bedside a self which most folk do not at all like to perceive, and fight and push away whenever it threatens to creep out from under their souls' clothing. This, is a small pudgy imp, a happy dirty little wretch, a shameless infant Rabelais. Yet, for all its disreputability, a triumph attends its release. The excretory muscles, for a while before he shows himself, refuse to labor. The unaccustomed position of the patient in bed, the violence done the nervous system, the anaesthetics, have lamed them. The cramp will not relax. Orders dispatched from the brain have remained unobeyed. The regent in the head has been dethroned. His sovereignty is impaired. He cannot find the gesture of command wherewith to make his insurgent subjects resume their allegiance. He is like an irate businessman at the telephone, who, on uttering a number into the transmitter, hears only the voice of the operator say apathetically "Number please"; and on shouting loudly and yet more loudly in the effort to make himself understood, hears always the same dull query "Number please" in response. Internes with new instruments of torture have to be summoned. Nurses with tubes and hateful pans appear. Detestable ceremonies have to be consented in. Humiliating presences have to be borne. Discomfiture is complete; rage only makes it greater. Then, of a sudden, an impish grinning snout gazes inquiringly around the corner of the mind. The sufferer had forgotten it a long, long while, many, many years ago, forgotten entirely that its owner existed. But he is here again. He takes charge. There is nothing the pudgy porker prefers to this sort of functioning. And he can do miracles. He makes superfluous and ridiculous internes and catheters and tubes and ceremonies. He installs himself under the covers, hops about and sings all day. He rings the bell that depends from the head of the bed over the pillows. He keeps the nurses running to and fro; winks at their crossness. The patient marvels that anyone can feel a like keen triumph in performing such quotidian acts. The puck crows with pride and with delight at his performances. His vaunting can scarce be suppressed. Whenever a visitor enters, he tries mightily to shout, "Just think I, I myself, completely unaided, have just succeeded in voiding."

And again, when pain has finally rested from his attacks, and given up the storm, and gone to find some other, weaker brother to besiege, and the single pillow underneath the neck becomes two, and finally three, the hospital breaks down another dam, and lets rush free in the sun another human and very different power. There was a world the lover knew well in the days when the sap had begun slowly to mount in him. It was a world bewitching and hurtful, full of magical things on which he might not lay hand. Life, vaguely surmised, was rich with an old mystery. Harp strings swept faintly in all things, vibrated behind certain hilltops caressed by the hand of afternoon, outside sundown windows, under star-powdered firmaments. And so again a virginal wonder transpires from his breast, and comes back

to him in the hues and hours of the earth outside his sickroom panes. For now once more, he is a slow, lingering gathering of sap, a long vigil for the advent of the power that will permit him to move into his own course. The days begin to stream in the direction of the hour of discharge. The morning ceremonies of bathing and alcohol rubs commence to follow harder on each other. The world comes tantalizing nearer with the visits of the callers that can be endured a little longer each day. All about, in this air of anticipation, there circulates the life of the young nurses, buzzes a girlish, boarding-school excitement over plans for graduation ceremonies, campaigns for funds for the new nurses' home, confessions of lovers and engagements, room-mate's secrets. So when evening sunlight falls on the street without the hospital windows, and creeps corn-colored along brick walls, the patient is once more the youngling whom mountain blue could make quiver and swim. Over the line of tenement roofs, the sky is the pale sweet wash of spring. Despite wintry weather and city roar, a green of budding trees makes itself to be felt, a shimmer of nascent foliage about black water-logged trunks announces itself. Evening clouds are Wagnerian purple in the sky. The horses of the Valkyrie charge through the twilight blue. Cloud apotheoses move away, smiling and beckoning with still, godlike gestures; move away adown the heavens. The cosmos is again a mysterious promise.

But how lavishly the hospital can infuse with strength, that is left to the final days of the sojourn to reveal. The outer world which begins to float in upon the patient whilst the usage of his limbs is being regained, and shoves toward him its fingers and capes and promontories as he wavers feebly from bed to chair and back again to the safe bed, is then seen to be not quite the one he quit, some weeks before. Indeed, the sunny tin roof onto which nearly every one is lifted during the last days of his recuperation, can prove a high place before which the pageant of the laboring city unrolls in new order. Some hand has touched, for the vision of the convalescent, the belching factory chimneys, the cubes of sullenly bricked-in space, the discolored leagues that lie across the parapet, vasty beneath the smoke-hazed barrel-vault of heaven and turned away their edge, transformed their tendency. Before, there had been a sprawling disordered pellmell that weighed inexplicably upon the heart of him, a hoarse chorus that swelled and roared from the four corners of the windy sky. Like adults who humiliate with their complete indifference the child, there had risen above him the high shoulders of office-buildings and warehouses, escarpments of brick, fuming nozzles of funnels, cumbrous ignoble bridges across which crawled hour after hour an interminable procession of high-packed motor-trucks, an array of mechanical ants dragging each its burden. They would not off his chest. But now, they are light upon it. River of cast metal, prison-fortresses in the back yards of proud, grim boroughs, sorcerer's kitchen, they have all become transparent, shrunk before forms greater than they. It is as an elaborate and ghastly game invented for the purpose of keeping children amused and unaware that the phantasmagoria of stone and steel and coal and gas and brick and viscous flood is seen at last.

For, during the days spent in the sick-room below, death has been known. Behind the fear of pain, there had been glimpsed, conjurer of all fears, sower of all terror plagues, the fright of death. Death had been touched and known for real. The patient had sighted the strange brother whom he bears within him, and who will one day glut himself upon him as life before has glutted itself. He had sighted it in others; seen the unending tide of men and women and children coming in living, going out living or dead, making way for fresh occupants who arrive, are wheeled to the operating room, and descended blue and unconscious, wrapped in antiseptic cloths. He had perceived the silence and the loneliness in which each is condemned to play the supreme acts of his drama. He had felt the immutable secretiveness of all existence. And here, by his side on the roof overlooking the city, there are young girls with drains in their opened sides, children worn to sallow flaccid bags by incurable maladies; many diseases of the wretched body, many pitiful bundles of sick humanity, many weary, yellow regards.

So now, behind the raging jumble under the dome of base-colored clouds, his peeled eyes perceive standing, swathed in black, what he found erect behind his own great fear. The objects before him, the raw piles, the stamping machinery and columns of cinders, are not signs of man's spiritual wealth, he knows. They are revealed signs of man's dire lovelessness. Fear of death, fear of pain, utter lovelessness, cast this black enchantment on the air. Fear of death has turned man to glutting himself on silly objective power, to devastating fecund fields, to enslaving himself through the enslavement of others. For death stands and bids man gaze him straight in the eye. And man, unable to accept the challenge, for only love can accept the fact of mortality, tries to blot out the visage of death, tries to build walls between him and it, to distract his own attention by creating tasks and goals that will enable him to forget the nature of his career on this planet. Here, between the riverways of the city, unwilling to make a single turning, a single orientation, and behold standing in the very midst of his fictitious city the hospital and the tomb, man sits burying his head in an earth-filling, heaven-scraping immensity of muck.

Once glimpsed from the high hospital platform, the modern world has already begun upon its process of ceasing to exist. A field there was, full at night of spooks and gibbering ghosts. But at the hour when a taxi leaves a hospital port carrying a passenger who has lived the lazaret through, the sun, rising, shows the haunted place merely a verdurous meadow, whose gate-bars have been deposited upon the ground.

MARIN

John Marin's water colors. They rock the walls and make the floor swing. They yell in silver and gold, glassed over. They hold far within them the huge silence of out-of-doors. A wall of Marin is moody to the touch of light as is the sea. He has lived by the sea. He has been a creature of the woods. The mark of them is upon his city. Marin makes his own music that eludes any word spoken or written of it. In that music seas heave. The earth labors beneath skyscrapers. Hills bloom in fiery springtime. Passing suns make a clangor on the retina. A birch tree whispers its loveliness.

Marin exhausts the dry weight of water color pigment. Its depth he finds too shallow. The logic of matter drives him to oil paint. His etcher's stroke cleaving white paper with color, is augmented by massiveness of oil paint upon canvas. Marin struggles toward red.

He weaves his visible America in sequence and relation as a musician fuses notes in composition; bringing to the eye touch sensations and feel of mass, surface, texture, form, which are builded into *seeing*.

A Marin is actual as a dynamo, Woolworth Tower, Brooklyn Bridge. Marin builds form American-fashion, in the air, out of riveted perceptions. He recalls man to himself. He adventures in seeing as an architect adventures in steel and stone. He is exact in movement, engineer of water color. His execution howls with speed. The New World has a symphonist.

Marin's work, organic moving, always in wider horizons, holds what Marin absorbed of Whistler's France, Tyrolean mountains, Yankee America. He has Yankee daring. His humor screams at the tension of arrested feeling in forms.

Marin is creator of Maine. Other places are cast in Marin's Maine; he has dived down in himself and struck out from it an angle of absolute sure delight. The sharp rooves of Stonington Maine, become classic.

Lower Manhattan's blood-stained jangle rises; acid forms cut the sky in mad jostling. Marin comes out of America to make it known to itself.

Marin is of the spirit that will make and form and create for its own sanity. Others made Marin possible. Other Americas will be known through Marin.

HARTLEY DISCOVERS AMERICAN CIVILIZATION

Marsden Hartley's recognitions set him apart from the mere boulevardier of literature. A genuine American boulevardier even, with a dandy's lordly flippancy, would be a joyous spectacle. We have had our share of the lugubrious butlers of letters. Poe, in his aspect of casual critic, jumps to mind as a solitary and imperfect exemplar of the jaunty manner. Hartley with this volume* stands above the deadly morass. He is dandy and something more. His senses are keen for the external show of the universe. It is all circus and yet of import to him. He has been possessed of a gentleman's leisure, a painter's wit, an artist's conscience, all contained in one New Englander writing his preferences somewhat grandly on the face of the world.

Such spiritual kinships as Hartley displays are neither lightly won, nor to be worn in vain self-display. Of right, he consorts with the poets or a group of them in our era. No one, lacking the poet's compulsion of rhythmic words that seek and express the darkly human, could so closely have followed the frail and tragical figure of Adelaide Crapsey into the desperate hoardings of her suffering. Nor would Emily Dickinson's prankish gayety be transparent to Hartley, nor Ernest Dowson's wistful and boyish incompetence be so mercilessly if kindly understood, had not Hartley travelled with them even as with Francis Thompson the poet's thorny and heart-breaking path in the world. Why is it that Hartley, the painter, whose tastes run to acrobatic display and all light entertainment from fine talk to vaudeville, should seem most the intimate of these lonely figures?

It is because Marsden Hartley is a poet. He retires not so much for the menial task of writing as to contemplate, and to phrase his welcome of, the world. His is a world whose magic, he tells us, preoccupied him to the exclusion of fairy tales in his childhood. It is in the shadow of his childhood's majestic inferences of the moment, to use his phrase, and with the street corner in his brain that he has permitted himself to go out sympathetically and to give his preferences reality by giving them form. One is at liberty to suspect him of being autobiographical sometimes in an over-elegant gesture rather than in his narrative. But poet he is, painter though he has been, as he writes of painting: discerning the religious simplicity that made the opulent designs in Henri Rousseau's jungles; giving due praise to all amateurs and especially to Mrs. Cowdery, for their disdain of the "how" of mediocre painting; finding in Cézanne not so much the god of cults of form as a liberating spirit akin to Walt Whitman's. It is the poet painters that fascinate him especially, Odilon Redon for one, that creator of the perfect fragment; and another who is for Hartley a boy of light, Rex Slinkard, ranchman, poet and painter; and even Arthur B. Davies.

Beyond painting, it is life in all its movement and color that entralls this adventurer. He

* "Adventures in the Arts," published by Boni & Liveright, New York, 1921.

finds it not least in those poets of bodily states—The Little Equestrienne, acrobats, vaudevillians—and in welcoming them to his experience Hartley has made good, without condescension, his openness to delight and humor, all the humor to be extracted from experience. He is the gentleman, there, who takes his pleasures unashamed of the thrill of comprehension and magical wonder that issues from sources capable, in some more arbitrary scale, of being judged too humble. He is far from omniverousness, however. If, as Mr. Waldo Frank somewhat largely informs us in the introduction, it is a feast when artist turns critic, Hartley leaves no doubt of his weapons of exclusion when he revalues the fame of Rupert Brooke, be-praised and over-praised by Henry James; or shows up the litterateur or journalist, the Ruskin or Meier-Graefe, pretending to invade with ignorant complacency the domain of painting; or plays, in a delicious Dadaist credo with Art-worshippers from whose heavy hands and light fingers he rescues the ineffable moment.

No mean exercise of critical sensibility is Hartley's discovery—which in time may be found to have been part creation—of an American tradition in painting. He has chosen for himself distinguished personalities among those who represent the growing power of American expression, memorably characterizing the mystic, Ryder, and the "flint yankee," Winslow Homer. Our Imaginatives and Impressionists, together with the Mental Primitives of our painting, are passed in appreciative if sometimes indulgent review. But Hartley's contemporaries are shown on the wing. Their names appear in imposing array. John Marin, master of water color, is commended, though less warmly than might have been expected; and among the women is Georgia O'Keeffe "impaled with a white consciousness," who "has wished too large and finds the world too small in comparison." Hartley has even dared a formal and guarded assertion that the photography of Alfred Stieglitz is to be ranked high among the other forms of diversion known as the arts. For Hartley, at least, all Masters are not old and dead. Some of them under his very eyes seem to be emerging from their chrysalis shells. They, as well as the Homers and Ryders, are part of Hartley's American pageant.

This pageant is at its best in that first essay on the Redman, in the haunting phrase and clairvoyant memory that captures the loveliness of experience, bright with ceremonial splendor and a poet's wonder at it and at the vanishing race who so perfectly gave utterance to their accord with the world they inhabited. Here is adventure of true discovery and a record that must be of lasting value. Hartley, one feels, is one of the many discoverers of America, all, like Columbus, in quest of other continents. Perhaps all discovery of America is destined to be involuntary. Of Hartley it may be said that he has discovered to Americans and to the world new delight and refreshment, he has made good his citizenship in that realm of cultivation that knows no geographical boundary. By him the citizenship of other Americans is enriched and deepened.

HERBERT J. SELIGMANN.

TWO POEMS

1

Picture showing
return of bodies
ZR-2 victims.

—Give you a nice
trip home
after you' e dead.

—Christ, I'd rather
come home
stee age.

2

My luv
is like
a
greenglass
insulator
on
a blue sky.

WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS.

finds it not least in those poets of bodily states—The Little Equestrienne, acrobats, vaudevillians—and in welcoming them to his experience Hartley has made good, without condescension, his openness to delight and humor, all the humor to be extracted from experience. He is the gentleman, there, who takes his pleasures unashamed of the thrill of comprehension and magical wonder that issues from sources capable, in some more arbitrary scale, of being judged too humble. He is far from omniverousness, however. If, as Mr. Waldo Frank somewhat largely informs us in the introduction, it is a feast when artist turns critic, Hartley leaves no doubt of his weapons of exclusion when he revalues the fame of Rupert Brooke, be-praised and over-praised by Henry James; or shows up the litterateur or journalist, the Ruskin or Meier-Graefe, pretending to invade with ignorant complacency the domain of painting; or plays, in a delicious Dadaist credo with Art-worshippers from whose heavy hands and light fingers he rescues the ineffable moment.

No mean exercise of critical sensibility is Hartley's discovery—which in time may be found to have been part creation—of an American tradition in painting. He has chosen for himself distinguished personalities among those who represent the growing power of American expression, memorably characterizing the mystic, Ryder, and the "flint yankee," Winslow Homer. Our Imaginatives and Impressionists, together with the Mental Primitives of our painting, are passed in appreciative if sometimes indulgent review. But Hartley's contemporaries are shown on the wing. Their names appear in imposing array. John Marin, master of water color, is commended, though less warmly than might have been expected; and among the women is Georgia O'Keeffe "impaled with a white consciousness," who "has wished too large and finds the world too small in comparison." Hartley has even dared a formal and guarded assertion that the photography of Alfred Stieglitz is to be ranked high among the other forms of diversion known as the arts. For Hartley, at least, all Masters are not old and dead. Some of them under his very eyes seem to be emerging from their chrysalis shells. They, as well as the Homers and Ryders, are part of Hartley's American pageant.

This pageant is at its best in that first essay on the Redman, in the haunting phrase and clairvoyant memory that captures the loveliness of experience, bright with ceremonial splendor and a poet's wonder at it and at the vanishing race who so perfectly gave utterance to their accord with the world they inhabited. Here is adventure of true discovery and a record that must be of lasting value. Hartley, one feels, is one of the many discoverers of America, all, like Columbus, in quest of other continents. Perhaps all discovery of America is destined to be involuntary. Of Hartley it may be said that he has discovered to Americans and to the world new delight and refreshment, he has made good his citizenship in that realm of cultivation that knows no geographical boundary. By him the citizenship of other Americans is enriched and deepened.

HERBERT J. SELIGMANN.

TWO POEMS

1

Picture showing
return of bodies
ZR-2 victims.

—Give you a nice
trip home
after you're dead.

—Christ, I'd rather
come home
steerage.

2

My luv
is like
a
greenglass
insulator
on
a blue sky.

WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS.
