The Wisconsin literary magazine. Vol. XXVII, Number 1 November 1927

Madison, Wisconsin: University of Wisconsin, November 1927

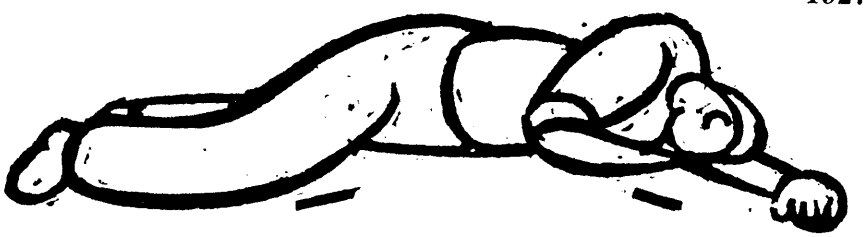
https://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/WSDMFIVGBOXJL8A

WISCONSIN LITERARY MAGAZINE

Publication discontinued

NOV. 25¢

NOVEMBER 1927



CONTENTS

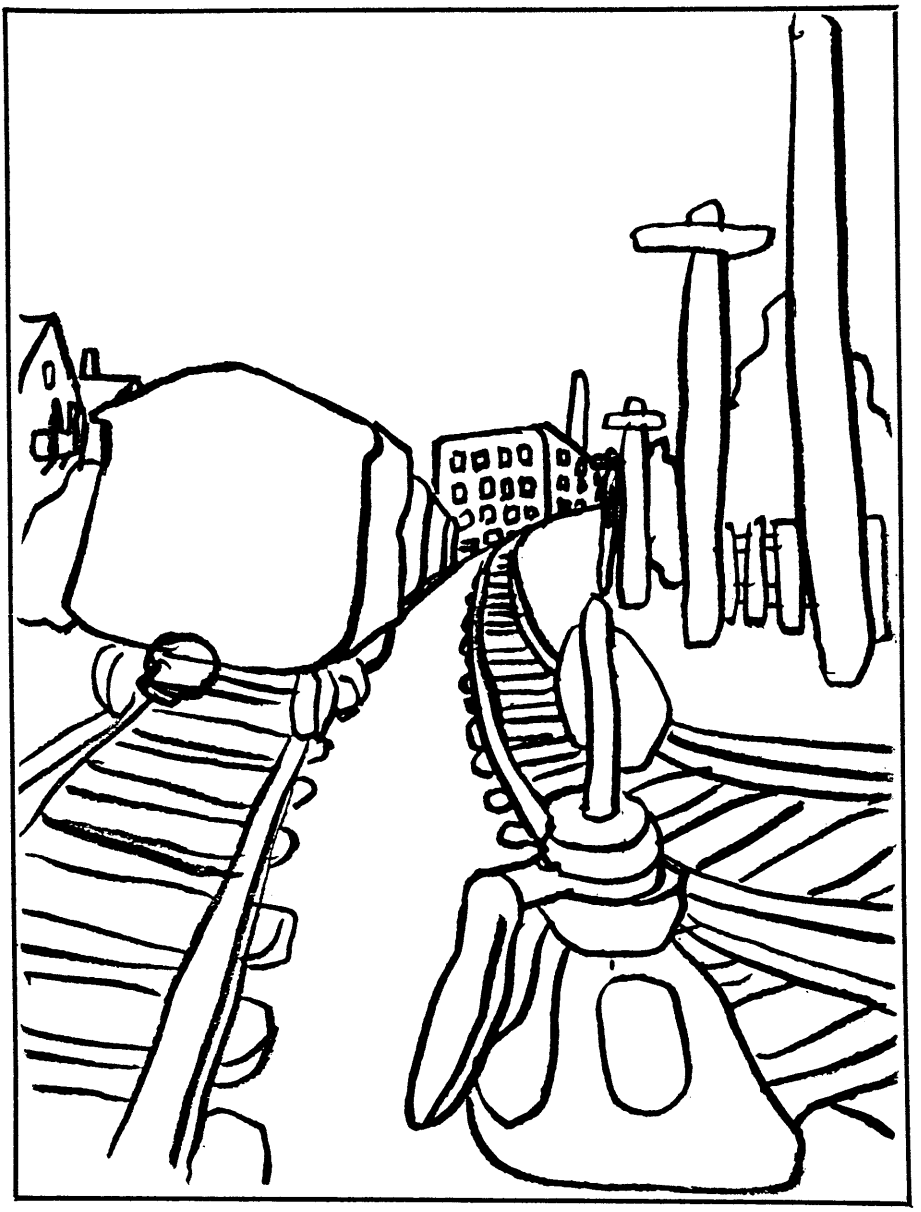
VOL. XXVII, NO. 1

WILLIAM PAFF, Editor
Assistant Editors: JIM CHICHESTER, CARL NELSON.

Advisory Editors: *Art*—Jim Chichester, Schomer Lichtner; *Books*—Mark Schorer, Idabel Sine; *Fiction*—Elizabeth Evans, Gladys Fist, Eugene Kinkead, Carl Nelson, Don Trenary, Viola Wendt; *Special Articles*—Jack Roe, Mark Randell, Lauriston Sharp, Francis Utley; *Verse*—Jim Chichester, Juliana Cotton, Helen Howe.

Business Manager: Edward Droppers; Assistant Business and Advertising Manager: Russ Dymond; Distribution and Circulation Manager: Francis McGovern. Publicity Manager: Don Trenary.

The Wisconsin Literary Magazine is published quarterly, two times a semester, by the students of the University of Wisconsin. The price of the magazine is twenty-five cents a copy; one dollar for year subscriptions. Those who wish to submit manuscripts for consideration by the editorial staff should send them with a stamped return envelope to 772 Langdon Street. Entered as second class matter in the postoffice at Madison, Wis.



SKETCH. *by* SCHOMER LICHTNER

WISCONSIN LITERARY MAGAZINE

BE CAREFUL OF WHAT YOU READ

AN healthy young animal, drunk with natural energy, does not take itself too seriously. . We, who came sweating and singing from the playgrounds and workshops of the countryside, accept this peculiar dicipline, *higher education,* in the hope that we may be able to live more fully and build better. Each youth brings with him a vocabulary of his environment, of his experience; with his vocabulary, he must try to read the books of strangers—many of whom became confused, lost purpose, and wrote fevered and labored criticisms, many of whose minds, like meteors, flew off at tangents and burned themselves up. . This year the Literary Magazine inaugurates a health campaign. The germs of dangerous nervous diseases lurk in books; one fatigued by the frantic rush from book to book is subject to infection. It is a downright shame that children just into their puberty are asked to trust all these strangers. We have watched a few ghostly words, conjured by crazy priests and esthetes, sterilize a man and mortify his body; we have pitied him that he didn't know life. But do we know anybody well, have we any friends? We are puzzled and serious and cold; we succumb to the charms of the polite, soft society of unworldly words. . We must realize the hypocrisy of it all, we must recognize that we are living in a shelter that puts the premium on gossiping sophisticatedly, "maturishly" about people. We need fresh air, to regain our animal courage.

An editor, who must read the manuscripts of these well-worded people, does, in the end, recognize that they don't know what they are talking about. He comes to appreciate and love those personalities that laugh and cry and talk easily, in the language of their youth. They build from the raw materials of experience. . We build this magazine to show the world their creations.

DUCKWEED AND WATER

BY KWEI CHEN

Duckweed haply meets Water.
They live together,
Every evening and morning
Each is the Heart's Man of the other.

They see the glory of the red clouds;
They wake to the song of birds and the whisperings of
leaves and grasses.
In the gentle balmy air Duckweed dances,
And Water smiles, playfully, in rills and runlets.

Tenth moon, the cold winds blowing. . . .
Duckweed must return home.
"I wish us both health!" says the one;
"May each think of the other, always!" replies the other.

The weight of love can be fully felt only in separation. . . .
Love can be proved only in separation. . . .
In two places both are thinking, constantly thinking,
But each gazes at the sky only from a different corner. . . .

In dream each seeks for the other,
In dream they meet.
"Next year we shall again meet," says Water.
"But next year, who may know my place?" sighs Duckweed.

TWIG

BY ROBERT SEARS

I

IN summer Twig always thought of Willis Avenue as a long pleasant tunnel. Under the stretching branches of great elms, whose leaves held out all but shifting flecks of the sunlight, dark pavement, bounded by light curbs, ran straight out over the hill on which the James' place stood, and on toward the country. Out farther, where the new houses were, the trees being younger, their shade did not reach out so far, letting the sunshine brighten the pavement in great blotches. There the houses had brighter colors and seemed cheerier than those down the street, which were always painted gray or brown. The old homes were squarish and had little peaks; some of them even had bay windows upstairs and little turrets like the James' place.

Twig lived in one of the brown houses. Like its fellows it was set far enough from the street to leave room for a small lawn, large enough, however, so that its sprinkling, mowing and raking became one of the biggest troubles in Twig's boyhood. There was a gravel drive, between his home and the next, that led to a barn in the far corner of the lot. The barn reminded one of the days of fast trotters and surries; though for years now it had housed a shiny sedan which took Twig's father to his law office on bad days and Twig's mother to her clubs on club days.

There were old rafters across the top of the barn's loft and the floor was strewn with dusty chaff—a reminder of the days when the loft was stuffed with timothy and clover, ready to be poked down the chutes to the horses below. Here, on rainy afternoons, the neighborhood gang would gather to play at show or circus with broom-handle trapezes or one of the thousand games a half-dozen healthy youngsters can invent. Between the house and the barn was a gnarled apple tree.

Here was the unfailing source of ammunition for the battles in the fall, which had started with the sticky, prickly wild cucumbers that grew on the back yard fences.

But a few blocks from Twig's home stood the red brick school-building surmounted by a square latticed cupola. From this cupola, a slow ringing bell routed the children from their games—two o'cat, pom pom pull away, marbles—and brought to an end many a breathless battle. It was so close that the first toll of the bell usually called him from the breakfast table and could be heard plainly even in the winter, when the storm windows were on and the whole house was tightly closed. It was at that school that John received his nickname. In one of the lower grades the teacher habitually, when visitors were present, stopped the classes to put the children through their paces. It was at one of these occasions that John's lines had read "I am a little twig," and forgetting all others through embarrassment and excitement he had repeated it several times; and from then on he was dubbed Twig by his classmates, at first to tease him and then through habit.

Beatrice had gone to that school too. She did not live on Willis Avenue, but a block to the east, nearer to the lake, where Twig saw her nearly every day in the summer as he went to the swimming hole. He could remember how she looked at school—in little starched dresses and shiny black snub-nosed slippers which he thought the nicest in the world. One night, she had worn pink. It was at the end of the year contest, and she had won in spelling because none of the boys would spell her down. She won the penmanship too, with her prim rounded letters, and afterwards made some of the sentimental mothers—or were they old maids—cry as she sang "After the Ball." Twig had been too busy watching her as she sang. Her bobbed hair was bound with a pink ribbon and her head was tilted. His throat ached when she finished, though. He stole some of the refreshments and they ran off early so that he could take her home alone, for her mother was there. They were still in the grades when she took the part of Mary, Queen of the Scots in a play. Twig had pleaded with her, begged her not to take the piece. They were sitting on the steps before her home, taking off their skates after racing from

her father's store. When she asked him why, he could only say "Because—" until she teased him into telling—by bargaining a kiss—and when he told of Mary's death, more from the impression that an illustration of the execution had given him than by any words he had read, she laughed at him so that he forgot even the kiss he had bargained for.

Twig could well remember the first time he made a formal date with Beatrice. He remembered that he had taken her to a show that first time. His older brother had teased him about her, betting Twig the expenses. He remembered, too, having taken the dare. . . .

II

Until time for high school Twig had held her, at least by common consent, for she was called Twig's girl. When they were initiated as freshmen, Twig was thrust up on the canon before the library and Beatrice was pushed up with him, and he was forced to kiss her. It made him nearly sick to kiss her with the crowd laughing and yelling about them.

But from then on they began slowly to drift apart. Beatrice entered easily into the new life and began dating with the older students, going to the parties of the new group and to dances in the different halls in town. In a short time Twig began to see her only in the corridors and on the way to school. Twig changed too. He met a boy from one of the other schools whose likes and pleasures were much like his, and the two drifted along together, shortly to become inseparable.

The summer days were no longer lazy hours on the lake, but long busy shifts in a canning factory, which brought pay checks of pleasant size. Fall afternoons found the two boys trudging over the marshes after ducks and rabbits. As winter came on, a trap line filled any of their free hours and even formed a surprisingly satisfactory income. Athletics received but small attention from the two. The thrill of scrimmage in football was all right, but the cold-blooded bruising and strain of the training with no come-back spoiled that; Twig and his friend found more excitement in tramping the tracks around the lake, with guns in hand.

The dances in the winter evenings began to draw Twig more and more. The money he earned was sufficient to give

him full power to go where he liked. The town was small enough to swallow and mix all the younger people in a mass. The girls and men from the factories and the sons and daughters of white-collar men mixed—to the loss of the collar class and no gain to the other. Twig found a thrill at these dances in kidding some brightly dressed dancer with a reputation as colored as her lips and a certain satisfaction in breaking into a group gathered about some girl, to claim a dance by surprise.

But Beatrice held Twig's major interest still. He met her at many of the dances, but the old play between them had gone and her closeness embarrassed him into a helpless silence. She had, or they had, Twig could not tell which, drifted apart until the old free footing between them had disappeared. Because of this new feeling of discomfort with her, he never asked her for a date, depending entirely on the good will of her companion for the strained moments he did receive. After such times he would mentally kick himself for the wasted opportunity and swear on a new tack the next time. But it was always the same. Usually after such an occurence the evening was spoiled and Twig was left with no hope but to get away and home.

As the high school years passed by, Twig's embarrassment when with Beatrice, which almost amounted to fear—not of her so much as of his own inability to be himself—left and the old intimate friendly spirit returned. A clique formed in his class and picnics, dances, and parties brought the same group together. Twig did not always find himself with Beatrice, but he managed to fill at least half of her time.

In the spring of Twig's senior year, the bunch planned a picnic at one of the points on the lake. Twig heard of the affair too late to take Beatrice. One of the other girls fell to his lot.

Six couples gaily paddled over the lake. Fires were built, over which marshmallows and weiners swelled and burnt while eyes watered, and sand sifted into the buns. Several quarts of carefully smuggled home-wine appeared and disappeared, to increase the laughter and more or less gentle horse-play.

As the sun swung down through the evening mists, the couples began to wander down the beach and through the woods to more secluded points. Twig's girl snuggled restlessly

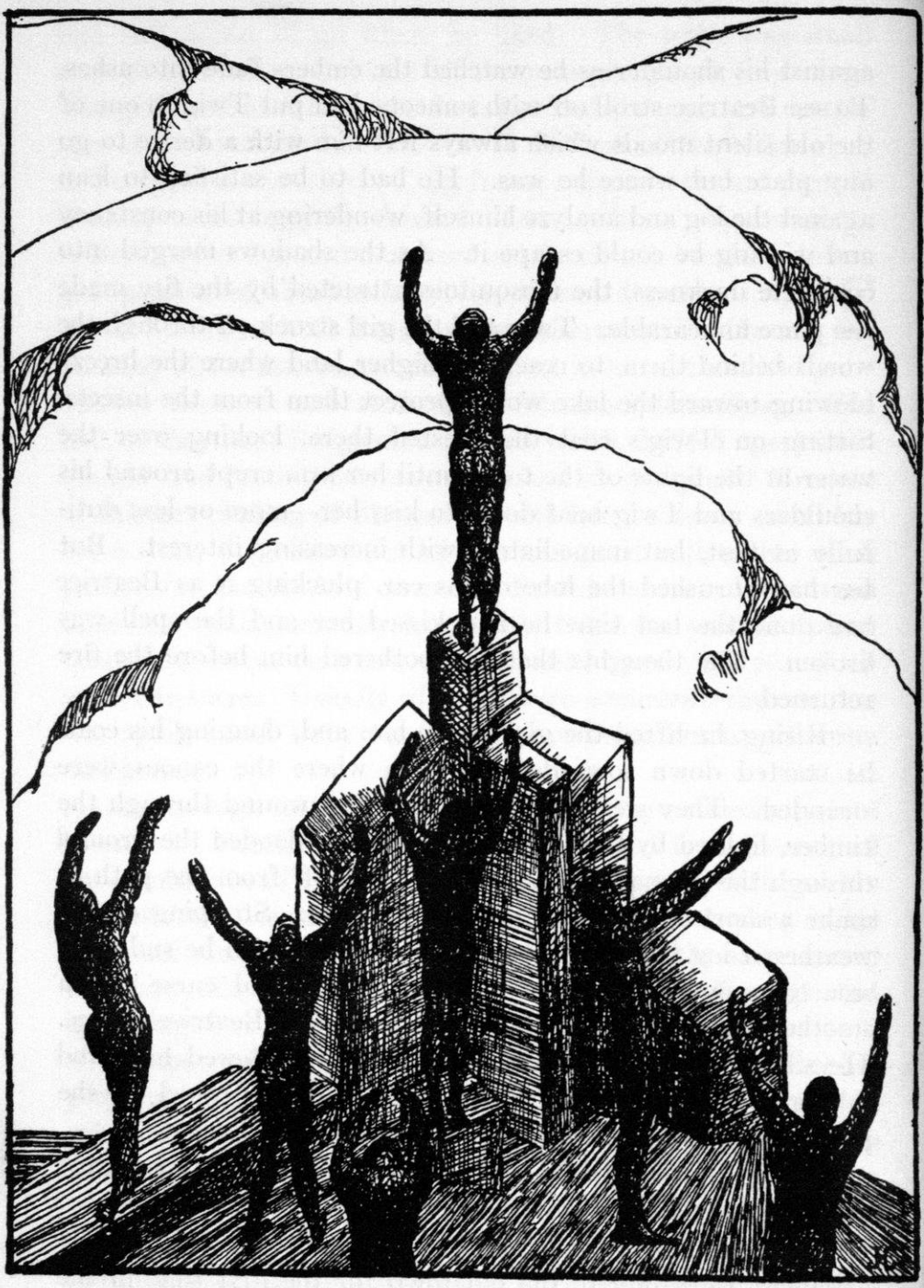
against his shoulder as he watched the embers fade into ashes. To see Beatrice stroll off with someone had put Twig in one of the old silent moods which always left him with a desire to go any place but where he was. He had to be satisfied to lean against the log and analyze himself, wondering at his constancy and wishing he could escape it. As the shadows merged into complete darkness, the mosquitoes attracted by the fire made the place unbearable. Twig and the girl struck off through the woods behind them, to reach the higher land where the breeze blowing toward the lake would protect them from the insects. Sitting on Twig's coat they rested there, looking over the water at the lights of the town until her arm crept around his shoulders and Twig bent down to kiss her—more or less dutifully at first, but immediately with increasing interest. But her hand brushed the lobe of his ear, plucking it as Beatrice had done the last time he had kissed her and the spell was broken. The thoughts that had bothered him before the fire returned.

Rising, he lifted the girl beside him and, donning his coat, he started down towards the beach where the canoes were stranded. They went along a path which wound through the timber, lighted by the moon, whose beams flooded the ground through the young leaves. Twig swung off from the path to make a short cut across a bend in the trail. Stepping over a weathered log he stumbled over two forms which he suddenly saw lying in the shadow. There was a stifled curse and a smothered wavering shriek. Twig recognized Beatrice's voice. He silently turned, blocking the girl who followed him, and taking her arm in a hand which trembled but gripped till she pleaded for release, he hurried back to the canoes.

The girl wondered if it was a sob or a curse that she heard as he dug his paddle into the water until his wrists were wet. . .

III

Twig, returning to the old town for the first time in the two years, which he had spent at college, watched Beatrice as she came towards him. He was grinning as he watched her, trying to analyze her from head to toe. "Nose just short of being acquiline, teeth slightly prominent, a nice healthy animal —just plain S. A." he murmured as he started toward her with an anticipatory gleam in his eye.



Drawing by Jim Chichester

DESTINY

BY JIM CHICHESTER

I saw the light
Of the cold white stars
Gleam in the night
Through my window bars.

I watched to see
If they might tell
My destiny—
A dim one fell.

A NOTE ON MODERN TRAGEDY

BY ELISEO VIVAS

THE ancient Greek tragedy is ineluctable because the Greeks accepted the anthropomorphic concept of Fate, which singled its victim from the many and made him the butt of its purposeful anger. When man believes in a god cruelly turned against him, when he sees in the eyes of that god hatred towards himself—then and only then can we say that tragedy emerges. For then man knows himself beaten and knows there is no escape. No human force can help him, or could have helped him at any time before the tragedy. When tragedy arrives, the noble spirit sits limp, an impotent victim. He does not burst out in imprecations: laments are of no avail; wailing and tears are utterly useless. In the hour of agony the soul is allowed one consolation only, and that a poor one: the consolation of the stoic, and the consciousness of drinking unflinchingly the bitterness proffered her by an untiward circumstance, keeping up appearance at least, without the ridiculous scenes of vulgar wailing of the coward. Here lies the essence of Greek tragedy; whatever its roots in Greek experience, the result is the same in Aeschylus or Sophocles or Euripides: Helpless before a consciously untoward destiny. It is beautiful and perfect because there is an harmonious ruthlessness culminating in agony. It is ineluctable because it does not depend—as the modern tragedy does—on folly. It is not necessarily a god's revenge on a man's crime; it does not necessarily involve, as we have been led to believe, the concept of guilt, unless it be guilt to have been born. What the guilt does is simply to bring into a higher relief the agony of the victim. It simply makes the experience more comprehensible to human minds, who otherwise might miss its meaning and would call it *catastrophe.* What is necessary and essential is that you be a man, and that those that work against you be the gods; that you be their victim. Why? because you have offended them? No, but for the reason that you are a man and weaker than they, and therefore they will not tolerate your happiness. For, as

Herodotus whispered to us in fear long ago, the gods are jealous of man's happiness.

It should be emphasized that in Greek tragedy the concept of ineluctability, the contemplation of *the remorseless working of things,* as Whitehead calls it, is the essential thing. A victim of tragedy cannot be saved under any circumstances. We need not be afraid of overemphasizing this, since it constitutes the difference between modern and classical Greek tragedy.

But this tragedy is only possible (and here we must continue to note the obvious) to a people to whom the universe has not yet yielded certain of its secrets; to a people who can believe in a supernatural machine, as the Greeks did. Gods are necessary to this concept of tragedy—and not God, in the Christian sense, but gods, jealous of man's happiness. Christianity effected a revolution here as it did everywhere else. And so profoundly did it do it that its own central drama which it would have fain made into tragedy, is not one. The drama of Golgotha is not tragic because it was not inevitable. It was submitted to by the saviour wittingly, and out of his own free will, for the purpose revealed to us. Pathetic it was, not tragic. And pathetic, by the way, because of its futility. Christianity, by destroying the gods and their jealousy of man, and by substituting for their passions the divine kindness of a Heavenly father eager to save his children, excluded the possibilities of tragedy. Since Christianity, tragedy because no longer ineluctable, became in the strict sense of the word, impossible. The gods are now dead and no longer is their jealously to be feared. Above, taking their place sits a kind father, concerned infinitely with the welfare of his creatures. No longer do the skies tremble with the laughter of Zeus. The attentive ear can now catch nothing but the pale music of the spheres, the rustling of the angels' wings, and the prayer and intervention of the Virgin and the Saints for those who have sinned out of ignorance, for no one sins wittingly—in this respect, as in many others, Thomas Aquinas is in agreement with Socrates.

Tragedy, however, could not be given up. Art would have been robbed of its finest possibilities and its sublimest flights. There is the added circumstance that however thoroughly did he accept the omnipotence of God implied in the Christian

ideology, man, for all that, still thought himself the victim of forces which neither he nor God could successfully war against. And since the concept of free will was at least debatable, and since he could not yet in spite of his faith call himself the master of his destiny, tragedy was yet possible. But to survive, it had to adapt itself to the Christian ideology, which, in fact, offers it no foundation with its scheme.

The concept of tragedy suffers therefore radical changes with the birth of modern literature. These changes simply began then. However incomplete the changes of the modern world, though, the modern tragedy is found in all its essentials in Shakespeare. In his tragedies, man no longer fights—as is well known—against god. For the jealousy of Olympians has been substituted man's own blindness, man's own defect of character. Here, at this point, new complications enter into the concept of tragedy. The term broadens to include ethical and psychological forces not taken into consideration previously. It does not mean to say, of course, that ethical and psychological complications were not present in the minds of the Greeks. They certainly were, since the Greeks looked at life fully as deeply as we do, and perhaps with a clearer vision. No artist, besides, may escape moral problems in the contemplation of life—unless he be a Crocean. What it means is that while in the case of the Greeks the ethical concept might have been the initial cause of the tragedy, it was not one of the essentials of it: the tragedy of the Greeks was outside of the ethical sphere, even in Euripides. The guilt of which Gilbert Murray speaks was in fact of secondary importance to the dramatist, who could not evade the concept of Fate which was in his suspension in his own blood. But from Shakespeare on, tragedy resides no longer on "the remorseless working of things," but in the inefficiency and blindness of the individual in coping with the problems of life. It is no longer the hatred of the gods that blast the soul of man against the boulder of destiny; it is now the malajustment of the individual with society, or the conflict within the soul. And since both terms in the conflict are amenable to control, tragedy is not ineluctable until the very denouement. Not until then may it be called tragedy—its real name is pathos—and then, only through a concession of the spectator or reader to ingrained

prejudices, or because of the spirit of the spectator is blinded by the tears of a pathetic ending that he cannot think clearly. Another point of difference to be noted between the modern and the classic tragedy—and one of considerable importance—is that the center of gravity has shifted from an objective outlook in the classic tragedy, to the subjective one in the modern.

Hamlet is the perfect illustration in the modern tragedy. Confronted with a moral problem which emerges out of human conditions—and which may therefore be solved—he hesitates, is unable to make up his mind, is caught in a web of conflicting interests which he has no strength to cut through, and is lost in the end through his own ineptitude and moral weakness. A modicum of strength slightly larger in his character, a steadier vision, the glow of an ideal well understood and pursued with unflagging devotion, would have saved him. It must be born clearly in mind however, that the flaw in Hamlet's character—upon which the tragedy hinges—is not an inevitable one. The indecision which renders one unable to make up his mind—moral cowardice—is not a radical psychological characteristic. Hamlet is therefore a pathetic case, not a truely tragic one.

In contemporary literature the change in the meaning of tragedy goes farther than Shakespeare carried it. How much more may be gleaned from a quick analysis of Dreiser's *An American Tragedy.* Dreiser is unable to produce even the illusion of inevitableness which Shakespeare could produce. For if the concept of fate could play no effective part in Shakespeare's philosophy—since he was a Christian—much less can it play in the modern man's. The disintegrative effects of psychological findings precludes this. Thus, in Dreiser's book the development of the protagonist does not under any circumstance justify the catastrophic ending, though on the surface it seems to account for it. For this development is not a chain of inevitable causes and consequences, but a succession of casual incidents. It is true that there seems to be an organic connection between them. But this connection rests wholly, it should be remembered, in the fact that an artificial synthesis is achieved through the agent or protagonist of the story, who is victim of these accidents. In other words, since the development of the protagonists character is not foreordained (we may no longer believe in predestination) it is not a necessary conse-

quence in this case, that is to say, of the fact that his parents were street missionaries, it is always within his power to alter the effects of biographical accidents upon his character. Which means that the catastrophe could have been forstalled by him at any time before it actually occured, since the change of character would have resulted in the change of his whole life.

It may not be implied from this fact, however, that Dreiser's hero is an artificial creation, because he is the product of accidental social and moral forces playing upon him. Dreiser has created on the contrary a living man, more real, in fact, than were the heroes of classic tragedy, because of the more intricate psychology and the greater measure of autonomy which he gives to his characters. Yet the reality of the protagonist does not preclude, of course, the artificiallity of the tragedy. Tragedy in the classic sense of the word, Dreiser's book is not. As long as the final catastrophe be the result of accidental and controllable forces, the only proper qualification for it is that it is pathetic.

We may nevertheless find a contemporary tragedy which meets the classic criterion. William Ellery Leonard's *Two Lives* is such a one. In Mr. Leonard's poem the tragedy is absolute—there can be no escape from the doom which harrows the two agonists of the poem; no evasion of it is possible. There may be a vague forwarning to the scholar-poet—hints he cannot understand; whispers of neighbors; subtle premonitions. But the beauty and the goodness of the woman whom he loves is upon him, and wisdom can not expose the plot of Destiny. He avoided his fate at first—

> I knew, with sorrow, not with arrogance,
> How quickly love might master her and me;
> With sorrow, for I was crippled by distress,
> With sorrow, for she had her inheritance—

But reason was useless, it would counsel nothing—

> And yet. . .and yet, who could steal away?
> . . . . .
> And so Life drew us both. . . .

So when presentiment became knowledge, wisdom was no longer able to save the scholar-poet. It was already too late.

Two Lives is a classic tragedy because Mr. Leonard has brought to the interpretation of the facts, the anthropomorphic

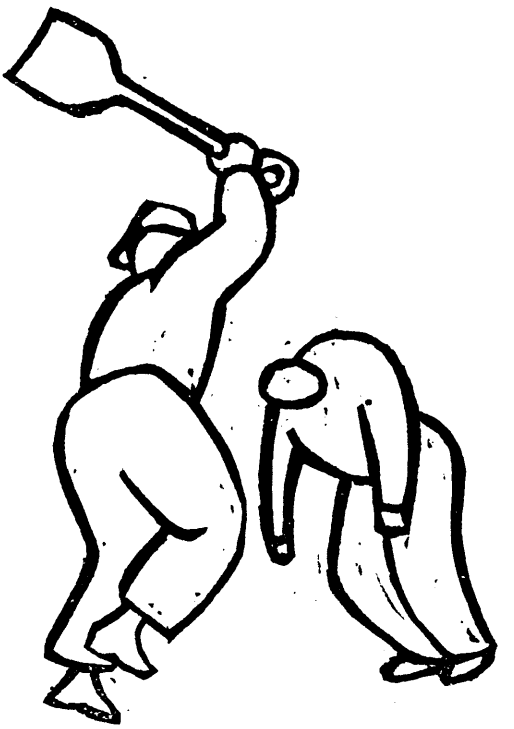
concept of Fate of the old Greeks. And if the tragedy grips more powerfuly than does the classical one, it is because Death spares the poet for greater anguish than she could administer. Those who know Mr. Leonard's later work know that the pain and the terror to which the poet was doomed was more than man should pay for the crime of loving beauty.

There are two reasons, however, why such a tragedy as *Two Lives* is yet possible. Mr. Leonard was transcribing life directly, and was dealing accidentally with the one of the few cases in which modern life still retains some of the possibilities of true tragedy. Mr. Leonard is besides a man imbued with the classical tradition. His poem, therefore, although modern in every other respect, is in this respect, a genuinely classical work.

There is no need to go into a more detailed analysis for the purpose of further elucidation. It may be noted as a conclusion that modern tragedy presupposes an ethical evaluation on the part of the artist upon which the tragedy must rest as one of its essential foundations. It presupposes a moral deficiency on the part of the victim, which renders the catastrophe inevitable only at the very moment of the denouement—since the past may not be recalled—but avoidable at any time previous to it. In the classic tragedy, it is to be noted, the ethical question was only of secondary, though speciously primary, importance. For it was not the guilt of the victim that motivated the tragedy, as we have seen—the ancients were not so blind as to believe that crime always meets with its deserts in this world. Nietzsche saw this clearly—though he did not elucidate upon it when, in *The Birth of Tragedy,* he said, "The most sorrowful figure of the Greek stage, the unfortunate Oedipus, is conceived by Sophocles as the type of the noble man who, despite his wisdom, is fated to error and misery. . . " What we moderns call the tragic, it may once more be repeated, is strictly speaking the pathetic. And our ultimate comment upon it may only be:-The pity of a life destroyed so unnecessarily"—not, as in the case of the classic tragedy, "The horror of a life destroyed so helplessly."

IN THE SALT MINE

BY ALEXANDER GOTTLIEB



Woodcut by Schomer Lichtner

IT was a battle to the death in the glistening white recess of salt-mine. Once too often had the shovel engineer gone to see the foreman's wife.

The foreman swung his shovel around and struck him again and again in the mouth. The gashes in his lips and cheeks widened as he tried to speak. The blood spurted from the cuts, but the murderous foreman only swung his shovel again and sent the bleeding mass to the ground. When the doctor came to the dying man, he carefully held the slits open and we saw the cuts, long gashes through the cheeks and mouth, bringing to view the ugly gums and yellowed teeth, dripping with blood.

THE HOUSE OF VITREOUS

(*First fragment by* JOHN POWELL)

THE BEARDS OF THE PROPHETS

EPIDERMIS, OR "HIRSUTE HARRY"
QUITEAMASHA, THE HAIROINE
A HAIRALD
CHORUS OF FRATTEROS

The Scene is in front of a barber shop in Mycenae; the revolving red and white totem pole of the sartorial god, Edpinaudus. The hairald addressing his remarks to the audience, unfortunately at large.

HAIRALD

Sooner shall man escape the pressing doom
That treads the heels of Epsom's bitter draught,
Than mortal's midget might avail to turn
From out its path the avalanche of fate!
Too many times have I, on tragic stage,
Played hairald parts and croaked a tragic tale,
Now to be fooled about this fam'ly stuff.
The curse that, like a brand new upper set,
Or false front—doubly false!—keeps popping out.
Yon pseudo peppermint no quicker turns,
No swifter turns the ankle on the ice,
No turner turns his wood, nor tern returns,
No stern subaltern turns his ranks in turn,
Nor interne in his turn turns quicker in,
Than turns the turgid ticker tape of doom.
Enough! I'm slipping in some Second Act.

CHORUS (rushing in)

Look! See! his coat lapel no button shows!
Quick, grab him off! Shake hands; here, let me pin—
Congratulations, boy, art now a Beta!
Come, what's your name, your course?
What do you here?

HAIRALD

The minstrels sing of a Persian King, who lived
Long years ago; with iron-heavy hand
'Neth th' empurpled glove he ruled his realm.
His flowing beard one night in sleep was cut
Clean off, from chin to backbone; lo, he died!
His cousin-ruler, in Arabia,
'Mid heavy perfumes, puff'd with pomp and power:
His azure whiskers were his country's flag,
Till the broad blade of Vengeance, for a wench
Betrayed, sliced off with one barbaric yawp
His skyey beard of purest ray serene
From ear to ear; he died. Next runs the tale
There was an old man with a heavy beard,
Who said, "Oh, woe! For, even as I feared,
Three, wrens, a lark, two hens, and eke an Owl,
Athene's feathered sentinel, who oft
In stilly night chides thus, to wit: 'No Hooey!'
Have all their season's nests within my beard.
Hirsute offspring of epidermal tissue,
Ge-made! Ah, woe, giddap, and woe again!
Ah, well-a-day, and be the issue hair!"
Last of the hairy race, whose book of woe
Ranges from Esau up to Harry Thaw,
Was he whose might by th' home team was used
Against the Phillies' team, in Palestine.
Singing a jazzy melody, a girl
Sheared off his ill-shampooed, strength-giving locks,
Sheer nonsense, but it brought him to his doom.

CHORUS

Amusing, to be sure, and in my notes
Recorded faithfully, against a test.
But what's the big idea of thy tale
Of hapless hirsute heroes? What's the point?

HAIRALD

My master sends me to prepare the way
For his already long-delayed return
To home, and school, to wife and children fair.
A senior and assistant on the Hill,
Babbling of rhet'ric and of sentence form
What time the sleeping student slyly snore.
But from vacation's travels he returns,
With that which spelt the doom of all his race,
A hairy growth upon his upper lip,
Tribute to manhood and to dignity!

CHORUS

A **mustache**! Woe, indeed, there! Woe!

QUITEAMASHA (entering)

Whoa, thine own self! Dost take me for a horse?

CHORUS

Nay!

QUITEAMASHA

Neigh, indeed! I'll nothing of the sort!
Because I stall the rent off, and I toss, amane,
My tale of sorrow at the Flies of Fate?
I meet my woes with equine-imity.
How saddle be the bridle day of her
Who changes a bit at traces of restraint,
Or thinks to sit upon her wicker chairs
And to, in solitary power, rein!

CHORUS

How splits mine ear thy split infinitive!
That verb, believe me, was not wisely cracked.

QUITEAMASHA

I come to meet my husband, Epidermis,
Who from Vacatia's happy land returns
To meet the foe within the stadium,
In swift barbarian game with foot and ball,
What time the tortured pigskin's sacrificed,
Amid the blood and bones of many men,
To that grim, angular, goalish god whose arms
Wave stiffly at himself across the field.

HAIRALD

Say, lady, take a breath! I bear thee news
Of Epidermis, who all bashfully
Waits for my word of how thou tak'st the blow.
Thy husband's raised a mustache!

QUITEAMASHA

Woe, ah, woe!

CHORUS

STROPHE I

I wondered today what the hell, Maggie,
Excitement's running low;
No students were shot all last week, darn it;
The last fire was two weeks ago.
The Dean hasn't spread any gore, lately,
Bright college gore the papers often sprung;
The rush is even more of a bore, lately,
Than when you and I were young.

ANTISTROPHE I

The Deans think that girls shouldn't smoke, Maggie,
Or boys get roaring drunk;
The boys still make love to the girls, bless'em,
The girls know it's nothing but bunk.
The governor bores us with speech-making,

And Prexy stands up when toast is sung,
And school is the same as it was, Maggie,
When you and I were young!

EPIDERMIS (driving up in the new Ford)

What ho, my love—er—what d'you think, that is,
Don't you suppose, I mean, oh, how d'ye do?

QUITEAMASHA

Come, hubby dear, step down, and let me see
That damn', I mean that elegant addition.
But, don't forget, thine ancient lineage
Of hairy heroes, fallen in their pride!
Come, attaboy, come in this shop with me,
And watch these barberous goings-on within.
I hear their bay rum tastes like anything,
And has a kick—

(They enter the barber shop)

CHORUS

He'll get a kick—in the teeth.
I've seen them soft-voiced dreadnoughts work before.

EPIDERMIS (from within)

Help! my hair-lip!

HAIRALD

It won't be long, now, boys.

(The scene opens, disclosing Quiteamasha and three barbers, covered with blood, Epidermis fainting in a chair, and the MUSTACHE, dead, on the floor)

EPIDERMIS (dying)

Ah, woe! My mustache gone, my strength is fled!
Hast thou forgotten what the goddess said:
"Because thine ancient grandpap, golden tongued,
Persuaded me (ah, woe!) to bob my hair,
And Zeus stopped speaking to me for a week,
Whene'er one of thy line shall raise a hair
Into that offspring all his strength shall go,
And go with it if off it comes."
So now, thy foolish act has robbed the football team
Of any chance it ever had to win!

QUITEAMASHA

Revile me all thou wilt; in future days
I shall be hailed by scores of happy wives,
Freed from the bondage of a husband, who,
For false pride's sake, mustachios must have.
Thine awful fate will warn all future men:
"Those who would live in love, eschew this thing,
Lest in the end its chewed ends eschew you."

(A procession of defeated football players troop up, and carry out Epidermis' body)

LIGHT ON THE WIND

DANTE—*INF: V:74*

BY JULIANA COTTON

Paolo and Francesca, Abélard
and his lost Héloise,
and many others, similar to these,
blown by the blasts of Hell,
whose fiery torment only served to ease
the greater wind of passion in the heart.
Light on the wind they came,
for they too long had known the greater flame
of earthly passion more than gusts of Hell.
Guinevere
forgot to stand so regal and severe
as Arthur's consort, when her Launcelot
was blown beside her in that strife of wind
Inferno of the mind,
doomed for all time and space
in such a hurricane to their embrace
and Dante fell
fainting for pity in the voids of Hell.

OPENING BROADSIDE IN A PRESIDENTIAL BOOM

BY FRANCIS L. UTLEY

To any person that surveys the contemporary field of art, letters, and politics, comes the apparition of a dying sense of humor in America, fast losing its ancient wide-spread vigor. Ring Lardner and Irvin S. Cobb have become writers of serious and heavily tragic short stories; their outbursts of humor are fitful and not in the least as outstanding as their other work. Mark Twain, in his best days, was completely and uproariously sans purpose and sans foreboding; his procedure was merely to tell a good story and to chuckle at it. The humor which is substituted for his today is that of the movies, for instance, with their deadly two reel comedies, the most barren sort of attempted humorous entertainment ever devised by man, only approached by the deadliness of the professional college humor magazine. The greatest Rabelaisan exhibition we thought we had left, the prize fight, assumes gigantic commercial proportions. Not that in itself this is so bad, but the money involved has brought out a horde of experts to hold post-mortem over the motion pictures of a fight, as over the most puzzling case of arsenical poisoning. And, crowning insult of all to the once noble profession, the heavy-weight champion, a colorless creature whom Westbrook Pegler has been forced to intellectualize for lack of any outstanding characteristic except a pair of fast legs, broadcasts the statement that the game of the rosined floor, for him at least, is no longer a prize fight but a boxing exhibition!

Politics shows the same signs of deterioration. The last defenders of the glamorous, into whose ranks the enemy has undeniably penetrated, are the newspaper reporters. They have been forced to amble mightily to find even a weak laugh or a shred of interest in the doings of the prosaic Yankee, who, on the face of it, holds the reins of presidential office. They attempt to give him personality, popularity, by the use of a curt nickname, a singularily uneuphonious and drawling mono-

syllable. They dress him in farming smocks and overwhelming Stetsons. But he has never grown out of the character of the coy and awkward rustic which caused the rarely amused public to hold their sides when they viewed the early news reels of his career, epitomes of self-consciousness. They seize on the declarative "I do not choose to run," which signifies nothing more than that he has been advised to wait for more propitious outcries from the body politic, and find either kabbalistic meaning or profound humor in the remark. There has been only one thing more heartrending to the harassed reporters. Thinking to inject a little vigor into the ticket, the politicians selected a man sensational enough in his way because of his use of harmless profanity. That man's complete submerging into the background has been accentuated by the forced color which attended his earlier career. In other words, he has been a complete flop.

After all, there are no qualifications for the presidential chair, if we ignore the usual accusations made of the interests, which only tend to cloud the air. On the old days a candidate was at least expected to appear honest, and there was a fairly sincere attempt made to find out his antecedents. But it appears that we can trust no one, when even a white-haired college professor of seemingly impeccable morals and liberal views adhorrent to the curb, elected as a presidential savior, is demonstrated to be a blackguard by his opponents. Again, the holiest of them all is shown to have bought his grape-juice with ill-gotten gains. Assuredly, honesty is no longer a qualification; for it is of too ephemeral a consistency.

Mental ability is certainly no criterion. When six of the most brilliant minds of the nation were suggested by a leading humorous writer as capable of directing the *melée,* the reading public was either amused or indifferent. The clearest political thinker of the country, Jim Reed, is frowned upon because of his devastating wit and his intellectual clarity. He will probably never receive support out of his own constituency, and even there the ignorant have occasional qualms that he has imitated Faustus. Probably the next in intelligence is that kindly old man, Andy Mellon, whose pernicious doctrines make him suspicious of even himself, because he knows too

much. The job of puppet-master is always more attractive than that of marionette.

Political achievement seems to be of as little account as the others. A case in point is the speculation concerning Smith of New York. Wide popularity in that doubtful state has long been held a superb qualification, but today astute politicians call it a detriment. Fame on the floors of Congress, again, is too incriminating; the quiet and non-self-asserting gentleman goes the farthest. Who remembers the positions, prior to nomination, of the major candidates for the last two elections? The most eventless pre-candidacy of the lot was that of the governor of Massachusetts, whose only accomplishment seems to have been the settling of a police strike, in which, according to report, all the cardinal virtues were exhibited. To be a dark horse, nowadays, is better than to have a meritorious public record. The shortest histories in *Who's Who,* omitting padding of the Father's Day Committee type, are those of the men who have been recently nominated by the major parties. What all this rehearsal amounts to is that the candidates are subjected to no rigid tests except availability and harmlessness, and that otherwise there are few talking points.

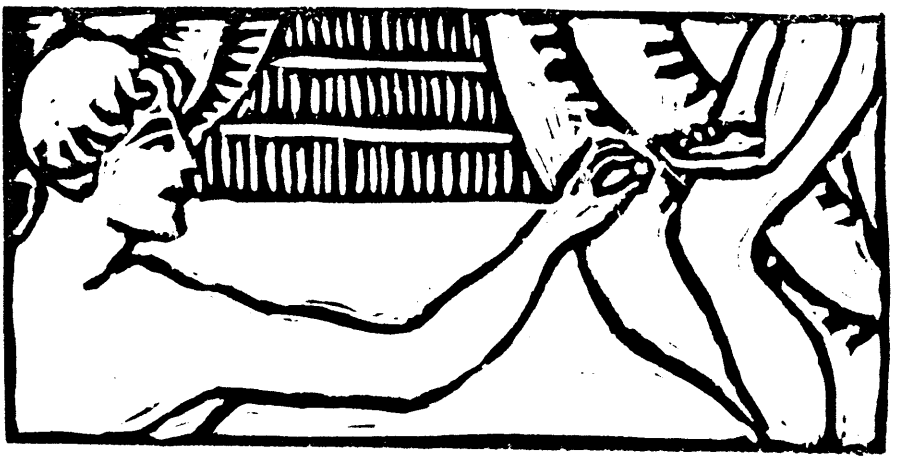
The field is pretty barren of all except these harmless men. At the basis of the American consciousness there once was an utter horror of bourgeois complacency, and the presidential elections were the occasion when strong and glamorous personalities got their show. The basis of all our judgment was then the sensational, the feeling for a good and startling joke. The American has long prided himself on the superiority of his sense of humor, protesting with the stagnant pride which has really allowed the Englishman to get the jump on him. In fact, the Briton has a lighter and defter humor which is often more effective than our heavy methods. The instances when an Oxford debating team opposes that of one of our American universities, or the astonishing example of the *Cherwell,* Oxford undergraduate magazine, with its inexhaustible supply of innuendo, wit, and charm, are explosions of the belief that we have a keener sense of humor.

But at one time we did have a broader, a more typical, a more robust *amor risus,* in the era which supported Barnum, "Tippecanoe," and Mark Twain. It was composed of two

syllable. They dress him in farming smocks and overwhelming Stetsons. But he has never grown out of the character of the coy and awkward rustic which caused the rarely amused public to hold their sides when they viewed the early news reels of his career, epitomes of self-consciousness. They seize on the declarative "I do not choose to run," which signifies nothing more than that he has been advised to wait for more propitious outcries from the body politic, and find either kabbalistic meaning or profound humor in the remark. There has been only one thing more heartrending to the harassed reporters. Thinking to inject a little vigor into the ticket, the politicians selected a man sensational enough in his way because of his use of harmless profanity. That man's complete submerging into the background has been accentuated by the forced color which attended his earlier career. In other words, he has been a complete flop.

After all, there are no qualifications for the presidential chair, if we ignore the usual accusations made of the interests, which only tend to cloud the air. On the old days a candidate was at least expected to appear honest, and there was a fairly sincere attempt made to find out his antecedents. But it appears that we can trust no one, when even a white-haired college professor of seemingly impeccable morals and liberal views adhorrent to the curb, elected as a presidential savior, is demonstrated to be a blackguard by his opponents. Again, the holiest of them all is shown to have bought his grape-juice with ill-gotten gains. Assuredly, honesty is no longer a qualification; for it is of too ephemeral a consistency.

Mental ability is certainly no criterion. When six of the most brilliant minds of the nation were suggested by a leading humorous writer as capable of directing the *melée,* the reading public was either amused or indifferent. The clearest political thinker of the country, Jim Reed, is frowned upon because of his devastating wit and his intellectual clarity. He will probably never receive support out of his own constituency, and even there the ignorant have occasional qualms that he has imitated Faustus. Probably the next in intelligence is that kindly old man, Andy Mellon, whose pernicious doctrines make him suspicious of even himself, because he knows too



Woodcut by Jim Chichester

WHIMSICAL FAREWELL

BY JIM CHICHESTER

Give her this coin,
Give it in laughter,
Watch for her smile,
Return to me after.

Tell me if quietly
Into her purse,
She let it fall quickly,
Or what would be worse,

Tested the metal;
The taste would be bitter,
(A worn silver disc
That's lost all its glitter!)

We made this a bargain,
She should not be grieved,
I send her this silver
For value received.

JAN BJORK

BY EDWARD SODERBERG

THEY put Jan Bjork in the death-cell. He would hang at dawn. He sat down on the thinly-covered bunk springs. Apathy and stolidity. The guard swung the massive grating shut. The click of the lock reminded Jan, vaguely, of the steel-traps in the old country.

The death-cell! Just like the one they had taken him out of. Maybe a bit darker. The same hard bed.

Jan swung his bowed and muscle-knotted legs onto the bunk. His stubby fingers caressed his belt-buckle.

Relaxation.

Why had he left Jutsfjord? It was a cold foggy morning. Helvig at his side. Kerchiefs waiving; that blue one must have been Dame Jorgenson's. She always wore blue.

Helvig had cried; but the thought of Amerika had cheered her. That under-steward; a miserable man. Always bothering the steerage passengers. That statue in the harbor at last. Liberty! She had looked pretty. Dirty, though. They ought to wash her. Must take twice the crew of a fishing boat to clean her.

That, that. . . .oh. . . .tenement they call it; it was crowded. A nice place though. But the people didn't get friendly. Not like the tavern in Jutsfjord. Nobody knew anybody else. Jansen—the shipyard boss. He was a good fellow. Couldn't chew snus though. Every time he spit, he lost it all. Good fellow just the same. Wasn't his fault they laid off the men. Just when Helvig was getting big with child, too. Must have hurt her a lot. Carrying the little one so long. Everybody was laying off men. Not even a job as stevedore. It was too bad. And Helvig so big. Sick too.

Those charity people. Just like Jens that used to play by the docks at Jutsfjord. Nothing in the head. He should get a job. Didn't even give him time to tell about Helvig. And her so big. The tenement. Not so bad a place, but nobody came to see Helvig. Just like strangers. And in the same house. But then it was a big house. Even old Erickson hadn't so big a house. Five stories. Steep stairs, too.

That Doctor. A German. He didn't know much. The

baby killed her. No, not the Baby. That doctor. Better if he hadn't come. Helvig was big and strong. All the Hansens were strong. She'd have lived. That doctor, a bungler They were supposed to be good. A German bungler.

That baby. A boy. Red. Just like that Jens' face when he got full. Not even good beer in Amerika. That doctor was no good too.

The funeral. Not even a hearse. That black wagon took her away. What was it called? Oh. .Potter's field? Potter's—it makes no sense—Potter's. Those people. No feast. No procession. Not even a horse with plumes. No plumes either. They looked at him so funny. They shut the door when he came up-stairs. Those stairs were steep. Five stories, too.

Everybody was laying off men. No, it wasn't Jansen's fault that he was laid off. No, Jansen was a good fellow. Not even a job in the streets. That Jansen, he couldn't chew snus. Too bad, he was a good fellow.

The baby. Red. It cried a lot, too. Water made it sick. Awful red baby. Little, too. Not so big as one of Leif's hams.

Rubinsky, no, it was—no! He was a Jew. Dirty Jew. Nose like a sea-gull. Three months rent, and he took the furniture and all. Just three months. Half a fish-season. Kicked him out. The baby too. Awful red baby. Cried all the time. Water wasn't as good as milk.

It was cold under that shed in the shipyard. It rained. Always misty. Like when the sun rose over the Jorgs-point in the fjord. The baby was white in the morning. White like a fish-belly. Babies don't have scales.

That watchman in the morning. Irishman. His face was red, like the baby's. No. The baby was white. Cold. That Irishman, why had he hit him? He wasn't doing anything. Just watching a red baby—no, a white baby. White, just like Helvig when they took her away. No funeral. Not even a feast. Why had they taken here there? Potter's—Potter's. That didn't make sense. Lots of crosses there. Broken ones. Grass almost as high as Erickson's hay. Bad hay to cut though. Tangled; lots of twigs.

That Irishman swore at him. Why should he swear? He wasn't doing anything. He hit me on the head. Buzz. Just like that time I fell out of the ropes onto the deck. Buzz. I

hit him back, though. Jarred him way up to his shoulder. That blood, just like a pump. The Irishman fell on a timber. Nice cut in the head. Just like slitting a cod-fish. No insides though. Just blood. Just like a pump. The Irishman got white too. Just like the baby. That cut, just like slitting a codfish. White like a fishbelly.

Two policemen. They were Irish, too. Awful red faces. Fat policemen. Those things on his wrists. Cold. Silver. Silver—must have cost quite a few kronen. Cold too. Just like the baby. The Irishman too. Blood just like a pump. That wagon. Just like Helvig's. Only he could sit inside. Not by the driver, though. Police station. A room just like this one. Bars. Awful hard bed. Buzz—that Irishman hit hard.

That big room. Awful dirty. Sit on a chair. That man with the flower. In his button-hole. Just like old Erickson. Talk. Talk. But he didn't talk. Just like a dream. That fellow in the third row. Aisle. Chewing snus; just like Jansen. They took him out. Spit all over the aisle. Jansen was a good fellow though. That fellow with the flower. Talk, talk. Lot of men got up. Went out a back door. Then they all came back. Just like a parade. He was in a parade once. Back in Jutsfjord. Soldiers and everything.

Then they took him to another place. Just like this one. Not so dark though. A hard bed, too. Just like the schooner-bunks. No board around this one. Pretty good food. Helvig's was better. She could cook. That doctor. A German bungler. Potter's—what sense did that make?

Here they come again. It must be tomorrow. No, today. This fellow. Just like old Nelsen. A priest. Why a priest? He hit somebody too, eh? That Irishman was white. Cold too. Talk, talk. Just like old Nelsen. Talk . . Have to get up. Now. Tomorrow; no, today. Going away. Another room. Bars. Dark, maybe. A hard bed. Buzz. Sun. Bright, like copper. No, like a fish-belly. Yellow. White. Shiny. Buzz. A platform. No speech. No. Talk. Talk. A rope. On his neck. Scratchy. Like Helvig's muffler. Black. A sack. Smelled like—what? Dried fish. No. Smelled old. No more sun. Tomorrow—today—tomorrow. Talk, talk. A red baby. No. A white baby. Cold. A cut like a slit cod-fish. Black. Tomorrow—today—tomorrow. Old Old. . . . Talk . . . . Black . . . . Buzz.

THE MULBERRY BUSH

OCTOBER is come and gone giving us no urge for anything in particular. The rainy season reduced our expression to simple, fervent epithets, and now in the glow of Indian summer we are just regaining our mental stability. What we may possibly become by December may not be forecast.

Two incidents occurring this month have been hard to bear, each for a different reason. We overheard a conversation in one of our classes between two fair ladies in search of an education. It ran somewhat as follows:

Miss 1: (to the other, who has been reading furtively during the lecture) What are you reading?

Miss 2: "Growth of the Soil."

Miss 1: I don't see how you can interest yourself in Geology.

Later, when we had walked up Langdon Street, between the glittering Georgian-Baroque-Byzantine-Renaissance-Romanesque facades, our depression left us, and our heart was filled with charity for all.

The other incident had to do with a lonely walk on the edge of the lake where, for a time there seemed to be no lake, so beautifully were the stars reflected, and so subtly had the midst veiled the opposite shore. We stood for a moment to make certain that we were not strolling on the ragged edge of infinite space.

Can any one inform this department concerning the little stone house standing under the South side of Observatory Hill? For two or three years we have speculated concerning its pur-

pose and origin, but we could never find anyone who knew. Inspection recently proved futile, for it is filled with signs painted to announce past events and other rubbish. No human being was within, no sign that ever a human being has occupied it.

We dined with a famous novelist not long ago, and she entertained us by giving a demonstration in Numerology. Being frightfully superstitious, we listened with bated breath to hear and see everything in connection with this delightful pastime. It aroused more curiosity on our part than the famous novelist could possibly cope with, so we returned home fired to rise early the next morning and scour the town for a book to tell us more. Madisonians have no interest in the matter, however, because no material was forthcoming. Meanwhile we can only accept the famous novelist's word and believe that our name is perfect in every way according to the mystic numbers.

Would anyone like to know that Georgia O'Keefe, the eminent artist, was born in Sun Prairie?

May we suggest that, if your assignments are not weighing you to the earth, *The American Caravan, Trader Horn, Mr. Fortune's Maggot,* might while away a few very pleasant hours? Let us add also a short story in the August *Menorah Journal,* entitled, *Funeral at the Club, With Lunch,* by Lionel Trilling, and Margery Latimer's *Nellie Bloom,* in the November *Bookman.*

Now we must hie away to Sharratt's with our two Familiar Spirits.

THE SNARK.

MUSHROOM

Moon,
Fungus of sky,
Sprung from black heaven,
A bloodless flower—
You come, snow-silent through
    the sky-soil pushed, and are
Most young, most succulent, most ripely white.

HELEN E. HOWE.

BOOKS

THE LOCOMOTIVE GOD by William Ellery Leonard. Century.

NOTHING at last is sacred but the integrity of your own mind." With this aphorism of Emerson *The Locomotive God* sets forth, and with the applicability of this wisdom to the life of the author firmly established, it finishes its course. "The integrity of your own mind". . . There is a challenge in the phrase, and Mr. Leonard has thrust that challenge back upon his readers. If they refuse to accept it, they must lay the blame to their own obtuseness, not to any weakness of Mr. Leonard.

There is no false modesty in this autobiography; there are no subterfuges to mitigate a painful study; no squeamish avoidance of telling the truth; no appeal for sympathy; no bidding for praise or admiration. If we render to Mr. Leonard any commendation, it must be not for his power over words, his ironic wit, or his narrative skill; it must ultimately rest upon his clear perception of an elusive problem and his straightforward presentation of that problem. Mr. Leonard has set himself to resolve the eternal question of the great I Am—that question which at one or another time comes to all of us with its embarrasing and unsuspected truths. What measure of success he has achieved the book alone can reveal. No summary can adequately present the argument of *The Locomotive God,* for Mr. Leonard has reduced it to its central causes and most pervasive effects.

The jacket of the book speaks of the "psychological under-currents which will hold the interest of the general reader and challenge the attention of all modern psychologists." But *The Locomotive God* is more than a story of under-currents; it represents the discovery of the Cause of a powerful psychological Effect and analyzes the motives and inhibitions arising out of the Cause. As such, *The Locomotive God* is an autobiography concerned not so much with the comings and goings, the aspirations, or the destiny of a poet-scholar (although these are of absorbing interest), as with the impulses out of which they spring and the devious ways in which the Cause wrought inevitably and inexorably the pattern of the man's life.

The process by which this self-revelation was achieved is in itself a thrilling story—for those who have the patience to follow an intricate analysis and who have the will to understand. No one who has been content to let knowledge glide past his scrutiny can understand *The Locomotive God.* Mr. Leonard must have realized this when he first set his pencil to paper.

The Locomotive God is not a book for everyone, for not everyone will take the trouble to hear a man who is constantly pricking up the nodding mind. It is not a book for the idle hour, nor a book for the dillettante. If you read it at all, you must read it when you are awake, for Mr. Leonard holds up to view an insistent and provoking reality. And reality, as Mr. Leonard defines it, is a very different thing from the reality which our littérateurs are in the habit of expounding. The reality of the scientist and the reality of the poet, one analysis and the other synthesis: the fusion of the two is Mr. Leonard's reality. He is not the first to recognize this principle, but he is, so far as I know, the first to subject himself to a scientific self-scrutiny. His work has been rendered doubly difficult because he has served both as subject and scientist. The scientists has not allowed the artist to distort facts, and the artist has kept the scientist from losing sight of universal values. Thus the book is a study of reality—the fundamental reality of cause and effect—discovered by the scientist and expressed by the artist.

It may be disconcerting to many to read an *autobiography* in which a spade is called a spade, and it may puzzle many more to find metaphors that are not figures of speech, but facts. Mr. Leonard has much to say and many fetishes to shatter. Read what he has to say about the sex-training of boys; read what he has to say about American education; read what he has to say about the war for democracy. There a hundred *causeries* in *The Locomotive God* touching on as many aspects of life or scholarship. One may disagree with Mr. Leonard's judgments, but one cannot help feeling that he speaks unabashed and unafraid out of a full experience, and at the last one must agree with him that "nothing is sacred but the integrity of your own mind."

GEORGE C. JOHNSON.

HORSES, TENDERFEET, AND RAINBOWS

TO THE FOOT OF THE RAINBOW, by Clyde Kluckhohn. Century.

IT must be confessed at the beginning that the present reviewer was distinctly biased at the outset of his task, before he had ever read a line of Mr. Kluckhohn's book. The furore that hails a local brain child is too well known, and too universal to need comment. It is unfortunate in some respects that this is always the reaction, for it handicaps unjustly the book and the author; yet the material, and at times the writing, in "To The Foot Of The Rainbow" can justly command our attention.

The region in which the story is laid is the old Spanish Southwest, where once Cibola's seven golden cities lured the clanking conquistidores of Spain. A certain kindred air of charming differentness still clings to its sun soaked barrenness. Even in this day of smoke and steel and ticket-tape it can give us Penitent brothers, whose ecstactic rites belong to the ages past, and primitive aborigines who dance naturally, full throatedly, under a glorious western moon.

The story of how a young college student in search of health bummed horseback over twenty-five hundred miles of southwestern trails is told realistically and quite unromantically. His initnerary is only important as it gives us an idea of the country, and need not be mentioned here. Suffice it to say that it quite thoroughly covers the whole of the old Spanish Southwest.

Now there are two methods of writing a travel account, one, a realistic, almost daily account of things as they occurred, and the other, the romantic, highly condensed and charged pushing of the more interesting things to the foreground. Now the writer is not taking issue primarily with Mr. Kluckhohn upon his choice of a method, though he does believe that less said about beans and horses might help, but he is interested to see the method employed in the next book from this author's pen.

As to the handling of the material, and the internal mechanics of the book they are inferior in comparison with the material itself. The style is neither serious or over-reaching, but it seems somehow to lack a continued sparkle. It is easy, but it approaches monotony at times.

There is a too evident employment of the Rainbow Bridge as a hook. It is over laden and over played, and unnecessarily

too. It is given too great a proportion of importance throughout the book, and is continually thrust upon one, until it is finally seen. The book does not need an excuse for its continuance, it is interesting enough in its own right, and yet for such the Rainbow Bridge quest is obviously used. Also there are, in places, evidence of a certain amount of compository haste.

However, in descending to the necessary and practical brass tacks it may be said that the book is easy, agreeable reading, containing some first class color descriptions; and, while it has at times the suspicious savor of an embellished log, it is, withal, an honest and respectable addition to the short list of Wisconsin literary attempts.

EUGENE F. KINKEAD, JR.

STUDENT WORKING

Woodcut by Schomer Lichtner

TRADER HORN by Horn and Lewis. Simon and Schuster, $4.00

WHEN Trader Horn began to speak to Ethelreda Lewis, she must have felt excitement akin to that which Hamlet experienced when the ghost said, "I could a tale unfold." She may now sit back and congratulate herself for having turned an eager ear.

The tale told by Trader Horn (His real name is withheld, though John Galsworthy vouches for the authenticity of the character.) stands on the slender timber of plot which concerns the rescue of a mysterious English girl, Nina T., from an African tribe. Trader Horn went to Africa as an eighteen year old boy, and only as an old man has he paused to recollect the glamourous romance of his life. He weaves the story painstakingly, pausing where a thread is lost by his dimming memory, striving to remember the pattern, but at no time does the reader doubt him, so honest is his recitation.

Mrs. Lewis, who edits the book, and promises more to follow, gives the manuscript just as the old man wrote it, his whimsical style and spelling faithfully reproduced. Added to each chapter are the remarks made by Horn when he submitted his work to Mrs. Lewis. In many ways they form the most delightful part of the book. In this garrulity appear the old man's philosophy and homely wisdom, quaintly expressed. I do not know who "George Bussey" is, but Horn quotes him naively as his literary criterion.

Trader Horn is the sort of book that can not be read alone. The reader must pursue any one within hearing and quote passages. Quoting is rather hopeless in this case, because the vivid color of the work can only be gathered from reading the whole. In glancing through the volume again I remembered liking these:

> The Germans, enemies though they have been, will be firmer friends for us than the Frenchmen. The Teutons and us English all speak an understandable language.

Speaking of the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy; his theory of authorship:

> 'Tis a universal grasp of the genus man, never likely to be wasted on one brain.

Of his book:

> Novelty's what they want in America, if not in England.
>
> Aye! Come to Nina's story, I would have crammed the whole narrative into three or four chapters. There was little enough of it. But come to a book you need some proper understanding of Selection, George Bussey says.

And that bit about Miss Hasken. They'll appreciate that in Cincinnati. They sure will. They think a lot of goodness in America, and they can't fail to be attracted by that sweet lady stepping aboard to sail up a cannibal river. The first white woman they had ever seen. Like an angel she sat there, with her back against the bales and staring out

But enough! Read it and pick your own.—Jim Chichester.

FICTION

THE GRANDMOTHERS by Glenway Wescott. Harper.

When Glenway Wescott wrote *The Apple of the Eye*, more than one reviewer, and among them a Wisconsin girl who since has achieved some literary fame of her own, hailed him as a young man of genius. He was destined to do great things. And now apparently his destiny has followed unerringly the path marked out for him. He has written *The Grandmothers*, winner of the Harper Prize Novel Contest, 1927-28.

Not that the chronicle (he calls it a "family chronicle," although it is much more than that) rests alone upon the fact that it is a prize-winner; truthfully it can be said that *The Grandmothers* is beautifully written, that its depth is such as to exclude it from the best-seller class, that it is a panorama of the human ambition and weakness and strength and achievment that pushed the frontier of America ever Westward, in this instance resting in Wisconsin because Alwyn's grandfather Tower saw only beauty there.

Turning the pages of this book, seeing character after character through the eyes of Alwyn and a younger generation, is to turn the pages of a photograph album (as, indeed, Alwyn did) and to see there, not alone the outline of face and cheek and profile, but the whole bitter-sweet story of a pioneer family. A group of character sketches, you might call them, linked inseparably together by the same thread of heroism and cowardice, love, hate, reserve, insanity—all humors and characteristics than run through a family.

The author has observed, too closely you might say at times, the steel-hard, unpleasant realities of life. But again he has placed them in the whole fabric, has made them tell their story, interlaced as they are with the lives which they represent. And there is a beauty and compactness to the short, simple sentences that has been achieved only by much greater writers than Glenway Wescott, although it can fairly be said that he is one of the few good writers in America today. With his youth, what might he not do yet? C. G. S.

THE MAN WHO WAS BORN AGAIN, by Paul Busson. John Day Co.

Non omnis moriar!

It is the ugliest book I have ever read—it is grotesque, it is robust, it is gripping. THE MAN WHO WAS BORN AGAIN is the story of the sufferings of a man, leads up to his death, and then describes his reincarnation. It is a story of rebirth.

There is in it a skillful blending of the fantastic and the romantic, and thus gives to its weirdest incident a deep reality. It held me as few books do—it is powerful. It is distasteful and very unpleasant, but even the most sensitive mind will appreciate it. It stimulates every sense and is at once an unpleasant combining of spectres and dried blood, of savoury roast boar and baronial halls.

The story is told by Sennon Vorauf. He deals with his recollections of his life as Baron von Dronte, picturing the life of the later from birth to death, and then showing the soul in his own body. Through the sins of Baron von Dronte, Sennon Vorauf must suffer, and until he atones, he shall continue to suffer.

In Europe the book is among the most popular novels. In America it will not cause much of a stir. It is far beyond the comprehension of the average American, if not in subject material, in its pure fantasy. M. R. S.

DUSTY ANSWER by Rose Lehmann. Holt & Co.

DUSTY ANSWER, Rose Lehmann's first work, is a book of brilliance and power. It has none of the crudities and inconsistencies which usually characterize the first efforts of a novelist. The story is subtly done, and Miss Lehmann has caught in it all the complexity, the jumble, and the mystery of life, and people in their relation to it. She has done this with such fineness and delicacy that the reader, rather than being overwhelmed with it, is made to feel intensely the moods which Miss Lehmann creates.

The characters are all forceful and real—Judith, trying to find a way that will mean happiness and security, discovering that it can only be found in oneself; Jenifer, beautiful and strange, beaten by her own abnormality; Roddy, austere, yet weak, coloring the lives of everyone with whom he comes in contact. Every character in the book lives and breathes and realizes a distinct personality.

The beauty of Miss Lehmann's description leaps into lyric verse. One feels that even Miss Lehmann was swept away by the rhythmic beauty of her words.

The book is one of the outstanding ones of contemporary fiction, not only because it marks the discovery of a new authoress, but because of startling interest of the book itself.

G. F.

Make That Date
a Real Success

HOW?

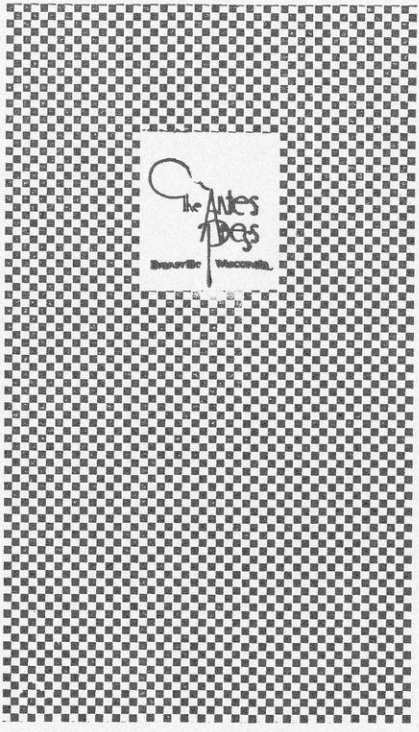
Get a Peppy Ford at the

CAPITAL CITY RENT A CAR

Protected by Insurance
Low Rates

Fair $\frac{3}{3}$ **child**
4

A Campus Institution of
Friendly Service



Velvet
IT'S ALL CREAM

ICE CREAM

"Our Wagon Passes Your Door"

KENNEDY DAIRY CO.

Perfectly Pasteurized

Milk, Cream, Butter, Buttermilk, Cottage Cheese, Milcolate, Selected Guernsey Milk.

FOR DANCING FEET

Smart dancing feet are loveliest clad in sheer chiffon hose, with the V-line heel that lays a graceful shadow on each side of the ankle. New shades. $2.50.

Manchester's Hosiery Department
main floor