



LIBRARIES

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN-MADISON

The Wisconsin literary magazine. Volume XXV, Number 5 April 1926

Madison, Wisconsin: University of Wisconsin, April 1926

<https://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/WSDMFIVGBBOXJL8A>

This material may be protected by copyright law (e.g., Title 17, US Code). For information on re-use see: <http://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/Copyright>

The libraries provide public access to a wide range of material, including online exhibits, digitized collections, archival finding aids, our catalog, online articles, and a growing range of materials in many media.

When possible, we provide rights information in catalog records, finding aids, and other metadata that accompanies collections or items. However, it is always the user's obligation to evaluate copyright and rights issues in light of their own use.

The Wisconsin Literary Magazine



April, 1926

CONTENTS

PROSE:

A Birthday Gift.....	Paul M. Fulcher.....	3
Hasjelti Dailjis.....	Clyde K. Kluckhohn.....	7
We Set to Sea in a Sailing Ship	Elizabeth C. Cooper.....	12
How to be a Successful Critic	William L. Doudna.....	16

POETRY:

The Firs.....	E. A. Schmidt.....	6
The Offertory.....	Marion Ryan.....	10
Sonnets.....	Jim Chichester.....	11
Hands.....	J. M. S. Cotton.....	13
The Shops.....	William Ellery Leonard.....	17
June by the Sea.....	Helen C. White.....	17

Editorial

Book Notes

Volume XXV

Price twenty-five cents

Number 45

Baron Brothers

For Spring Clothes
Smart, New,
Stylish, and
Reasonably Priced

Always the new and the
unusual that appeals to the
co-ed

The Antes Press

Evansville, Wisconsin

*Printers and
Publishers*



MEAT

GOEDEN & KRUGER
Inc.

"Come in and browse"

You are welcome to go
through our large
stock of used books
anytime — or all the
time.

BROWN BOOK SHOP

623 State

Opp. Lawrences

Clothing, furnishings and
and shoes

at the

CAMPUS CLOTHES SHOP

University Ave. at Park St.

Block System

Society Cleaners and Dyers

Special: Limited Time
Dresses, cleaned and pressed \$1 up
Suits, cleaned and pressed \$1 and up

"Plaiting A Specialty"

B. 7239

505 State St.

Service Cleaners

Dyeing and Pressing

F. 2483

1347 University Ave.

Lettercraft

Dance Programs and Stationery

725 University Avenue

Malone Grocery

Dealer in

Groceries, Fruits and Vegetables
Wholesale and Retail

Phone B. 1163-1164 434 State St.

BREWINGTON Typewriter Co.

B-222

533 State St.

PARSON'S

Shop of Original Models

"Where You See the Styles of Youth"

Furs, Coats, Wraps, Gowns, Dresses

121 State St.

Madison, Wis.

Quality Service Laundry

Madison, Wis.

R. T. Royston

Plumber and
Gas Fitter

F. 378

1319 University Ave.

*"Follow the RAY'S for
your best barber
work"*

RAY'S BARBER SHOP

716 State St.

The New Co-op

Is now open for business at its new location at the corner of State and Lake. Here it will be more convenient for you than ever to purchase your clothing and classroom equipment—new merchandise, new fixtures, new stocks, better service, and all much nearer the campus.

The Co-op

506 State

E. J. Grady, Mgr.

Harry S. Manchester Inc.

Frocks, coats, hats of course, shoes, and all those telling accessories — purchased for Manchester's by discriminating buyers for discriminating co-eds.

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN STUDIES

Studies in Language and Literature

No. 22 Studies in German Literature in Honor of Alexander Rudolph Hohl-feld by his Students and Colleagues. December 1925. 226 p. Paper. \$2.00.

Albert William Aron. Anatole France and Goethe.

John Charles Blankenagel. Heinrich von Kleist's Pursuit of Happiness.

Friedrich Bruns. Die Motivierung aus dem Unbewussten bei Heinrich von Kleist.

Gottlob Charles Cast. The Religious Views of Gerhart Hauptmann as Reflected in His Works.

M. Blakemore Evans. The Attitude of Andreas Gryphius toward the Supernatural.

Ernst Feise. Zum Problem von Goethes *Clavigo*.

George Frederic Lussky. Die Frauen

in der mittelhochdeutschen Spielmannsdichtung.

Bayard Quincy Morgan. Three Translations of Goethe's *Iphigenie auf Tauris*.

Lawrence Marsden Price. Richardson in the Moral Weeklies of Germany.

E. Prokosch. Rhythmus und Persönlichkeit in Goethes *Faust*.

Charles Maltador Purin. Tolstoi und Kroger: Eine Darstellung ihrer literarischen Beziehungen.

Edwin Carl Roedder. Blatter aus meiner Schillermappe.

No. 20 Studies by Members of the Department of Romance Languages. 1924. 238 p. \$1.50.

No. 21 The Ancient Rhetorical Theories of the Laughable, by Mary A. Grant. 1924. 168 p. \$2.00.

Orders, with remittances covering the cost, should be sent to the University Editor. Checks and money orders should be made payable to G. L. Gilbert, Bursar, University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wisconsin. A discount of twenty-five per cent is allowed to the trade.

The WISCONSIN LITERARY Magazine

Volume XXV

April, 1926

Number 5

A BIRTHDAY GIFT

By

PAUL M. FULCHER

OLD Mrs. Matthison sat dozing in her chair on the front porch. It was her eighty-fourth birthday and a delightful June morning, but she was not aware of either fact. She had long since ceased to be aware of much. Age had treated her freakishly; in mind, she was a child again, and in body, a very weak old lady—too weak, almost, to die. Her hearing and eyesight were failing; her memory had almost deserted her, to reappear uncannily at times, carrying her back with peculiar vividness to the years that had gone.

Fortunate it was, too, that whatever thoughts she had were almost wholly in the past. There had been, it is true, no sudden calamities, no decisive moments to which one could point and say, "There was the turning point in the Matthison fortunes; there the downfall began." It was rather a steady process of decay, keeping pace, seemingly, with the waning powers of the old lady herself, till now were left on the one hand only the ruins of a once vigorous intellect, and on the other, the fragments of a once prosperous estate. The big house on the hill was still standing, still occupied by Mrs. Matthison and her daughter, Amy, but the surrounding acres had been cut away one after another, the servants dismissed, the farm animals sold, all so long ago that people had almost ceased to remember the times of Matthison prosperity.

The family itself had fallen into the same decay. Of four daughters and one son, only Amy was left. In the early spring the death of Adda, the youngest daughter, had placed on Amy the whole task of watching over her mother.

"Amy," called the old lady, suddenly awaking from her doze, "'pears like some one is coming up the walk."

"Sit where you are, Mother," replied Amy, appearing in the doorway. She was a tall, gray-haired woman, well past middle age. Her shoulders sagged as though her arms were too heavy for them. Scarcely lifting her feet as she walked, she stepped over to the old lady. "It's only Dr. Felton, coming to see how you are to-day."

"Felton, you say?" repeated the old lady querulously. "Dr. Felton? I don't know him, do I?"

"Of course you know him, Mother. You've known him for almost fifty years."

"I suppose I ought to know him. But I forget. I forget a lot." She rose stiffly as the doctor came up the steps. He was a big, ruddy, open-faced man, and wore a gray suit a size too large for him. In one of his blunt-fingered hands—odd hands for a surgeon—he carried his satchel, and in the other a big, red peony, full-blown.

"Well, Auntie, how are you to-day? Congratulations on your birthday. Here's a flower for you—a piney." He spoke

to Mrs. Matthison, but his eyes were on Amy, his bluff voice softening as he looked at her.

"Birthday. . . ." Mrs. Matthison repeated. "Amy, is this my birthday?"

"Yes, Mother."

"How old be I?"

"Eighty-four, Mother."

"Eighty-four! Why, how come I to be eighty-four? You don't say I'm eighty-four?" There was a little quiver in her voice. Amy nodded. "I didn't know—I was—that—old," she finished with a sigh. "Why, Amy, how old be you, then?"

"Oh, Mother, don't you remember? I'm fifty-six. We're none of us so young as we used to be, I fear me." Amy tried to smile, but it was rather a dismal effort. Her face was creased with tired lines, and her eyes were heavy with watching, for Mrs. Matthison slept only by fits and starts, and required somebody constantly by her side.

"Amy, come over close where I can see you," the old lady commanded. She took her daughter's face in her hands and looked at it closely. "Yes., you do look old," she announced after a minute. "You do, that. But handsome is as handsome does, I always say. I'm awful glad, Doctor, that nobody ever wanted these two girls. I don't know what I'd have done without them, I don't." She settled back in her chair and folded her arms contentedly on her lap.

"How is she, Doctor?" asked Amy, in a tone that seemed low in contrast to their previously high-pitched conversation.

"About the same, about the same, Miss Amy," returned the doctor. "She may be with you five years longer; she may go to-night. You can't tell. Has she had any of those smothering attacks lately?"

"Last night she had one. I lifted her up on her pillow, and she soon got easier. I thought she had gone, for a while, though. It was about three o'clock."

"Just lift her up—that's all you can do." The doctor looked at her keenly. "But you'd better take care of yourself, Miss Amy. Poor, tired woman, you look like a ghost of yourself." He took

her hand, feeling with professional touch for her pulse and then holding for a moment the bony, blue-veined wrist. "You say she won't hear to a nurse?"

"You remember how she acted with Miss Perkins and Miss Lynn?" Amy withdrew her hand. "It isn't any use, Doctor. I'll have to do the best I can. Besides, there's the money, you know."

Dr. Felton knew. He did not press the matter, but started to go away, his visit ended. The old lady, however, lifted her head and looked at him sadly.

"Come over here and let me kiss you." The doctor obeyed. "I ain't got any son," she went on, laying her soft cheek against his. I had a son, once, but I ain't got any now. Amy, didn't I have a son?" she appealed.

"Yes, of course, Mother, George. Surely you haven't forgotten George."

"Yes, George. That *was* his name. But I ain't got any son now. Nobody but these two girls. I declare, I'm awful glad nobody ever wanted these two girls."

"She—doesn't remember about Adda?" asked the doctor.

"Only part of the time. She seemed to know what was going on the day of the funeral, and since then she has remembered, once in a while, but usually she thinks Adda's just—out of the room. Sometimes she asks, and complains; and when I tell her, she may understand, and she may not. It—it's kind of hard, Doctor."

"Yes," said the doctor a little bitterly, "it's hard. And there's nothing you can do. But don't worry any more than you can help. That"—pointing to the old lady who was now tearing the peony to pieces, and watching the red petals blow from her gray dress to the ground,—"that isn't really your mother, you know."

"Oh, yes it is," replied Amy wearily. "Yes it is!" Sometimes I think as you do. Sometimes I wonder if she wouldn't be better—dead. And then again I look at her, and she seems to know what I'm thinking about, and it—it scares me. Or she remembers something, some little detail of thirty years ago, and her mind seems as clear as ever. I—sometimes it scares me, that's all," she concluded lamely.

The doctor reached out and put a firm hand on her shoulder. "You're almost hysterical, Miss Amy," he said, looking at her gravely. Amy seemed not to hear him. She was looking at her mother, who had laid her head back in her chair and was sleeping peacefully.

"She'll be wakeful to-night," said Amy, paying no attention to the doctor. "She always is when she sleeps that way in the daytime."

Dr. Felton turned slowly and walked away. Amy sank down on the steps and leaned against one of the big pillars of the porch, once painted white, but now dingy and weather-stained. A breeze was just stirring in the trees in the yard below. Dr. Felton, saying that he needed the grass for his chickens, had kept the lawn well trimmed. Under the trees it looked so cool, so softly green, so inviting, that Amy longed to lie there in the shade and sleep. She wondered how it would feel, to sleep for an hour, two hours, ten hours, and not be always listening for her mother's summons.

Presently she came to herself with a start and looked 'round. Mrs. Matthison was not in sight. Upbraiding herself for her momentary lapse from duty, Amy rose and went hurriedly into the house. The old lady was not in the living room, nor in the bedroom. Amy proceeded through the dining room into the kitchen, and thence, growing more and more frightened, into the garden. There, sitting on her knees in the gravel path, was her mother, busily trimming the grass which grew too close to the walk to be cut by the mower.

"I was just a-trimming the grass," she replied, looking up at her daughter's surprised exclamation. "Why don't you make Addie help you with things more, Amy? I mind the time when she was always stirring around in the garden." Reluctantly she gave up the scissors and allowed herself to be led back to the house. When she reached it, the question about Adda was forgotten.

The rest of the day passed quietly. Mrs. Matthison, a little tired from her escapade, sat in the porch chair, or walked slowly about the house and yard, leaning heavily on her daughter's arm. Her memory was unusually alert. At

times Amy felt that she must cry out, with such torturing clearness did her mother call to mind events of many years before. Gay or sad, they wounded equally, for the vividness with which she lived them again seemed almost unnatural, and caused Amy nothing but pain.

Amy managed two or three times to get a few minutes' sleep beside her mother on the porch, but as evening drew near, she thought she had never been so weary before. Her head throbbed dully; her eyes seemed to be swollen and to press against their sockets. Her skin grew abnormally sensitive, so that the mere weight of her clothes burdened her. She wanted to cry out wildly.

The long June twilight passed. When it was quite dark, and the wind had freshened perceptibly, Amy led her mother into the house and put her to bed. The old lady laughed like a child as the night garments were brought out, and made a horrible, rattling, animal-like noise in her throat, at which Amy shuddered. Her mother had learned to make the noise two weeks before, and was gleefully pleased at her new accomplishment. Amy had at first tried to stop her, but had given up the attempt in despair, for, noting the effect upon her daughter, the old lady practised it with impish delight. She repeated the noise two or three times this evening, and then lay back upon the pillow, exhausted, and was soon asleep. Amy lit the kerosene lamp, turning it low, and drew her chair close to the bed, facing the window. Another night-long vigil had begun.

Mrs. Matthison slept for half an hour and then awoke suddenly.

"Addie? Amy?" she called. "I can't see which one of you it is."

"It's Amy, Mother," said her daughter, bending over her. "What is it?"

The old lady laughed feebly. "I was just thinking that perhaps I'd get married again. It must be quite a while since Nathan died, isn't it?"

"Yes, Mother," patting her hand gently. "Go to sleep again."

"The place needs a man to look after it," mused her mother unheedingly. "A farm don't do well with only two girls.

I think—that—" but she did not finish, for the drowsiness had again come over her, and in a minute she was asleep.

Outside, the stars glowed undimmed, save for a few low-hanging ones on the distant, hill-frontiered horizon, where a suffused, milky light told of the rising moon. A wisp of breeze shivered in the window hangings. The feeling of hysteria which had oppressed Amy had given way to one of weariness, of absolute fatigue, which she fought off as best she could. Half a dozen times she found herself nodding, and with a tremendous effort fought back to consciousness. After some minutes, a sound from the bed attracted her attention. Her mother was sobbing.

"Why, Mother, what is the matter?" cried Amy.

"Didn't you say this was my birthday?"

"Why, yes, Mother."

"You forgot to give me any present!" wailed the old lady. "You forgot to give—me any—present!"

"Don't cry, Mother," begged Amy, getting up quickly. "Oh, don't cry—please! It—I—wait a minute!" Amy hurried into the library. She would get a book—any book—from the shelves, and give to her. Her mother would not know the difference.

When Amy returned to the bedroom, however, she found her mother asleep, and knew that when she next awoke, the whole matter would be forgotten. She hardly knew whether to be glad or sorry.

"The best gift I could give her would be—death," she thought, and then sat down, aghast at herself. The hand hold-

ing the book gradually relaxed, letting it fall quietly to the floor.

Amy moved her chair a little nearer to the window. Soon the lamp on the table flickered and went out for lack of oil. A bank of clouds had formed behind the hill. Their upper edge was tipped with saffron-silver, for the moon was rising behind them. It had been full a night or so earlier, Amy remembered. Now it was waning. . . waning.

A desolate word, Amy thought.

She leaned back and let the wind, which was growing stronger, blow on her hot face. An irresistible sensation of comfort passed over her body. It seemed to come in waves. She relaxed slowly, luxuriously. . . She wondered if she were growing numb.

From the bed came a choking sound. Her mother was on the verge of another smothering attack. "Just lift her up—that's all you can do," Amy seemed to hear Dr. Felton say, but she was unable to move.

The cloud rim grew brighter and brighter. A tiny arc of moon appeared above it. Amy watched it, fascinated.

"When I can—see—all of the moon, I'll raise her up," she thought. For several seconds she watched the arc grow larger, and then closed her eyes. . .

Slowly the clouds slipped away from the moon, and their light faded. Mrs. Matthison gave an odd little sigh, and the choking sound ceased. Amy was breathing deeply, regularly, like a tired child. A long moonbeam slanted through the window, touching Amy's hair with its calm light, saturating the face of the old lady on the bed, calm now, and eternally tranquil.

THE FIRS

In summer I used to see them stand
With lifted skirts and waving hands:
Two old women, tall and still,
On the rolling crest of a daisy-hill.

Now I wake to see them there,
Silently combing their snow-white hair.

—E. A. Schmidt

HASJELTI DAILJIS

By

CLYDE K. KLUCKHOHN

"The Navajo loves his gods—"

A SPOT more typical of the arid landscape of Arizona and New Mexico or more suggestive of the primitive beauties and longings which haunt the land and its people could not have been chosen for the celebration of this sacrament of the desert. The broad rolling valley splotched with clumps of dwarf cedar and carpeted with the fragrant sage is limited on the one side by the heavily timbered slopes of the Black Mountains and on the other by the glorious red and purple cliffs which terminate the vast tableland of Red Rock Mesa. In a valley within the valley is the medicine lodge, a conical structure of pine logs, and nearby is a square space set off by a palisade which is to serve as the communal cookhouse. All about are the Navajo, lithe and tall, and clad in colors borrowed from the landscape of their desert home; they sit in family groups around the fire, (for it is early on a November morning and the sun has not yet taken the chill from the thin air); or, wrapped in blankets, they slowly go about preparations for the dance.

Near the medicine hogan, instructing the group of students who are to be his assistants, we find Hosteen Latson Ih Begay, the officiating song-priest. I have yet to see a more striking figure; his features, of rather an Arabian cast, were regular and noble; his attire accentuated the picture of dignified but barbaric strength—the shirt of purple velvet, fastened with silver buttons, the twin medicine pouches, hanging from his shoulders, the scintillating belt composed of discs of hammered silver which confined his doeskin breeches; although more than past middle life, he still held himself to his full imposing stature, and one saw rippling under his velvet sleeves muscles that had torn the pinon from its roots.

He spoke, and his speech was not the lightly-tripped garrulous speech of Navajo youth; it was the slow, carefully weighed discourse of the elder statesman. He had heard of us, had heard little

against us, but white men were prone to ridicule things sacred to the Indian, and for the Indian to expose his holies to the possibility of contempt were as displeasing as to ridicule them himself. However, he would consider. And by crier he summoned all of those who knew of us. We waited while Hosteen asked sharp incisive questions, and while incidents of our stay in Navajo-land, but dimly remembered by us, were related.

At last our judge arose, and he delivered his decision in these words: "For many months you have lived in us, and now you are returning to your people. You are young; you will live many years; you will talk to many; you will tell them of us. Since ten generations has the white man talked to us of his religion. We know his beliefs; we do not want them. The white man knows not our religion, and yet he says that it is not good; that our ceremonies are unclean; that we must leave our gods and take his god. You white men do not pray; you grumble; but you shall see us here praying for nine days that our friend may regain health. I shall let you remain to see the most of what is to come so that you will go back to your people to tell them that they must leave to us our gods."

During the day, we learned that Hasjelti Dailjis, the dance of Hasjelti, is a "medicine sing" which is always held in the fall or winter of the year—"when the thunder sleeps." Its general purpose is to pray for the health of the "Dinne" (literally, "the people"—the name which these Indians give themselves; Navajo comes from the Spanish name for them—"Apaches du Navaju," "Apaches of the cultivated fields.") The specific purpose of this Yei Bit Chai was to heal the mastoid infection of an important member of the Tsia a Chini (people of the red rocks) clan, by name, Nas Jagi Yaye.

After darkness that evening, the first ceremony began. The bright fire in the center of the medicine hogan showed the

song-priest sitting motionless facing the door. The sick man now entered the hogan and was placed on a blanket in front of the song-priest. Then entered the deities Hasjelti and Hostjoghon, and we had an unusual opportunity to see how aboriginal man looks and acts in the awful presence of his gods, for although those present realized that these grotesque, half-naked, masked figures were only men impersonating the gods, still so steeped were they in the mysticism of the sacrament that, in effect, Hasjelti and Hostoghon, two of the awful Yei Bit Chai, were there in the hogan. The face of Hasjelti was concealed by a mask of deerskin which was surmounted by a headdress of turkey and eagle feathers; his principal garment was a deerskin mantle from which hung medicine pouches of foxskin; the rest of his body was unclothed. Hostjoghon wore a mask of deerskin colored blue and a less elaborate headdress; around his loins were kilts of red velvet girt with a silver belt. It was explained to us that the deerskin used in the mantles and masks must be secured from deer which have been smothered to death; a deer is run down and secured with ropes; corn pollen is placed in the nostrils until the deer is smothered.

Hasjelti placed a wooden square over the head of the invalid, while Hostjoghon chanted a prayer, the significance of which we could not catch. Then entered Hostoboken, the water-spirit, and the goddess, Hostoboard, both in clownish costume, bedecked with cedar spray. These personages entered and in alternation placed twelve gaming rings on different parts of the sick man's body to expel the evil and to bring health. Then three rings were taken to each of the four points of the compass and buried at the foot of pinon trees; this was done in order that the evil and the disease taken from the sick man's body might not remain to contaminate the hogan.

The weird hooting peculiar to Hasjelti, and the first day of the Yei Bit Chai was at an end.

On the second, third, fourth, and fifth days, ceremonies, complicated in their symbolism, yet externally similar to that of the first night were performed day

and night. Many songs and prayers, beautiful in imagery, were sung and chanted by the medicine man, his assistants, and by the personators of the gods.

At daylight of the sixth day preparations for a sand picture began. First, all the ashes from the fire which had been burning in the hogan were removed. Then common yellowish sand was carried in blankets to form a square about three inches deep and perhaps five feet in diameter.

Exactly at sunrise, work on the painting began. Four students did the actual work, while the medicine man from his permanent seat at the west end of the lodge facing the East corrected them when some detail did not suit him. On the background of yellow sand, the colored sand was dropped from between the fingers in a seemingly careless manner and yet with marvelous accuracy. Each student used five colors of sand: gray-blue, black, red, yellow, and white. The painting was divided into four sections: the first pictured the destruction of all the people of the earth save one girl; the second pictured the girl bearing a daughter, whose father was the pitying water, and this daughter in turn was shown espoused by the rays of the rising sun, Naiyenes-gani; the third division of the painting depicted the visit of their child to his father, the sun, and his exploits in slaying the monsters upon earth; the last section suggested how the earth was re-peopled by the creation of men and women from ears of corn.

The work was finished about three o'clock in the afternoon. The song-priest then sprinkled sacred meal over the figures in the picture, and the curtain at the door was drawn back to admit the invalid, at whose entrance the medicine man burst into a horrid chant to the accompaniment of a gourd rattle. The sick man first sprinkled the painting with meal, and then inhaled incense from the fire. At this point we were excluded from the hogan.

At the conclusion of the ritual, all those present who had aches or pains of any sort took sand from the painting and rubbed it upon the affected parts. The painting was then erased and the sand carried some distance from the hogan in blankets, for these are the two inviolable

laws concerning the sand painting: the sun must never set upon a completed painting, and no woman must ever look upon one. The setting sun was laid to rest with a weird chant, and the night was given over to feasting.

On the seventh and eighth days the order of business was the completion of two other sand pictures and of attendant ceremonies.

On the ninth day the gathering assumed impressive proportions. For the previous twenty-four hours Navajos had been pouring in from all parts of the empire to join the not inconsiderable number which had already gathered, so that by noon of the ninth to the day, there were two thousand present. To the Navajo the sacred ceremonies have a social as well as a religious significance; at these times clan councils and family gatherings are held. Camps were scattered over an extensive radius, and the communal cook-house was quite overcrowded. An avenue of covered wagons lined the space directly in front of the medicine hogans. Everywhere a riot of color—the squaws in velvet waists and skirts of gay muslin outshone their men, who were forced to depend upon their blankets and jewelry for effect.

All day long the refrain of low-pitched chants could be heard issuing from the medicine hogan where Latsan Ih Begay and his brethren held prayerful council. Outside, a great band of youths were preparing masks and costumes and gathering wood for the fires.

Brilliant indeed is the setting for the dance. The space directly in front of the medicine lodge was set off on either side by bright fires whose flames rose seven or eight feet; around these fires lounged the multitude of gaudily dressed spectators happily singing snatches of their favorite songs. The unspeakable glory of the Arizona moonlight rendered visible the distant cliffs and mountains and bathed the whole scene in a supernatural grandeur.

Shortly after dark the ceremonies began with a procession led by Latsan Ih Begay, who was indeed impressive as he moved with slow, majestic steps, chanting the while. He was followed by Hasjelti and four Etsethle (the first

ones) who represented corn, rain, vegetation, and corn pollen. Their blue masks were topped with a feather head-dress, and they wore loin skirts from which hung fox skins; their bodies were painted white, and in their right hands they carried gourd rattles. Twenty feet from the hogan, the procession halted, while the song-priest turned to the four Etsethle and chanted a short prayer. Then there was a long monotonous chant by the Etsethle which reminded the people that corn is their food; that for rain Hasjelti must be prayed to; that, if vegetation is to grow, the sun must warm the earth. The song-priest and the invalid then joined in a prayer to the Etsethle. The invalid seated himself in front of the lodge, but the song-priest remained standing while the Etsethle indulged in an esoteric dance to the accompaniment of ear-rending hooting by Hasjelti.

A short while thereafter came another procession led by the assistant song-priest, followed by twelve dancers who represented the original man and woman of the world six times reduplicated. The singing in a falsetto key and the quick movements of the dancers were beyond description. The effect was fascinating, yet patently barbaric. All night long the dance continued. To the superficial observer there was little variation in the dance save in the number of those taking part, and in the occasional appearance of a woman; but each chant and each new figure quite evidently had a real meaning to the native spectators.

Just as the sun was rising, the dance terminated in the exquisite Bluebird Song. All the dancers gathered in a circle, and, after removing their masks, reverently sang this beautiful lyric, which relates legend of the creation. It is totally different from the vast body of Amerindian songs, being melodious and sung softly in a very low key. When the singing was done, the masks had but to be sprinkled with pollen, and the ceremony of Hasjelti Dailjis was at an end. Three hours later it all seemed as a dream. The host had vanished as if by magic, and there was nothing left to conjure with save the ashes of the fires.

THE OFFERTORY

(A fragment from *The Churchiad*)

By

MARION RYAN

NOW, on the Sabbath atmosphere, rings out
Th' offertory anthem's final shout,—
The complacent alto's buxom form subsiding
Into the pew, on lavender billows riding
Of organdy. The gaunt soprano slips
Into the seat beside her; with thin lips
Pursed, she retreats, black-clad, a spectre, 'twixt
This one, arrayed in fashion's latest gown,
And that, the gay Beau Brummel of the town.
On t'other end, immense, the frog-like bass
Sits,—oily satisfaction on his face.
Another piece the organist begins.
The congregation stirs. The small child's shins
Are barked by stretching of the father's limb
For access to the trousers' pocket; him
The staid spouse notes; she stirs; lays down her fan
Presented by the town's most prosp'rous man
(Neatly adorned, these fans, with many a text,—
The donor's business card, of course, annexed).
A silver purse the mother opes; at last
Th' elusive coin discovers, hidden fast.
The conscious youth extracts th' unwilling dime,
Eyed by the blushing, bashful maid meantime.
Children their drooping heads upraise, the while
Each at the other casts a listless smile.
In th' interim, with creaking, stealthy shoe
Steals to the vicinage of a rearward pew
The local undertaker, gaunt and grim;
A second man, a third, steals after him.
As if on some dread errand bent, they sneak
Each to a destined aisle, with ominous creak.
A silence. Then of shoes a fourth loud pair
Startles with painful clump the quiet air.
Now down the aisle the four together rush,
Breaking with martial tread the holy hush,
Haste to the pulpit, seize with avid hand
The contribution plate; they wheel, they stand
A moment poised; then left and right
They dash; the clinking holy offerings bright
Rain on each sombre contribution plate.
They haste from pew to pew. Each child, elate
Views the swift ceremony; now his eyes
Bulge with the thought of cookies and of pies
The heaped-up wealth could featly conjure forth.
The busy deacons, erewhile headed north,
Reach the rear pews; then southward tread th' aisle,—
Loudlier still their warlike tramp, the while
The organ music faint and fainter dies.
Now to the pulpit from his seat doth rise

The pale young minister, his saintly grin
 Fixed on his countenance through thick and thin.
 His hand upraised, he speaks a thankful word
 Above the organ's whisper barely heard.
 Scarce the "Amen!" pronounced, ere wheel and rush
 The deacons to their seats. A solemn hush
 Falls o'er the pews: the lovers steal
 Hand into willing hand; the infants feel
 Sleepily for the mother's shelt'ring lap;
 Th' ancients settle to the longed-for nap;
 The maternal hand adjusts the Sunday hat;
 Grim, the paternal mind cons this and that.
 The offertory's pleasant bustle done,
 The sermon's hour-long agony's begun.

SONNETS

By

JIM CHICHESTER

BESIDE A GRAVE

HE went one day to look upon a grave
 Where one was lying who had loved him well.
 He had a need of her again that might tell
 Her how life tossed him on its restless wave.
 And that his heart no longer could be brave.
 As coldly weak as one cast in a spell
 He'd let himself sink underneath the swell—
 So little was there left of him to save.

But always she had words for him before
 When she had lived, until her frail strength broke,
 And so, as once years past, he sought her door,
 He sought her grave and gently knelt to stroke
 The stone. And peace was in his heart once more;
 It was as if her very silence spoke.

THE RETURN

. . . So when he died and when his body came
 Back to the little town his boyhood knew,
 No relatives were there and very few
 Were those who had so much as heard his name—
 Much less had heard the murmuring of the fame
 That came too late, yet truly was his due,
 For great work done. His townsmen only drew
 About the corpse. "No friends! It is a shame."

Cards bearing words, with meaning not quite clear,
 And dusky wreaths and lilies white and slim,
 Sent from afar, were laid upon the bier,
 A lonely shape deep in a room made dim.
 The homage of the world they did not hear,
 And so, in charity, they buried him.

WE SET TO SEA IN A SAILING SHIP

By

ELIZABETH C. COOPER

"**S**I, SENOR, in the night. Because of the tide, you unnerstan', Senor. Porque—Because we mus' go when she go!"

And so, "in the night," a little after one, we started. To begin with, it seemed a rather joyous adventure to cross the Gulf in a schooner, one of those brave little three-masters that used to rush in so bravely, low as a row-boat in the water, white sails all set, just when the sun could paint her crimson and garnet and gold; and we had a good deal of fun as we bought oilskins and booked ourselves as "dos pasajeros comerciantes" for Venezuela and return. But when we turned suddenly into the little street at whose foot our boat was bouncing up and down as nothing at all but a comparatively empty ship in the turn of the tide *can* bounce, we forgot that we were knights a-venturing and felt a bit as if we had strayed into one of those epics of Ruben Dario's.

We who had known the street when wisteria sprawled all over that tall silver oak, when bougainvillea had been trained in purple invitation across the door of that saloon, when oleanders stood straight and stiff before the houses, and jacoranda and poinciana wove carpets of blue and madder across the paving, had never ceased to wonder at the musical inaptness of its name. Used and loved by Spaniards and Italians alone, of obviously Latin sympathy, "Callito del Todo el Mundo," while pretty, seemed rather ridiculous. And as the world grew up and the street grew with it, to the detriment of flowers and trees, it still lay quiet there, paved in our sandy stoneless land with great smooth gray cobbles brought as ballast from some rocky island off the coast. With the sun—even on a darkened day or in the rain-time, it spilled sunlight from its mouth into other dreary waterfront streets that joined it—and the silence always in it, as if it were meditating on some old loveliness, Little Street of Another World, rather than Little Street of All the World, seemed applicable. But now, lighted by ship's

lanterns hung on posts, splotched with yellow light and streaked with silver moon rays, All the World was using its own street in its own way; and we had time for one shamed grin at the gross stupidity and literalness of our Anglo-Saxon minds that had failed so completely to read "many hearts" instead of "many tongues" into that quaint All the World phrase. Then we were lost, grin and all, in an attempt to watch the way the world behaves when it is saying God-speed at the little docks in Tampa.

Close beside us a group of bare-legged, black-haired boys in gay colored blouses open at the throat were discussing in excited Italian promised treasure coming back in the hold of the Joaquinita; a tall, curly-headed Spaniard was holding a little blond girl's face upturned to his while he whispered reassurance in a mixture of Spanish and English made beautiful by the richness of his caressing voice, and the little girl spoiled her make-up with big tears and whimpered, "Stevie, it's so far, an' the boat's so little!" Over on the stump of a jacoranda tree an old man was discoursing in Portuguese about a shoal off Long Boat Key, and over there somebody had had too much to drink and was telling everybody else something terribly important with a somewhat uncertain seriousness. In nearly every doorway a sailor and his girl were finishing last important matters, but they were all doing it with a laugh and a grin—I think Stevie's little blond was the only one in the whole crowd who hadn't a joke and a grin and a song on her lips, unless I except a certain gray little old lady with a very determined air who was buying beans as if her life depended on it, and sobbing into her handkerchief all the while. Her son had shipped as cabin boy on the Joaquinita last trip and gotten himself knifed in Nicaragua. Everybody else was just crowding, talking, waving arms, racing to and fro and slapping each other on the back in an excess of joviality that failed to ring quite true. The sailors were the only really happy ones there,

and they grinned like youngsters let out of school, even when they tried to be serious for a goodbye that everyone knew was, like as not, to be a final one.

We tried to make our way to the quay without attracting undue attention, but they had obviously heard of us, and everywhere, in Spanish, Italian, Portuguese, "Los Americanos" were talked of, stared at, and made room for. Once at the edge of the dock we understood why the sailors had such joyously expectant faces, why Stevie had to grin at his little sweetheart's tears even while he kissed them away, why the old man on his stump was so querulously deriding modern sailing men and bewailing his inability to show them how it should be done; why, in fact, this was such a pleasant holiday affair instead of a breathless, regretful ceremony.—It was the water!

For the water was gay tonight, just at the turn of the tide, phosphorescent,

moon-streaked, joyous and boisterous; it slapped wet hands against the pilings and tossed great ropes of diamonds up against an indulgent sky. Who could care whether they ever saw land again? Who could worry that this was October and the storms were on the way? Who could think of anything with the song of the breakers outside the harbor ringing in his ears? A white lady boat lying lower than the wharf so that you have to jump down on deck and catch your duffle when somebody tosses it down to you; fresh tarred rope smelling salt like drying mullet nets. Oh, it is foolish to be grave when you are setting out to sea again!

So we were aboard and out of the harbor, the Little Street behind us, its swinging lights and anxious faces, its colors and its bravery, wiped out as if a great green wave had washed the coastline clean, and the joyous leaping nearness of the great friendly Gulf the only actuality.

HANDS

(From the Italian of Gabriele d'Annunzio)

By

J. M. S. COTTON

THE hands of women we have chanced to meet
 Once in a lifetime, or in dreams of night:
 Oh all those hands, my Soul, those fingers light
 Which we have clasped, which lips have chanced to greet
 Once in a lifetime, or in dreams of night!

And some were cold, so cold, a lifeless thing
 As if of ice, (and we had lost so much)
 And some were warm—like velvet to the touch,
 Like velvet of live roses blossoming.
 —Do unknown gardens ever bloom with such?

So great the fragrance some would leave behind,
 So steadfast, that for one whole night we had
 The springtime in our hearts to make us glad;
 Nor could one sweeter woods of April find
 Than our own room that had been lone and sad.

And others burn as with a fire extreme,
Fire of a soul, and nothing to remain,
(O little hand, I cannot clasp again
Once idly held) and the regret supreme:
—You might have loved me and not loved in vain!

And others filled us with a wild desire—
Lightning desire, like to a burning sun;
Till all unknown delight became our own,
In some still alcove slowly to expire:
Veins drained of blood, and for that mouth alone.

Not all Arabian scents could make them soft—
Those others, (or the same?) Both false and fair,
So wondrous-wise in knowing how to snare;
Faithless and fair, and those who kissed—how oft
Did they but go to find destruction there?

Others (or yet the same?)—oh marble hands,
And yet more strong than any marble tower—
They filled us with so wild a jealous power
That we deprived her of them, and she stands,
And mutilated, haunts our dreaming hour.

Erect, and in our dreams alive and still,
That horrid woman of the hands deprived,
And yet the living hands they still survived,
And with their blood they caused two wells to fill
Before her, where unstained by blood they thrived.

And, similar to Mary's hands alone,
Like Holy Hosts, some others' hands there were,
And in the solemn gestures of a prayer
The diamond on the wedding-finger shone,
Nor ever lingered on a lover's hair.

And others, almost manly, that we held
Strongly and long, till passions fraught with shame
And terror, headlong in their flight became,
For we were linked with Glory and beheld
Our future work enkindle us with flame.

And others thrilled the body with their touch,
And we in that deep feeling understood
That howsoever frail, those small hands could
Of all the world enclose and hold so much
And all things that are Evil and are Good—
My Soul, both all the Evil and the Good.

The Wisconsin Literary Magazine

EDITORIAL BOARD

GEORGE C. JOHNSON, Editor-in-Chief

C. GIBSON SCHEAFFER, Associate Editor

Gladys Feld, Viola Wendt, Marguerite Anderson, Katherine Ehr Gott

EDITORIAL STAFF

Daisy Grenzow, Margaret Hall, Carl O. Nelson, John Gillin, Edna May Miller

BUSINESS STAFF

Heinrich Kuehn, Acting Business Manager

Advertising Department

Florence Wolf, Esther Lerner, Flora Wilder, Minda Zimmerman

Distribution Department

Felicia Druck, Manager. Desk Managers: Martha Walker, Rachel Learnard, Idabel Sine, Frances Crawford. Assistants: Adrienne Hecht, Florence Capes, Sylvia Pick, Eleanor Samuels, Dorothy Bateman, Doris Kerr, Helen Nisbett, Betty Lyman, Eleanor Hamilton, Eunice Schmidt, Ruth Krause, Ada Toms, Helen Boyd, Rosella Franseen, C. Williams, Margaret Simonton, Nadine Trope, Beatrice Goldman, Florence Boruszak, Bernice Izaakowitch.

Publicity Department

Louis Klevay, Mgr.; Josephine Fairly, William R. Forrest, Walter H. Drummond

Ferd Koch, Circulation Manager

Office Department

Beatrice Aranson, Manager; Eleanor Lowenton, Ruth Corp, Winifred Wise

Accountant, William Bentien

The Wisconsin Literary Magazine is published three times a semester by the students of the University of Wisconsin. The price of the magazine is twenty-five cents per copy; year subscriptions, one dollar twenty-five cents. Those who wish to submit manuscripts for consideration by the editorial board, should send them with a stamped return envelope to 772 Langdon St.

Entered as second class mail matter at the postoffice at Madison

EDITORIAL

LET us put aside acquiescence. There is nothing of lasting good to be gained thereby, for acquiescence generates fear and harbors intolerance. Acquiescence binds us, turns our eyes from tomorrow and sets our gaze downward to our feet. Bred in an atmosphere of "I believe" and "age makes venerable man and his institutions," we become weak; the labor of flailing the kernels of appearance breaks our backs, and we lose thereby our desire for the sweet kernel of truth. We must not (our strength is too slender to spend on unproductive adoration) regard the cost of criticism, nor of change. What if there be a mixture of pain or unsoundness in criticism? What if we trample upon the orthodox and the time-honored fetishes? There is nothing to be gained in hugging today, leaving tomorrow unwooded and unwon. We possess today; but such possession is passive. We fight for tomorrow; and in such fighting there is zest, there is profit: disregard the pain.

Have no fears for the institutions of today. If they cannot withstand the assault, they deserve no defense. Challenge life; it will not meet you unbidden. Mass the evidence; shut from ear the cries for mercy that come from ancient throats; mass the evidence; judge slowly; execute fearlessly, and let whoever deserves take the consequences. Let faith reside in two high things: reason and imagination.

We have need for sceptics. Too many believe and too few have the courage to doubt. Socrates (there is a name) awakened Athens from a deep and peaceful sleep, and the Meletan citizens rubbed their astonished eyes to see so bright a sun shining in their faces. He questioned them, and they answered, finding to their chagrin that their sleep had dulled their wits. Everything that they had ever said, or done, or thought was brought to taste the lash of Socrates' ironic tongue. They answered his bewildering questions and lo! found themselves self-accused as preservers of falsehood and profligacy.

They became angry and sentenced him to die; but he continued to ask his questions until the moment of his death, believing in one thing—his reason. For this they killed him. There was a man!

Scepticism: the execrable scourge of modern society. Our fundamentalists hate (with a hatred that only the believer can hold) those who candidly declare that Genesis, according to the findings of their logical research, is not revealed truth. It is the same situation as that in which Galileo found himself. The Aristotelians refused to accept what the senses and reason proved to be true, and this because an age-old belief said otherwise. If the defenders of our status quo possess no tolerance, then the stronger must be the sceptic, the more convincing his logic, the more rigid his syllogisms. In the face of facts, with downcast eyes, our credo-lovers steadfastly refuse to consider even the possibility of a divergent philosophy. Time and earth will honor him whose scepticism is as strong and unyielding as such a faith.

Let us accept facts. Have done with credos and creeds. The reality of the earth cries out to be explored, and mind is capable to reveal the truth, if only our men be strong enough to step away from dogma. We think no honor in cold stone or black print great enough for the thinking sceptics of the past, and no ostracism today we think complete enough to damn the thinkers of our time. Voltaire is a hero, but Upton Sinclair is a menace. As Voltaire was at times unjust, so is Sinclair; yet one is called a fighter, the other a madman. A thinker two hundred years dead is the

model of human power, but a thinker in the next room is either a joke or a subverter of principles.

The sceptic expects no glory. He is satisfied to know that non-conformity has in the past brought good with its pain and may in the future increase man's store of wisdom. The true sceptic is visionary. He loves the future and uses the present as a means to realizing its promise. He inflicts pain, regards no creed as inviolate, and sees only the sorrow and ugliness and injustice in the house of man. He deliberately turns from the bit of happiness that exists, for that needs no correction. It is the filth that must out, and whitewashing will not remove it. He will have no optimism, for it breeds a false pride in false appearances. The sceptic sees himself and his world as imperfect and unclean; he hears only that the whole circumstances of personal and social life cries out to be cleansed. Earth and sea and sky admonish him to be strong, to look upon them for wisdom. Man, in his better moments, shows flashes of true glory; and it is this fleeting glimpse, this maddening suggestion of possible beauty, that drives the doubter to throw off the old worn cloak and search, though naked, for a richer, more honorable garment. Give us the doubter; he has possibilities. Show us no faith-bound believer; he is a slave. Give us a glimpse of a greater race of men, strong-willed and high-minded; give us a taste of wisdom, though it be bitter as gall, and we shall grow stronger by it.

—G. C. J.

HOW TO BE A SUCCESSFUL CRITIC

RIDICULE the old, the classic and you'll be called a radical, a modernist.

Praise the new, the striking and you may, by chance, praise him who is to-morrow's favorite.

Neither condemn nor laud the mediocre and you will soothe those of mediocre tastes and fail to irritate anyone.

—WILLIAM L. DOUDNA

THE SHOPS *

By

WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD

Δ BOY, I'd cycle with my thoughts for friend,
Lured to the distant factories at town's-end . . .
Out where the chugging tractor patched the road
Before you cross the river at the bend.

Those houses . . . they were long and red and low,
With endless windows, all one barren row . . .
And sometimes there would be, I think, in each
A bended head with neither nod nor speech;
And sometimes pallid profiles, to and fro;
And sometimes windows, even in the day,
All lighted with a lurid inner glow
That swept the pallid profiles quite away . . .

Inside the whirring halls and windowed wings,
One afternoon I saw the awful things,—
And touched the men who didn't seem afraid,
Whatever flared, or swung, or whirled, or roared . . .

Those houses . . . not like houses in our ward . . .

A sense of Something mighty being made
That must have been begun so long ago . . .
I thought it would be big enough when done . . .
Some parts perhaps were ready down below . . .
To heave up half our highways in the sun
And lay us others, terrible and new,
To other places, known as yet to none . . .

Today some older persons think so too.

*Reprinted by permission of William Ellery Leonard from
The Lynching Bee; B. W. Huebsch, publisher.

JUNE BY THE SEA

By

HELEN C. WHITE

Millions are dead who loved as we,
Loved so and lived their little day,
By the self-same moon and the same old sea,
Loved and quietly went their way.

"Never did lovers love as we,"
Here on their dust we too shall say,
By the self-same moon and the same old sea,
Love and quietly go our way.

BOOK NOTES

THE BEST SHORT STORIES OF
1925 edited by Edward J. O'Brien.
Small, Maynard & Company. \$2.50.

Edward J. O'Brien, although he uses no cut-and-dried theories of criticism in selecting annually the best short stories, adheres to the old idea, that, as he expresses it in his introduction, "No substance is of importance in fiction, unless it is organic substance, that is to say, substance in which the pulse of life is beating." There must be beauty, too, according to Mr. O'Brien, and "artistic form." His attitude is best summed up in this:

"What has interested me, to the exclusion of other things, is the fresh, living current which flows through the best American work, and the psychological and imaginative reality which American writers have conferred upon it."

The first three stories are exceptionally good. "The Gift" by Sandra Alexander, "The Return" by Sherwood Anderson, and "Gertrude Donovan" by Nathan Asch, if looked at from the point of view of the short story formula, are almost perfect. They treat life in its less complex forms, developing character, and in each case ending with a note of futility. In my opinion, "Gertrude Donovan" is the best of the three stories, although it is useless to express preferences in such a case, human nature being what it is.

Nor shall I discuss any one story in detail. But twelve out of the twenty stories in the volume end or contain somewhere within their more important parts the note of human futility, of the inexorable force of life or fate guiding human beings, they know not where, usually to a bitter and sardonic end. This is a note which has crept into modern fiction only recently, and has given it a heavy effect with nothing to relieve what seems to be a too fatalistic mood. This thing is typical of Russian literature; and it appears in the French, although there it is more subtle and often has a more humorously ironic twist, which leaves one with the feeling that life isn't so bad after all.

"The Beggar of Alcazar" by Konrad Bercovici is a delicate story, handled with reserve and feeling. Bercovici shows

himself to be a master of the short story. "Haircut" by Ring Lardner, "The Ill Wind" by Robert Robinson, and "Fire and Water" by Glenway Wescott are stories all of the same type in some respects. They are told by more or less disinterested spectators of the little affairs of people; and that is about what the stories are—a series of events which reach no particular climax except the slight ascent of life and then its decline that comes to certain people to whom nothing ever happens. Again the stories are life itself, organic, and told with a certain imaginative effect. And it is that effect that saves them from being bare and perhaps sordid. An example of the latter kind of story may be found in "The Laugh" by Bella Cohen. It is realistically disgusting, yet it is irresistible.

Wilbur Daniel Steele has written his usual inimitably good story in "Six Dollars." It is the opinion of many that he is the best short story writer in America today, and a study of his fiction will bear this judgment out to be true.

Last, there is a type of story that contains perhaps more beauty than substance, and yet is hard to tell whether the story is deficient in either. And since we do not judge on any unyielding basis, that problem is largely relative, after all. "The Old Lady" by Evelyn Scott is a delightful picture of an old lady, spending her last days here and there at various watering places on the Riviera. She has lived her life, has had her friends, and now, although not yet ready to die, has to face the inevitable fact. The sea and the life about her make her realize more and more that soon she herself will be only a memory. After a particularly intense seige of thought one brilliant summer afternoon, "she gave to her heart the shadowy acknowledgement of its new strength, and, in spite of her cheerful resolutions, was conscious of a faint, austere bitterness." In "Gideon's Revenge" Elinor Wylie has displayed her sense of color and her love for beautiful things against a background of human hatred. The workings of Gideon's mind seem strangely incongruous in his surroundings until he proves himself human

and able to love and forgive like any lesser man.

To attempt to make an estimate of one man's judgment of what the short story is and ought to be is not our purpose. Destructive criticism grows from such efforts. And Mr. O'Brien is doing a worthy piece of work each year when he presents to the reading public what, after all, turns out to be the cream of shorter fiction. No one can read all the good short stories that appear in widely scattered publications during a twelve-month; and he who reads some of them will find it interesting to compare what he has read and thought worthy with the stories which appear in Mr. O'Brien's anthology.

—C. G. S.

AN ANTHOLOGY OF ITALIAN LYRICS FROM THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY TO THE PRESENT DAY

by Romilda Rendel.

The Bodley Head, Ltd., London England. 6/-

"When I speaks French I is all I, when I speaks English I is only half I." Thus it was that M. Coue opened his lecture one day at Oxford in 1922. And thus it is with a volume either in prose or verse which aims at translating the thoughts of the original author, from one language into another. Translations are a praiseworthy effort, but only too often much of the spontaneous beauty of the original work is lost.

An anthology of Italian Lyrics from the "Trecento" to the present day has just been compiled and translated by Romilda Rendel, and published by the Bodley Head, London. The authoress, in her preface says, "A nation's soul is in its language, and there can be little understanding of the one without the other." Perhaps it is because of the almost universal neglect of the Italian language that to many people Italy is merely a land of Dagos and Fascisti:—Fascisti when they flaunt their black shirts in the piazzas of their homeland, and Dagos when the stress of economic conditions forces them to migrate beyond the Atlantic. Yet in language, in literature, and in the outlook of the Italian mind there is much that could be of interest to other people—and to those who know no

Italian this can only be obtained by means of translation.

Dante, d'Annunzio, and some of the plays of Pirandello can be found in fairly adequate translations, but much of Italian literature is a treasure trove that is as yet all unexplored, save by those who understand Italian. Romilda Rendel's little book is an effort to interest the English-speaking public in Italian lyrics, and in one small volume she has gathered together some of the choicest Italian verses—selections from Guinizelli, Boccaccio, Lorenzo di Medici, Tasso, Leopardi, and Pascoli. The original Italian verses appear opposite her translations.

In the Preface, she argues that "Good poetry. . . . has an air of having come into being without conscious effort, of a thing born rather than made." This spontaneity is of course often lost in the translations. Also, she declares that a translation should not be merely a literal rendering, but should assimilate and reproduce the original idea. This often is hard. Are there English words that convey the meaning of the Italian expressions "*vaghezza*," and "*leggiadria*?" In Boccaccio's *Ode to the Virgin* she makes "*d'occhi vaghezza*" read "eyes of dewy light" or again "*leggiadria*" as "gracious looks."

Many of her poems, moreover, show conscious effort, both with regard to rendering and rhyme. Undoubtedly it is difficult to avoid this, since so often the translator sits down, armed with a pen and dictionary and aims at translating in cold blood, the lyrics, love songs, and thoughts which originally came into being as an echo of the vague beauty of Spring, or Youth, or that old-world and half-forgotten conception of the mystery of Love. If his work is to be worthy of the original, let the translator himself capture the spirit of Youth, let his whole heart echo to the magic song of Love; and then, if he is a poet, the words will come tripping along to the melody of the mind, and if he has a true knowledge of the language from which he is translating, his work should be both an adequate rendering and a perfect poem in itself.

J. M. S. C.

STUDIES IN SEVEN ARTS by Arthur Symons.

E. P. Dutton & Company, 1925.

Arthur Symons, poet, essayist, and critic has recently added thirteen new essays to the original fifteen contained in his *Studies in Seven Arts*. Each essay is a gem in itself, concise and charming. He has written them in a poetic, suggestive style, disirous more of letting his fancy go where it will than including his ideas within a definite critical unit. At times he is vapid or overly subjective for the average reader; yet it is for the average reader that he has written, and those who are average, and above the average, will enjoy him. There is an inevitable spell in his captivating versatility, his co-interpretation of the senses.

Of Rodin he has to say: "The art of Rodin competes with nature rather than with the art of other sculptors." The rhythmic naturalness of Rodin, his kinship with life and the soil are exquisitely appreciated. "Rodin will tell you that in his interpretation of life he is often a translator who does not understand the message which he hands on. At times it is a pure idea, an abstract conception which he sets himself to express in clay; something that he has thought, something that he has read: the creation of woman, the legend of Psyche, the idea of prayer, the love of brother and sister, a line of Dante or of Baudelaire."

In his essay on Whistler he deals with the artictic intolerance, the faultless taste, the unceasing creativeness of that great painter. Music had a potent message for Whistler which he turned to interpret in painting. He believes that the painter like the musician must choose the most harmonious elements from an objective whole. Of his paintings Symons says: Nature is to be taken as she is," says "The Whistlers smile secretly in their corner and say nothing. They watch and wait, and when you come near them they seem to efface themselves as if they would not have you see them too closely."

To the tourist Symons' essay on cathedrals is a find. One only regrets that it is so short. It remarks the mathematical coldness of Cologne, the prevailing spirit of the Middle Ages in Canterbury Cathedral, and the Celtic warmth of Our lady of Amiens. St. Etienne of

Bourges, we read, is typical of the naive, aloof art of the dark ages. "The sculpture of the Middle Ages is a kind of negation; it is the art of the body practiced by artists who hold the body in contempt, and it aims at rendering the soul without doing honor to the body."

Symons compares Beethoven to an epic poet such as Milton or Homer. Beethoven combines childlike simplicity with saintly gravity. His soul was naive; he was attuned most completely to the elemental beauties of nature. He writes to Therese: This essay on Beethoven is followed by a long discussion of the struggles of Richard Wagner in his efforts to combine music and the drama. He was completely dissatisfied with the grand opera of the day, and evolved his own definite theories of dramatic music.

Another of the best essays in the collection is the one on Eleanor Duse. Symons catches the tragedy of her life with convincing insight. She was an artist, an aesthete in every sense, to whom acting was a hollow and somewhat mocking means of expression. She believed more in the strength of repose than in the strength of action. Her distrust of the artificial nineteenth century drama led her to advocate a return to the Greek mode of presentation. "All her acting seems to come from a great depth, and to be only half telling profound secrets. No play has ever been profound enough, and simple enough, for this woman to say everything she has to say in it."

N. T. H.

MATRIX, by Melvin P. Levy. Thomas Seltzer. \$2.00.

You will find *Matrix* a delicate and sympathetic explanation of youth in a boy and in that boy as a man. Levy has the unusual faculty of writing from within the boy instead of in the usual external way. Robert McKim is real—almost too real. The color and romance are bleached from his life by circumstance and the old intangibilities, and his life becomes successful.

There is a wideness and a scope to the writing of this book which is power. And because he has understanding and emotion and the first element of poetry, the book is in places beautiful, and certainly worth your reading.

—S. P.

Why do 95% of the
Student body bank
at the BRANCH

?

Certainly there's a reason!

BRANCH BANK OF
WISCONSIN

Student Banking Headquarters
State at Gilman

Velvet
IT'S ALL CREAM

ICE CREAM

"Our Wagon Passes Your Door"

Kennedy Dairy Co.

Sole Manufacturers

Velvet Ice Cream

Perfectly pasteurized Milk, Cream,
Butter, Buttermilk, Cottage Cheese
Milcolate

621-29 W. Wash. Ave.

B. 7100

Suits Cleaned and Pressed—\$1.00

Pantorium

538 State St.

B-1180

**College
Barber Shop**

"Service our Motto"

Corner State & Lake

EAT AT THE
**Green Lantern
Tea Room**

HOME COOKING

MRS. F. J. ALVERSON, Prop.
1102 W. Johnson St.

