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WISCONSIN  
LITERARY  
MAGAZINE



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MADISON

25<sup>#3</sup> (28<sup>#3</sup>)

March, 1929

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## CONTENTS

	Page
COVER DESIGN . . . . .	<i>Molnar Gyula</i>
EXTRA FARE . . . . .	<i>Fritz Jochem</i> 3
TO SCHOLASTICS . . . . .	<i>Frances M. Brown</i> 4
JUNGLE ART . . . . .	<i>G. James Fleming</i> 5
FIVE LINES . . . . .	<i>Tamarra</i> 6
TWO POEMS . . . . .	<i>William J. Fadiman</i> 7
DISTRICT SCHOOL NO. 12 . . . . .	<i>J. Brinckerhoff Jackson</i> 8
WILD GEESE . . . . .	<i>E. A. Greider</i> 11
TRAIN VERSE . . . . .	<i>Lee Forest</i> 12
DAY DREAMS . . . . .	<i>Florence Hamm</i> 14
MY THOUGHTS . . . . .	<i>Maxwell Krasno</i> 14
CHORUS MYSTICUS . . . . .	<i>Clarence Weinstock</i> 15
GABRIELLE . . . . .	<i>Bernice Tweed</i> 16
COMMON SENSE . . . . .	<i>Anon.</i> 18
MILWAUKEE AFTER MIDNIGHT . . . . .	<i>Maxwell Krasno</i> 19
WHY? . . . . .	<i>Francisce Tonoghanua</i> 20
A NOTE ON DESIGN . . . . .	<i>Raymond Hathaway</i> 21

## BOOK REVIEWS:

Proust: An Essay: (Page 23) A review by SAMUEL ROGERS. The Ivory Door: (Page 24) reviewed by RAYMOND HATHAWAY. Mamba's Daughters: (Page 25) reviewed by FRITZ JOCHEM. On My Way: (Page 26) reviewed by SIDNEY HERTZBERG. Headlines: (Page 27) reviewed by WILLIAM J. FADIMAN. Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man: (Page 28) reviewed by F. A. GUTHEIM. Elizabeth and Essex: (Page 29) reviewed by FRITZ JOCHEM. Comment: (Page 30).

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CLARENCE WEINSTOCK really needs no mention. He is a former Zona Gale scholar and has done a number of other things which we shall leave for his biographer to record. He wishes it said that in *Chorus Mysticus* he adopts a contemporary pose, rather than his own attitude.

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# Wisconsin Literary Magazine

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March, 1929

## *Editorial*

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## Extra Fare

CLARENCE JEPSON, Princeton '32, shifted in his green plush seat. The Century was crowded; every place except the upper in his own section was occupied, but among all the passengers there wasn't one promising face. Not even possible, Clarence thought bitterly. Without the solace of so much as a daily paper, he was ready to resign himself to boredom. Desperately he sent one last, searching look around the car. He caught his breath.

Why had he overlooked that blonde, only two seats ahead of him? As he stared, a dainty white hand came over the top of the seat and removed a black hat from a dazzling shock of yellow hair. Here, thought Clarence hungrily, was a possibility. But coincident with the hope came that feeling of despair which is bred of many blunders.

For Clarence was a Freshman on the campus, even though he was a Princeton Man back home in Iowa. True, he had made the Frosh football squad, but he had as yet found no adequate place for his hands. True, he wore lovely fawn spats, but he was apt now and then to glance down at them.

But any chance was worth taking now, so Clarence rose from his seat and slouched to-

ward the front of the car. His whole future was in his hands now. And as he came to the crucial stage of his journey the car lurched suddenly, as he knew it would. Clarence, caught in the midst of the most subtle smile at his command, struggled wildy to regain his balance. The blonde strangled a laugh, and winked at a bond salesman across the aisle. Clarence slunk to the water cooler, then back to his seat. He swore.

The Pullman pounded the rails relentlessly. Clack-clack, clack-clack, clack-clack. . . The beat sounded far away and very slow. Clarence was almost in tears. He frowned at a card which the porter had given him. On its back were four columns of figures printed in red and alternately headed "Rails per min.," and "Miles per hr." Clarence stared at his left wrist for a minute, then scanned the card. "Forty-five," he computed. "My God! It seems like twenty."

Even the application of the brakes, a few minutes later, only half-awakened Clarence from his bitter introspection. The heavy train dragged to a halt, paused and pulled on again. Then Margery tripped in from the vestibule, and Clarence looked up. Margery was the loveliest thing Clarence had ever seen.

When she was ushered into the seat opposite Clarence, all his disappointments were obliterated. His blood pressure rose.

This upper, the conductor apologized, was the last berth available on this, the last section of the Century. Margery, shrugging a pair of dainty shoulders within a pretty fox jacquette, accepted the place. Clarence blushed violently.

He coughed to attract her attention. Would she prefer to ride in his seat, which faced forward? She would, and thanked him coolly—a little disdainfully, Clarence thought—as she took her book and hat-box and placed them carefully by her side on the new seat. Again Clarence damned himself soundly. She hadn't even smiled! Would he never be a success with the ladies? He speculated wildly on other possible openings. He glanced at Margery. She seemed already buried in her book.

The Pullman pounded on as before. Clarence, utterly downcast, calculated the speed again. Still forty-five, damn it! Clack-clack, clack-clack. . . He stalked angrily to the club car for a cigarette.

As he re-entered his home car, he saw another man, perfectly self-possessed, stop at Margery's seat and bend over her. The man, Clarence noticed, was swaying slightly more than the swing of the coach warranted. And

Margery, after a quick survey of the situation, was plainly annoyed. She turned away from the intruder, toward the window. Unabashed, he seated himself. Margery seemed almost frightened. Then she saw Clarence coming, and her worried brow increased delightfully.

Clearly and evenly she spoke. "Here is my husband now." And to Clarence, "Bob, will you ask this man to leave?" The stranger glanced up at the half-back shoulders, sobered suddenly, rose, and faded into the background. Clarence took his place, smiling broadly.

"As your husband," he began, quite sure of himself now, "I insist that you call me Chuck, . . ." "Marge," she supplied. They giggled, and talked, very cordially indeed.

The Pullman continued to punish the rails. Clarence and Margery talked on. Clarence had no time to calculate the speed of the train now. It was flying.

"Have you learned any French in college?" asked the girl. Modestly, Clarence admitted that he had.

"Then perhaps you can answer this:" she said, staring up into his expectant eyes quite innocently,

"Qu'est-ce que tu fais ce soir, chère?"

—FRITZ JOCHEM.

---

### *To Scholastics*

Did you think to coax my thought to nest in the little house of reality—  
Hopping incessantly in and out the tiny door of reason—  
Pecking at the minute grains of fact you scatter about—  
Drinking with birdlike grace out of the little tin dish of credulity?

Did you think to prison my thought that had risen through dreams  
Within a reality fixed, immutable?  
To a bird reality is only a swaying branch  
Whereon to rest a moment, poised for flight.

—FRANCES M. BROWN.

## Jungle Art

THE utilization of African motifs in modern art is not new, but knowledge of the existence of a primitive sculpture is not very widespread; and there should be very little surprise at this when it is remembered that, a little over twenty years ago, Negro sculpture was known to scarcely anyone save "an occasional missionary who would write home with horror of the 'hideous little idols' of the savages, and to a few explorers and ethnologists who collected it among other phenomena of African life, without suspecting that it might ever be taken seriously as art."<sup>1</sup> In the commentaries of many European explorers, however, is to be found reference to types of art which the writers had observed. To mention three at random: Cameron compared vases of the Lake Tanganyika district to the amphorae in the Villa of Diomedes, Pompeii; Soyaux marvelled at the works in relief which "natives of lower Guinea carved with their own knives out of ivory and said they were really entitled to be called works of art;"<sup>2</sup> similarly, Frobenius recognized as fine art the statues and the mural carvings of the Yoruba Temple.

With the beginning of the present century the European world of art began to take new interest in the Japanese print, the Chinese landscape, and the primitive objects from the excavations in Egypt, Crete and Central America; besides, as Guillaume and Muro observe, "in pioneer circles the victory of Cézanne had been won: a painting could be regarded, not as an imitation of nature, to be judged by its fidelity to the model, but as a creation in itself, a design in which the natural object was a theme to be utilized rather than imitated." These tendencies paved the way toward an interest in the Negro art form, and by 1907 Europe was ready to discover primitive African sculpture, as such. Credit for the pioneer work in collecting Negro sculpture and putting it at the disposal of contemporary artists goes

to Paul Guillaume, of Paris, now an acknowledged authority in this field. In America Dr. Albert C. Barnes is the outstanding connoisseur, and through the foundation at Merion, Penna. bearing his name, is largely responsible for the interest on this side of the Atlantic; for he has made available, for purposes of education and research, a notable collection representing all the chief schools of Negro sculpture.

Fetishes—idols made to be worshipped and invested with supernatural powers—and masks designed for use in heathen rites, form the major portion of primitive African art. No definite date of origin is known, but it has been estimated that it goes back to the times of the ancient Greeks and Egyptians, and is "associated with a fairly settled agricultural mode of life—rather than with the purely nomadic or pastoral type." The religious beliefs, the everyday life, and the civilization of Africans inspired their art, and thus there developed varying traditions in art identical to different tribes, according to their advancement and geographical location, but springing forth from a common impulse and based on the common motifs. As a result of these modifying influences there is the problem of distinguishing traditional forms and of classifying them.

Primitive Negro sculpture is different from the conventional classical models because, in the words of Barnes, "Negro statues and masks express no ideals of physical beauty nor of moral or intellectual character and tell no interesting story. What they do possess instead of these extraneous kinds of appeal is sculptural design"—the repeating, varying, contrasting, and interrelating of basic motifs to form a harmonious whole. There is distortion of figures much more pronounced than in the sculpture of other peoples, but even this is defended by the critical judges who agree that the figures are not simply childish attempts to imitate the actual kind of statues, but rather successful ventures to create entirely new kinds. "Where they seem to be misshapen or badly proportioned," writes Guillaume and Munro, "they were really fashioned

<sup>1</sup> Paul Guillaume and Thomas Munro, *Primitive Negro Sculpture* (New York, 1926)

<sup>2</sup> W. E. B. DuBois, *The Negro* (New York, 1915)



with consummate skill to achieve effects that Europeans had not been able to see or appreciate."

This primitive sculpture excels in its mastery over its material and in its plastic qualities—the effects of line, plane, mass, and color, divorced from all contributory factors, and appreciation of it comes only with training to detect the variety of striking plastic results and the vigorous harmony which underly the seemingly distorted forms. In writing of these plastic qualities, Roger Fry, the English artist states that "the African artist really can see form in its three dimensions . . .; he actually underlines, as it were, the three dimensionality of his forms. It is in some such way that he manages to give to his forms their disconcerting vitality, the suggestion that they make of being not merely echoes of actual figures, but of possessing inner life of their own."<sup>3</sup>

Its sensuous forms, its delicate weaving of themes, its subtle contrasts, its emphatic rhythms, make Negro sculpture a rich source for new ideas in modern art. In Europe the best contemporary artists, following in the trail blazed by Cézanne, have been influenced by the extant efforts of these "anonymous artists of the jungle", and America follows the Old World in appropriating the African motif for the new qualities which it brings to the art-world. On its influence on modern civilization, Dr. Barnes furnishes a fitting summary. He writes: <sup>4</sup>

"It is no exaggeration to claim that the best of what has been developed in contemporary

art during the past twenty years owes its origin to the inspiration of primitive Negro sculpture. In the painting and sculpture of the recognized leaders of our age—Picasso, Matisse, Modigliani, Lipchitz, Soutine and others—any trained observer can recognize the Negro motif. The music of the famous French group of composers known as The Six—Satie, Auric, Honneger, Milhaud, Poulenc and Talliafero—is the ancient Negro spirit embodied in musical forms representative of the highest degree of musical culture and knowledge. Much of Stravinsky's best work belongs to the same category. Diaghlieff, the director of the Russian ballet, fused the spirit of Negro sculpture with the essence of Russian music and dance and created some of the best pieces of the famous Russian ballet. The poetry and prose of Guillaume Apollinaire, Jean Cocteau, Max Jacob, Blaise Cendrars and Reverdy are likewise fundamentally Negro in emotional content and formal expression.

"The creations of the most artistic dress-maker of our age, Paul Poiret, of Paris, were inspired by his contact with Negro sculpture. Every informed visitor to the great Paris Exposition of 1925, *Art Decoratif*, was impressed with the predominance of the Negro motif in the really creative work of the decorators of all the nations represented at the exhibition. In Europe and America today the posters that arrest the attention were unmistakably inspired by primitive Negro sculpture. All these great and widely-spread influences—in painting, sculpture, music, poetry, literature, decoration—are freely acknowledged by the creators of the worthwhile art of the past twenty years.

—G. JAMES FLEMING.

<sup>3</sup> *Vision and Design* (New York, 1924)

<sup>4</sup> *Opportunity* (May 1928)

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### *Five Lines*

Little thoughts  
Go slipping in and out.  
They curl about.  
And create nothing.  
Like men.

—TAMARRA.

## Two Poems

### *Nocturne*

Madrigals whispered in years long ago,  
 Soft-thrumming lutes of night.  
 Gondoliers singings their songs of old,  
 Rippling wavelets of light.  
 Moon-rays gold with a misted sheen,  
 Wine-warm breezes caressing.  
 In distant years of dead yesterdays  
 Sang one who felt love's blessing.  
 Who, breathing that tale, then new and bold  
 Lived, and loved his lady fair.  
 Vowed and kissed his love away  
 As moonlight smiled thru star-strewn air.  
 . . . Dim ghosts of that tale so sadly-gay  
 Still tell me the love of that timeless day.

---

### *To the Moon: A Quatorzain*

Omniscient medium of golden wisdom,  
 Moored in the caverns of the night.  
 A lucent challenge; flung by God  
 On the counter of the hills: lucernal light.  
 Mighty mirror of a mighty flame!  
 Now a clear-edged coin, now a lunate bow  
 Whose pristine shafts of cloud-white hue  
 Dart to that domain of men—the earth below.  
 And, in darting, soften into mellow gleams  
 That mingle with the aura of the earth.  
 So that men, a mass inchoative, may sense  
 This aureated warmth and see in it the birth  
 Of passion, love, and ecstasy sublime,  
 Feeling awake in them the stirrings of a thought divine.

—WILLIAM J. FADIMAN.

## District School No. 12

**D**ISTRICT School No. 12 stood at the junction of two country roads. Back of it was a wooded slope where the girls ate their lunch, although there were occasional scares when a garter snake had the misfortune to show itself: then the boys would gallantly beat it with baseball bats until it lay crushed, flat as a necktie.

In front of the school was a flat space where the boys played Prisoner's Base and baseball at the lunch recess, while the girls would descend to indulge in hopscotch. Sometimes there came a lull in the hostilities between the boys and the girls and they would together play Puss in the Corner. This would result in an era of good will that lasted well into the afternoon.

The school building was a small structure: one big room with plenty of windows, that stared at the landscape with an unabashed expression, quite unlike the discreet windows of farmhouses that lowered their lids at night. Immediately about the school building lay the grimmest desert, that only constant tramping of feet can create, while inside, the air was always heavy with the smell of chalk and dust and ink, and of the bodies of some thirty children. There were two rows of desks: to the left as you entered, the girls, to the right, the boys; at the head of the aisle, on a platform, was the teacher's desk and in the middle of the aisle itself was a fat stove.

The girls always behaved well, they remained quiet, studious and ladylike under the most trying conditions. There was a terrific bedlam that lasted with lulls from nine until twelve, from one until three. In the small front desks the little boys, who were any age from six down, kept up a steady, high-pitched chatter; and the older boys in the back of the room kept up a steady, hoarse muttering and snickering. There were in all thirty-four pupils ranging from babies of three who were sent to school to be kept out of the house, to young men of sixteen, who threatened to leave school and go to work every time they were corrected. In charge of the education of these future

citizens, the inscrutable wisdom of the Board of Education had placed a delicate looking and depressed woman of twenty. Miss Ewing had long since given up any notion of teaching anything. It was as much as she could do to rap the desk bell and ask for silence. Everyone always politely stopped talking to listen to her . . . and then went on again.

This institution young Georgie Saunders approached one April first with a sense of confidence in the future; not only the near future but the distant future. Georgie did not pretend to know everything. He realized that he was only seven and a half. But as all problems are finally elaborations of the four fundamental processes, and the twenty-six letters of the alphabet, and as he knew these perfectly, he felt able to cope with almost anything. His mother said of Georgie, "He is a perfect gentleman." That was unfortunately true. He was always a little too eager to wave his hand in school, a little too pleased with his good marks. But he was really a nice little boy in spite of that and Miss Ewing always said that Georgie was too good for his companions to appreciate him, for they did not appreciate him. Besides a small group of boys who had trouble with long division, and whose admiration for Georgie was not wholly sincere, there were none who were even friendly. Indeed, there were a number who disliked him—boys who swore with precocious skill, who jumped out of the school windows at recess. Their leader was Alec Burns. Alec was sixteen and immense. He always needed a shave and had been seen walking by the school on fall days carrying a rifle. Georgie considered Alec in every respect a man and felt especially grieved that Alec should scorn him in public.

He was not prepared, therefore, when he arrived in the school yard, for Alec to greet him by name, and surrounded by a circle of grinning companions, say, "Have a chocolate, Georgie?"

Georgie took it, smiling bewildered up at the faces of the boys, and popped it whole into his mouth. Then he gave a loud yell and

rushed into the school house. It was a piece of Indian turnip that he had eaten, a peppery vegetable. It had been cleverly covered with chocolate for celebrating April fool's day. I have often wondered what sort of a woman Alec's mother must have been, who could spare time from her housework to coat pieces of Indian turnip with chocolate.

Alec looked upon this trick as another proof of his manliness and so did his friends. He was not surprised upon entering the school house to find the girls resentful. He knew girls, and despised them. They were hovering about Georgie, making dovelike noises, and asking over and over again, Did it bite? Did it still bite? And then they said indignantly that Alec Burns was a big bully and ought to be ashamed, and so on. Alec slouched down on his desk in the back row and grew red and laughed. But to show that he was not quite as callous to suffering as he appeared, he gruffly asked Georgie if Indian Turnip sort of stung? Georgie, with a fine dramatic sense in one so young, looked up from his prostrate position. His eyes were puffed up, and his face was wet and dirty. He gazed unseeingly at Alec, wiped his brow with a handkerchief and sank again. The effect was most satisfactory. Even Alec looked out of countenance, and a boy presented Georgie with a green balloon, in an attempt to turn his mind toward higher things. With reluctance the school settled down into the usual order, or disorder. When the bell was rung outside Georgie felt the desertion and regretted it. He was still the object of much sympathy. Miss Evans asked, "Are you all right now Georgie?"

And to the admiration of the school, he feebly replied "Yes 'm". The morning was dull, as Alec was out of sorts and so Georgie decided to become worse. He gasped and choked. The reading class in the two front rows stopped and turned around. He had to be led out by another boy, to spit and get a drink. He heard Miss Ewing say, as he entered the school house,

"Alec, I'm going to write a note to your father and tell him to give you a good whipping!"

Georgie found this to be most just. He

looked around at Alec, when he was seated, to see the result of this threat. He was sulking, and sneering, but when he saw Georgie look at him, his face became alive with a fierce and vindictive expression that made Georgie at once turn around with a little shudder. Alec's passive good nature had quite disappeared, for he felt that his social position was being menaced. The note didn't trouble him; that was easily intercepted; it was these tears, these reproaches that made him offensive and dangerous.

In that short glance, Georgie saw much that was bewildering. He saw first of all that he must retire from public life until he had earned the right, either by age or reputation, to claim an audience. He saw also that Alec was an enemy, and must be propitiated. Of course Alec was a bully, and deserved a "good whipping", and Georgie was bullied, and deserved sympathy. But some instinct told Georgie to grow to boyhood and he knew that he must acknowledge the dominion of Alec Burns if he was to be happy, and cast off that of Miss Ewing, if he was to be free to make a little beast of himself, in consequence. At some future date Miss Ewing would notice that Georgie had quite ceased being polite, or honest or decent, and Georgie's father would say, "Georgie's a little man."

For an instant he was sorry for the forfeiting of sympathy of the girls and the smaller boys, as if he had an inkling of how many pleasant and gentle things he was discarding in the taking of his new allegiance, but it was only for a moment, and he at once set about soothing Alec. He dried his eyes, gave a powerful snuffle, and opened a book. Then he took a pen and with an abstract expression, stabbed the balloon. With a whine it collapsed into a heap of clammy green skin. He looked around for Alec's approval, but little was forthcoming. He tossed the deflated balloon back to Alec, for it was one of that gentleman's favorite pastimes to put slivers of rubber onto the stove, where they made a wicked smell. But Alec only swept the rubber over to a friend. Georgie was depressed at this rebuff. He curtly declined a cordial invitation of one of the girls to join them at lunch, instead he

hung about the baseball diamond where the bigger boys were playing. It was a custom at the school for the younger boys to run bases, while the older boys batted, and thus had the leisure to watch the result of their prowess. Alec realized Georgie's purpose in being near the diamond, and as he was about to go up to bat, he turned threatening and said, "You get out of here, you! We don't need you." He laid such an insulting emphasis on the pronoun, that Georgie abjectly moved away. But he was at an age when it is easier to swallow pride than sobs, and after his adam's apple had several times appeared to try to leap out of his throat, he began to cry in a most baby-like manner. He hid himself in the school house.

"What's the matter Georgie," asked Miss Ewing who was eating her lunch at her desk, "Is it the Indian turnip?"

Georgie mumbled in a tear choked voice.

"Well, never mind," said Miss Ewing taking a bite of a sandwich, "I'm going to send a note to Alec's mother and you're going to take it for me, like a little gentleman, aren't you?"

This appeal to his breeding always told with Georgie, but today he wondered vaguely what Alec would say to such an argument.

The frightful irony of his carrying a note to Alec's family was quite overpowering though he was the logical messenger, for his house was nearest Alec's. Three o'clock was too soon come, and then Georgie was given a note to put in the Burns mailbox.

What wild fears troubled him on the way home! Ambuscades, pursuit, initiation! This last meant initiation into nothing, except a knowledge of the unbelievable cruelties to boys under ten. It meant torture, cross examination, threats, to keep time with his thoughts, Georgie broke into a run. He raced into his house, slammed down his books, and darted out again, across the fields, to the Burns' house. In the middle of a broad pasture, he resolved to do a thing that offered the only escape from this dilemma—destroy the note. He thought for a while of disposing of it in the classical manner; chewing it, but there did not seem to be enough time before reaching the Burns' to swallow it, so he tore it up into tiny bits,

and hid it under a stone. He realized that within a few hours state troopers would be seeking him out, ready to put him under lock and key for ever, for destroying a teacher's note, but he was quite reckless with woe.

The Burns' house sagged in the middle as if it had something very heavy in its attic; out of an upper window pane a quilt bulged. Mrs. Burns was in town for a day at the movies, and Mr. Burns was out shooting squirrels. The only sign of life was Alec, who was chopping wood in the backyard. He did not look up when Georgie approached.

"Say, Alec, Miss Ewing gave me a note to give to your mother, but I tore it up." Georgie said this in a modest tone, but as if he expected praise.

"You are a damned little cry baby that's what you are," muttered Alec. Georgie was beyond words mortified at this sentence passed by Alec and returning home moped about the house all afternoon thinking in his despair of running away. He was sent to bed early. But the next morning hope revived within him, and he went to school in such a state of nervous expectation that he was almost sick. As he entered the building he saw Alec sprawling in his corner. As he walked demurely up the aisle and sat in his seat, Miss Ewing called him.

"You haven't put your homework on the desk, Georgie," she said.

"No'm. I didn't do it last night." He looked down at his feet awkwardly.

"Did you deliver the note?" she asked.

"Yes'm," he answered. He looked up and glanced at Alec, who sat listening to the two talk, leaning his head on his arm. When he heard Georgie's answer, he smiled a lazy, cynical smile and winked knowingly to Georgie.

"All right Georgie," said Miss Ewing, "Go to your seat."

She saw and understood Georgie's flushed face, and his enraptured gaze toward the back of the room. She wondered who would take Georgie's place for her, as a considerate and promising pupil, her only comfort in this thankless job.

Georgie was wondering what daring and impertinent thing he could do to make Alec

and his friends laugh. All day his mind teemed with new and hitherto forbidden thoughts, and when he got home, he was thoughtful and very sullen. At the table he snarled in imitation of his new divinity's way of speaking.

"Aw, I don't want any old meat."

"Georgie, if you don't eat that meat at once," cried his mother, "I'll feed it to you the way I used to when you were a baby."

"Leave the child alone," protested his father, "He's getting to be a big boy now, you can't treat him that way."

Mrs. Saunders of course prevailed, but Georgie felt deeply grateful to his father for his sympathy.

After supper occurred the daily argument as to bed time. It had been rehearsed so many times, that it had reduced itself to Georgie's whining again and again.

"Oh, please ma, *please!*" and Mrs. Saunders' always saying very emphatically "No sir, No sir!" tonight, as usual she won, and she shoed

him upstairs, following with the lamp. She set it down on the bureau in Georgie's room as always, and as always told him to turn it quite low when he got into bed, but not to blow on it.

She took his head between her hands and lifted his face up toward her own. "You weren't very good tonight at the table!" He turned his eyes away from hers. Then she kissed him goodnight on top of his head, whispering nonsense into his ear. But Georgie could not respond, for Alec was watching in spirit. He was silent as she left the room, and he frowned as he got undressed. Then as he sat on the side of the bed letting his shoes fall with a sharp bang he muttered, "Even if they still do treat me like a baby, with bed time and turning down the lamp and all—Even if they do treat me like a baby, and don't know anything about me, I am much different than I used to be before, and some day they'll find out!"

—J. BRINCKERHOFF JACKSON.

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### Wild Geese

My heart is with the hearts of the wild geese flying  
Through vast frosty mountains of November air,  
My throat is with their white throats taut and calling,  
Stretched to the high wind—stingingly bare.

O wild young bodies, rising, falling,  
O harsh bold freedom of the flight-time song!  
My heart is with your wild hearts, panting, calling,  
Take me along, take me along!

—E. A. GREIDER.



## Train Verse

### *A Young Lady Who Goes Away on the Express*

Do the whirling wheels sing a song to you?  
 Does the swaying car make you dream?  
 Please tell me, sweet lass,  
 Of the songs you sing  
 As land swirls past

Do you wonder about that house out there  
 So lonely and naked and brave?  
 Do you read the faces that stare and stare  
 From the platforms before bleak cold towns?

Does the smiling face of the porter as he takes his rolling way  
 Down the aisle,  
 Seem like a mask which hides  
 Hopes, fears, faith?

Or perhaps you are not to speculate  
 As you ride in restless trains.  
 It is easier to leave empty hours empty.

Saddening or gladdening?  
 This travel.  
 So many faces worn and wearied with living.  
 So many places dreary and little and dull.

Don't go away from me.

*A Young Man Follows on the Local*

I ride today, my love  
 A rumbling, rattling ride. . .

The sun rose chill and fresh  
 As fence posts flew past frosty panes  
 As steel on ties went clicking under  
 As we jerked along on our dinky train.  
 Small towns bravely halt these cars.  
 Each sprawling splotch of habitude stops this train  
 For it is not very brave  
 Timidly crossing field-plains  
 Noisy and loud. . .and shy  
 Puffing at each way station.

I dream fair dreams, like the flickering shadows  
 That scamper across my face  
 Through the window.  
 Dreams.  
 Of you.

No porter rolls on our hesitant train  
 To cause speculation;  
 No lone figure trudges in fields of clods  
 To excite imagination;  
 No staring faces on platform places  
 To tempt meditation.

Only the minutes and the hours march through my mind  
 Like an army  
 Bearing thoughts.  
 Of you.  
 Smoke swirls past, almost white  
 Eager to be gone, happy to be free;  
 Weary gray snow clings to the ground in desperate patches  
 Fighting the sun, wanting to stay.  
 Fields, trees, naked windmills (they look cold),  
 Browns and whites and blacks (like wounds).

Gurgling steam in long red pipes  
 A yokel's rough guffaw  
 A baby's cry, a mother's croon  
 Someone laughing aloud.

But when I listen I seem to hear  
 The faint, soft rustle of your voice,  
 For this train carries me  
 To you.

—LEE FORREST.



## Day Dreams

**I**F REALITY were a crystal ball I would toss it lightly into the air and watch it fall and shatter into a thousand pieces. I would look at those thin, little, sharp ugly pieces and poke them with my foot, and then I would laugh. I would laugh and leave them for someone to sweep into a dust-pan.

I suppose no amount of shattering of crystal balls would keep me from following my deep-rooted custom of appearing at Bascom Hall at eight o'clock for lectures, but if my ball were broken and I were Nothing, I wouldn't plod up Lincoln Terrace in the daily parade. I'd skim along over people's shoulders or play Hop Scotch on soft Fedora hats, I'd perch upon Abe Lincoln's shoulder and watch humanity pass by, and I would laugh. Then I'd spiral up the place where the elevator shaft should be in Bascom and float into a lecture room. Before the august professor appeared there would be plenty of time to play with the cobwebs, to open the windows, and blow dust out of hidden places. But when he appeared and had hemmed and hawed, I would squat on the corner of his desk and look into his heart. I would listen to his empty words, and I would laugh. I would look into his heart and his head and perhaps I would wonder just what conceit arises from. But it would only last a minute.

Fifteen, twenty, thirty students would attract my attention. I'd look at each one separately. I'd read the tender romances. I'd try to match them together. If no two could be pieced together in that class, I'd especially remember

the romances and try to match them in other classes. I'd read the hidden sorrows and view the secret delights. I'd pick out those who were not conscious of any romance, sorrow, or delight. I'd take them and throw them into a corner. I would place the tender romances in another corner, and the hidden sorrows in a corner, and the secret joys in a corner. Then I'd gather them all together like chessmen and put them back in their places. I would look into the hearts and pick out those who think sincerely and those who think the way they talk. I'd place them on opposite sides of the room, and I'd marvel over the proportion. I do not know what it would be, but I am sure that I would marvel over it.

At the first stroke of the clock, I'd leap from the window and let the wind waft me to the top of Music Hall clock. I would sit there and, as the last stroke was sounded, I'd watch the streams of students pour out of the halls, and I would laugh. I would laugh as they hurried away in all directions, with books under their arms, scowls on their faces, and wrinkles on their brains. Then I would wait a few minutes longer and laugh again as I'd watch the professors hurry away with books under their arms, scowls on their faces, and wrinkles on their brains.

And I would laugh and leap from tree to tree, and slide down sloping plains and swirl up others. I would dance like a flame, like a thin wreath of smoke; and laugh, and laugh, and laugh.

—FLORENCE HAMM.

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### *Escape*

I cried because you would not walk into my heart.  
The doors stood open very wide.  
Only when at last you came  
I grew afraid and ran outside.

—ANON.

## Chorus Mysticus

How it wonders deep within me, this uncertain soul of mine,  
As a chord of muted music or a seeker lost in wine,

Coping with a dram unshapen that the reeling stars devise.  
I am in a death kissed valley, I have burnt out both my eyes.

Pluck the evil fruit, Maria, pluck, the life is withered here,  
Petal of pain and twisted thorn; we whimper but we cannot fear.

From the murmurous ocean morning, from the arms of twilight One,  
Singer out of silent prison, ravishing and rushing sun.

We were marked of a mighty lover, golden seed, red majesty,  
Gored the meadow with his lusting, girded loins in bed of the sea.

But old clothes come out of Egypt, peddled perjury, my queen;  
One's a face grooved down and mouldy; we have made no deserts green.

Or another picks the garbage, or a third claws out the light,  
And dark kisses in the passage fumble with the dialed night.

Along the gutter muddy coursings cover all the dusty hopes  
Touching ladies who dissemble with their creams and perfumed soaps.

And the rain puts out the fever, while the ticking pain comes back,  
And the shreiking puppets jerk precisely over laughter's rack.

As if the grandeur ever mattered in this sewer hearted street  
Where we bargain boxed-up glory till the blood forgets to beat.

What's a slow sad smile, Maria, or a sober dream in hand?  
Anguish once unraveled reason, and the web's betrayed with sand.

When the burden's peace, Maria, then the sun song rots and dies,  
I am in a death kissed valley; I have burnt out both my eyes.

—CLARENCE WEINSTOCK.

# Gabrielle

## I

IN THAT part of New Orleans known as "back o' town," that quaint maze of antique shops, French Creole restaurants, and old china shops, in that labyrinth of streets with here and there a low door leading to a large and sunny court, stood the humble home of Pierre Paget. The first floor of the low two-story house was divided into two parts: the one an antique shop containing every conceivable kind of old French china, jewelry, odd pictures, and fine, yellow-cream laces; the other a French restaurant where curious visitors could explore the somewhat dubious charms of indescribable Creole dishes. The second floor of the house had two long windows opening upon a narrow balcony. The room inside was the unpretentious living room of the Pagets.

After the last customer had left the little restaurant downstairs, Madame Paget always came and rested awhile on the narrow balcony. She watched the lights appear one by one in the houses across the street as dusky night settled down upon the low house-tops. Madame Paget leaned her head against the railing and dreamed.

Always it was of her daughter, Gabrielle, that she dreamed—Gabrielle who even now sat in the living room and played haunting, tremulous melodies on the old mellow-toned piano.

"Now *Legende*, ma petite."

And Gabrielle played *Legende* while Madame Paget dreamed. Gabrielle would be famous one day. She was beautiful and talented. She must not stay always in the Paget house, cooking and sewing. That must not be. Gabrielle was born for greater things than cooking Creole dishes. She was made for gay lights, beautiful, sparkling laughter; born to be admired, to be adored, to be envied.

Madame Paget turned and watched her daughter as she played. Gabrielle's head was bent over the key-board; but she seemed not so much to be watching her hands as to be listening to the tone which they produced. She played with a careless, carefree abandon,

her slender fingers hardly seeming to touch the keys. Madame Paget watched the flickering lamp make pools of amber light on the girl's dark hair. She gazed adoringly at her slender arms, her slim white throat, her white, delicately molded cheek.

Suddenly a low whistle in the street below drew Madame Paget from her reverie. She leaned over the railing.

"Bah! That Tigo again!"

She hoped that Gabrielle hadn't heard the whistle.

But Gabrielle had heard. Stopping in the midst of her playing, she ran downstairs. Madame Paget picked up her old red shawl and went wearily into the house.

"Tigo! Bah! Son of that old frame-carver. When Gabrielle should marry a rich man, she loves—Tigo!"

"But maybe she doesn't love Tigo." The old woman chuckled wickedly. "That was it. She didn't really love him at all. Just pretending. And pretty soon a very rich man would come along for Gabrielle. Then there would be gaily and feasting—beautiful dresses for Gabrielle, and maybe even a real silk dress for herself." Madame Paget passed her thin, dried hand along the hem of her wool dress, then quickly drew it away. Wool scratched so . . .

## II

Pierre Paget slowly climbed the narrow stairway and entered the living room. He was carrying the strong-box in which he always kept the money that he earned during the day.

"Hélas, Pierre. Is it heavy tonight?" Madame Paget grinned slyly.

Pierre shook his head. "Not heavy. But there is enough to suit me. Never will it suit you. Eh—where is Gabrielle!"

Madame Paget motioned toward the street. "Tigo!" She shrugged her shoulders.

"Tigo! Eh bien! He is a fine boy, and his father is a great frame-carver. Such beeg shop as he have. Hélas! But he is old. It will soon be Tigo's shop."

But old Madame Paget did not hear this. She was leaning back in the old rocker, dreaming of many things; and in all her dreams was Gabrielle.

### III

At the dinner hour of the next day the Paget restaurant was a very busy place. The flickering candlelight cast a mellow glow over the faces of the guests, for the most part tourists in search of the new and the bizarre.

When, finally, there was a lull, Madame Paget peeked around the corner of the kitchen door to see who her guests might be. They were uninteresting tonight: three prim, hawk-nosed ladies with grim mouths and supercilious eyes; a group of laughing, joking students; three or four couples of varying degrees of interest; and old Monsieur Helion who sat, as usual, at his obscure corner table. Madame Paget was about to go back to her cooking when she caught sight of a man whom she had not noticed in the half-light, seated at the farthest end of the room. Having finished his dinner, he sat smoking and watching, with a half humorous, half cynical smile, the scene around him. Without appearing young he had, nevertheless, an attitude of buoyant youthfulness. He would never have been called handsome; rather men would have described him as interesting and women would have called him fascinating.

Suddenly he caught sight of Madame Paget peering through the half-open door. He smiled at her gayly. Then he rose to go.

When the diners had all gone, and Gabrielle and Madame Paget were left alone to wash the dishes, the latter said:

"Ah, Gabrielle, did you see that stranger at the corner table tonight?"

"I served him," replied Gabrielle. She paused, then added, "He left this under his plate." She pulled from her pocket a crisp dollar bill.

Madame Paget smiled craftily. "Eh bien, Gabrielle, he is a rich man. Yes?"

The next night the stranger returned and sat again at the little table at the far end of the room. And again he left a new dollar bill under his plate.

The third night Madame Paget decided to take things into her own hands before it was too late. Wrapping her brightest shawl around her shoulders, she went out into the restaurant and straight to the stranger's table. The man smiled at her in his friendly way.

"Bonsoir, Monsieur. It is not good?" She motioned toward the savory Creole dish.

"Very good indeed, Madame Paget. It is, is it not?"

She nodded.

"And that beautiful girl—is she your daughter?"

Madame Paget beamed. "Oui, my daughter, Gabrielle—talented, so beautiful—and so unhappy! She loves so much beautiful clothes, gay cities, and there is only this." Madame Paget shrugged her shoulders and wiped an imaginary tear with the corner of her shawl. Then she walked slowly back to the kitchen, while the stranger sat blowing smoke rings into the air.

The next day was Sunday. Madame Paget did not serve dinner at the restaurant on Sunday nights; but the stranger did not know this. He came, only to find the place dark. But there was a light upstairs. He knocked upon the door of the little antique shop adjoining.

A voice sounded from the balcony above.

"Qu'y va?"

"It's I, Madame Paget—the man who sits at the corner table. Is there no dinner tonight?"

"Mais non, Monsieur. But wait."

The old woman clambered down the stair and opened the door.

"Come in, Monsieur. Yes?"

The man accepted with alacrity. Madame Paget lead the way upstairs to the living room. Pierre Paget was there, poring over the pages of a huge, time-worn volume. And Gabrielle was there, seated near the window, indolently stroking the fur of a large grey cat that she held. She smiled quietly at the man, and then seemed to forget that he was there. Madame Paget frowned at her meaningly.

"Gabrielle! Go quickly and bring supper for our guest. Vite!"

As Gabrielle disappeared, Madame Paget shook her head mournfully.

"So sad, M'sieur. All day she sits like that and thinks of the riches that she ought to have!"

Pierre Paget stared at his wife quizzically. "What did the woman mean? Gabrielle sitting moping all day long! Such an idea! She had been sitting there now waiting for Tigo to whistle in the street below. Gabrielle longing for riches! Vraiment!"

Too soon did their guest have to leave. Although he had been there an hour, it seemed but a few minutes to Madame Paget. She knew his name now. Craig Scott. She kept repeating it to herself so that she would not forget it.

"Come again very soon, Monsieur. Bonsoir." She stood on the balcony and watched him out of sight. "Such a fine man. So rich. Gabrielle . . . Craig. He would love Gabrielle. Tigo? Bah!" She shivered, not from cold, but from pure joy.

She entered the house again. Pierre was absorbed in his book as if nothing had happened. Gabrielle had taken up her post at the window again.

Pierre looked at Madame Paget over the rim of his glasses. "Monsieur left his newspaper," he said.

Madame Paget picked it up. She could not read English but she would look at the pictures anyway. Suddenly she uttered a sharp cry of delight.

"Gabrielle! Pierre! His picture! Voyez? Read, Pierre, what it says beside it."

Pierre read.

"Mr. Craig Scott, the eminent American author, who has been visiting his sister, Miss Janet Scott, is leaving tomorrow for New York. He will sail for Europe the twenty-third of this month on the S. S. Mauretania. While in New Orleans, Mr. Scott has been gathering 'local color' for his next novel which will have as its general setting the old French quarter 'back' of Canal street, particularly the quaint restaurant and antique shop of Pierre Paget."

A low whistle sounded in the street below. Gabrielle ran downstairs.

Crumpling the paper into a heap, Madame Paget let it fall to the floor. She walked out on the little balcony and watched Gabrielle and Tigo stroll arm in arm down the narrow street.

She closed her eyes as if to shut out the unwelcome sight.

"Quoi donc! Tigo! You love him Gabrielle? Ah, pauvre petite!"

—BERNICE TWEED.

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### Common Sense

Dearest, I shall forget you. Let me think  
 The time will come—not distant—when your eyes—  
 Clear blue, and all too understanding—the wise  
 Sweet kindness of your smile, will be a link  
 Tying me to the past, no more. I'll shrink  
 At sharp remembrance of you. But the sighs,  
 The bitter tears of love unloved . . . All dies;  
 Love, like all pain, to nothingness must sink—  
 Only endurable for that. I know  
 Even the sudden hearing of your name  
 Will be an echo only; a cold tame  
 Unhurtful mocking memory of a past  
 Grown dim with too much use; and so at last—  
 I *must* forget I'll always love you so.

—ANON.

## Milwaukee After Midnight

THE first "owl" street car passes that corner at exactly eighteen minutes before two o'clock. If you start saying goodbye at eighteen minutes after one and say it for the last time at sixteen and three-quarters minutes to two, you can just catch that street car by sprinting the two and a half blocks intervening.

For safety, you really ought to stay awake during the twenty minutes it takes to reach your transfer corner, but you hardly have to, because the 1:42 must wait there anyway, until your car comes. Or you can take a nap and wake up somewhere in the maze of S-curves the car goes through just before it stops for its long rest.

Waiting on the transfer corner is not so hot. One of the truer facts about Milwaukee weather is that, summer or winter, it gets icy cold around two o'clock in the morning. You attempt to warm up a little by walking two steps forward and two back, a la Sing Sing, and by keeping your brain cells going somewhat, to gain the warmth caused by their friction.

You recall the more poignant experiences of the evening. Why did you have to kick that glass over and break it? You curse the hand that put it there in the first place. You remember a pair of eyes, eyes in which there were reflected two dark question marks. You answer them. "She's a good kid." Then in your memory, the question marks straighten out to austere exclamation points, and you mutter, "Too damned good!"

From across the street, you hear the clinking of breaking glass and a burst of wanton laughter. Why must that thought keep recurring? You start out of your doze, to see that it is not the unfortunate glass of the evening, but a bottle dropped by an unbalanced young man next to the "Chicken Shack," and that the laughter was not hers of the question-mark eyes, but hers over there—that wild, gesturing creature with her hat over one ear, with her hair tangled and twisted like a collie's, with her woolen scarf hanging by one end to her ankles. You watch the scene between the couple, who, amused but angered by the loss of their spirits,

are wrangling and half-wrestling, hardly able to stand. A minute later their memories fail them, and they can no longer imagine a reason for continuing the struggle. The young man adjusts his tie, then helps the girl straighten her bedraggled wraps. In the midst of the latter process, he lifts her into the air and kisses her. Then the two remember their original purpose, and go into the Chicken shack. While the door is open, you hear raucous sounds of Milwaukee's night hawks making whoopee within.

"It's a good thing she is good," murmur the brain cells.

Out on the street you walk, peering through the murk of downtown street lights. No car yet. You trudge back, light a cigaret, and stand shivering in a doorway awhile.

A dark, grimy man walks by, stops at the smell of tobacco smoke, fumbles for a cigaret, and approaches you.

"Got a light, Bud?"

"Sure thing," and you offer him the glowing tip of your cigaret.

"Thanks. Damn the cold." He sways, and you think he has been drinking, too. His eyes close and reopen heavily.

You sympathize. "Sleepy?"

"Hell yes. I'll never make that trip again."

"What trip?"

"Just driven a damn' truck all the way from Pittsburgh—no stop."

"Alone?"

"Naw, took turns with another driver. But he fell asleep yesterday morning. I've been driving ever since. When I hit the hay, I'll sleep a week."

"Tough luck."

"Never again—not for sixty-seven dollars. So long."

"So long." He shuffles away.

The brain cells move again. "Half the world knows not how the other—" You turn away from the retreating back of the truck-driver and stare up the hill to the west.

There a stooped old man is lurching down as only a supremely inebriated stooped old man

can lurch. Swaying from side to side, balancing on one leg like a senile Mercury, leaning backwards until outraged gravity forces him to stop and snatch back a prodigal equilibrium by leaning against a brick wall, he makes little progress in his flight from the lure of the lighted doorway behind him. He rests a moment, then staggers another step or two. Precariously he turns and looks back at the swinging doors. His arm is flung wide in a gesture of resignation, and he staggers up the hill again, back to the glowing saloon.

A rumble and screech from the street. The street car has come.

You board it, and glance down the crowded seats. Three policemen and a half-dozen milkmen belong there. A score of well-dressed men, young and old, but with rumpled hair and

ties in common, look questionable. Four or five women, whose tiredness is not disguised by much paint, obviously do not.

You sit as far as you can from the worst-smelling perfume, and fall asleep. A breath of stale alcohol vapor fails to wake you, though it does make you turn your head to one side. One mile, two miles, three miles.

"Far as we go! All out!"

You awake and stumble out. You find that a block of walking dispels the awful scent of liquor and perfume sticking to you. Another block, and you are home. A cup of tea, and then your bed.

The brain cells have almost exhausted their energy, but just enough is left for you to resolve, "No more owl cars. No more Milwaukee after Midnight, question-mark eyes or no!"

—MAXWELL KRASNO.

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### Why?

Why did you smile on that fair night,  
When the pale moon beamed all aglow?  
Why were your dear eyes soft and bright?  
If you but meant that I must go?

Why did you let me dream and hope,  
And give me your dear hand to kiss?  
Why did you say "love" when you spoke,  
If you have not dreamed of love's bliss?

Why did you join me in my dream,  
And swear to me we'd never part?  
Why did you love me by that stream,  
If you but meant to break my heart?

Tell me to go, now, if you will,  
And I shall go, fore'er, again  
O'er the ridge of the farthest hill;  
But tell me, now, you loved me then!

—FRANCISCO TONOGHANNA.

## Note on Design

I DO not intend to use superlatives in connection with this comment, aroused by the Metropolitan Museum of Art's exhibit *The Architect and the Industrial Arts: An Exhibition of Contemporary Design*, yet I know that it is in this exhibit that the entire moot question of contemporary design is crystallized and presented in a brief, concise and pithy manner.

Nor is it to be wondered at that the entire exhibit is the work of nine architects.\* In the words of Mr. Edward Robinson, Director of the Metropolitan, the exhibit is "A fine and instructive illustration of what the architect can do outside the field which we commonly associate with his profession." Here we see the architect as leader of a group of industrial artists and together they have produced a thoroughly nationalized "stylistic presentation", favoring no foreign models and assuring the correct use of new ones.

As Mr. Lewis Mumford has so expertly indicated, Ruskin wrote the apology for modernism in art when he said, "There would be hope (for art) if we could change palsy for puerility." Too, Ruskin anticipated modern decoration and design when he said, "I believe the only manner of rich ornament that is open to us is geometrical color mosaic, and that much might result from strenuously taking up that mode of design."

There has been, I am sure, a great deal of shallow thinking upon the entire field of contemporary design. There have been coined a number of rather loose and meaningless phrases which connote rather than describe the modern note in the industrial arts.

Let us assume that in the revolutionary strides which we see not only in design but in the theater, in architecture, in literature, in art and which are manifested in all of the related segments of our civilisation have received their stimuli from the same source: the coming of

age. There is an essentially incoherent factor in all of this, and rightly too. We cannot see things clearly, crisply and although there are occasional flashes of light, in the main we are but beginning to emerge, to take on form and consciousness. In short, we are finding unity and expressing that entity in a variety of ways. It is this expression which we find in contemporary design. In almost every phase of our civilisation we will find leaders in modern thought. Mr. Leon Solon has well defined the characteristics of these leaders: unbounded imaginative faculties operating upon an intensive appreciation of practicability.

"A philosophic approach to contemporary design justifies quotation from the ancients. To the learner the old is new, the new soon old, in styles of art as in religion, in mechanical development as in music. These changes are embraced under the ambiguous word progress, a kind of rotarian word for which the hoary phrase that there is nothing constant but change is a working equivalent. The ancient responsible for these reflections is Heraclitus of Ephesus who said, about a century before the Parthenon was built, that the major problem of human society is to combine that degree of liberty without which law is tyranny with that degree of law without which liberty becomes licence. A task, indeed, not only of deftly combining but also of nicely balancing, this to be achieved with every regard for flexibility and adjustment. One somehow gets the impression of a weather vane run by law.

"Styles in design *are* weather vanes and they *do* obey law, but an unwritten law, not to be stated in resounding paragraphs and sections until the style has fallen into its place in that logical sequence of human expressions called the history of art. So in contemporary design, the art in industry of today, the modern craftsmanship, there is also a kind of law, or principle, in the making. It cannot as yet be given any finality of statement; it cannot be set down as a ruling authority. Liberty is essential to growth, but there is nothing to prove that

\* Armistead Fitzhugh, *Landscape Architect*; Raymond M. Hood, *Architect*; Ely Jacques Kahn, *Architect*; John W. Root, *Architect*; Eltel Saarinen, *Architect*; Eugene Schoen, *Architect*; Leon V. Solon, *Ceramic Designer*; Joseph Urban, *Architect*; Ralph T. Walker, *Architect*.



liberty should not have good manners and good sense. It is there that we may seek a sort of control lever for contemporary design.

"No style, past or to come, finished or half-grown has ever prospered, or ever will, without recourse to reason. If the new style now taking shape wherever we look can be proved reasonable we need not be troubled because its voice is cracked, its color pitched too high, its appreciation a bit vague. These are marks of adolescence which may be as reasonable as they are raucous; modulation comes with maturity, and this style of today is but a little over a quarter-century old.

"The underlying reason in contemporary design is to be sought in the practical life it hopes to interpret. Only as interpreter can art function usefully. . ."

In the above succinct resume of the intent of modern design, written by Richard F. Bach, we may find not a little which will lighten the present gloom. We must forever bear in mind that above all the artist who chooses the true path of art: interpreting or reflecting the practical life (to use Mr. Bach's definition) must be more than an artist. He must be a philosopher.

"What," continues Mr. Bach, "Is the tempo of our day? What are the dominant elements of our culture, our activities, our thinking? Is this a speed age or are we sedate? Have we time to be dignified and stately about frills or are we air-minded? Do we wait for months, as once we all did, for the silkworm to complete his labors before beginning to make thread from his cocoon, or do we undertake, as many of us do now, to make a few bales of vegetable silk out of chemically treated wood fibre between breakfast and lunch as a regular chore of a business week-day? And is this the mechanistic millenium which shrivels the soul and makes mockery of imagination, or are these fabulous industries, these automatic instruments of production, the means of bringing within range of vision the real potentialities of our crowded lives and of interpreting our aspirations and achievements?"

"In answers to questions such as these is to be found the reasonable groundwork upon

which a representative modern style may be built."

Yet style, formalized, makes the designer think of a new problem in terms of an old solution for a different problem. Jens Jensen, Chicago Landscape Architect, posed some of the fundamental problems of the designer in his recent talk here and most clearly, in my mind, stands out the elementary requisite of suitability. We shall have progressed greatly if our designers can but remember that each problem in design should be faced in the light of the implications of its own solution.

#### ADDENDA

The articles by Mr. Douglas Haskell in the current numbers of the *Nation* and of *Creative Art* have just come to hand. All in all they form a very unsatisfactory comment from one as able as he. Yet he has raised several questions which are interesting and which I should like to restate as a valuable addition to the above.

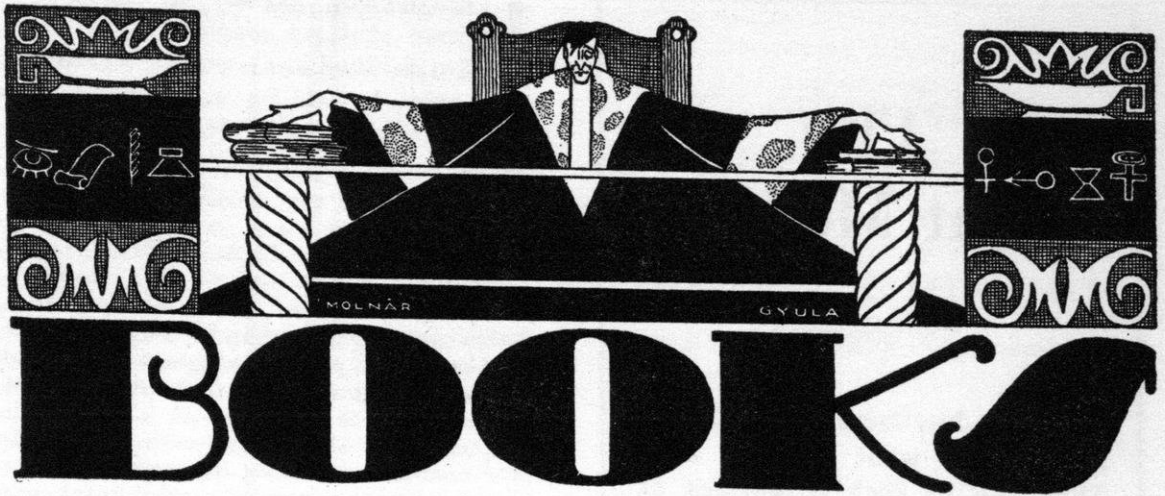
Mr. Haskell quarrels with the architects for neglecting to include paintings in their rooms. "Among all the rooms there is only one picture," says he. Yet, one asks, why should there be? If, as Francis Jourdain has indicated in the March issue of *Creative Art*, "a bottle is more beautiful than a painting", Mr. Haskell is ably answered. Paintings which are constructed for hanging are essentially designs and as such are worse than a frank and utilitarian design. At the risk of life, limb and the remnants of a bedraggled reputation, I will frankly state that I can see little in modern painting which recommends it for hanging in such rooms as are exhibited at the Metropolitan. Mr. Haskell's remarks seem but a sentimental gesture.

A more valid criticism is met where Mr. Haskell says, "Modern furniture . . . is cleaner than the old, but it still shows the fallacy . . . that if the new forms are not to be 'eccentric' they must be decorative revisions of the old . . . By no means. As a revision of old forms, Ely Kahn's metal garden chair is fine; but the *new* metal chairs in Germany by Breur and Miles van der Rohe are finer."

And again, ". . . yet it might well be noted that while our new movement is romantic and voluble, it has not yet achieved scale. There is not the selective clarity so regularly to be expected from the *Bauhaus*, for example, where architects, painters and sculptors all study together."

Two things: perhaps it is true that America is also romantic and voluble; one wonders if there is a great deal to be gained from observing foreign designs other than in method.

—RAYMOND HATHAWAY.



PROUST: AN ESSAY. By CLIVE BELL.  
New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company.  
pp. 104. \$1.50.

CLIVE BELL's essay is an admirable introduction to Proust. It makes no claim to "creation or discovery". Its charm lies in its familiar, entertaining style; its value, in the fact that CLIVE BELL has succeeded in gathering, and lucidly arranging, within his 104 pages most of the more intelligent ideas that have so far been expressed on the subject of Proust's gigantic novel. I do not mean that it gives the effect of an anthology of Proustian criticism, but merely that this critic, in his sympathetic reading of *A la Recherche du temps perdu* has been struck by little that others have not already noticed.

Perhaps the main reason why I should recommend the book to anyone beginning Proust is the very fair discussion of the difficulties which the unprepared reader will probably run into. CLIVE BELL refers at once to Proust's tediousness. "Proust tries our patience," he explains, "So long as we expect his story to move forward: that not being the direction in which it is intended to move . . . It is in states, not action, that he deals. The movement is that of an expanding flower or insect. He exhibits a fact: we expect another to succeed it, effect following cause. Not at all: the fact remains suspended while we watch it gradually changing its shape, its colour, its

consistency." The length of Proust's sentences, often an irritation to the beginner, is explained by his insistence upon completely rendering "his sense of life—of something which has relations in space, and is also, as he saw it, a mode of time . . . an ever-flowing stream, not a ball of string cut into neat lengths." Proust's clumsiness, occasionally obtruding upon passages of delicate formal beauty, is understandingly ascribed to his compulsion always to sacrifice ease or elegance for the sake of the particular meaning, the "truth" that was his passion to convey. "This pursuit of truth . . . of reality," is, in CLIVE BELL's opinion, "the only begetter and conditioner of his style . . . He must have known better than most, better perhaps than any of his contemporaries, how easily literary technique can condition and control experience."

There is an analysis, the clearest and briefest perhaps that I have read, of Proust's preoccupation with involuntary or subconscious memory. The effect of this preoccupation upon the architecture of the novel is summed up in a suggestive sentence: "*A la Recherche du temps perdu* is a series of carefully planned explosions by means of which the submerged past is brought into the present, the deep sea monsters of memory to the surface." CLIVE BELL returns to this idea in his final appreciation of Proust: "From the unsurveyed mines

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of subconscious memory he dragged up experience vital yet stingless and made the past live sterilized in the present. Then, on a pin's point, he held his living captive till he had described it, and describing created a world."

—SAMUEL ROGERS.

THE IVORY DOOR. By A. A. MILNE. London. Chatto & Windus. pp. vii, 85. 5 s. net.

We have never, I am sure, given to Mr. MILNE the literary recognition which he deserves. In spite of some seventeen plays, including such notable works as *The Dover Road* and *Mr. Pim Passes By*, Mr. MILNE, it must be regretfully said, is known to the great majority of his American readers as the author of a number of fascinating children's books. Yet, while it is true that several hundred thousand copies of books, telling in amiable chatter about Winnie-the-Pooh and Christopher Robin, have shattered whatever reputation Mr. MILNE might have gained in this country as a dramatist, it is only to be lamented that we have neglected a writer of fine plays in our haste after the more puerile things.

The story of *The Ivory Door* concerns King Perivale and the enchanted ivory door, concealed behind a tapestry, in his throne room. Perivale, while a child, is told that whoever enters the ivory door instantly meets a terrible death: witness the fate of his great-grandfather who went through the door and was never again seen. It is considerable of a mystery just what does happen when one goes through the ivory door, and as the story develops, Perivale, consumed with curiosity and growing rather reckless, the result of his approaching marriage to a total stranger, the daughter of a neighboring king, determines to enter the ivory door. Against the counsel of Brand, his servant, Perivale late one night goes through the door.

He finds himself in a passage. After some stumbling, because of the darkness, Perivale, grimy and cobwebbed, emerges from the passage just outside the castle walls. Naturally he is rather delighted at having thus punctured a superstition that had been prevalent in his kingdom for four or five generations. He knew now what had happened to his great-grandfather. Kings get like that.

Feeling rather pleased with himself, Perivale is resting in the early morning sun when a Mummer enters. Having spent the best part of the early morning in a damp and unpleasant passage, Perivale is hungry and only too glad to share the Mummer's breakfast. He then proceeds to the castle.

So strong is the superstition that no man can go through the ivory door and live, that Perivale, when he claims to be king, is at first laughed at, then suspected of being the Devil masquerading as the king. He is made prisoner. The entrance at this time of his unknown fiancée, the neighboring princess,

only serves to complicate the situation. But in some incomprehensible manner, Perivale and the princess, both of whom are exceedingly attractive (as Princes and Princesses always are in these stories), fall in love.

The only method by which the couple can escape is through the ivory door. To do this means the loss of title, wealth and much they hold dear; it means a complete severance from the lives they have led. Yet they go out of the strange kingdom of legend, superstition and fear into a stranger and perhaps more fearsome land. And the legend of the ivory door goes on.

*The Ivory Door* has been almost unanimously received as "whimsy" and, as is the case with an author so readily labelled, the customary catch-phrases and ready-made opinions have again served. But behind all of Mr. MILNE's work there is a disconcerting undercurrent. One senses in *The Ivory Door* a symbolism deeper than the obvious one: in throwing off superstition, etc., we must also discard much which is dear to us. There is an Aristophanic touch to much of his better work, indefinable for this writer, yet clear enough to be sensed at intervals.

—RAYMOND HATHAWAY.

MAMBA'S DAUGHTERS. By DU BOSE HEYWARD.  
New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company.  
1929. \$2.50.

In spite of being a "leader in a current literary Renaissance", a prime "regional novelist", and a sound sociologist, DU BOSE HEYWARD has produced another readable and yet serious novel. "But—is it Art?" You ask. And after due consideration of so deep a question I slowly answer "yes".

HEYWARD's art is primarily the dramatic art. *Porgy*, while an excellent novel, is supreme on the stage. The author knows how to build up situations to climaxes, and with the aid of the New York Theatre Guild, *Porgy* became an event for the modern mind to get enthusiastic over. And in his novels HEYWARD excels in his imagining his "scenes". It is true that this latest book is long and much broader in its setting than the first; the action goes from Charleston to Harlem and is participated in by three generations of negroes, some of the Charlestonian impoverished aristocracy, and a family of Yankee newcomers to Carolina. Such diffusion as compared with *Porgy* must result in a relative lack of unity. But a man can't make a *Porgy* of all his books!

One episode in *Mamba's Daughters* is thoroughly delightful. Mamba's theft of the distinguished judge's only set of false teeth might be isolated and stand as a good short story. It is probably the high spot of the book. The handling of the white element in the novel is inferior to HEYWARD's treatment of the negro characters. With the latter he is perfectly at ease, uncondescending but sympathetic. It is only in Mamba's daughters that the sociological element enters.

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Inssofar as this non-fictional element occurs, it appears to me that HEYWARD departs from art. It may sound silly to declare that a novelist has not the right to picture modern problems in his work. What I mean to express is the sentiment that there is a line which the novelist dares not cross in the direction of too close a representation of the contemporary, provincial situation. Unless he constantly synthesizes his observation into "larger wholes" of judgment he forfeits unquestionably his claim to greatness.

Of course one cannot expect "greatness" in the ordinary run of the press these days, but one does welcome an opportunity to air (more or less appropriately) an opinion (more or less original)!  
—FRITZ JOCHEM.

ON MY WAY. By ART YOUNG. New York: Horace Liveright. pp. 303. \$4.00.

On the title page of this autobiography is a picture drawn by the author. Of course the book is full of pictures drawn by the author. In fact it is almost as much a pictorial autobiography as a literary one. But this picture is important. It shows an elegant but old carriage drawn by a boney horse. The driver is thin, sits very straight, and wears a silk topper and black gloves. Slouched in an utterly comfortable position in the back of the carriage is the plentiful and well-rounded bulk of the author. He is just a lot of contiguous circles with a cigar sticking out.

That, I take it, is ART YOUNG on his way.

The book which follows is a daily record of his thoughts, observations and recollections, extending over a period of six months. It is all set down with delightful frankness and informality. Here and there things are given a philosophical turn. Sometimes he is tired, sometimes stern; sometimes he is naive, sometimes up-in-arms about something. He thinks he will have a dog on his farm. But a dog's bark at its master's gate is very unfriendly. Like "shouting in an acidulous voice down the stairway of an apartment house, 'who is it?' when I am merely trying to make a friendly call." Well, after all, "the barking dog remains the symbol of property rights and seclusion." Occasionally, after a long anecdote, he sheepishly admits that he may have been dull, but lets it stand anyway. So the carriage rolls on leisurely, with its shiny body, its dented wheels, its old horse and its prim driver.

He writes and draws about La Follette, Jack London, Debs; about Washington and Monroe. ART YOUNG was born in Monroe, which is some distance south of Madison. He tells of how his brother, Will, came to the university and started the Daily Cardinal, thus "giving indications of his future career as a journalist"!

The book is put together exceptionally well. The binding is of a brownish material resembling burlap, and is very attractive. The drawings, which can hardly be described, are conveniently placed in the text, and form a very real part of it.

Any social human being would like "On My Way," and it should especially appeal to people who like to talk to night watchmen at four in the morning.

—SIDNEY HERTZBERG.

HEADLINES. By MILDRED EVANS GILMAN. New York: Horace Liveright. pp. 309. \$2.00.

In this collection of thinly-connected tales by Mrs. MILDRED EVANS GILMAN, a former Wisconsin woman and editor of this magazine, the reader will find still another attempt to write that desideratum—the saga of the immigrant in America. Mrs. GILMAN succeeds better than most of her predecessors. Her various stories are joined to each other only by the superficial links of sameness of locale and characters. But each family has its own peculiar story, its *own* drama of passion and defeat; each one is a complete human unity, and therefore I hesitate to accept the publisher's complimentary verdict of labeling Mrs. GILMAN's work a 'novel'.

The stories of the characters in *Headlines* are the stories of struggling humanity as viewed thru the purblind eyes of the tabloid newspapers and their screaming headlines. Each little tragedy—I find little that is gay in these tales—is prefaced by a newspaper clipping purporting to retail a similar happening elsewhere, far removed from the cheap frame houses of the Staten Island immigrants. "She always felt sorry for those far-off people in the newspapers who had so much trouble, and felt at the same time thankful that she lived here sheltered and protected away from all the sadness and cruelty of the world." And from such a start, the author draws the curtain away from the lives and sorrows of the little group of bungalow dwellers whose radiant dream is to be able to live in a three room apartment somewhere in Brooklyn.

The author of *Headlines* has more than fair skill at character creation. The misery-laden, hampered people of her little bungalow colony move and walk in a curiously real atmosphere: a reality achieved by dissection rather than by photography. By that I do not mean that Mrs. GILMAN uses the scalpel-technique of the so-called realists; but that her characters step out of the rigid covers of the book because of their universality of appeal, their typicalness, their recognizability. Subtlety and fine nuances are lost in the elemental sturdiness of such characters as Nunzio, the wife-beater; Camp, the unscrupulous realtor; Charlie, the parricide; Ludwig, the bootlegger; Mary Pollock, the community Samaritan—personalities who flash into temporary relief while their pitiful interlude is being described.

*Headlines* is by no means a pretty story. It tells of a land of dirty duplex houses, frowzy children, bootleggers, blowsy women, clashing generations, tawdry slanders, and dull, searing struggling. All of these immigrants are trying to feel life in this new land with fingers hard and calloused and work-worn. Their drear and futile lives clamor for even the smallest taste of beauty, for something other than

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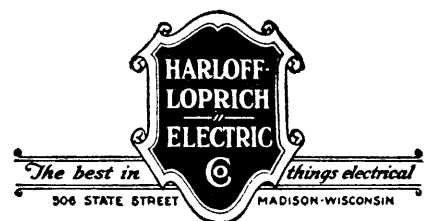
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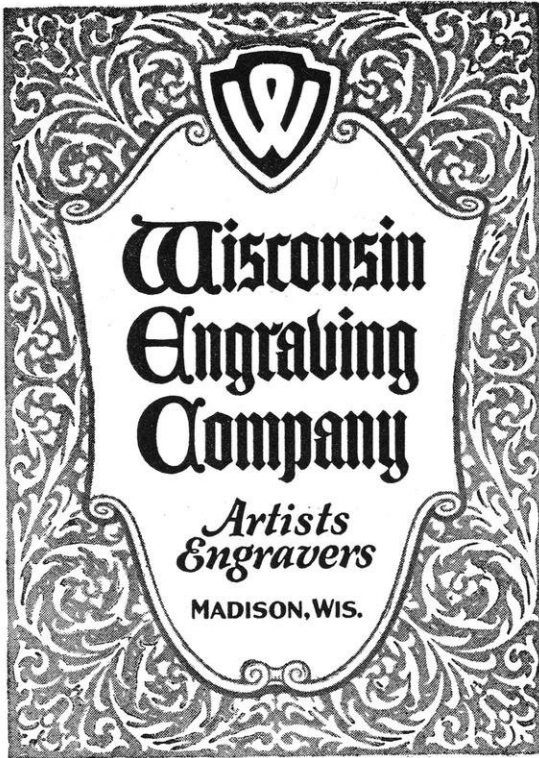
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petty neighborhood squabbles, for sounds more beautiful than the plangent whining of infants, for scenes more attractive than the dull wastes of Staten Island. The book ends on a note of seeming happiness; but I am quite sure that this ending was a concession to the happy-ending-public rather than a true conclusion. To me, it seems almost inevitable that these ignorant, passionate, eager men and women should go on and on, never finding the pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow.

This book is to be recommended for its experimental technique, as one of the books in the field of fiction endeavoring to unravel the knotted stories of our first and second generation immigrants.

It shows much sympathetic understanding, a good knowledge of actual conditions, and an interesting insight into character. If I quarrel with Mrs. GILMAN's style, it is only in gentle contrast to the worthiness of her theme. The use of staccato, while comparatively harmless in conversation, is deadly in straight prose descriptions, having all the monotony with none of the efficiency of the modern typewriter. I would have preferred a mingling of some legato prose in *Headlines* which would have made the book less jerky and added considerably to its smoothness.

—WILLIAM J. FADIMAN.

**MEMOIRS OF A FOX-HUNTING MAN.** By SIEGFRIED SASSOON. New York: Coward McCann. pp. 418. \$2.50.

George Sherston, the fox-hunting man, has an allowance of 600 pounds a year and lives in Kent. While he has gained a sincere love for hunting from the family groom he is not trained in the social graces and must, at the cost of much shame, find these out for himself. In addition Sherston is a true sporting man: one who cannot brutalize his feelings toward the chase. He is ironically contrasted in this characteristic with other members of the hunt. However, he at last wins his button after many petty sporting triumphs; *Then*, as the cinema sub-titles would say, *Came The War*.

Sherston joins the Flintshire Fusiliers and goes to France, where unpleasant things begin to happen to him, and he begins to realize that when the war ends hunting for him will not be the same again. He had discovered, being strict in his own self-examinations, how few of his fellow-sportsmen really rode straight, and how few of the talkers were anything but bluffers, and how much of hunting-ritual is mere vanity and incompetence.

Mr. SASSOON, as Mr. Robert Graves has substantiated, writes himself into his book. It is a strange anomaly of irony and sincerity. One wishes that many would read these Memoirs, not with England and "Reynardism" in minds, but with any one of our numerous sports as a parallel. The results may be illuminating.

—F. A. GUTHEIM.

**ELIZABETH AND ESSEX: A TRAGIC HISTORY.**

By LYTTON STRACHEY. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. pp. 328. \$3.75.

LYTTON STRACHEY has again produced a brilliant biography. *Elizabeth and Essex* is quite up to the high standards Mr. STRACHEY set for himself in *Queen Victoria* and *Eminent Victorians*. On the whole I should say that in a long work of this kind he appears to even better advantage than he did in the short sketches of *Eminent Victorians*.

LYTTON STRACHEY is undoubtedly the founder and father of the modern realistic biography. It was because they were so startling, so sophisticated, and yet so fresh that his earlier books captivated the public and captured the market. And he is not to be compared with Emil Ludwig nor Woodward. The latter especially irritated me profoundly in his *Meet General Grant*. While it is to be deplored that a silly censorship removed his biography of Washington\* from the general market, I can have but little sympathy for Woodward if it was done in the flip, insolent, fatuous style of the *General Grant*. One feels that he deals with Grant at this distance in time and space in a manner which he would have shrunk from using if these distances were absent.

But no more about the others. An article by a Mr. Johnson in the current number of the *Atlantic Monthly* discusses at more suitable length *The New Biography*.

Biographers, if I may be allowed to make flatly a statement of this kind, should be both veracious and voracious. People who ought to know, say that LYTTON STRACHEY has the former quality and the internal evidence tells me that he also possesses the latter. And besides he is intensely interesting, in spite of the fact that in this book, as in *Queen Victoria*, he goes far beyond the biography to a description of the period in question.

Again STRACHEY has radically changed the older view of his subject. *Queen Elizabeth—Good Queen Bess—The Virgin Queen*—all those epithets characterized her for us, perhaps. But the author of this new biography presents her in an entirely different character. She has, he says, "succeeded by virtue of all the qualities which every hero should be without—dissimulation, pliability, indecision, procrastination, parsimony." Her Fabian policy with ambassadors would delight a modern University faculty and administration. Her vacillations from enthusiasm to frigidity kept many a proposer on tenterhooks concerning his proposition. Her favorites might be spurned to-morrow. Altogether it is the personal side of the Queen in which STRACHEY is

\* *Editor's Note:* Mr. Jochem undoubtedly refers to the censored Washington of Rupert Hughes. The Woodward biography appeared coincidentally with the Hughes' biography and caused this pardonable confusion.

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most interested, and the affairs of the state are there mostly for background (although her personality influenced them in turn).

It has been remarked that the author does not know his sixteenth century as well as he does the nineteenth. Would anyone expect him to?

—FRITZ JOCHEM.

## Comment

With the publication of *transition Stories*\* and the almost simultaneous arrival of *Tambour*, a new French literary quarterly similar to *transition* and edited by Harold J. Salemsen, late of this university, we are moved to turn our eyes abroad.

The stories which we find in *transition* express a certain school: one which is concerned with finding a new expression for reality. This need to find the real is felt with especial keenness now, both because the world of physical appearances is more insistant than ever, and because many of us can no longer accept the theistic of the universe which has persisted through the Nominalism of the age of Dryden and the piety of the nineteenth century to our own time.

The notion which the *transition* writers have tried to base their literary contention upon is this: that no two people see the same tree, and that one's apprehension of the tree depends not only upon his reason, but upon his senses, his desires, and everything in him. Thus, to portray the tree it is necessary to project the reader into their minds by including all that they think of as well as see in the physical sense. And, by this manner, they hope to give the reader a perception of Reality that may have the significance which other Realities have had in other eras.

As Mr. Basil Davenport has observed. "They produce an art curiously like the transcendentalism of the early nineteenth century, with the same preoccupation with subjective and objective, and the same fondness for symbolism that overloads, say *Moby Dick*."

Yet it seems in the *transition* material which has thus far come to hand that there is a woeful lack of experimenting. The authors seem to have retreated into obscurity and mistiness. It smacks too much of escape from reality instead of search for reality. In any event, the movement certainly needs an interpreter. Perhaps Mr. Clive Bell will condescend to do service in this respect as he has done in the field of modern painting. It is axiomatic that the work done by this small group will count for little if they choose to wait for the world to beat a path, to their door. In the first place, the world has a great many mouse traps which are better than those produced by *transition, inc.*; secondly, the rats die outside.

\* *transition Stories*. Twenty-three Stories from *transition*. Selected and edited by Eugene Jolas and Robert Sage. New York: Walter McKee. 1928.

The following article is reprinted from the March number of *The New Student* and is written by the editor of this magazine. It is extracted from a longer essay in which the general field of the college literary magazine is treated; specifically, are reviewed twelve of the leading college literary magazines:

It would appear that the traditional college literary magazine is undergoing a period of reconstruction. Some are gaining and some are losing by necessary changes. One can say with some vigor and emphasis that when a college magazine pretending to any literary distinction begins to waver from the beaten path of literature and strolls into slapstick humor, articles on current campus affairs of a transient nature, and material utterly irrelevant to the affairs of an academic community considered in an intellectual sense, they digress. But when a sincere effort is made to reflect as accurately as may be the community from which the magazine comes, that, I believe, is progress.

The writers of the college literary magazine should seek to find in their own lives the dramatic, the genuine, the unusual, the exciting. This does not mean that they should write facile tales of fraternity parties, or roadsters and raccoon coats, but that they see the comedy, the tragedy, the futility, the value of college life in both its academic and social aspects.

Perhaps this is too much to expect of undergraduate writers. They have been found notoriously poor in creative work. But when they can see the college community as an organism, and can set themselves thinking about that organism, and can creatively interpret that organism as they see it, they will be doing genuinely fine writing.

The undergraduate author should not—and this is vain advice—set out to ape the current literary lions. He must be alone in his field. So many fine young writers have been forced by society to see life through the eyes of another that the sparks of originality and intimate contact with reality are almost extinguished. The result is a rather flat, purile sort of imitative writing that means nothing, says nothing and is nothing.

The number of undergraduate authors who have attempted to write what they term "realism" is pathetic. Youth does not naturally run to that sort of writing, and until they are able to step out of the influence of contemporary authors in the matter of "style" little may be accomplished.

The Editors announce the addition to the Board of Katherine Theobald and Fritz Jochem. Miss Theobald is a sophomore and has contributed book reviews to previous issues. She is a member of Kappa Alpha Theta. Mr. Jochem will edit the Book Department. He is a Junior, majoring in Art History, and is at present personal secretary to Prof. Alexander Meiklejohn, Chairman of the Experimental College.

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*Establishments*

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JACKSON BLVD. CHICAGO

Mrs. Warren Scott

## Gifts

Hawthorne Book Shop

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## Unusual Novelties for Easter

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Florentine Jewelry

Book Ends

Leather Goods

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*Special Gifts for Special People*

# Quality, Distinction, Permanence

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I want to congratulate you on the attractive typographical appearance of the first issue of the 25th volume of the Wisconsin Literary Magazine. In a quarter century of its existence the publication has never had a better or more suitable appearance.

I trust that you are planning to keep the cover design unchanged throughout the year, for that, too, is satisfactory and appropriate.

Yours sincerely,

WILLARD G. BLEYER,

*Director, School of Journalism.*

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I want you to know how grateful I am for the well written articles concerning my work. Notwithstanding the youth of the authors, it seems to me more comprehending and a better presentation of the case than any so far made. . .

Faithfully yours,

FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT,

*Architect.*

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I like the copy of the "Lit" you sent me immensely . . . the format is the best we have ever had and the cover is splendid. Your book reviews are excellent. All in all it is an awfully good job. . . .

Very sincerely,

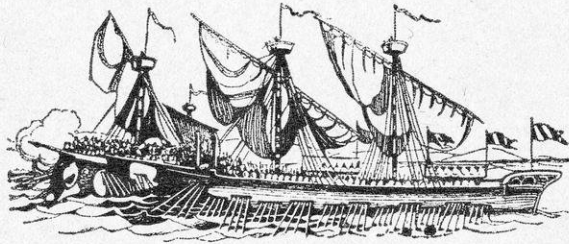
GLADYS FIST,

*Editor '28.*

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## The Wisconsin Literary Magazine

*A Thing of Permanence*



# ARMA, VIRUMQUE CANO

*(And He Did It With Printing)*

*The type of this magazine is Garamond, one of the most delightful and readable of all faces. It is based on the original designs of an old master, Claude Garamond, who was the first known professional type founder, and it has an honorable history of 387 years to vouch for its merit. This publication was printed by the Democrat Printing Company at  
Madison, Wisconsin*