

ALLEGORY

BY SAMUEL HOFFENSTEIN

WHEN one has broken, say thirty acres,
And thirty acres have broken one, too,
And the plow stands cliff-like before the striving,
And endless labor is yet to do:

Acres and acres still to harrow,
Rocks to cut from their flesh of sod,
The very worm that crawls in the furrow,
The broken spirit will call it God;

The worm that crawls in the chain-like furrow,
The night that falls on the hostile sod,
The stars, the stillness, a lamp and linen,
The tired spirit will call it God.

Whatever comes not to bruise and break him,
Whatever stands not with naked sword:
A worm, a leaf, a light, a window,
The routed spirit will call it Lord.

He will curse the seed, he will hate the furrow,
And all that springs from the stony sod;
But the twig in the road that gives or takes not,
The frightened spirit will call it God.

When one has struggled with thirty acres—
A year an acre of bitter clod,
The dark that folds him, the dust that covers,
The broken spirit will call it God.

CLINICAL NOTES

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Travel Notes

It is an old story that the American traveler has ruined Europe for many of his more discriminating fellow countrymen. But like many another old story, such as Jonah and the whale and Christian Science, its integrity is open to doubt. It is true that the traveling American, the most offensive and unhousebroken migratory animal known to zoölogy, has left his mark upon a number of European places and has sent the quiet charm of them scooting, but the places in question are relatively few, after all, and even so have seldom been those that have appealed to that other type of American who has some measure of taste, dignity and gentle understanding.

Take even Paris. Of all Continental cities, it is said to have been the most greatly spoiled by the American. While it is perfectly true that some sections of Paris have been thus bemanured beyond redemption, certain of those sections are not only negligible but, as a matter of fact, are not and never were essentially or integrally Parisian. When you hear that the American has spoiled Paris, what your informant usually means is that the American has infested and stamped with his blemishing personality the Place Vendôme hotels, the Madrid and Pré Catelan restaurants, the Moulin Rouge and Folies-Bergère music halls, one or two of the terrace cafés in the Latin Quarter, the dance halls of the Montmartre district, the Florida and Perroquet jazz restaurants and other such places that the French themselves avoid as they avoid Poland water, and not only the French but all visiting Americans of any discrimination whatsoever. Most of such institutions are not French at all, but simply American

transplanted, and the only times that you will find psychically reputable Americans in them are when the latter, in a cynical mood, go around to watch their dubious fellow countrymen making a show of themselves and disgusting all decent Frenchmen.

The Paris of the Parisians, on the other hand, is still the uncontaminated and charming Paris that it has always been. That Paris simply does not appeal to the overdressed and ginny American and he consequently avoids it. In it you will see no American bars; you will hear no American jazz; you will find no talk of golf and General Motors; you will see no fat women lighted up with diamonds. And, what is more, the Paris I allude to is more than a good two-thirds of the city; the American devastation is confined, at most, to the other third. What is true of Paris is even truer of France as a whole. Save for a few otherwise lovely little places in the South, the obvious Deauvilles and Touquets and the ritualistic sight-spots, familiar enough for anyone to avoid them, the American influence is nowhere discernible. Now and again, of course, some migratory American, accompanied by his wife or a couple of fellow golf players, invades the beauty and silence of a hidden countryside and calls loudly for a Bronx or a Sidecar, goddam, but he is soon again on his way and all becomes as tranquil as before.

Germany, Austria, England—even Italy—have no more been made unpleasant for the better sort of American traveler, although Italy shows some sorry wounds. The cheap American avoids England for the simple reason that it is, very properly, inhospitable to him and he has a bad time