

I Will Love Apollo

By Helene Mullins

Now again he sees me stir in my slumber,
He the proud, the glorious god Apollo.
Strange and dear, he stands like a golden vision,
Lighting my threshold.

Day on day he waits for me to awaken,
Waits to lay his great, bewildering beauty
Like a crown upon my poor and unworthy
Half-fainting spirit.

I will love the glorious god Apollo,
Rise, and leave the sight of these crape-hung chambers,
Rise, and walk the paths of the sun, forgetting
How one has hastened,

Gay and young, with all of my love upon him,
Down to seek the queen of a thousand lovers.
Let his eyes be closed on me now forever;
Let her, the deathless,

Lean above him, kissing him and anointing
Breast and brow that I forget and relinquish.
Let her voice be sweet for him and her beauty
Be as a baneful

Drug for all of the griefs he still possesses,
Lest one thought of me be mixed with a sorrow
Coiled about his heart that bravely surrenders
Love to a goddess.

Let him need no thought of one who arises,
Proud and dazed, to take the love of Apollo,
Eyes upon the hyacinth and the laurel,
Fearless and grateful.

THE UNDYING GLIMMER

or, *A Disparagement of Love; With Some Modern Applications of Stendhal*

By David Cort

AMONG human antics, love has drawn to itself the most pretentious legend of all. In gross verbiage it by far exceeds the legend of war, although oddly it has never been celebrated as the single theme of an epic of literature of the first order. Whereas the battle-theme has persisted from the *Iliad* and *Aeneid*, "*La Chanson de Roland*" and Siegfried to "*The Red Badge of Courage*" and "*Revolt in the Desert*", the legend of love has been augmented either by brief lyric ecstasies, as by Sappho, or by rivers of treacle, as by present-day American magazines. The subject is not, of course, congenial to the epic treatment. Perhaps it is impossible to use love otherwise than as motivation, as in "*Romeo and Juliet*". Perhaps, by a native shyness love "vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up" to two-volume dimensions. The latter hypothesis the present writer ventures to doubt: there have, for one thing, been too many bad books, great with dullness, that have advertized love without the fault of excessive compression.

One exception to this hardy generality obtrudes itself. Stendhal's "*On Love*", recently re-published, is the most famous, exhaustive and inspired presentation of one opinion of the famous aberration by a famous aberrant. It may serve as a formal pre-text — where none, it seems, sadly enough, is ever needed — to present an opposed opinion. Stendhal, one gathers in those ingratiating pages — ingratiating as are the winning vanities of a superior fool — loved love. He loved it so well and he looked so long and so fondly into its face that he often found something original to say of it. The present writer will not be so fortunate. The present writer finds it a singularly unlovely face to have played arson with so many topleless towers in this age and that. Yet those who have surrendered to the infatua-

tion have rarely felt shame. With or without benefit of Stendhal's commendation they have made of a weakness a virtue, of a deadly visitation a divine (or carnal, it is all one) dispensation. They even pretend to make an art of a necessity. Stendhal was the high priest in the accomplishments of this disarming impudence.

The legend is an impressive one but the emotion itself remains, to one mind at least, in the last analysis unimpressive. An ingenious propagandum asks us to draw a conclusion from the fact that beasts and savages do not know the emotion of love, that it is an invention of civilized man. Hence, by easy stages, we are led to the *sequitur* that the more we love, the more civilized we are. Doubtless that is so, but the adjective is not always or unqualifiedly complimentary. Rheumatism and Bright's disease are failings peculiarly the property of civilized man, but they have yet to be indicated as the proofs of a high state of sensibility. If love is to be laid at civilization's door there is no good enough reason why we should not bracket it with those others of civilization's foundlings, such as, let us say, flat feet, suicide waves, crime, introspection, bad poetry, and the motion pictures, rather than with the Olympic games, a low birth-rate, the Greek language, Shakespeare and Beethoven. There is no good reason why we should classify it anywhere, but the present writer is incensed: the opposition has been *too* arrogant, these precious fellows must be taken down. . . .

With this objective, the appropriate method would seem to be to establish love among those affairs which we call, in accord with an instinct on which it is difficult to rationalize, "second-rate" — that is, low, foolish, ignoble, puppyish, unmanly, degrading, unworthy, senseless. We shall have