

Andrew Jackson comes with Old  
Black Joe,  
Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego . . .

*With increasing speed and energy.*

While the tune of the spheres is a cosmic Kallyope,  
Bringing hope, bringing hope, bringing hope, bringing hope,  
Singing joy, singing joy, singing joy,  
To every heart that still may grope  
In Springfield,  
Illinois.

## Einstein

By EDW-N MARK-AM

We drew our circle that shut him out,  
This man of Science who dared our doubt;  
But ah, with a fourth dimensional grin,  
He squared a circle that took us in!

## East is West: And the Great World Shrinks

By AMY LOW-LL

Tlop—tlop—clatter—clatter! . . . . "Hi there, stop! What's the matter? Have you gone mad that you clash against the pages and lash your verbs and nouns in hot rages of sounds. Zounds!" cries the astounded reader. "Are there no laws for such a speeder? Will she never pause as her sixty-horse power Pegasus courses madly on the earth here or the sky there? . . . . Hi, there!"

But the warning is vain. The intrepid rider, scorning conventions, is out of hearing. Clearing the three dimensions of space, her racer thunders sonorously out of Boston and is lost in new flights over Peru. Ascending and tossed in smoke, it flirts with what Mary Austin calls 'our Amerind folk-lore'. It soars over the parched wall of China; skirts the starched borders of eighteenth century artifice; skips to the balladists' Middle Ages; burns through the pallid pages of sages, and returns, as unwearied as when it hastened forth, to north of Brookline and Points Adjacent. The abused beast never trips although the Muse applies the whip remorselessly. The poor horse flies as though each poem were a gruelling race; his slowest pace is a canter, at best. He dares not rest. . . .

Everything fares the same; it shares this unrelieved tension. At the mention of a name, of an enamel-studded frieze, budded fruit trees or flower gardens—everything suddenly hardens, shoots, flames, spins, turns and burns with an almost savage intensity. Nature seems to have lost its usual stature; it becomes an immense contrapuntal series of frontal attacks; an unrelaxed assault of suns that clang like gongs, clouds that crash and splinter, boughs that clash and rouse their roots, a lark that "shoots up like a popgun ball." . . . It is all rigorously fortissimo, enthralling in its vigor; appallingly energetic. . . .

Musically alone, the tones of it are full of uncanny changes. A strange and unearthly symphony is heard here; queer tympani add their blows to this polyphonic prose. There is the patter of clicking bones and the quick, dry chatter of xylophones, the hiss of tambourines, the cymbals' shivering kiss, the high quiver of triangles, the clack and mutter of drum-sticks tapping on slackened guts.

And colors! Nothing duller than bright blue, new white, light green of an almost obscene brilliance. Millions of reds and purples that blaze and splutter. Buttercup-yellow and iris-tinted fires that mellow the polished sides of space. . . . One fades, and fresh shades spring up

in its place. Jades—like the wings of a dragonfly resting on young lily-pads. Crimson—like the tongue of carmine that skims on the tips of rusty peonies. Lilac—with the faint dust that slips over the wistaria blossoms. Silver as magnolias stroked by moonlight, blue-mauve, dove-gray, livid azaleas, fire-ball dahlias . . . all of them shouting their vivid promises. Let the doubting Thomases scatter their seeds of distrust. Matter is matter. Who needs further affirmation? Let the stars shatter themselves, heedless of gravitation; there is an end even to infinity. Straight lines bend not only in a poet's rhymes. Times have changed. Science is ranged on the side of the singer who has learned to distort the widely assorted phenomena of life. Circles are no longer round. Sound can be seen. Light can be weighed. Black is made white; the last has come first. The worst, one thinks, may be the best. East is West: and the great world shrinks.

## Love's Relativity

By S-RA TEASD-LE

The moon is in love with the nightingale,  
And the nightingale worships the rose;  
But the red rose bleeds for the young and pale  
Queen of the garden close.

The young queen turns to a singing clown  
Whose lips have a single tune;  
She leans to him like a ray bent down . . .  
But he is in love with the moon.

## Miss Doris Keane

*The Czarina, a comedy in three acts, by Melchior Lengyel and Lajos Biró, translated and adapted by Edward Sheldon. The Empire Theatre, January 31, 1922.*

**T**ALENT, I think, is ultimately a thing of the body. It goes back ultimately to the body as music does to the eardrum and the nerves of hearing. And it is an immediate thing. To those who have eyes for it talent is discernible at once when it comes on the stage, for it establishes a kind of luminosity of the presence, a radiance of the body seen to be living out the moment there. Talent gives an important continuity to the person, and makes not only true but necessary Mrs. Fiske's remark—quoted in Mr. Alexander Woollcott's delightful book—that the greatest actors have in a sense always acted themselves. But what talent may be, with all its separability, vividness, vitality and magnetism, it is impossible to say or to define, because like all natural things, like all things that are a part of nature itself, talent is inexpressible and can alone convey itself completely to us. But it may at least be said that talent has, after all, a mysterious difference from mere capacity for hard work, though work perfects it and frees it to be its essential self. And it differs from intention, however earnest; for it is an organic thing—to take a term from science—as distinguished from inorganic; it is a part of the structure, the organism, the living tissue of the person who possesses it rather than something to be taken on, desired, and labored at. Mr. Carroll at the Neighborhood Playhouse has talent, small or large, because from the moment he comes on the stage his body takes on a reality in terms of the stage. And it is her talent that distinguishes Miss Doris Keane from so many of our honestly persistent actresses, Miss Elsie Ferguson for example, who in spite of the rich persuasion of her beauty

has no talent to speak of at all. It is only Miss Keane's talent that makes it worth while to discuss the production of *The Czarina* with any serious regard, or to think of it as anything but a vivacious diversion, fairly well acted, in a sumptuous setting and pretty clothes.

I remember several years ago seeing Miss Keane as the prima donna in Edward Sheldon's *Romance*, a facile and sugared bit of theatrical goods, tinted with Clyde Fitch's Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines, but engaging enough in its way. I remember how startled I was. There was a real talent. To begin with there was a voice that went straight to its objective, and was, besides, the only case I have ever heard in our theatre of the exact reproduction of a certain Italian characteristic in the tone. There was a fine plastic gift, a beautiful use of the hands, an actress with a beautiful flowing movement across the stage when she walked, an urgent and compelling pantomime. An actress with intelligence, with droll pungency.

I could not be persuaded that a talent like this could be obscured, though it might be dulled by playing away at the same prima donna's blowing herself up with glory and then letting herself down into a pious end every night for nine years. And at the Empire now this gift is not obscured. In the midst of endless inequality of effect and intention, of uncertain genre and mood, of a still open decision as to the kind of voice to be adopted for Catherine, and of a play that sags heavily in the middle, Miss Keane's quality appears. The sudden, startling vivacity of tone leaps out in a speech now and then like a red bird out of the shadows; the laugh when the French Ambassador tells a naughty incident from Monsieur Voltaire's *Candide* cuts like a bright whip across the moment, the wrists are eloquent in their lines, and the crackle of wits and spirit darts into any little passage where the play gives the brain a chance. And yet Miss Keane does not give a complete performance of her part, not much more complete at present than the general production of the play around her is complete.

The great Catherine of Russia as sheer raw material has always been a little stiff for the mind of Western Europe. This tremendous power and energy working its ends in countries and men, this magnetic personality and physical dominance, this intelligence, curiosity and insolence and brutality, make up a combination, which, however impressive or mad or superb or successful it might have been in what it wrought out of life, is, at the least, disturbing to our scheme of things, to our chart of virtuous qualities and conduct. It has seemed best to take Catherine a little comically.

Byron in his *Don Juan* has carried the subject farther than anyone else has done, and with more verve and sophistication and sly power. The general theme that Byron chose to underlie the whole of his *Don Juan* was, as he put it, the vindication of the natural man; by which he meant to imply that when a glowing section of life in all its candid charm and naturalism appeared in the person of *Don Juan*, the frail props of the conventional went down before him; the veneer that we have laid so carefully over the surface of respectable living, cracks and nakes way for nature. And *Don Juan's* encounter with Catherine supplies a double variation on the theme, Greek meets Greek, and careful civilization goes whistling down the wind, with the send-off of all the wit and irony and brilliance that Byron can muster. Bernard Shaw in *The Great Catherine* makes up his impish matter out of bold barbarism and blunt Teutonism and French wit and

English prudery and dullness, and builds out of it one of the most delicious satirical comedies in the world. But *The Czarina* by these Hungarian dramatists and Mr. Sheldon cannot be said to keep to any such pace. How much Mr. Sheldon has changed and softened it and pinked it up with Broadway appeal I have no way of knowing, or how many of those soiled guffaws that come up from the audience are due to him. But as it stands the play lacks pretty much any given quality; it comes to almost nothing because it is never seen, never centralized, never dominated. It never decided to be anything in particular at all. It is an empty work bitten by the reality of a distinguished character that history supplied and shaken out of its jobbing indifference by the ferocity and shock of this character. And the third act turns out to be more important than the rest largely because the piling up of the mere business of these stage puppets pulls the house down about their ears.

But even as it stands the play could be made more of a unit. Miss Keane ought to make up her mind on what she means her Catherine to be, if she means anything but a long run; and then play the part as gaily, as passionately and as whimsically as she likes. At present it is only a matter of spots. And at present Miss Keane's playing of it gives the impression of being too willing to oblige; she lets the effects go this way and that as it may happen to please the audience. "If you prick us do we not bleed? if you tickle us do we not laugh? and if you wrong us shall we not revenge?"—actors as well as Shylock may ask that. And the answer is, "Obviously, yes." But because they are human, are real in their humanity, not merely because we want them to laugh and bleed and revenge. If Miss Keane would do this, the other actors in the company, who are above the average as a group, could be brought into line—Mr. Frederick Kerr, the Chancellor, is already there, for his mood is consistent throughout, is wise, resignedly philosophical—if Miss Keane held her own as she sees it or learns to see it in the central character, the other actors would know where they stood, and would not play in and out of the whole as they now do, with wandering eyes on the audience—farce, romance, comedy, melodrama all on the stage at the same time. If Catherine were held properly and continuously together throughout the play the genuinely comic humor of the situation might emerge, which comes from all these people around her being thrown against this force that she is, a force so human, illogical and tempestuous, erratic and superb, that it shatters into jolly fragments the lesser egotisms and majesties and wiles and resolutions that are dashed against it. The victims do not ever see this farcically, though some of them are driven to regard it with the comic insight and the sweet reasonableness desirable for a society that relies for its comfort and welfare on safe and sane and conventional bounds. From all this—seen so clearly by Shaw and Byron—the comedy would arise. The romance would come from the fire and danger and risk of it all.

Miss Doris Keane can do this if she will. She has little to fear; her next-morning critics have agreed already that she was remarkable that first night; she has pleased them, now let her please herself, trusting her talent to find the way to a convincing unity. She should find her key and keep to it, should relate it to the continuity of her own personality; and so make the piece come straight for the actors and for the audience, and if necessary for the playwright as well.

STARK YOUNG.



## CORRESPONDENCE

## A Reply from Mr. Hudson

SIR: May I point out three features of your editorial reply to my criticism of your statement that "the League of Nations is bound hand and foot by the instrument, the Treaty of Versailles, which created it."

1. It withdraws your intimation that the "chief business" of the League is to "execute the Treaty of Versailles." Though the two years' record is clear to the contrary, that fallacious notion has been widely current among people who have not been in close touch with the work of the League, and I hope your withdrawal will help to dispel it.

2. It tacitly admits my contention that any general international conference at the present time would be "bound" by the peace treaties to the same degree that the League is "bound" by them, in the sense that they present certain important facts accomplished in addition to the formal obligations of Great Britain, France, Italy and Japan. I cited M. Briand's drawing the veil of the peace treaties over the proposal that the Washington Conference should deal with land armaments. Since my letter was written, we have had the testimony of Senators Lodge and Underwood, in the Senate on January 20th, that the Shantung question "cannot be taken up directly in the Conference" at Washington, because seven of the conferring powers had signed the Treaty of Versailles. I submit, therefore, that your chief reason for preferring a new association to the League falls to the ground. Intra-League or extra-League, America's approach to international politics cannot obliterate the attempts made in 1919 to settle our post-war problems.

3. It shifts your emphasis from "execution" to "revision" of the Treaty of Versailles. In the task of "revision," you conclude that it is wiser to ignore the League and to try and "call into existence . . . a new agency of conference," because the "pressure for revision must come from nations which have not signed the Treaty of Versailles or have signed it unwillingly." You mention the United States, Germany and Russia. We agree that the cooperation of the United States is essential. The question is, through what agencies shall we cooperate? Can "revision" be accomplished more easily and more wisely by the League *minus* the United States than by some other association which includes the United States? Clearly not. That is why Mr. Lloyd George prefers Genoa to Geneva. On so much we agree. But the issue is quite different—can "revision" be better accomplished by the League with the United States in its membership than by some other association with the United States in its membership? I think you do not meet this issue. You desire a "freer and more flexible" association than the present League. Freer from what? Does the New Republic want to leave out the fifty or more states which do not rank as great powers? And why is the present League not flexible enough? Again I appeal to its record extending over the last two years.

As for the participation of Germany and Russia, I would remind you that Germany is cooperating in many phases of the League's work. She sent delegates to the Labor Conferences at Genoa and Geneva, to the Financial Conference at Brussels, to the Communications Conference at Barcelona, to the White Slave Conference at Geneva and to the Aaland Islands Neutralization Conference at Geneva. Would she be less willing to cooperate in conferences for the "revision" of the Treaty? Surely not because they were assembled by the League, in which the "ex-neutrals" are given a voice. And her admission to full membership in the League, even in the Council of the League, ought to present less difficulty if the United States were there to insist on it. An invitation to Germany to attend any conference, whether it be held inside or outside the League, would need the assent of France if France were to be represented. Is that assent less difficult to obtain if the Conference is outside the League?

It is true that in 1920, in the days when Lenin and Tchitcherine were trying to secede from the non-communist world, the Soviet Government of Russia did refuse to cooperate with the League. Today their attitude might be less haughty. Certainly, the United States, Great Britain, France, Italy and Japan, in the Council of the League of Nations with Belgium, Brazil, China and Spain, could as easily decide to invite the Russians to a conference, as the United States, Great Britain, France, Italy

and Japan can take that decision, calling themselves a "Supreme Council" or a "De-Wilsonized Association of Great Powers." Indeed, the Soviet leaders might be less suspicious of the former invitation!

Now that the isolationists have been vanquished by the Washington Conference, the real issue before the American people is, indeed, "why conferences rather than the League?" What does the United States want to be the agency for its permanent co-operation? We must choose between (1) a permanent machinery for the manufacture and effectuation of consent through conference, now successfully functioning with the adherence of fifty-one peoples throughout the world; and (2) occasional, spasmodic, ad hoc conferences of some of the powers called by a few of the powers to suit their own convenience. You have not dealt with the importance of settling international disputes in cases like those of the Aaland Islands and Albania and Vilna. What do you propose for these, if America rejects the League? Nor have you dealt with the integration of more nearly normal international relations, in such fields as the control of the opium and white slave traffics and international labor legislation. How will spasmodic conferences do this job?

I have assumed that we could agree on a common meaning for "revision of the Treaty of Versailles." But I should like to enter a caveat against the uncertain range of your term. Perhaps you will give your readers its more definite content. For my part, I should deprecate any "revision" of territorial frontiers which would fan up new fires of Balkan chaos in Eastern Europe.

MANLEY O. HUDSON.

## Mr. Beck Takes the Count

TO The Honorable James M. Beck: To the law mind Mr. Felix Frankfurter licked you to a finish in your mix-up with him in the New Republic "bowl." And now the lay mind looks forward with entire confidence (barring what confidence it may lack in its ability to identify a knock-out in a set-to by lawyers) to a second thrill, in your handsome admission of the licking. For already you've admitted you're gallant (indeed one gathers you have a hair-trigger "jealousy in honor") and, you know, the best test of gallantry is taking a licking gallantly.

We recognize that making the admission in your best form will be hard. For Mr. Frankfurter lacks, or in your case exercised it but little, the finesse, the elegance of a high-school fighter. He tears straight into an adversary and lands with staggering blows upon the seats of his vital punctilios, his fairness, his truthfulness, his reverence.

But you are supple, elusive. You feint and sidestep. Artfully you seek to divert your adversary's attention from your heart and stomach. For example you ask Mr. Frankfurter what he wrote about to a certain Bolshevik. By the way, there having been no word from you as to questionable romance in Mr. Frankfurter's life, it's strong negative testimony that there's been none.

You seek to get Mr. Frankfurter off onto the ground of the "American people's sweeping condemnation of the Wilson policies," the policy of getting us to help lick the Junker, wherefore all the Germans among us voted against him in 1918 and 1920, and the policies of blocking Italy's lust of land and of not taking up the cudgels for Ireland against England, wherefore the Irish and the Italians among us voted against him in 1920. Fatal policies—no doubt whatever of their above stated effects—but, what have they to do with the question of Mooney's retrial? And what has Mooney's having been an anarchist, as you say and as probably he was, to do with it?

Your answer is, of course, that it's the highest ring tactics, and it's on the nail. It's ring chatter, aiming to distract—"Kitchen cabinet," "Kindergarten Bolshevism"—just as if Dempsey were to have exclaimed excitedly during a round "Look back, George, your wife's fainted!"

Mr. Frankfurter's neglect of all these delicacies makes a handsome admission of a licking hard, no doubt, as being to one not in your class. Nevertheless you'll make it, we're sure, for the sake of clean sport.

W. E. MARTIN.

Omaha, Nebraska.