

The BOWLING GREEN by Christopher Morley

The Trojan Horse

XVII. (Continued)

I COULDN'T have stood much more of that, Troilus begins harshly. Don't say anything, she whispers. For a little while. Let me find me. . . . And, after a silence: Now say it.

What.

You know. Our talisman.

Beauty never guessed before . . .

(She shivers a little in his arms).

TROILUS—This is the dress you wore at Sarpedoni's.

CRESSIDA—You know them now by heart.

TROILUS—Like a tree of fruit in April gear

You cloud your firmness and your branchy limbs

In gauze and silver bloom. But underneath

Yourself is whiter still.

CRESSIDA—You said white wasn't a good word.

TROILUS—Tonight we will not stay to choose our words.

There will be time in surplus, nights to come.

CRESSIDA—No . . . no!—Then came our summer wind

And stripped me of my petals and pretence.

TROILUS—That night you danced with Paris; and I thought:

Even her body, under all that lustre, Is scarcely dark.

CRESSIDA—My mind is dark enough.

How black the thought must be, inside the brain.

TROILUS—Yes, black indeed. I was awake last night.

You know that gap half way across the dark

Where stars fall in, sleep founders, and the mind,

A frightened swimmer, elbows for the shore.

Then common things, acceptable by day, Turn haggard; life is filthy on the tongue;

Faces that you love are old and sorry . . .

O fill my eyes with whiteness

To help me through the dark; and smooth my fingers

On luxuries of touch

To keep a memory for empty hands.

CRESSIDA—Here is one face that is not old—nor sorry.

TROILUS—And if long looking push the dark away

Then ears grow keen to horror:

The furious insect-chorus of the fields Goes mockery-whistling on. The grassy troops

Are mobilized in all their murder-kit For some last senseless onset of despair.

So are we all. Cassandra's right. We're done.

See this? A pretty symbol! Voice and face.

Your insect cavalier; the praying mantis

Or prophet-beetle!

(He blows his trench-whistle, and whips out his gas mask and holds it to his face; which does indeed make him resemble some monstrous insect. Cressida gently puts it aside).

CRESSIDA—Let's sit down and have a smoke.—Will you pour me a drink?

TROILUS—Does every other feel *my* private pang.

The little secret stabs of circumstance, The comic molecules that make me, me?

CRESSIDA—Yes, all; and all are cunning to conceal.

Of every midnight twinge that cramps the heart,

Bethink you, Cressida has known it too.

TROILUS—I remember, when I was a child

I used to take a boat, down at the shore,

And drift about on sleepy afternoons Between the wrinkled windrows of the sea.

The sunshine veined the wave with seams of light

But there with naked summer on my back

I knew it was too happy to endure:

I knew that I was damned.

CRESSIDA—Some day I'll tell you about *my* private horrors. I've got some beauties.

(But the liquor, blessed anodyne, is changing the rhythm). What do I care for Troy fallen, or risen either, he cries; or any other thing, now you're here; you tangible. Let's go away together; now, tonight. Pan says we can take his car.

No, darling; it just won't work. It'd be a washout. You must have something to be faithful to; that's the kind you are.

I can be faithful to you.

I'm not big enough.

TROILUS—O, for a few unblemished blessed weeks

I knew things at their worth, and loved the world—

My horse, my dog, my sword, my everything—

The better for my ecstasy of you.

Laugh at me if you will:

Even in my wardrobe I would say:

I wore this when I last knew Cressida.

CRESSIDA—And after all this rich discovery.

We now recant? So sorry for ourselves?

TROILUS—Forgive me. I guess I'm gibbering.

CRESSIDA—My blessed, when you know a woman's heart

So easy to be wrung, you will not wring it.

They take a mutually propitiating drink. Here's to us!

CRESSIDA—Silly as it sounds, I've got my little job to do also. I don't know whether Daddy is really sick or not, but I've got to find out; and maybe I can learn something about the Greek plans. The Horse, for instance.

TROILUS—How long will you be gone?

CRESSIDA—Ten days, I should think. I can't possibly stay longer than that, I haven't got clothes.

TROILUS—Well that's good to know.

CRESSIDA—Think how glad you'll be to see Antenor.

TROILUS—Sure; and every time I see his homely pan I'll think of the one who ransomed him. There's lots of you I haven't given names to yet. Here's something I never saw before: this little flattened hollow in your upper lip. Something ought to be done about that.

CRESSIDA—We could get over some of the ground now . . . and then we'd still have something to look forward to when I get back.

TROILUS—Since I'm responsible for delivering you, I'll take charge of the return trip too. Ten days' leave of absence, that's all you get. Understand?

CRESSIDA—Darling, you know I'll do my best.

TROILUS—I've brought you something as a pledge and a luck-piece.

He gives her a little ornament in gold and blue enamel.

O Troilus, it's your squadron-pin. I know how much that means to you.

It means Ten Days' Leave. You swear? I swear.

You can count them every day when you put it on. And if the Greeks make any difficulty about coming back, Zeus-almighty, I'll bring over the whole regiment and take you by force.

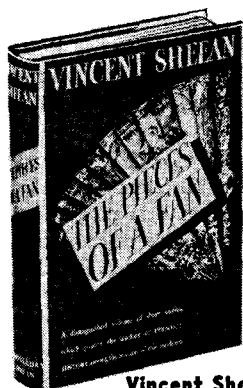
But tonight, she whispers, force won't be necessary.

XVIII. Too Bright for My Eyes

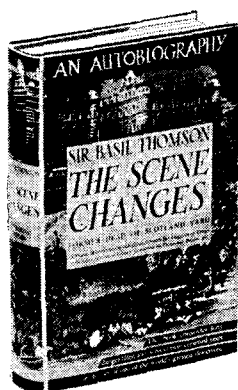
There's still heavy morning shadow inside the deep tunnelled gateway. Sentries on duty stand rigorously to attention as the taxicab rolls slowly in over the ancient cobbles. She is jolted against him.

Even the rough stones of the world, he

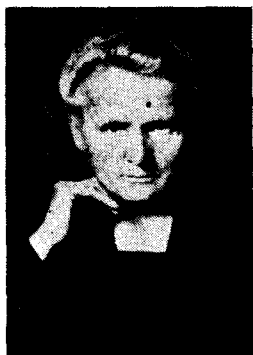
(Continued on page 14)



Vincent Sheean's THE PIECES OF A FAN is the new collection of short stories by the brilliant author of *Personal History* and *Sanfelice*. The stories range in theme from the court of Louis XV to the country house of a modern social climber; from a lovely Italian lake to the feud country of the Virginia mountains. \$2.50

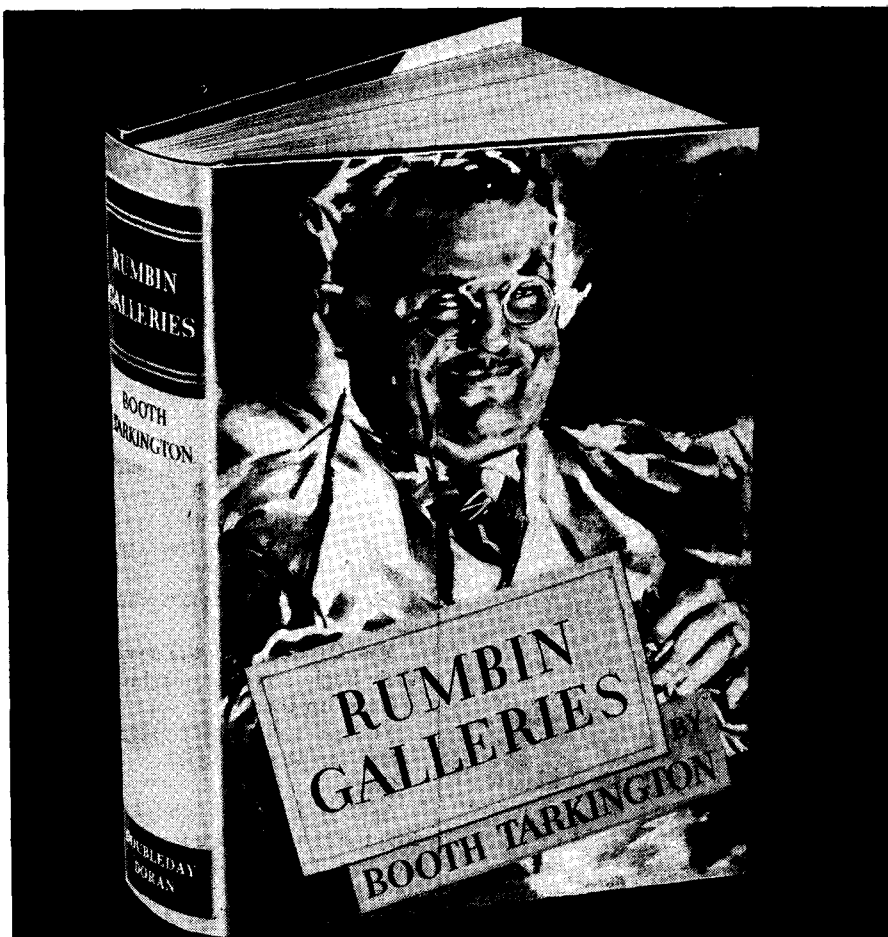


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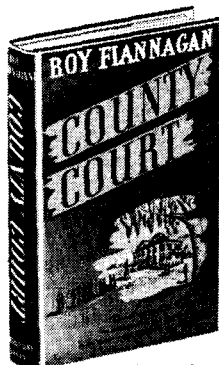


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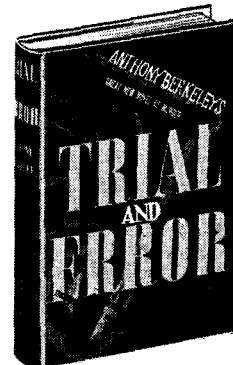
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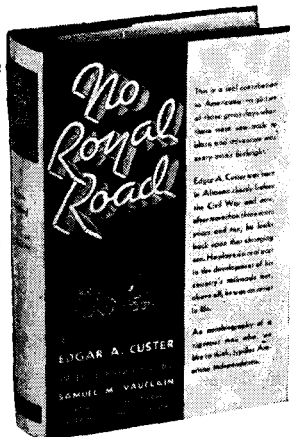
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The Trojan Horse

(Continued from page 12)

whispers, throw you in my arms. Good-bye my precious.

They'll see—

Not till I acknowledge the salute.

The taxicab breathes deep, its eager panting loudened in the vaulted arch. But for a moment the mumbling stir seems to shield them.

I've had no experience in saying good-byes, he says, almost roughly, and swings open the door. He steps out and salutes the guard, who stand at ease. It seems rather terrible to see everything just as usual. The thick walls sweating in a humid air, the painted sentry-box, the same clump of wild flowers seeded by the wind on a projecting corbel, the spots of light on soldiers' fresh polished boots and buckles.

Has the Greek escort started yet? he asks.

Yes, Captain, says the sergeant. We got their bugle a couple of minutes ago.

Open up then.

Yes, sir.—The lady's luggage?

She has it with her.

Okay.

As they unfasten the huge bolts he leans into the cab. Both are pretending to study the bag. I'm glad it's such a small one, he says.

Just enough for ten days.

You look adorable in that tweed and jersey, he whispers. Don't change till you have to. Remember, everything you're wearing I helped you to put on.

Even the pin, she admits, showing it under the flap of her jacket.

The gate opens, a dazzling surge of sunlight floods the opening. Troilus nods to the troops and re-enters the cab. The bugle gives its appointed signal; the guard presents arms; the cab rolls out.

I'm sorry darling, she says; the sun was too bright for my eyes.

The Radio Voice—who has been a bit late in arriving—dashes into the gateway with his mouthpiece on the end of a wire.

Good morning, everybody. This is the Radio Voice of the Evening Trojan, always first in News, Editorials, Features, Advertisements. Folks while you're all enjoying your morning coffee I've been down here watching the big doings at the East Gate. It was arranged to take place very early to avoid any sort of public demonstration. Miss Cressida, escorted by Captain Troilus, is just leaving, and the Greek party, bringing Captain Antenor, is on its way over; they will meet and exchange between the lines. I've just been talking with Miss Cressida, I hoped she would say something personally into the mike, but she begged to be excused. Naturally she feels very deeply on this sensational occasion. I guess it's the first time in history a woman has been exchanged for a military captain, certainly it's a wonderful compliment and I ought to tell you that this afternoon's paper will have

a feature article by our Miss Lyde on What This Means For the Future of Woman. Don't forget to buy your newspaper this afternoon. Just a moment, folks, while I check up.

Folks, they're off. I certainly wish I could ride with them in the cab, it certainly is a romantic moment, I'd like to know what they're saying to each other. It's a tough assignment for Captain Troilus, people in the know have been saying he has more than a little sentimental interest in Miss Cressida and I'd be the last to blame him. The cab is rolling past the Big Horse, you know the Greeks have moved it up close to the city, I can see Captain Troilus pointing it out to her. She acts as if she don't like the look of it, no wonder, it's an ugly monster. I wonder if those Europeans think they can scare us with a boogy like that?

I can see the Greeks coming over the hill. They're giving Captain Antenor a handsome send-off, he's in an open car with a Greek officer, and there's a cavalry escort with a flag of truce. Sergeant Teucer tells me the Greek officer is Captain Diomedes, that's really dramatic, because as you know he and Captain Troilus are by no means friendly. Boy, this is a thrilling sight, this is tops; I'm getting out my field glasses so I can give you all the local color. The Greeks have halted and Miss Cressida's car goes forward slowly to meet them. Wait till the dust clears away. . . . I can see Antenor, folks I can see Captain Antenor. He's getting out of the car. He favors his right leg a little but he looks to be okay. The two cars are side by side, Captain Troilus is getting out. I can see his hand on his revolver, I'll bet he's afraid of some trick, that boy's a soldier, he's not taking any chances. Diomedes is laughing. I don't see anything to laugh about. Troilus doesn't pay any attention to him, just ignores him completely. Troilus greets Antenor, they throw their arms about each other, gosh I bet they're glad to see each other. Captain Troilus looks as though maybe he'd like to do some more arm-throwing but he and Miss Cressida are both very stiff. Folks this is a high spot, get it. He gives Miss Cressida the military salute, and Captain Diomedes helps her into the Greek car. Diomedes bends over to talk to her—the cavalry form round. Diomedes is saying something to Troilus, I wish I could hear it, but Troilus pays no attention. He and Antenor both stand at salute while the Greeks—say, I bet they did that on purpose. The car and escort rushed off so fast they left our two standing in a cloud of dust. Typical Greek manners. Now Troilus shows Antenor into the waiting car, he speaks to the driver. They're coming back. I guess he's sore all right, he's coming like a bat out of—I mean he's driving very fast. . . .

If Ilium had been a lip reader he might have reported what Diomedes said: Now it's my turn for a dance.

(To be continued).

by the
author of
Mothers Cry

The new novel by

Helen Grace Carlisle

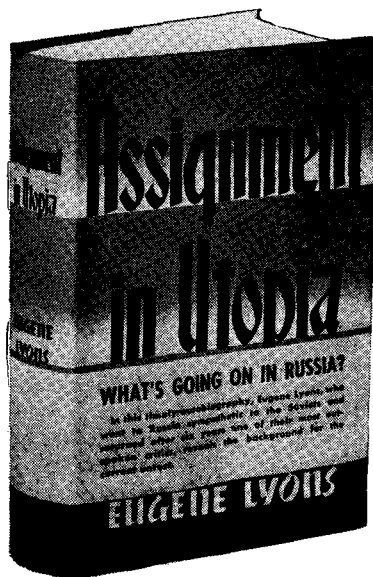
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The AMEN CORNER



One of the pleasantest features of life at Oxford in the now receding days when the Oxonian was an undergraduate was the existence of a repertory company at the Oxford Playhouse. Last winter one of its younger members came to Broadway. "Here is a Hamlet," wrote one critic (Mr. Gilbert Gabriel), "all told as fine and fresh and stirring as the oldest of us can remember, as the youngest of us can expect to see in years to come."

Miss Rosamond Gilder, of the *Theatre Arts Monthly*, thought the same, and she also thought what a pity it is that not only the effect but the details of great performances have never been caught and preserved. The result is a book such as has never been done before, *John Gielgud's Hamlet: A Record of Performance*, by Rosamond Gilder, with Notes on Production, Costume and Traditional Business by John Gielgud.¹ With John Gielgud's notes, Miss Gilder presents a minute description of what he did on the stage in actual performance, and how he did it. On the pages opposite is the complete cut version of *Hamlet* used by Gielgud. Illustrations show the actor in costume, some of the sets designed for the New York production by Jo Mielziner, and diagrams of the stage.

"The ultimate fascination of the theatre," writes Miss Gilder in her Foreword, "lies in the fact that it is made up in equal parts of poetry and greasepaint, of inspiration and box-office receipts, of dust and divinity. . . ."

"Some of the flavour of that kingdom is brought to these pages, by Mr. Gielgud's notes and comments, written between performances, on trains, in the dressing room, jotted down when *Hamlet* should have been resting but John Gielgud, electrified by a new idea, would give him no peace. These reflections on the past, self-criticisms, advice to directors; these indications of a wide reading, of an eager and retentive mind, of a keen judgment and a sensitive intelligence, add an invaluable sense of back-stage living to this record of an outstanding performance."

The Oxford University Press² has just published also a translation of Dr. Levin L. Schücking's *The Meaning of Hamlet*.³ We enjoyed being able to say "I told you so," when we read the review of this book in the *Theatre Arts Monthly*. The news of this book, says the reviewer, "hardly incites a public thrill." But "a few pages and the reader has a surprise that should make him ever wary of foregone conclusions. Dr. Schücking speaks and thinks, first of all, with the grace and lucidity one associates with Lemaître and Anatole France. . . . It will be some time before another volume on *Hamlet* appears which is so certain to please both the æthete in search of the writing and the Elizabethan specialist on the lookout for a fresh and sane critical approach."

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(¹) \$3.00. (²) 114 Fifth Avenues. (³) \$2.25.

The Empire State

HISTORY OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK. Edited by Alexander C. Flick. New York: Columbia University Press. 1937. 10 vols. \$50 the set.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

THESE ten handsome blue volumes, nearly 4,000 pages in all, brought out under the expert editorship of the State Historian of New York and the scholarly auspices of the State Historical Association, are indispensable to all libraries of American history which pretend to reasonable completeness, and to all special students of New York affairs. The work is as able and complete as any planned on these particular lines could be. The plan, it must be said, falls short of being ideal. Nearly twenty years ago Illinois created a centennial commission which, choosing Clarence W. Alvord as editor, executed much the best State history yet written. This was done by appropriating generous funds, hiring a corps of research workers, assembling a veritable library of material at the State University, and inducing seven capable men to spend years in writing six thorough, carefully unified volumes. Circumstances made it impossible to duplicate that effort in New York. Dr. Flick, Dr. Dixon Ryan Fox, and the other planners, beginning in the very heart of the depression, took the next best course; they designed a composite history which should enlist nearly a hundred writers, each contributing one or more chapters. This meant some raggedness, some gaps, some repetition; but Dr. Flick's skill has kept the inevitable asymmetry and unevenness near a minimum. While the volumes of the Illinois history can be read through with unflagging interest, these must rather be used as a work of reference; but they make a good reference work.

At its best it is extremely good. To the first volume Arthur C. Parker contributes three chapters on prehistoric man, the general culture of the Indians, and the special culture of the Iroquois, which are as authoritative as anything ever written on pre-Columbian history. In the third volume Evarts B. Greene draws a delightful picture of New York City in the late days of British rule, when Cherokee chiefs were taken to see "Richard III" at the John Street Theatre, beer and grog were served to the populace on the King's birthday in 1766, and the young ladies spent boisterous evenings at Ranelagh and Vauxhall Gardens. A brilliant chapter in the fourth volume by Hoffman Nickerson on the principal New York campaigns of the Revolution offers a notable appraisal of Washington's generalship and of the reasons for Burgoyne's defeat. He thinks that "Gentleman Johnny" might have done better

with a smaller army. The campaigns of Clinton and Sullivan against the Tories and Indians in western New York take on richer significance as treated by Dr. Flick, though Walter Butler loses much of his picturesque reputation for barbarity. Dr. A. J. Wall explains with much new information the failure of the various British offers of an olive branch, while Dr. Flick elucidates the far more remarkable failure of the loyalists—rich, cultured, numerous, and highly-placed—to give any really effective aid to the empire for which they lost everything.

A striking chapter by John Pell in the fifth volume also throws new light on the secession of the Vermonters from New York. In a period when land speculation was the great American financial sport, two royal governors, Wentworth and Colden, issued two sets of grants to two sets of speculators. The Yorkers got the law on their side, the Yankees got possession; and New York survivors were, as Ethan Allen put it, "chastised with the twigs of the wilderness." A veritable little republic sprang up, whose burghers took equal joy in repulsing the British and in defeating a small New York army at Wallamoosac. Mr. Pell does justice to the valors, the greeds, and the humors of the contest. In this same volume Julius Pratt treats with shrewd brevity the War of 1812. Many New Yorkers were sorry to see it begun—even on the western frontier the New England element was reluctant—and more still were sorry when the State's generals and militia covered themselves with disgrace. But the war cost New York less than two millions, manufacturing flourished, upstate farmers sold their produce at high prices (often to the enemy), and the whole State felt happier after it than before. In both the fifth and sixth volumes Harry J. Carman presents essays on the rise of the factory system which are replete with new facts. Here we learn how the Havemeyers and Colgates came from England at the end of the 18th century to set up in sugar-refining and soap-making; how Ezekiel Case commenced glovemaking in Gloversville in 1803; how Chickering went into piano-making; how Troy's horseshoes came to mark the high-ways of the globe; and how East River shipbuilders gave the Czar his proudest ship and France her first steam ram. Noble E. Whitford tells better than any earlier writer how the Erie Canal made New York great. Two complementary chapters by Edward Hungerford on the prosperous history of the New York Central and the sorry tale of the Erie have equal expertness.

These are but some of the more striking of the hundred chapters. Others of sterling merit might be named. As we should expect, the latter part of the his-