Lorelei

A Journal of ART & LETTERS

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE WRITERS AND PAINTE

LORELEI

PROVINCETOWN **Woodcut by TOD LINDENMUTH**

AUGUST, 1924

LORELEI

AUGUST NUMBER 1 1924

Administration

ART CONTENTS

LITERARY CONTENTS

Among other new art features in the September Lorelei —a sixty-four page number, to be ready August 18th— will be a series of caricatures of well-known Provincetowners by WM. AUERBACH-LEVY.

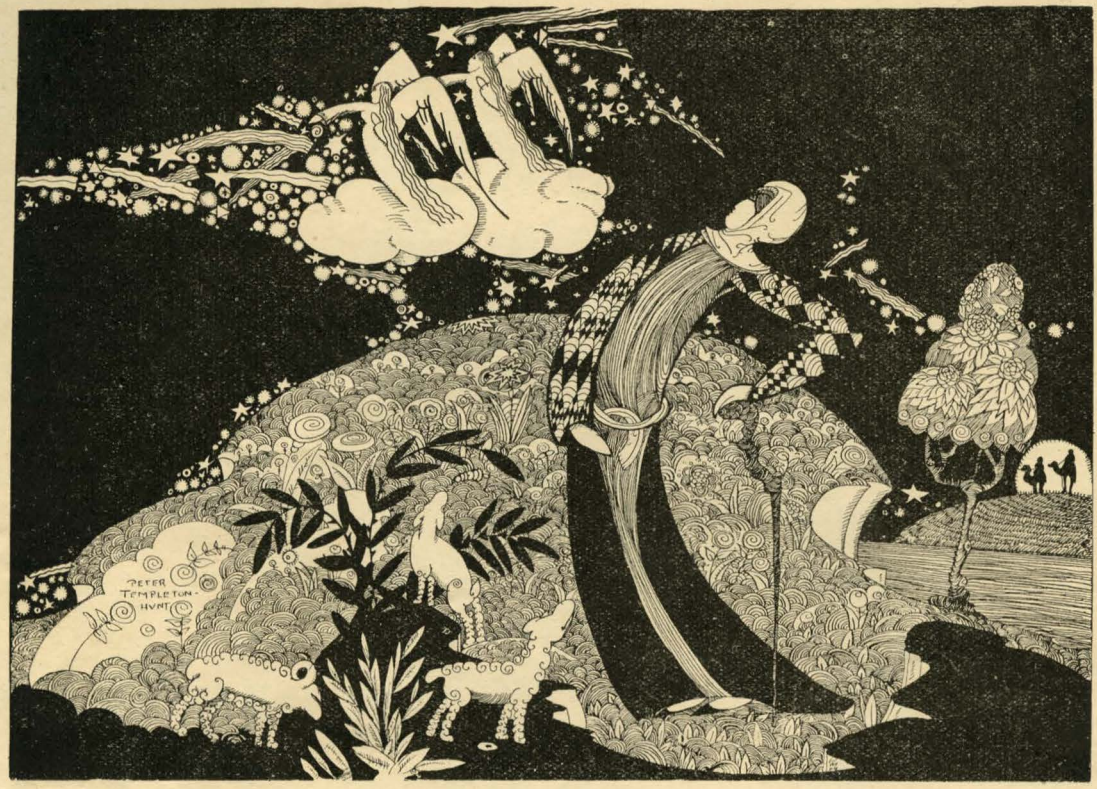
Subscription Rates

One year (thirteen numbers)	$3.50
Foreign	$4.50
Seven numbers	$2.00
Foreign	$3.00

Unsolicited manuscripts will be considered only if typewritten and accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope.

All communications concerning contributions, advertisements or subscriptions should be addressed to Myron Jean Parrot, Provincetown, Massachusetts.

Jeanne d'Arc
PETER HUNT



And suddenly there appeared among them a multitude of heavenly hosts
—the Bible.

PETER HUNT

OUT OF THE IVORY PALACES

"All thy garments smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, out of the ivory palaces . . . forget also thine own people, and thy father's house."

—Psalms.

OUT of the ivory palaces she came
And gold of Ophir sat about her brow;
Yet her soul in her was a sinking flame. . . .

The King spake to her, calling her by name,
Bidding her wear for frontlets on her brow
Honour and royalty sealed by his vow:

"Forget your people and cleave unto me,
And princes shall your unborn children be!"

A low lute played . . . and she could not forget!
A bird sang . . . she remembered, and, most sad,
Her soul was in the Tents of Kedar yet
Though all in wrought gold was her body clad!

HARRY KEMP.

AESTHETIC SATYRIASIS

A Free-Translation from the French

of J. K. HUYSMANS

By Myron Jean Parrot

THE contemplation of an erotic expression of true genius lures me to a groping descent into the tenebrous profundities of the artist's soul . . . .

When pornographic literary works or indelicately voluptuous paintings possess genuine æsthetic values, I know that I must dismiss, because of the presence of these values, any suspicion of carnality in the lives of their creators. No sensitively artistic portrayal of a lascivious life can be achieved by a man who lives lasciviously; for when lust effects a stupration of the flesh, genius lapses into senility and dies. Moreover, a man who accedes to and accepts the impositions of concupiscence, is in no state, mentally or psychologically, to delineate an emotion on paper or on canvas.

I might add that the man who prates of virtue, celebrates maidenly modesty, and exalts ingenuous love, will often conceal under the prudish and chill allurements of his "art", elaborate degradations, to which, prostrate, in the silence of secret places, he makes flaccid surrender.

Truly, when you pause to consider the matter, only virgins are indecent, only chaste persons are obscene. Continence, everyone knows, elicits horribly lecherous mental images; the man who remains aloof from the flirt of flesh grows hotly lustful; he becomes hysterical, rampant, and finally, in his dreams, he is uplited to an often orgiastic delirium.

The artist who is ferociously salacious in his treatment of sex is generally, I believe, a chaste man . . . .

Indeed, all artists, whether or not they live austerely, are inflamed, more than anyone else, with the fervors and furors of lust. I am not speaking now of the fulfillment for which lust cries, of that fulfillment which is the ultimate ectasy of physical sensation, and which is only a violation of a more or less prudish convention. Nor am I speaking of the tempestuous passion which provokes and justifies the sexual act, for it betokens only an awakening of senses, a pulsing of blood, life's outcry against imprisonment and death. I speak merely of the spirit of lust; of isolated erotic images, without the representation of flesh and without the desire for physical release.

And almost always the artist dreams of the same elusive, amorous phantoms, posturing seductively, offering unordinarily pleasurable caresses. But the natural act of lust, the stupration of the body is inexistent—is cast away as denuded of mystery; as uninteresting; as evoking a trite turmoil, a cry of banality, the deadened lyrism of a ludicrously obvious delusion. And the urge towards a preternatural defloration, the longing for those loftlier, enravishing tumults of which the flesh is incapable, arises compellingly within him.

The depravity of his soul is intensified, if you like, but it is refined and ennobled by the ideal with which it intermingles—the ideal of superhuman frailties and of new magnificent vices to commit.

The presence of a flesh and blood woman invariably breaks the enchantment: the artist becomes embarrassed, resentful, cold; and when a violation of the body occurs he experiences a terrible disillusionment . . . .

This intellectual hysteria, these darkling pleasures are translated into æsthetic creations which shall give life to his erotic fantasies. He achieves thus a spiritual relief, the only one possible for him, since, as I have already said, the physical indulgence of a lustful temperament inevitably destroys art.

EUGENE O'NEILL

Portrayed in Bold Relief

By MAXWELL BODENHEIM

HUMAN beings are apt to advance the same externals throughout the years, in spite of the pranks and fluctuations in their fortunes. Clowns persist in acting like undertakers' apprentices, when not working; shoe-salesmen appear to be moving-picture actors in search of some peuliarly elusive thought; and stenographers dress in mysterious sables and duvetyns, and look like unscrupulous society-debutantes. In each case the bottom desire within each individual refuses to heed the facts and perturbations of his daily life and frequently rules his dress and conduct without his conscious knowledge.

Eugene O'Neill, the playwright, is a man married to a single, tyrannical mood. The proletariat thrusts the shadow of its hairy fists upon seven-eighths of his words and written activities. A dark oppression is forever with him and at times it rises to a visible strain as he bows somewhat awkwardly to those civilized trifles known as manners and tact. The profane contempts and straight lines of the gutter merge to a poorly disguised impatience on his face, and you expect him to overturn the table at any moment and concentrate his basic hatred for life into an uppercut to the chin of some stupidly elegant opponent.

He respects only extremes—the rough lurchings of the underdog and gangster, or the supreme, airily embellished cruelties of the bona-fide intellectual. The rec-

ollection of a conversation with him six years ago slides perfectly into this viewpoint (I shall place his remarks in quotation-marks, although, owing to the lapse of time since their utterance, I cannot guarantee the accuracy of the phraseology):

"If the proletariat and the intellectuals and artists would only get together, they could rule the world. I mean the real ones—not the fake slobs on either side. The gangsters, gunmen, and stokers, joined to the few, important rebels among artists and writers, would make a hot proposition.

"They're all aristocrats in a different way, and they're all outcasts from the upper worlds of society; and if their eyes ever open up to these resemblances, well, it'll be goodnight government and middle-classes!

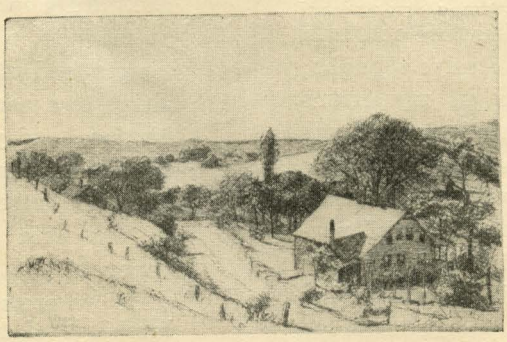
"This world will always be ruled by somebody, and the only trouble is that the sharpest minds and the strongest fists have never come together to polish off the job."

As he spoke, we were seated in the back room of a saloon known as Hell's Hole—the rendezvous of a New York gang called the Hudson Dusters (nice, suave-voiced, wistful, ephemeral gentlemen), and two of the members were beside us at the table.

At that time O'Neill was unknown and savage, with a fathomless capacity for whiskey. He has been forced to abstain from the latter flirt to save himself from a tombstone, but outside of better clothes and a greater silence, and a touch of weary calmness, he has not changed.

The praise of almost every critic in America; the financial success of his plays; their reproduction in England and France—these things are negligible jests to him, and he probably endures them only because they protect the leisure time in which he writes. His long, brown face and widely sinister eyes have not really departed from the rear room of the saloon in which he once threw his curses and taunts at the cringing, lack-lustre expedients of life.

His genius will always be a harshly brooding, earthly force, more concerned with the alleys of life than with its parlors and sun-dappled roads.



LONG NOOK
Etching by W. H. W. BICKNELL

A PIECE OF SILVER

By MARY HEATON VORSE

WHEN Antoine was five he held his hand clinched in a fist. That was because they made fun of his mother. They made fun of her because his father was dead. They called after him, "You're a norphan." Then he would let fly his fist and say, "God damn you. My mama 's the biggest."

Chocolate and Skinny laughed at him. They were big boys and thought he was plucky. They called him an orphan to hear him swear. They didn't know that it made his heart too big for him, so that it beat as if it would come out.

Once Sam Dowles slapped Antoine over the head with a codfish and almost knocked him down and left a track of fishy slime across his face.

His mother shook her fist at Sammy and Antoine felt safe with her wide silhouette in the window.

So he called after Sammy,

"Damn you, my mother is bigger than your mother!"

Antoine's mother was wide and thick through, and swayed when she walked. When she stood still it was with both feet planted as though to withstand the onslaught of a wave. Her face was red and on her wide nose was a mole. Antoine was fascinated by that. When she held him on her lap he could not take his eyes from it. When he touched it with his finger she slapped him with her thick hand, that was hard from work and soft with perpetually washing. It was always clean and smelled of brown soap.

There was always wash. The stove was always hot heating more water. When Antoine's mother spilled the tub in the yard there would be a grey pool that ran out in greasy waves. When he paddled in the suds, his mother called to him:

"Hey, you Antoine. Le' that 'lone. You wanto get all wet!"

Later there was a white scum on the brown earth where the suds had been.

His sister Laura hated washing. She quarreled about it and tried to sneak away. His mother and sister talked like this all the time:

"Hey Laura! You hurry up and put out the clothes."

"Can't May help?"

"No. She can'—she's gotta go to Mayhews with clo'es."

"I'm tired, Ma."

"You be more tired bimeby if you don' eat. Now march!" And she would herd Laura before her, her red arms brandished awfully.

Afternoons Laura put on a pink waist and walked up and down the board walk with the girls. Sometimes May tidied the home. Antoine watched her. Twice a day John came home. He was Antoine's big brother. He leaned over his plate and ate fast. When he left he slammed the door. Sometimes he quarreled with Laura.

There were always flatirons heating. They were only taken off to fry the fish. When the clothes were all ironed they smelled good.

After supper May put Antoine to bed, and he could always hear Laura and his mother fighting about Laura's going out.

"You let John."

"Ain' he a boy?"

"Aint I never goin' to have any fun like no one else?"

"You can' go out at night. I ain' goin' let you trot on the street nights."

"Maw can't I go jest to the Post Office?"

Through the gloom of the bedroom Antoine could see his mother larger than ever, her feet in their wide torn shoes planted firmly on the floor, her legs spread apart, the palms of her hands resting on her knees. He never saw her hands without thinking how they smelled of soap.

"Can't I go out Maw, can't I?" Laura begged.

Sitting impassive, her hands on her knees, his mother wouldn't answer.

"Can't I?" Laura would plead for the hundredth time.

"No!" she would bark finally.

Antoine always jumped at that—"No!" —as if his mother had struck him.

May read near the lamp. She never asked to go out. Every night his sister and mother fought like this. Sometimes Laura cried. Sometimes she said:

"I never have any fun!"

Later his mother would come to bed. She was like a big soft mountain, very comforting. The bed creaked when she got in, and sloped so that Antoine slid down near her. She gave a sigh before she went to sleep.

One night, the fight between Laura and his mother was different.

"There's going to be fireworks on the wharf—there's going to be a band at the Knights o' Columbus. Can't I go out on the Fourth, Ma?"

"Yes," his mother answered. "I'm goin' with May an' you an' Antoine. Time I had some fun. I'll go and buy every one ice cream." His mother spoke in the same husky, throaty voice that she did when she told Antoine stories of the islands and the roses in her father's garden.

Every little while Antoine would have a happy excited feeling inside him as though a star had exploded in his heart, and that would be the remembrance that he was going to see the fireworks. He inquired about them cautiously from Mr. Dutra, the carpenter, next door. You went out on the wharf to see them, he learned; but the most important part was his mother, she was going to take him. She was going with Laura and May to look after them and he was going, too.

Antoine realized that this day was different from all other days he had ever known. Early in the morning, pop! pop! he heard the noise of pistol shots from outside, and the tooting of horns. Then there was no washing; there was no washing on Sunday either. But this day was entirely different from Sunday. There were flags everywhere; children had pistols, they had flags; some had paper caps with red, white and blue, some had horns.

Antoine ran through the field back of his house. He made his arms go round and round like a windmill. As he ran he shouted with defiant gladness to the other children, to the big boys, to the world:

"Bang! Bang! My mama's the biggest!"

He was going to see the fireworks; his big mother was going to take him. She sat all day under the apple tree in the yard. She had on a white shirtwaist and a tight black skirt. She had a bright pink ribbon for a cravat with a great big pin on it rimmed with gold. She sat with her knees far apart and her hands on her knees in her familiar pose, still as a big statue. When Antoine came near his mother he could hear a sound like the humming of bees; she was humming under her breath "Marching Through Georgia" and "Yankee Doodle." She sat there quietly and happily humming to herself all day.

As evening came Antoine grew more and more excited. His heart felt as if it was going to burst right out of him, the way it had when the boys called out: "You're 'n orphan", only now it was from happiness. And somehow he knew that his mother was just as happy and excited as he was, though she didn't skip around. All she said was:

"Well, girls, guess we might go now."

May was dressed in white and had on white shoes and stockings. Laura had on her pink waist. They were just going to go when Mrs. Dutra hurried in. She looked at Antoine's mother in dismay.

"Oh dear," she said, "are you going too, Mrs. Corria? Nellie Davis never came to stay with the baby."

Over at Dutra's they had a little new baby. Sometimes Antoine's mother stayed with the baby when Mr. and Mrs. Dutra went to the pictures together,

"I was going to give Nellie a quarter," Mrs. Dutra said.

His mother shook her head. "I gotta stay with my girls."

Mrs. Dutra was pretty and young. "I'd give anything if you'd stay tonight—fifty cents, seventy-five."

Her husband shouldered into the house.

"Oh, come on, Ma—stay." He slipped a big silver dollar into Mrs. Corria's hand. "We'll take care of the girls," he added. "I'll look after Antoine."

Continued on Page 45

"TOILERS OF THE SEA" *Linoleumcut by FRANK CARSON*

GOATS AMONG STONES

THE gay young goats of Greece
Are climbing the great stones,
Stones that once were temple.
Stones that for centuries were temple.
A mountain shook the temple down,
A playing mountain shook the temple into stones for gay young goats,
Into merry disarray
For skillful goats.
They do not mind—the stones,
They have been scaled and skipped among before—
Stones that once were temple;
They were scaled and skipped among by gay young goats of younger Greece,
As they stood in waiting disarray—
Stones that would be temple.

SUSAN GLASPELL.

HAWTHORNE, N. A.

By LULU MERRICK

CHARLES HAWTHORNE stands today as arch-type of the man who cannot accept failure, who cannot even admit discouragement. At first a designer, he was not successful; then he tried illustrating and again met and laughed at defeat, his creative impulse spurring him on to try painting. He studied for a time at the Art Students' League in New York, but its routine irked him, and he left, to follow individually his ideas of self-expression in color.

Color became his plaything, his life work and his religion. His method was to draw with his brushes, as he painted. never to "lay in" with pencil or charcoal, and this is the technical manner he has always adhered to. It is what he teaches his pupils—spontaniety and directness. His color sense is an inherent gift, which has always distinguished his paintings from those of his fellows, even in the first stage of his career.

To be a noted teacher was his goal and to that end he presently studied with William M. Chase, who became his firm friend and to whom he owes much.

It is not only as an artist of individual ability that Hawthorne's name will engraved in the memories of American art lovers. As the founder of a school of figure painters, many of whom can well hold their own with any present day artists of any land, he will be long remembered; for with keenness of vision and the instinct of the born teacher, he has discovered the natural tendencies of his pupils, encouraged personality, emphasized independence of thought and action in their work and led them to follow the dictates of their own temperaments.

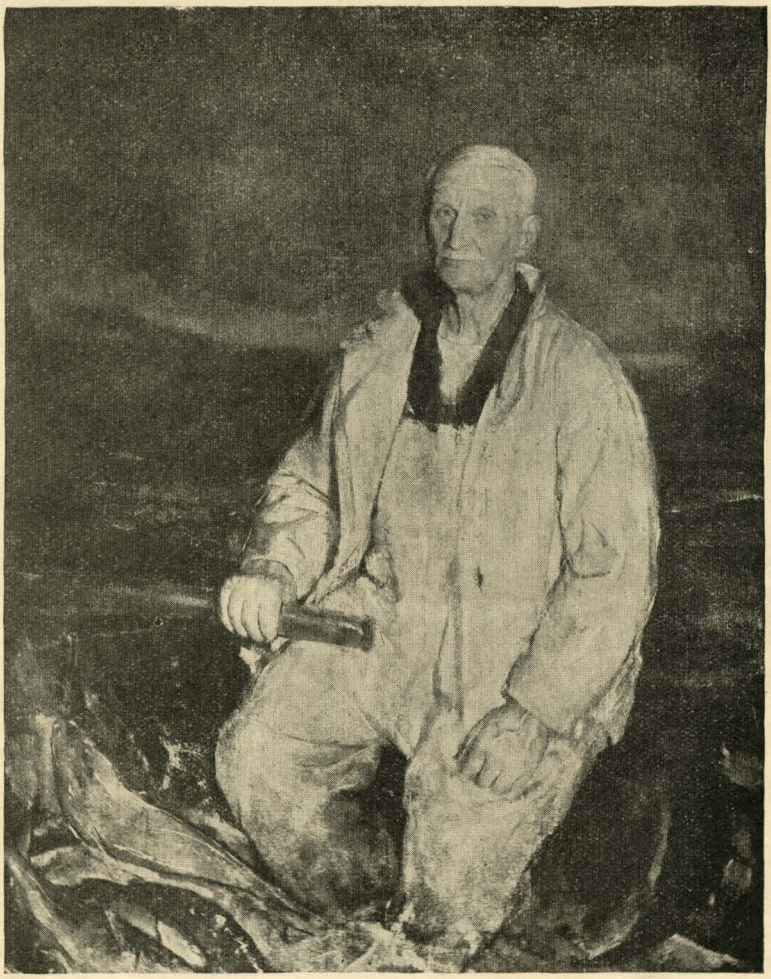
In Hawthorne, the artist, we are brought into contact with a man who paints for the joy of painting, whose interests are not so much concerned with surface effects as with that which lies far beneath his canvas—the soul and character of his sitters.

It has been mainly to this purpose that he has worked, and he has seen his efforts rewarded by the advancement of his art to great heights. Museums, galleries, and private collections have for years been eager to possess examples of his work, yet neither fame nor pecuniary success are what he has primarily sought. If they have come to him, it is because of his sincerity, belief in his ideals, and a certain tenacity of action which is an integral part of the man.

While his art is realistic, true to type, and frankly an acknowledgment of nature as his great ideal, it is yet poetical in aspect, for it embraces not only sympathy and understanding with the human emotions that go to make up his characters, but a lyric quality, rhythm, harmony, and a spirituality, which carries the observer beyond mere paint. His young girls are the embodiment of youth and of grace, of the tenderness of womanhood, which is strength and force.

With his knowledge of character and his ability to record it, it might have been expected that he would sooner or later be known as a portrait artist. In this mode of expression he has painted noted people in many cities. But he remains faithful to his more beloved subjects—Portuguese fishermen and young girls, who have long been associated with his art.

When the annals of painting have been fully read into the history of American art, the name of Charles Hawthorne will project itself pre-eminently as a purely American painter, American taught and an exponent of the ideals that characterize his country; who has found beauty at home in recording the simple fisher folk of the Atlantic coast, even as Rembrandt found beauty in the Jewish quarter of his birth, in Amsterdam, and Millet expressed his genius in representing the homely peasants who were his neighbors in the Barbizon district of France.



PROVINCETOWN FISHERMAN

By CHARLES W. HAWTHORNE

Excerpts from the
CONFESSIONS
Of a former Piano Player in Houses of Ill-Fame

NEWSPAPERS mould the opinions of the masses. They tell what is going on in the world. . . . .

In New York newspaper offices I have written despatches dated from London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Petrograd, Tokio, San Francisco and Seattle, Wash.

* * * *

At one time I wrote, for the New York American, a full-column news-story every day about Mayor Hylan, whether or not he had done anything worth a story.

* * * *

An enormous mass of news matter is sent out every day over the Hearst wires, each editor selecting what he pleases. But articles about Marion Davies are headed: "All Hearst editors are instructed to use this story."

* * * *

I chanced to be among the group of newspaper-men who interviewed Joseph Conrad upon his arrival in America. Someone asked him:

"Which of your novels do you like best?"

"It depends on the day," said the novelist; "sometimes I prefer one, sometimes another."

And next morning the carefully erudite "Times" offered its readers this intelligence: "Of all his novels Mr. Conrad likes 'It Depends on the Day' the best."

* * * *

During an interview with the wife of an English lord, she said:

"Please write exactly what I say, only leave out the 'damns' and 'bloodies'."

* * * *

One extraordinarily faithful young wife gave me a delectably long kiss for writing a laudatory article about her husband.

When I was writing literary articles for the London Daily Express, I used to do also women's-page articles on every feminine topic from love to lingerie. They were signed usually by Doris Keane or Alice Delysia.

* * * *

I have written articles signed by Laurette Taylor, The Dolly Sisters, Gladys Cooper, Georgette Cohen, Pearl White, Hope Hampton, Colleen Moore, and Nazimova.

* * * *

The Dolly Sisters mix some of the best cocktails I have ever tasted.

I used frequently to interview the Dolly Sisters.

* * * *

A friend of mine once sold a London newspaper an article about gigantic shipbuilding operations in the ports of Switzerland. The article was printed.

* * * *

Every newspaper feature-writer is persistently tempted by unknown young actresses who offer elysian favors in return for publicity. Once I introduced a distractingly pretty mannequin to another journalist at the Embassy Club in London. After the girl had gone, he said:

"If that disconcerting trifle of allurement would grant whatever favors I asked for only a week or two, I would give her a series of Sunday feature stories."

"I'll tell her," I replied.

I did. She looked him up. The articles appeared in his paper. She is now a popular London actress. And she refuses to speak to the man who "made her." He is heartbroken. He loves her.

M. J. P.

A MAP OF PROVINCETOWN

Showing the manners, customs & appearance of the strange inhabitants of these remote parts. Compiled from the expedition of June 1924 by Coulton Waugh

said to be onlie sand here

unexplored

farthest North

Dickinson 1898

Plymptr Lot

ye dismal swamp

ye howling wilderness

ye dense forest

ye monument

the treasure

dead tree

WNW

Stump

here is Capt Kidds treasure

here ye joiners hoke ye caliga pass ye time of day

flat varnish!

natural finish!

here ye President of ye National Biscuit Co. honoreth ye grave of ye unknown artist

this is Frank Shay

Wharf Players workshop

this is Fern Shay

here is ye younger generation

Geo. Browne

supply base

Ross Moffett

S.E. storm coming

Province Town

Briggs Buehler

ye family tree

here is daughter Ruth

13... P x P

Mozart H. Hammond "chez"

here Edwin Dickinson giveth mate

ye Mah Jong

ping!

pong!

here is Herman Kahle's new car

Walter Harding ye hot dog king

Judy

town Hall

here is Austin Dunham

ye innumerable ye student

Historical Museum

Ted Lindenmuth ye woodcut king

more younger generation

Betty

Still more

Wrynne

Charles W. Hawthorne painteth here

Harry Kemp

Red

Frances Kemp

here Jonas listeneth in on his Shemaya

here lives Mary worst but today she saileth

Ambrose Webster

Peter Hunt

Charlie Marguarite Keast Jan

Susan Glaspell

here is Thelma Gilson

ye parts unknown

ye wharf where first started ye Provincetown Players

here ye flatfish

here ye horsemen left remains

here Francis Verheyden maketh ye fine blue paint

here is Miss Omoo P. Waugh

COMMERCIAL STREET

ye great swimming hole

here Otto Knaths turneth bricklayer

here ye pilgrims washeth

ye Brigham girls

Helen Walcott

Maxwell Bodenheim

Kenneth Conselo

Capt Ellsworth Ford

ye sturdy fishermen

Eileen Van Biene

ye succulent flounder

ye famous cod fish

ye delicious mackrel

ye noble clam

ye luscious lobster

Freddy Burt

Helen Ware

Skipper Miller

Beachcombers Club

Jean Bart

ye chess champ Grace Wilson

this is Polly Holliday

here she is

Jack Green hath told ye story here

here is ye etching Cellist W. H. W. Beckett

"the old sheep" etc.

Zum

sunlight!!

Eugene O'Neill

Keith Baise

Hutchins Hapgood

Austen Parker

ye Persian Princesses

Phyllis Duganne

WHALING BARQUE Charles W. Morgan OF PROVINCETOWN

here is TRURO full of ye literats

this craft is crank in her starboard bilge - hard lee helm - must cockbill the spanker - sheer freeboard -

MOLASSES

mary Vorse

Heaton

Ellen

*note. Jack Green saith "he is etching to get to his cello" ?!

Called but had to go right back, gone over —

BROTHER and SISTER

Etching by MARGERY AUSTIN RYERSON

GEORGE CRAM COOK

And the Provincetown Players

By HARRY KEMP

FOR years we had been talking, we Greenwich Villagers, of the feasibility of a little theatre where playwrights who wrote honestly of life as they saw it, might have their plays produced as they had written them.

Though not such a very long time ago, those were the days of the unalterable happy ending. People would not stand for tragedy, we had the word of the Broadway managers for that . . . and, in many of its aspects, they would not tolerate truth to life. In spite of the fact that, by their own admission, these gaugers of public taste failed far oftener than they succeeded, in hitting on what the public wanted, still they set themselves up like the Fates, as ultimate arbiters from whom seemed no appeal.

Floyd Dell was one of the first to revolt. He put on a bill of one-act plays of his at the Liberal Club, on Macdougal Street, on a stage improvised for the occasion . . . and commanded enthusiastic audiences. But this was but a sporadic, personal triumph, significant though it proved to be in showing what talent lay perdu, waiting for its chance. For in Dell's plays appeared Sherwood Anderson, then not known as a novelist, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Ida Rauh, Pendleton King, Kirah Markham, Edward Goodman, Arthur Davison Ficke, and Clement Wood.

Next door to the Liberal Club the Boni boys opened a bookshop. Here it was that the group that began the Washington Square Players held their first meeting . . . from whom, in later days, derived the Theatre Guild.

But great as has been their achievement in the field of drama, it was not until George Cram Cook conceived the idea of the Provincetown Players that the distinctively American Little Theatre began, as an autocthonous growth independent of European influences.

I shall never forget the first time I met Cook. It was in an Italian restaurant somewhere in the Village, where there was plenty of good wine on the menu (in pre-prohibition days, of course).

After dinner he invited me up to his apartment.

Cook was a tall, massively built man of lusty middle age. He had a mass of iron-grey hair which he was always twisting in his fingers, a face strongly sculptured by experience and thought into a curious blend of artistic sensitiveness with decision of character. He had written several novels. He knew Greek so well that he had made fine translations of Sappho into English verse. He seemed to have all the humanities at his finger-ends. But it was the native simplicity of the man that attracted me most.

At first he spoke of his own life, of its problems and perplexities, as simply and directly as a child might speak . . . then we settled down to what was in the general air of the Village, those days—a discussion of the Little Theatre. . . .

"It seems to me," remarked Cook, "that, so far, we have had a Little Theatre movement not at all distinctive of America. I'd like to start a playhouse where people who wrote what they thought and felt about life, might have a chance to see their work produced."

"Well, how are you going to go about it?" I asked.

"By first getting a group of people together who are genuinely interested in the project . . . writers, artists, and young actors who have a distaste for the commercial stage and its stupid gropings toward what a hypothetical public wants."

That Summer found me in Provincetown, which was then still a fisher village, an out-of-the-way place gorgeous with colour, lent mainly by a colony of Portuguese fishermen from the Azores, or, as they spoke of them, "The Islands."

The town itself lay on the very end of Cape Cod, surrounded by a weltering upthrust of sand dunes and battered on all sides by the continual sea.

Mary Heaton Vorse had discovered the place. And she had whispered of it to

the rest of us. . . .

Artists, poets, novelists, playwrights, sculptors—we followed her good word of the locality thither.

It was this first, memorable Summer that George Cram Cook began to make a fact of his dream. He and his wife, Susan Glaspell, had taken a cottage there. And there he had gathered together, under his directorship, a little group which he named "The Provincetown Players." . . . Hutchins Hapgood and his wife, Neith Boyce . . . Jack Reed and Louise Bryant . . . Mary Heaton Vorse . . . Broer Nordfelt . . . Wilbur Daniel Steele, and a few others.

And there arrived at Provincetown, one day, a strange, sun-tanned, reticent young man, who had a sheaf of plays with him, that he had had printed at his own expense. He was the son of O'Neill the actor. He came to us, quite timidly, one afternoon, as we were holding a meeting . . .

"Here is a book of mine . . . one-act plays of the sea mostly," he announced haltingly and diffidently, as he handed the book to Susan Glaspell.

It was Eugene O'Neill. Among the plays included in the volume was "Bound East for Cardiff."

Mary Heaton Vorse owned a wharf with a fish-house at its end. She donated the use of both house and wharf to the newly inaugurated players. And here, backed by the executive patience and courage of George Cram Cook, The Provincetown Players had their beginnings. And here, with the wash of the tide as orchestra, Eugene O'Neill's plays of the sea knew their first production.

The movement was started that, to my mind, broke a wide hole in the conventional stage of today. I think I can safely make such a statement when it is considered that our experiment made the plays of Eugene O'Neill and Susan Glaspell practicable for the playgoing public.

Of course we bickered and fought among ourselves. But we drew creative fun and artistic happiness out of our fighting and bickering.

And all the while Cook, as manager, served as buffer between our various and conflicting temperaments. He has never been given quite the credit he deserves.

(Reprinted from "Boccaccio's Untold Tale" by Harry Kemp, Brentano's)

Priere Chinoise

GODDESS of Mercy, prostrate I!
. . . Hear thou, oh Lady of the Lotus Flower!
My feet are loosened of their binding cloths;
I have released the coiled jet of my hair,
Put by my fillet and my broidered coat,
My jewels of pearl and blue.
My petal-satin cheeks are chalked with pain;
My parched mouth is a paling cherry blossom;
My frail hands flutter from my lute
Like mulberry leaves.

Oh Kwan-yin! Goddess, hear!

The twelve-toned bells are chiming
Across the silver seething of the rain
In summons to thy fane,
And in the inner temple courts I cry,—
Oh Kwan-yin, hear my prayer!

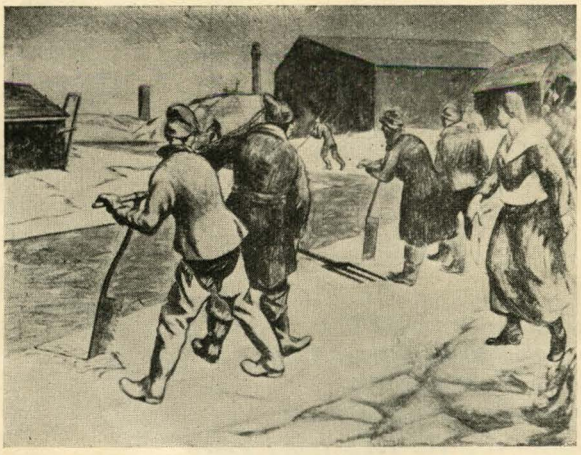
I burn thee incense from the northern land;
I offer to thee almonds and seed rice;
I bring to thee my turquoise bracelet-band,
My girdle ornaments of jade and gold;
Before thy shrine
I lay this fan of ivory that my lord
Carried to me across the Four Great Seas.
Hear thou, Lady of the Lotus Flower,
Hear thou, Kwan-yin.

The straws have answered that my lord is false;
The great shell-tortoise at the city gate
Replies: "He dreams—but not of thee he dreams."
Give me his old delight, Kwan-yin,
His cherishing;

Give me the amber beauty of his limbs,
His breast, like to a shield of pliant gold;
Give me the fevered thirsting of his lips
That once found honey in my kiss,
And dew to cool desire's summer drought!
Hear thou, oh Lady of the Lotus Flower!

Across thy feet
Washes the blood of offering from my breast—
Dyeing with cinnabar this sacrificial blade,
Dyeing with crimson all thy crystal niche;
Blood that might sting his mouth like dragon wine,
Whip him to madness in the arms of me,
Spur him to passion's quest of answering flame,
Lash him—to love!
Oh Kwan-yin, hear my prayer!

LUCILLE KAHN.



WINTER'S HARVEST

By ROSS MOFFETT

" . . . les neiges d'antan"

JUNE
VIRGINIA
ANNE
GERMAINE
MOLLA
MAE
ROSITA
LOLA
LEATRICE
LORRAINE
ELEANOR
ANITA
MANON
MARIBEL
IRENE
BEATRICE
PATRICIA
BLOSSOM
OPAL
EVE
ALINE
ROSALIE
ALICIA
NADA
MADELINE
ADELE
DOROTHEA
RITA

SYBIL
IDA
ISABEL
NATALIE
ALITA
LINA
MELUSINE
LOUISE
OLIVE
JOY
REGINA
MARALYN
CELESTE
ELISE
LAURA
PHILOMENA
VERA
VIVIENNE
VALETTE
ALISON
CAMILLE
EVELYN
ELAINE
ANNETTE
LILLIAN
LUCILLE

Myron Jean Parrot

A COMEDY OF TERRORS

The Wharf Players "Horrify Themselves"

By WILLIAM GASTON

ON July tenth the Wharf Players of Provincetown opened their dramatic season. The locus of the performance was in a reconstructed barn, designated as the Players' Workshop, and situated behind Frank Shay's recently acquired home on Bradford Steet. There was a capacity house(that is, one hundred and fifty bench-seats) long before the drawing of the curtain.

The bill presented consisted of three one-act dramas, each revolving about a crime, felony, or exploration into the recesses of the criminal mind. The first play closed with a highly desirable off-stage lynching; in the second we were exhibited the mental byroads of a venal villain entangled with his conscience; and in the last, likewise an after-the-fact event, an unwily sheriff is hoist with his own petard.

In truth, with the exception of that section of the audience, which, in attempting to gain their seats towards the rear of the house, ran afoul of the invisible step en route, the evening held but little levity. At the same time, there was much of true value in the accomplishment of all those present and their gay attachment to their purpose.

The curtain-raiser, *Wreckage,* adapted by Colin Campbell Clements from a short story by Mary Heaton Vorse, was technically unsuited to the stage. Nine-tenths of it consisted of the eliciting of facts concerning a previous and mystifying death, by the cross-questioning of an inexperienced lawyer. The nut to crack is, why did the "departed" leave Doctor Davidson her cash, and why had the doctor (who, by the way, greatly needed to mix himself a talking powder) so isolated the "departed" during the last two months of her illness? The blunt question is bluntly posed by the rugged Dan North, sea captain, and thwarted spouse of the "departed," who pounds his fist in asking for "The truth, by God, the truth!", the same rough salt who wanted "the sea more nor her." The answer at last comes from Illy Paula, Portuguese slavey in the house of the "departed," who shows up the captain as a sanctimonious pudding-head with the revelation that the doctor is in reality a natural son of the testatrix, born years before while the captain was off cruising, of what father we are not definitely informed, though given a strong inference by the sudden way the Captain lunges from the room to save the Doctor from the snarling villagers.

Illy Paula was well acted by Frances Park, and Isaiah Small showed considerable ease as Lawyer Higginson. The ungrateful rôle of Jean McIntyre went its best in the hands of Frances Kemp, who also contributed a most welcome comeliness. Harry Kemp, as Captain North, possessed a fine voice and stature, despite the ramrods he seemed to be carrying in his pant-legs. But the climax came when Higginson demands, "Who charges anything?" and the New England Captain answers, "I do! I charge that man with moider!"

The Accomplice, by Abigail Marshall, was an excellent example of a rather ancient brew. A murderer is watched in his room some months after the executed murder. His mind is disintegrating; he suffers from amnesia. The two agents at work upon him are visibly represented: Brain, the red searing brain that stabilizes him and keeps his course clear; and Soul, in white, to be sure, that urges confession. In fact, Soul is the accomplice, and has already unwittingly betrayed him by a previous letter, a point that is disclosed too early in the play to hold the interest.

Beside its prolixity, the character of the man, as revealed by his three manifestations, does not seem particularly interesting or subtle. It smacked more of a literary than an actual appreciation of lawbreakers. J. H. Greene, as Jay Bragdon, showed great finish and experience as an

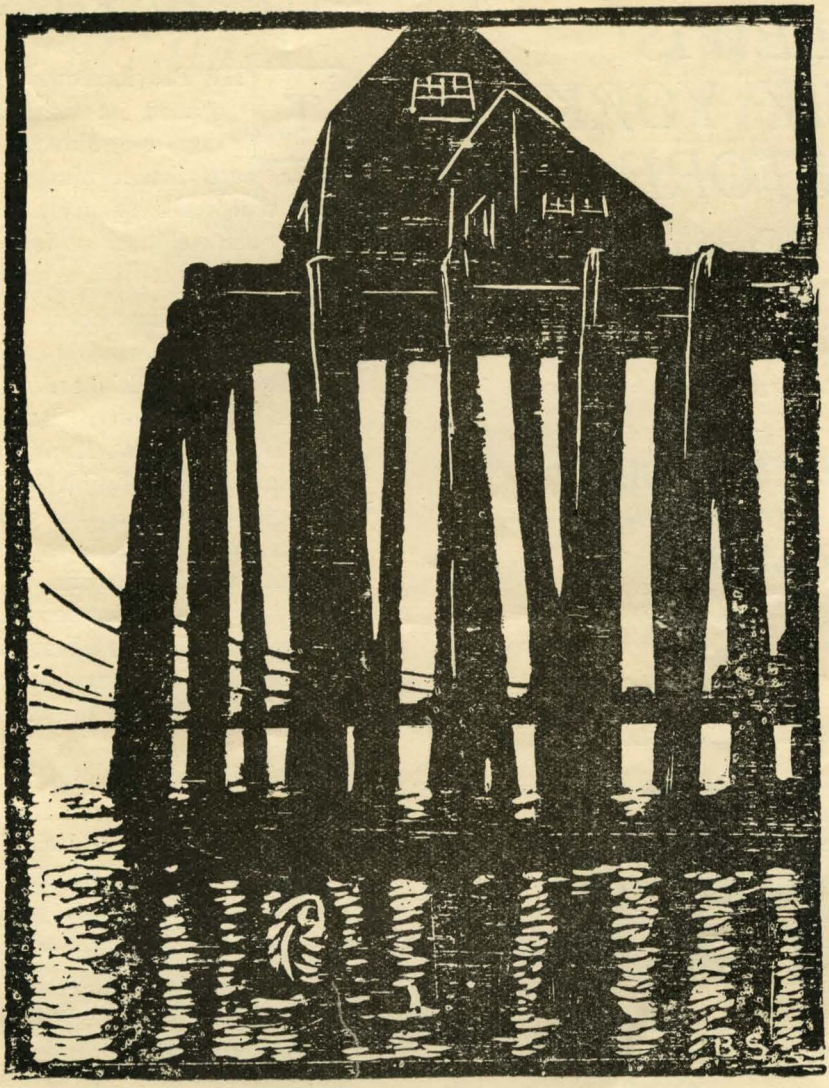
actor of a well recognized school; he brandished the hypodermic needle in superb style. Mrs. Greene, as the "Beloved" Brain, was ominous and contained, as the part was written. Soul, though really an immoral wretch, possessed the needed beauty of physique.

The Giant's Stair, by Wilbur Steele, gave the audience its greatest quiver and thus provided a climactic evening. The play, a frank "thriller", is well written for its purpose. The scene is a cottage in a bleak lonely spot in the mountains. Outside there is a storm raging; "the giants are walking up their stairs". There is a suspicion of a committed crime. Circumstances point first to the wife of the victim, then to her idiot sister, but finally reveal the real culprit to be the sheriff, who has laid a diabolical trap to provoke a confession from either of the two women, but which, in a dubious and exciting moment, he forgets, and falls a neat prey to himself.

The play is a difficult one not to overact, and though the players acquitted themselves nobly, they did not entirely escape this innate difficulty. While there is some good imaginative writing, it is often hard to appreciate, in view of the hysterical manner in which it must be delivered.

Miss Hyde, as Till, the prophetic half-wit, a part demanding great versatility, bore off the acting honors. She admirably succeeded in "horrifying herself" with the various eerie succubi that shot through her febrile and underrated brain. Frank Henderson, as Bane, the sheriff, was the complete arch-scoundrel, and terrified with his grim dark beard. Sallie Sheldon as Mrs. Weatherburn, played her part easily, until colliding with the line with which she greets the second entrance of Till, "Till, where's that foul?" bearing down so hard on the poor bird that she must have killed it if Till hadn't.

In accordance with the design of the theatre, all three authors were present, and rose to the applause accorded them.



The WHARF *Woodcut by BLANCHE STILLSON*

THE ART EXHIBIT

THE Provincetown Art Association opened its tenth annual exhibition on Monday, July 14th. There were shown ninety oil paintings, three sculptures, twenty water colors, and twenty-one etchings, too few of which were unusual in conception or execution.

Charles W. Hawthorne, Ambrose Webster, James Hopkins, Ross Moffett, Wm. Auerbach-Levy, Richard Miller, George Elmer Brown, Gerrit Beneker, the late Max Bohm, and W. H. W. Bicknell, most of whom were ineligible in the prize competition, are among the more prominent artists whose work is represented in the exhibition. Their work, of course, gave, in most instances, at least a hint of the genius their dealers advertise; but so far, apparently, they have not succeeded in breathing souls into the stiff clay in their classes.

Frederick Waugh, the marine painter, is represented this year for the first time. A portrait head of Edwin Dickinson, by Sidney Dickinson, which has been accorded more than passing note elsewhere, is shown.

The first prize of one hundred dollars was awarded to Randolph LaSalle Coats, for his painting, "Wee Mite Moggish", a quite remarkable Provincetown landscape—remarkable, quite, for having won a hundred dollars. "Le Pont Neuf", by Robert Ball, another mediocre landscape, received the second award of fifty dollars.

In one regard the exhibition may be regarded as unusual. The utmost care has been taken to avoid a preponderance of emphasis on the work of any single school. There are very conservative painters represented; there are impressionists, post-impressionists, moderns, and ultra-moderns, and there are many who

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TRAMPING ON IMMORTALITY

Harry Kemp Rewrites The Classics

BOCCACCIO'S UNTOLD TALE and Other One-Act Plays, by Harry Kemp (Brentano's,) presents a group of ten plays, composed and executed in the naively original manner of which this sincere artist is consistently capable. On the whole—and the book has a splendid evenness—the plays are keenly dramatic, free from verbosity, and emotive with vibrant, sharply incisive action. The characters are real; their passions and responses, their furors and ecstasies and sufferances have all been lived. Gordian knots are untied with smoothness and rapidity. One cannot doubt that these plays will *act.*

"Boccaccio's Untold Tale" is laid in Florence in the year of the Great Plague. Its plot is bitter, and quite pathetically beautiful—that of a young nobleman, who, tricked into the belief that his sweetheart has lost her loveliness, in his horror becomes blind. It is a sympathetically human presentation of the hysterical malady, which one has heretofore found chiefly in clinical works.

"The Game Called Kiss", a fanciful sketch, laid in the Age of Innocence, is presented in rhymed couplets, a device usually lost on the speaking stage, but not unpleasing to the closet reader. There is little plot but much tender amusement, and a trace of satire of the Shavian "Superman" school.

"The White Hawk" is probably the best of the plays. Based on the Decameron and retold therefrom, it is very beautiful in conception and it is equally beautiful in dramatization. The story is too well known to require mention—that of Frederick's all-sacrificing love for Giovanna, and its

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Tramping on Immortality

(Continued from Page 39)

final sad fruition—and it has gained through Mr. Kemp's understanding and technical skill.

The Don Juan plays are plainly dear to the author,—dealing as they do with a figure to which Mr. Kemp's interest has perhaps added in the past few years, a new color. In "Don Juan's Christmas Eve", to quote the preface, Tenario is introduced "as an incident in a sort of miracle play, based on a medieval legend concerning the miraculous rebirth of the Christ-child every Christmas eve." In the other play, "Don Juan in a Garden", the great lover in his old age is indicated as sparing a virgin, to the virgin's final disappointment. These plays belong to a projected Don Juan cycle, which the author designs to begin with Tenario's childhood, and extend beyond his death.

The other plays largely of the imaginative eras of the elder world—laid in the Byzantine period, in the Homeric age, in Old Testament times and in the dream kingdom of Alamena—cover the key-board of dramatic feeling from the profound bass of terror and tragic death to the fluting treble of laughter—never harsh, but oftener than not tinged with the sardonic sophistication which is the lot of any writer who studies men and women as they posture in the crises of a life which has been built on compromise.

L. K.

The Art Exhibit

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make no claim to adherence to any of these groups, but who naturally have a place in the annals of American art.

It is regretted, however, that the directors of the Art Association are content to unbend in an elaborately undignified salaam to social imbecility and pink-tea politics.

Makers of the Lorelei

MAXWELL BODENHEIM, poet, playwright and novelist, has long been associated with the literary colonies of New York and Chicago. His work represents less an adherence to the so-called "new school" of letters than a pioneer exploration of hitherto almost uncharted fields. In his many books, which form an impressive list, including such titles as "Minna and Myself," "Introducing Ironies," "Advice," "Blackguard," the "Sardonic Arm," and "Crazy Man,"—he has marked himself as prophet of a newe form of literary thought.

During nineteen twenty-three, and until very lately, he has been associated with Ben Hecht in the publication of a satiric and critical paper known as the "Chicago Literary Times." This periodical has been recently discontinued because of the demands upon the editors' time, consequent to work on forthcoming novels.

Mr. Bodenheim is the newest member of the Provincetown literary colony, this being his first year on Cape Cod.

HARRY KEMP, poet and outstanding novelist, has been a member of the Provincetown summer colony for the past seven years. He has lived in colonies which range from the purely artistic to the purely and politically rebellious, for many years.

His early work—he published a number of volumes of poetry—brought him to the attention of the literary world, and his first novel, "Tramping on Life," published by Boni and Liveright about a year and a half ago, has marked him as an outstanding figure among American writers. Recently a volume of plays, "Boccaccio's Untold Tale and Other One-Act Plays," was publishe by Brentano.

SUSAN GLASPELL is a poet and playwright who has done as much to forward a new literary movement—that of the one-act play—as has any dramatist of our day. She has been associated for years with various theatrical enterprises, particularly with the Provincetown Players, for whom she did what is probably her best-known short play, "Suppressed Desires." In collaboration with her husband, the well-beloved "Jig" Cook, she has done a number of one and three-act plays, and was instrumental in founding the original Provincetown Players group. One of her most interesting full length plays, "The Verge," was presented by the Provincetown Players in the winter of 1922.

She has been a member of the Provincetown literary group for a number of years, and has used Provincetown as a setting for much of her work.

MARY HEATON VORSE, author of "Men and Steel", "The Prestons", and other novels, has occupied the same house in Provincetown for sixteen years. It was on her wharf that Eugene O'Neill, Wilbur Steele, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Susan Glaspell, Helen Ware and Helen Westley recruited embryonic talent and rehearsed the plays which were later to make the Provincetown

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A Piece of Silver

(Continued from Page 16)

Mrs. Corria looked at the dollar; the silver dollar looked as big as the moon.

"Come on, come on, girls, we'll be late! Come on!"

"Come on, Antoine," said Mrs. Dutra, folding his hand into her little soft one. But Antoine's eyes were on his mother. She stood there dark, bigger than anyone. In her hand was the round silver dollar. Slow tears welled up in her eyes. Still Antoine watched her, tugging away from Mrs. Dutra. Without words he knew what was the matter. He knew she felt as he would if suddenly the fireworks had been snatched from him.

He couldn't bear it.

He ran to her and grasped her legs which were like the trunks of trees.

"Ma," he cried, "Ma, you come—Ma, you come." He wanted to beg her to throw the dollar away; he wanted to tell her to let the girls stay with the baby, but he had no words. He could only cry: "Come, Ma, come."

Mrs. Dutra took him by the hand and pulled him along. "Come on, sonny." The girls were already down the road.

Makers of the Lorelei

(Continued from Page 42)

Players famous. She is now chairman of the play reading committee of the Wharf Players.

Her dramatically vivid articles on the world war from first-hand knowledge gained abroad; on the American steel strike of 1919 and 1920; and on the famine in Russia in 1921 and 1922, are known to magazine readers on both sides of the Atlantic. She was sent to Vienna and Budapest by the American Relief Administration, and travelled through the Balkans as a member of the American Red Cross.

She is now working on a novel, "Second Cabin".

LULU MERRICK, art editor of the New York Morning Telegraph and the "Spur", is a critic of discrimination and distinction. At various times she has written for nearly all of the New York papers and for such magazines as the "International Studio", the "American Art News", etc. She has published a number of short stories and at present is planning a book on the artistic condition of the age.

WILLIAM GASTON, one of the youngest members of the Provincetown colony, is a playwright and dramatic critic who is already attracting favorable attention among the literati.

He is a former member of the 47 Workshop group, under Prof. G. P. Baker, of Harvard.

In addition to his literary work, he is practicing law in Boston.