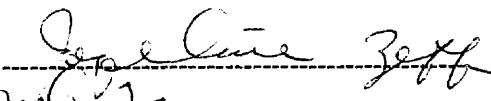



What It Means To Be Modern:
Elizabeth Bishop's New York Notebook, 1934-1937

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First Reader 
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Forward

I first became acquainted with Pulitzer Prize winning American poet Elizabeth Bishop (1911-1979) in 1999, during an American poetry class where we read Bishop's book *Geography III*. The poems were funny, clever and interesting. I liked Bishop's choice of simple words to describe ordinary events made extraordinary. Wanting to know more about her I scanned the internet and found that a literary conference would be taking place in a month in Ouro Preto, Minas Gerais, Brazil. I jumped at the chance to learn more about Bishop and see Brazil.

Bishop had lived in Brazil for fifteen years. I was privileged to visit the house she lived in with her lover Lota de Macedo Soares in the mountains of Petropolis and sat at a desk in what was once Bishop's writing sanctuary that Lota had built for her. As I looked out the window I could see a narrow waterfall and towering bamboo. I also went to a garden party at the hillside house Bishop bought and rebuilt that had a spectacular view of Ouro Preto. She named it Casa Marianna after her friend, poet Marianne Moore, and because the house was on the road leading to the town of Marianna.

At the conference I met many of the top Bishop scholars, a very fine group of people, some who urged me to write my thesis on Bishop. One scholar, Sandra Barry, invited me to Halifax, Nova Scotia and to Great Village, Nova Scotia, Bishop's maternal grandparent's home so I could do *North and South*, the title to Bishop's first poetry book. I visited Great Village in the summer of 1999 and saw where Bishop spent her early childhood years, living at her grandparents' house along with her mother. I saw the lavender, red sand of the Bay of Fundy that Great Village curves along, Bishop's grandparent's house, her elementary school and the church she attended.

After learning so much about Bishop it seemed a shame not to do anything about it, yet it was difficult to settle on a good topic. Thinking that I might be able to find something new in Bishop's poetry drafts, I spent one week at Vassar College, perusing the Elizabeth Bishop Special Collection in the Vassar College Rare Books and Manuscripts. Bishop graduated from Vassar in 1934 and later in life donated her papers to their library. What I found was a staggering amount of poetry drafts, letters and notebooks written in a spidery pen and ink handwriting that was exhausting to read. Since I only had one week, I decided to get copies of her work to read at my leisure. I did not find anything startling in the drafts of published poems, at least not enough for a paper. The one thing that caught my attention was a notebook written between 1934 and 1937 where Bishop wrote her observations on life in New York, her first visit to Europe and had pasted all sorts of odd newspaper fragments, photographs, postcards, art and music programs and letters. The later part of the notebook is almost like a collage or scrapbook and I wondered what all these things meant and how they related to Bishop and her work.

After much encouragement from Dr. Zeff, my primary reader, I transcribed the journal, tracked down many of the newspaper articles and noted when something corresponded with Bishop's writing. I also made an appendix comprised of photographs that further explain what Bishop observed and wrote about. To my knowledge, this notebook has never been transcribed in its entirety. Many different passages have been used by various scholars, but very little has been written about the articles that Bishop saved and they have never been presented for reading.

To alleviate any confusion as to which notebook I have transcribed, Bishop's New York notebook is denoted as 72A.3 in the Vassar Collection. During roughly the same

time period, Bishop kept two other notebooks. In notebook 72A.2, Bishop started an unfinished masque “The Proper Tear,” another notebook (72A.1) contained poetry drafts and writings.

For ease of reading, the notebook has been divided into twelve chapters, and four parts, one for each year. Every attempt has been made to accurately transcribe Bishop’s handwriting, but mistakes are inevitable. For example, what looked like “cut fences” became “eat berries.” For words that have defied transcription, a “_” has been used in place of the unknown word. Bishop was an excellent speller, with the exception of two words. She wrote “mask,” for “masque,” and “coxcomb” for “cockscumb,” although later she correctly wrote “masque.” These words have been left intact and noted in the endnotes. A few words such as “she” have been silently added, along with any missing quotation marks. Numbers such as “2” have been replaced with “two.” Another small change was replacing “&” with “and.” With these few exceptions, the text is the same as the notebook. Any passages that were lightly crossed out, but still readable, have been included.

Bishop often used dashes (-) instead of periods, and underlined text for emphasis. These markings have been retained. Bishop seldom saved complete news articles. When possible, the original newspaper clipping has been used, but if it was difficult to read, it has been transcribed as well. To identify the news articles from Bishop’s own writing, they have been single-spaced and either the title or the first few words have been highlighted in bold type.

It is my wish that future Bishop Scholars will be able to use this notebook as a tool to further their work, without having to go through the trouble of deciphering Bishop’s hand

writing. More than a help to Bishop Scholars, this notebook is like a time capsule to the era it was written. It is a fun and fascinating read, giving people another side to Bishop in addition to her letters, poems, prose and the many excellent books written about her.

Introduction

One of the dominant themes in American poet Elizabeth Bishop's New York notebook (1934-1937) was modernism. Modernism was a reaction by writers and artists to the sweeping changes taking place in Europe and the United States from slightly before WWI and up to WWII. It was a reaction to the machine as a replacement for craftsmanship, and transportation: the crowded yet loneliness of big city living versus the small yet intimate feeling of a village or small town. It was also a reaction to the devastation of WWI and the promise of scientific progress. Bishop tried to capture the feeling of modernism in a notebook entry dated 1935:

I think that it is in the city alone, maybe New York alone, that one gets in this country these sudden intuitions into the whole of contemporaneity. You go for days reading the newspapers every morning, feeling a certain responsibility about all our, everyone's predicaments, making use of all inventions, ideas, etc., looking at modern pieces of art, buildings, scenery- and the sense of the present, the actual sensation of it like riding a surf board, never afflicts you. But then there are flashes, when you see all in a minute, what it is to be "modern"; when you catch it coming toward you like a ball, more compressed and acute than in any work of "modern art"; when you taste it concentrated, like a drop of acid.

Bishop had first hand knowledge of life before modernism. Born in 1911, the first six years of her life were primarily spent in Great Village, Nova Scotia, where the horse and buggy and the outhouse ruled. She lived with her grandparents, William and Elizabeth Bulmer and her mentally ill mother, Gertrude Bulmer Bishop. Bishop's father had died

when she was nine months old and her mother never recovered from the shock of his sudden death. Gertrude Bishop suffered a series of mental breakdowns, which culminated in her being admitted to Nova Scotia Hospital in Dartmouth, Nova Scotia. She stayed there until her death in 1934, when Bishop was a senior at Vassar College.

In contrast, her fraternal grandparents, the Bishops, lived in Wooster, Massachusetts and could afford an automobile due to their highly successful building company. Bishop lived with them for a short time but became ill with asthma and eczema. She went to live with two of her mother's sisters, Maude Shepherdson and Grace Bulmer and Maude's husband George in Revere, Massachusetts, a suburb of Boston. Maude and Grace, both nurses, slowly brought Bishop back to health. The Shephersons had only a modest income. The Bishops were the ones who financed Bishop's private schooling at Walnut High School and Vassar College. After graduating from Vassar in 1934, Bishop received a small inheritance and was able to afford an apartment in New York and have a little money left over for traveling.

Bishop started keeping her New York notebook right after she graduated from Vassar. Although it begins with her vacation to Cuttyhunk Island, a rural, sparsely populated place reminding Bishop of Robinson Crusoe, she is soon writing about her life in New York.

As a true modern, Bishop read the *New York Times* religiously and occasionally saved pieces of articles that interested her and pasted them in her notebook. Sometimes the articles were about the latest in scientific discoveries, such as a pilotless airplane or a device that made a bullet look like it had stopped in mid air. She saved a photograph of a man making electricity at the Electrical Age Exposition in Los Angeles, with the opening

of the Bolder Dam and a photograph of a “Sister ship of the Hindenburg” being built. Not all the articles were about science. Some of the articles had a human element, often bizarre, such as the four year old boy who could not stop talking, or a New Jersey lady who, after the power company took out a power pole in her yard to replace it, sat in the hole for days because she did not like the pole in her yard.

Bishop’s modernism can be seen when she mistakes the grand piano music coming from a car radio as the real thing. She found it irritating, yet amazing. She copied down part of an article by Hart Crane on the poet and machinery. Bishop wrote down quotes from Wilenski’s book on modern art and saved a program from surrealist painter Salvador Dali’s 1934 art show.

One of the bitter tasting results of modern times was the stock market crash in 1929 which created the great depression. In the mid 1930's, many people experienced hard times, with either little or no work. Bishop saved an article about a family who had to wear clothes in shifts so they could work. Another family went around the country in a wagon pulled by the father looking for work. People with professional degrees were reduced to driving taxicabs. Bishop wrote about seeing Clifford Odets’ play, *Awake and Sing*, about a family desperate to escape their miserable lives. Even Bishop had to budget her inheritance. She tells of cheating the landlord by running the water until it was hot, so she could save money when heating water for coffee on the gas stove. The hot water was included in her bill but not the gas for the stove.

Another result of modernism was the rise of the working class by unionization. Bishop saved articles about a striking newspaper, and espionage at factories to keep from having a sit down strike like the one at General Motors. She saw Clifford Odets’ play,

Waiting For Lefty, which was about unionized taxi cab drivers and the murder of Lefty.

Perhaps the harshest reaction to modern life after WWI was the build up leading to WWII. Bishop saved an article about Mussolini, and underlined “I personally do not like Mussolini. His manner of speaking and the way he appears in photographs make me imagine him to be a cheap comedian. His pompous personal demonstrations do not appeal to the Arab accustomed to the simplicity of the Sahara.” Other articles include, Walter Millis and his observance of German warfare tactics, and the civil war in Spain. Bishop saved a map of Siberia, where Russia was developing outposts to take advantage of their natural resources. She attended the Odets’ play, *Til the Day I Die* which tells about Hitler’s propaganda and underground groups fighting against it. There is an article about the East Prussians of Koenigsberg, Germany, who had no traditional local dress; so Nazi experts designed some for them. Bishop always maintained she was apolitical, but she did not care for communism. While jotting down a label from Dutch Cleanser, she wrote: “from there on it degenerates- a communistic note even creeping in with ‘Cream Separators.’”

Although one of the main themes in the notebook was modernism, the reason Bishop wrote the notebook was to collect ideas for future short stories and poems. The driving force behind keeping a notebook was poet Marianne Moore. During this time, Bishop had not committed to a life of poetry. She was writing poetry but was not sure if she should make a career out of it. The poet, Marianne Moore, whom Bishop met while a senior at Vassar, mentored and encouraged Bishop to keep writing.

Moore lived with her mother, Mrs. Moore, a retired English teacher, in Brooklyn. Bishop and Moore had a lot in common. Like Bishop, Moore never knew her father and

like Bishop's mother, he was committed to an insane asylum, before Moore was born. They were both interested in the arts, nature, poetry, and writing. One of their first outings was to a circus. They also went to Coney Island and rode the roller coaster and carousel.

What was striking about this notebook was Moore's subtle influence. Moore used all sorts of things in her poems. She used snippets from books, magazines, newspapers, advertisements, conversations, letters, other poets, and the Bible. Moore kept notebooks of these things to use later. A look at the subject matter of Moore's poems in *Observations and Selected Poems* gives some clues to her influence. One aspect of Moore's writing included an amazing number of different types of animals and plants including ostriches, swans, snakes and camellias. The types of things that Bishop saved in her notebook were similar, or related to Moore's poetry subject matter. Bishop copied quotes about ostriches, wrote observations about the swans at Waconah Falls and saved a pamphlet from Florida on snakes and alligators. A newspaper article Bishop saved about Dr. Ditmars, the bushmaster snake and other creatures he brought back, was placed directly before a quote of Moore's poem "The Frigate Pelican" which had appeared in the *Criterion*. In the poem, a fer de lance snake is mentioned. It was one of the types of snakes Dr. Ditmars brought back. At one point Bishop writes: "This is the label off the Maple Sugar jar. I suppose I got the idea of looking at labels from Miss Moore's poem about the camellias, but this one really pleases the imagination, I think." In "Camellia Sabina," Moore included information found on a jelly jar. Bishop wrote about the aquarium, the zoo, dogs, cats, and even a dancing bear. Moore wrote poems about many of these same subjects.

Perhaps Bishop wanted to bring herself up to speed with Moore- to have something in common to talk about. Bishop copied quotes from the book of Job, including a quote that Moore used as a title (“I am a brother to dragons and a companion to owls” Job 30: 29) in her poem “Am I a brother to dragons and a companion to owls?” Possibly because of Moore’s essay: “Henry James as a Characteristic American,” first published in the April/June 1934 issue of *Hound and Horn*, Bishop started to read and study the writing of Henry James and copy down quotes. Bishop wrote about the gem room in the Museum of Natural History and some of the conversations she overheard. Moore often visited the museum to do research for her poems.

Although Moore and Bishop’s relationship seemed at first a bit one sided, Bishop was equally good at giving Moore inspiration. While Bishop was traveling, which was quite often, she and Marianne Moore wrote to each other on a regular basis. Bishop would send Moore little gifts in the mail, such as an exotic bird feather, leaf, or photograph. Once, Bishop sent Moore the fangs from a poisonous snake and the rattle from a rattle snake. Moore sent some of the items in the notebook to Bishop when Bishop was in Florida, in February of 1937, such as the picture, “Oedipus and the Sphinx” and the article on Ferber’s January flowers. Another article about Stravinsky and Picasso is dated June 23, 1937, in handwriting more like Moore’s than Bishop’s

Another aspect of Bishop’s notebook was her trip to Europe in 1935 and again in 1937. Bishop gained a lot of observations she was able to use in her poetry. On July 30, 1935, Bishop and a former classmate from Vassar, Hallie (Harriet) Tompkins set off for Europe on a German steamer, the *Konigstein*. They spent some time in Belgium, Paris, and then spent one month in Douarnenez, France, a tiny fishing village on the West coast.

Another former Vassar classmate, Louise Crane met up with them in Douarnenez. Hallie parted ways with Bishop and Crane a few weeks before they left for Paris. Hallie also stayed in Paris, but not with Bishop and Crane who rented a huge apartment and stayed there until Christmas, when Bishop went in the hospital for a mastoid operation. She was there almost a month, and when she got out, they left for London, Morocco and Spain. They spent two months touring Spain and returned to New York on June 10, 1936. Bishop had seen many of the churches in Spain that were later destroyed. She saved several articles and pictures in her notebook, about the outbreak of war in Spain.

Bishop spent most of the summer of 1936 at West Falmouth, Massachusetts with her old roommate and friend from Vassar, Margaret Miller. Louise Crane met up with them from time to time and they would sail to Cuttyhunk Island. During one visit, Bishop was given a kitten, which she later named Minnow. It was during this summer that Bishop developed a very bad case of poison ivy. This is important because, when Bishop traveled to Brazil in 1951, she ate the fruit of the cashew tree which is in the same botanical family as poison ivy and became violently ill. The end result was, she stayed in Brazil for the next fifteen years.

Bishop returned to New York around September of 1936. She stopped writing observations in the last quarter of her notebook, starting in November of 1936 and instead made it like a scrapbook of events, pictures, letters and programs. This coincides with the suicide of Bob Sever, a young man Bishop had dated. Sever had asked Bishop to marry him sometime in 1935, before she left for Europe. Bishop was not interested, but put off answering him until sometime in November of 1936. When Bishop turned him down, Sever killed himself and sent Bishop a postcard, which read: "Go to hell Elizabeth." She

got the postcard several days after his death. This could explain the grim tone that the notebook takes, but it is also an indication of the troubled times around the world.

Bishop took her first trip to Florida in January 1937 with Louise Crane, where they stayed at the Keewaydin Fishing Camp in Naples Florida. A month later, Bishop went to Fort Meyers to see Ross Allen wrestle alligators and snakes. Bishop saved two pamphlets about Allen in her notebook and also a pamphlet on tropical fruits.

In the summer of 1937, Bishop, Crane and Miller went to Ireland and France. On July 19, while touring Burgundy, they were run off the road and their car flipped over. Everyone was all right except for Margaret Miller who lost her right arm from the elbow down. This was especially tragic because Margaret was an artist. Margaret was taken to the American Hospital in Paris and had a lengthy recovery. It was not until November that Bishop and Crane left Paris for Rome. They came back to Paris and Bishop spent ten days in the hospital for asthma. They returned to New York in late December 1937. The Fini and Ernst programs at the end of the notebook may have been from Marianne Moore, Margaret Miller, or Frani Blough, as Bishop was not back from Europe at the time of the shows (November 18- December 9, 1937).

Bishop went to Key West, Florida in January of 1938 and bought a house with Louise Crane and moved there in 1939. It is difficult to tell where the notebook ends. Some of the items were inserted in the notebook, such as the Florida pamphlets, the Fini and Ernst programs, and the review on Sears and Roebuck Catalogue. Also inserted was a letter from Bishop's Aunt Grace, a lithograph of "Angelica," and notes for an unfinished play or novel. The difficulty is that Bishop pasted a photograph of her favorite housekeeper in Key West, Mrs. Almyda, who did not work for Bishop until 1939. With this exception,

the notebook ends in December, 1937.

Bishop's 1934-1937 notebook was a source of inspiration for her poems and short stories not only during this time period but also much later in her life. For example, in Chapter One Bishop wrote: "The beach hisses like fat" which can be found in the poem "The Sandpiper" which was published in *Questions of Travel* (1965). Also in Chapter One were the seeds of Bishop's poem "Crusoe in England," published in *Geography III* (1976) which contain lines about the goats being tame and the cattle getting island sick. The explosion in the poem "Love Lies Sleeping" was possibly inspired by the headlines found in Chapter Two, "Extra Big Blowup in the Village: Penthouse Blast Rocks Village." Several short stories have large quotes that Bishop wrote in her notebook or from saved news articles. In "The Sea and Its Shore" (1937) Bishop used quotes from Coleridge, Henry James, Loyola, a news article about a woman sitting in a power pole hole, directions for wearing Joke Specs and a letter to Mr. Margoles. These quotes and articles can be found in Chapters Four and Five. Other letters to Mr. Margoles found in Chapter Five can also be found in "The U.S.A. School of Writing" (1966). A news article in Chapter Ten, "2 Farm Boys Killed By Cold" was the basis for the short story "The Farmers Children" (1948). Additional references between the notebook and Bishop's writing can be found in the end notes.

Besides the notebook itself, information about this introduction can be found in the many letters written between Bishop and Moore, and between Bishop and her friend, Frani Blough. These letters are housed in the Elizabeth Bishop Special Collection, Vassar College Rare Books and Manuscripts, but can also be found in Elizabeth Bishop, *One Art*, ed. Robert Giroux (NY: Noonday Press. Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 1994) and

Marianne Moore, *Selected Letters*, ed. Bonnie Costello (NY: Penguin, 1997).

Marianne Moore's article "Henry James as a Characteristic American" has been reprinted in *Predilections* (NY: Viking, 1955) 21-31. Bishop's poems can be found in *The Complete Poems: 1927-1979* (NY: Noonday Press; Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 1998).

Bishop's prose can be found in *Collected Prose* (NY: The Noonday Press; Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 1984).

Part I 1934

Chapter 1 “The Water That Subdues”

Cuttyhunk, July 1934 ¹

- islands for animals; islands for birds
- the granite waxes deliberate on age
to turn themselves to marble
- but this slow stone sea slipped out, nevertheless
from cloud
- still as a stone Egyptian

Bob ² said at Nantucket once the water, where the waves came in on a coarse, rolling gravel, that it sounded like hot fat sputtering in a pan. ³ The water behind Mrs. Crane's ⁴ house, coming in, in short, sliding waves on sand, he said sounded like someone shoveling snow.

Water & Rock ⁵

the two that are found together and the water that subdues -etc.

Valentine V ⁶ – the minute when the man cut the sword off the swordfish.

For the Lost Boys ⁷ – We met him sooner than we'd expected, and from quite a distance we knew he was in a self- satisfied good humor, because he was walking with a limp, one of the affectations he permitted himself when he liked himself pretty well.

Mr. Van Wurthenaur wanted to “simplify life” all the time. That's the fascination of an island. That is also why it is fun to be in a difficult situation for a few hours, in which you have to make clothes out of barrels, tie machinery together with strings, eat berries,

etc. On an island you live all the time in this Robinson Crusoe⁸ atmosphere; making this do for that, and contriving and inventing. And the limitations are not as consciously inflicted as Mr. V. W.'s were. A poem should be made about making things in a pinch- and how it looks sad when the emergency is over. Margaret⁹ is good at this. It joins into children pretending to invent or do complicated things in a simple way- Margaret and the ice cream.

They keep a coffin always on hand here, in case they need one when the Alert¹⁰ can't get to the island. It's kept in the room in the town hall, which is also used as a jail, and the prisoner, when there is one, must sleep either over or in the thing, I don't know which.

The Lighthouse Keeper's Wife¹¹

Bob and I went in to get a drink and she consented to our having one. At first she seemed displeased, then we realized that she was scared of us. The keeper sat in the shiny kitchen reading a detective story magazine and wearing his uniform cap. He didn't even look up- by a great effort. She pumped and pumped and brought us two glasses of cold water on a tray. Then she went over beside the stove and stood looking at us. We asked about the other way back- and the keeper then made the blunder. He said Bob couldn't make it with them crutches. There was an awful silence. I looked at his wife and saw her playing with the stove cover holder and looking very much ashamed. She'd been doing it all her life. I discovered a week later that he isn't even a permanent keeper, but the assistant, and substitute.¹² She was walking off then to the top of the hill. All the conversation about how interesting it is to see the coastline from different lighthouses was to put us off about her husband. As I went by the house he came out, carrying a tin

can, and walked by without speaking.

The goats are so tame they allow you to hold their pointed chins in the palm of your hand and look into their beautiful yellow eyes.¹³ They are kept for pets and run along the stonewalls. The kitten, Mitzi, feels like a handful of feathers, and the landlady's daughter tells me, weighs 1 lb and a quarter. Minnow's¹⁴ grandmother.

Get a map of the island¹⁵ and see if it looks as well planned as it does from the top of the hill. There are so many long rocks, or tentacles, curled out on the water and around on itself, yet never quite touching, like a balancing trick.¹⁶ Getting around the island is impossible- you'd have to swim in two places, and double on your tracks in more.

The idea of making things do- of using things in unthought of ways because it's necessary- has a lot more to it. It is an island feeling, certainly. "We play with paste till qualified for pearl-"¹⁷ The awful tears a man must shed when he carves his house with a jackknife. Using oleomargarine during the War. Doing it deliberately, different from accepting that it is all that way (you aren't really denying yourself much no matter what you deny yourself.)

The cows that come here and get island sick and have to be taken for a trip to the mainland-¹⁸ Mrs. Bosworth¹⁹ says this is true.

In the thick fog at night, three foghorns can be heard well, and more of them faintly, purring or whining. The whole island seems like a throat, in the midst of warning, more afraid for the ships than for itself.

After church, commenting on the sunset we'd seen through the windows, the old lady said to me, "Those colors was mixed something beautiful, wasn't they?" She also volunteered that she lived at that house, at least that was really her house that she owned.

But she took her meals in that house, with one daughter, and slept in that house with another daughter. Everyone here already knows this, of course. I overheard a man say to a girl who was coming out of the post office with three letters and a newspaper in her hand, “Looks like you have company up your way.” The girl said yes, she guessed so. The worst feature of this is that when an island child gets a spanking the whole island knows about it, unless the child is unusually stoical. There is nothing worse than to hear the smacking sounds and the violent remarks most parents seem to make at such time. All my sympathy__ with the child.

The water so clean and pale that you were seeing into it at the same time you were looking at its surface. A duplicity – all the way through.

Talking to her is like walking on a boardwalk made of boards, the ends not nailed down. You trusted it; it was perfectly capable of being walked on, but it was also capable of giving a sort of rebound after you tread- after you’d already stepped it showed its ability to have hit back-

Item in the Boston newspaper: A lady reported that she dropped her goldfish bowl on the floor where it broke into pieces giving the poor fish a spill. She picked them up and put them in another bowl and they seemed perfectly all right, except that they have swam backwards ever since...

The class feelings that popped up at the table when the two prosperous bankers arrived. They proved the class feelings to be quite unnecessary, really, by talking business to each other all the time. Three engineers agape and admiring. Mr. Harley’s remarks dwindling and getting flatter. He realized he should have been fishing all this time, too. Margy whispers lower and lower. The engineers all feel better about me now

that I've met all their wives. Mr. Fripp being so friendly when his baby was here – running up and down stairs, saying “Excuse me”, and “this is the heir to the Fripp Fortune” to everyone he met. Mr. Harley's singing: Rock a Bye Baby m, m -m etc. (ding a ling a ling) - all that way.

Helen looks quite aristocratic- as she has style in the way she plants down the tea-cups and sweeps the floor. She has a long thin nose, long elbows, very white skin, and very glittering eyes. I imagine her conversation in the kitchen is savage.

The sun in spite of the fog made itself apparent as it went down, like a thin, brittle circle of glass with a sharp edge. It was a beautiful pink; all the wild asters along the road were blue and the thistles lavender .²⁰ These were the only colors, all the rest in the fog.

The Nova Scotia²¹ way of talking- it sounds, to outsiders, resentful and angry. Swamus will have this way of speaking more than any of the others- harsh and inverted.? The grandmother, the only one who shows any affection²² - she thinks mostly of herself. She and “I” are the only ones who never show their tempers, too. The heavy cooking and all the black tea- which you think was delicious till you go back to it. Curds for tea-puddings, dumplings, the method of eating cereal with a cup of milk at the side.²³

When you get back- “Begin on the metaphor simile idea.”

Crevecoeur²⁴

The island is small- the fog drifts across it in great streamery and flags. Sometimes it is like being in a tent, sometimes inside a great fish skeleton. The wind blew them about rather rapidly today and as I looked up it seemed for a second as if we were on a flat desert, an oasis, under cloudy palm trees. The two stripped bass lay on the grass outside the house, tied to one string. Winslow washed them off carefully with a small hose. The

stripes, and the edges of the scales are so strongly marked that the fish looks rippled, rough- I was surprised when I felt it and it was smooth and slimy on top. They're not nearly as beautiful as sword fish. As they lay there, you could see a glimpse of the rose colored sheaf of gills, crisp and bloody.

Remember the story of Keogh-

He's the man who had always wanted to ride on a whale. When he jumped on he started sinking and was completely surprised- He'd always thought of them as being hard. He dropped on his knees and begged them to toss him an oar. When they did he managed to kneel on it, and came into the harbor very gratified.

I've been told that from Gosnold's account of Cuttyhunk,²⁵ Shakespeare got the island in The Tempest.²⁶ Bartholomew Gosnold sailed from Falmouth on March 26, 1602- arrived May 25 at Cuttyhunk. "This island Cap. Gosnold called Elizabeth Isle where we determined to make our abode. From Elizabeth Isle where we determined to make our abode. From Elizabeth Isle unto the main is four leagues. On the North side, near adjoining unto the island Elizabeth is an islet in compass half a mile, full of cedars by me called "Hills Hap"²⁷ (Penikese),²⁸ to the northward of which in the mouth of an opening on the main appeareth another the like, that I called Haps Hill (!),²⁹ of I hope much hap may be expected from it."

then wooded with "oaks, ashes, beaches, walnuts, witch-hazel, sassafras, and cedars, with divers others unknown to us." "In this island is a pond of fresh water, in circuit (?) two miles, on the one side not distant from the sea thirty yards, in the center whereof is a rocky islet containing near an acre of ground, full of wood on which we began our fort and place of abode, disposing itself fit for the same."

Not inhabited by Indians, but they found an old wigwam and fishing weir. Red and white strawberries “as sweet and much bigger than ours in England, raspberries, gooseberries, whortleberries,³⁰ “ vines running upon the trees, also “springs of excellent sweet water.” “great store of deer and other beasts”- “seafowl, geese, mallards, seals etc. On the north side huge bones and ribs of many whales.

One day they were thatching the house with sedge and they saw 11 canoes with 50 Indians coming from the mainland. “and being loth they should discover our fortification we went out on the sea side to meet them.” “They were friendly but armed. Spent the day in fur trading.” “which are beavers, martin, otters, wildcat skins (very large and deep fur) black foxes, cony skins of the color of our hares but somewhat larger, deer skins, (very large), seal skins, of other beasts, skins unknown to us. They came on three successive days, returning at night to the mainland.

Original idea was to start a colony with 20 men, the others to go back to England and bring back supplies. But when they got the ship loaded with sassafras, furs and cedar, the men who were to stay decided the cargo was so valuable they wanted to go back and get their share of the money. Sailed June 17th -

Gosnold died in Virginia Aug. 1607, where he’d gone with Capt. John Smith.³¹

Poocutohhunkunoh = meaning “to dig up”³² - because the Indians saw them digging up sassafras.

She was clothed in a sort of meshy red and gold affair, all long tails around the bottom. On top she wore a large fur piece, altogether she looked like an Indian Princess on her wedding day, except for the blue eyes.

Mr._ is the unfortunate type of conversationalist to talk with who resembles more

than anything, having a pilot get aboard a ship and steer straight for the dock while you'd more or less like to poke around the harbor. He pushes it right through _ it's hard to go, and one dare not lay a hand on the ropes. The trouble is it is all perfectly obvious, but he has a foreign accent, and a lot of information and so you're fooled for a while into thinking he's smart. It is so easy to be fooled by a foreigner because the simplest thing, that your friends wouldn't even bother to mention- to find he agrees with you on it, after definitions from both sides, seems to prove he's a brilliant man-

From the top of the cliff the sea looked settled down and shrunken, preoccupied with a ceaseless- fretting and fiddling with itself. My grandmother weaving her fingers together over and over; or like someone constantly adjusting, hitching at their clothes.

Winslow came shouting up the stairs about 10 o'clock for me to come and see the three beautiful bass someone had caught. He had them in a big tub up on the rock at the side of the yard. It was very dark; two people had flashlights and there were about six people standing around. The man who'd caught them was washing them off in a bucket- they'd been cleaned, and the water sloshed around a rose red from the blood. The biggest weighed 27 pounds. They are shaped a little too solidly to be as graceful as some fish are, but they glistened by the flashlight and were admired by everyone around in the dark- _ a sacrificial atmosphere. All these fishermen surprised with their exclamations about the fish- every one they catch is "pretty" apparently, and Winslow even admired the gorgeous colors of the sword fish entrails the day we were out.

Chapter 2 “It Came to Her Suddenly”

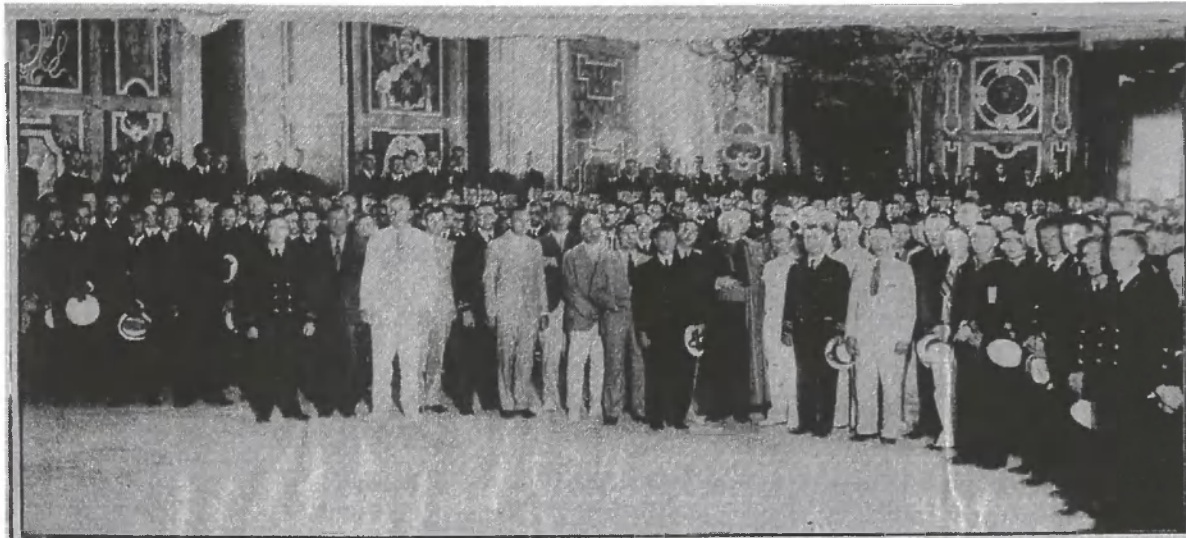
New York- July 25th am- ¹

Boris Goudinoy ² at the Stadium. ³ The actors in their little lit- up painted box in their shiny pantaloons and coats were just the right size. Not as diminutive as puppets, to make you laugh, but small enough to consider abstractly. Going by a foreign language... by stylized gesture, by the tone of voice and the occasional exclamation that is plain in any language- you learned as much about what was going on as you ever do. It was much more true to life in that way than an ordinary play is- than Stevedore ⁴ was the night before, (although not a good example of what I mean.) So much of an opera, when you don't understand what is going on very well, seems like marking time. From the point of a synopsis you look back at it, and would telescope the action the same way you do with your own past.

When it rained the neighbors all came to the windows and leaned out, absorbing the rain like a collection of plants.

One man clapped once at the back. The clapping down below had stopped. The one sudden clap in the dark had color. It had a sort of second part to it, the echo, or else his fingers hitting after his palms had made the noise- that the sound went up and then carried out. As I heard it I saw a flower, something on the severe bright order of the tulip.

The rain came down straight and hard and broke into white arrowheads at the tips- those white arrow heads- chalcedony?



A DELEGATION FROM THE UNITED STATES NAVY RECEIVED BY THE POPE: MIDSHIPMEN FROM ANNAPOLIS AND SAILORS FROM THE ARKANSAS AND WYOMING Waiting in an Anteroom of the Vatican Before Their Audience, at Which They Startled the Pope by Giving the Navy Football Cheer and Ending With Three Long "Holy Fathers!" (Times Wide World Photos.)

5

And the story of the American girl drinking beer in a Munich beer garden. A Nazi Storm trooper in uniform came along and jerked the cigarette out of her mouth and dropped it into her beer. She exclaimed, in a loud voice: "Well, can you beat that!"

The white cat who danced down my street all by himself at seven in the morning-prancing across from sidewalk to sidewalk because the wind blew at him from behind, bending his tail over his head, and ruffling up the backs of his legs. He was furious with it, but had to sail along before it.

It's a question of using the poet's proper materials, with which he is equipped by nature, i.e., immediate, intense physical reactions, a sense of metaphor and decoration in everything- to express something not of them- something I suppose spiritual. But it proceeds from the material, the material eaten out with acid, pulled down from underneath, made to perform and always kept in order, in its place. Sometimes it cannot be made to indicate its spiritual goal clearly (some of Hopkins', ⁶ say, where the point

seems to be missing) but even then the spiritual must be felt. Miss Moore ⁷ does this- but occasionally I think, the super- material content in her poems is too easy for the material involved, -it could have meant more. The other way- of using the supposedly “spiritual” - the beautiful, the nostalgic, the ideal and poetic, to produce the material- is the way of the Romantic, I think- and a great perversity. This may be capable of being treated by a mere studying of simile and metaphor- This is why genuine religious poetry seems to be about as far as poetry can go- and as good as it can be- it also explains the dangers of love - poetry.

Sometimes a children’s book- a fairy tale might be made to hold things that could only be put into poetry in three life- times.

Louise ⁸ is the only person I’ve ever seen who has preserved the charm of the really charming, not sickening, baby, up into adulthood. It is, in the baby, a certain wisdom and sophistication of the round- faced sort (round face versus thin faced sophistication) plus a little boredom with being a baby, but willingness to let it go on if any one gets any satisfaction out of it.

It came to her suddenly, in the morning, just as she was pulling her mind up to the surface for the day- like a bucketful of water out of a well- that part of the mind she’d use for that day- then dumped in again at the night, with the addition of whatever soluble things it had met during the day.

Washing the face with snow- a saintly process. The white masked saints-

The third rail ⁹ is almost worth some sort of prose poem. Running along silently, as insincere as poison-

I don’t think we can stand too much virtue in our friends- at least not of the kind that

penetrates through and through, or of the sort that consists of just two or three deep, permanent virtues, un_ by any of the other, or contradicting ones. Virtues in a friend should be like gold- leaf, hammered very thin, but beautiful to see. Apparent and all over brilliant from every angle, tough enough for all ordinary purposes, but just transparent enough to see, or thin enough to break through to in an emergency, the good solid core of selfishness and indifference underneath. If the gold- leaf is missing it's hard to like the person. If it's gold all the way through, he's not to be depended on.

Said the postman, handing me a letter addressed to somebody- Fish, “ Oh – you said Bishop? I'm sorry. It sounded somewhat similar.”

I heard the explosion about 11:30, and now at quarter to three an old man is peddling newspapers. “Extra- Big Blowup in the Village.” Headline “Pent House Blast rocks village.”¹⁰

The roses had lost their temper on the terrace- (“seen red, run riot”- M.)
The dew shall weep thy full tonight-” Something about the Day balanced at the top of the sky-¹¹

She looked up, adjusting the sewing (white) in her lap at the same time.

The poem to be called THE CITRUS FRUIT

The way the windows are all the same shape, same size, same provision for space and outlook- filled with such diverse heads and glances.

See paragraph 2. - “As the ostrich is extremely large and heavy, she would break her eggs if she were to sit upon them like other birds, she therefore hides them in the sand, watches them, and as it were, hatches them with her eye. The male and female stay with them alternately, and while one of them goes to seek its provision, the other does not

leave sight of them: however, if either of them should be driven away, or go too far from their nest, they could not find their eggs again: and it is probably this that has given occasion to what is said of their cruelty and forgetfulness.” - From Cruden’s Concordance of the Bible- quoted in “Alexander the Corrector”, Edith Olivier. ¹²

Something about tying packages- the use of stress and strain, the complicated rigging on a ship about to be launched.

Story of the man with one guppy fish.

THE CITRUS FRUIT. - love and friendship

THE EMBLEM IN THE EYE- 6 sonnets

FLAGS AND BANNERS- motion in dreams

AN INDIVIDUAL ISLAND FOR EVERYONE (breakfast foods, etc.- satire) ¹³

“_ edged innocence “ can go in the latter-also parts of the James thing-

“Tremendous Weights Moved” ¹⁴

The Volcanic Island has three peaks, the highest 1,768 feet, and on one is the quarry where the statues were carved. Here there are statues which were never finished, and the workmen’s tools have been found beside them as if dropped at some alarm. A processional road ten feet wide leads for six miles from the quarry, but does not indicate how the tremendous weights were moved. Some of the statues were crowned with hats and headdresses, ¹⁵ often six or eight feet in diameter, carved from another kind of lava from another quarry seven miles away. In the main quarry lies a statue sixty-six feet tall; it was never moved to its destination.



These statues were placed in rows, facing inland, on platforms of shaped rock twelve or fifteen or even thirty feet high. Here the dead were exposed and at length their bones

were laid in vaults beneath. Not all the 260 platforms were designed for statues and not all the 231 statues were gigantic, but the whole island's thirty- six miles of coast is ringed with platforms like links in a chain and another chain was started further inland.

With tools made of volcanic glass and with no cement, the men who built these things knew a good deal of engineering. They made one platform after another, some 500 feet long, out of six- foot stones, building them up and topping them and finishing many with care; they got twenty-ton stones into place and there they stay today. To shape and tool one of the bigger pieces of rock must have taken years of manpower and the total of these finished rocks is measured by the tens of thousands of tons.

On Easter Island there are dancing grounds; traces of avenues, circular towers, cisterns and stone houses with decorated walls."

I heard the music in the air of a bold, masculine pianist playing something, probably Beethoven, on a concert grand piano. I looked around and found to my amazement that this awful volume of sound was all coming from the Baby Austin ¹⁶ parked beside the curb. What an age- of course it would be even funnier, I suppose, to hear a full symphony Orchestra coming out of a Baby Austin car, but the owner of the car just didn't happen to be listening to the symphony at that time. It is such a mad confusion of the functions of machines- gilding the lily- one embellishing another rather than individually helping us.

A very large black Negro on a bicycle came towards me. The Negro was dressed in a lavender shirt and a long white apron and the bicycle was bright blue.

("Who the hell do you think you are!" yelled a little boy outside the window just then.

"Tarzan?") ¹⁷

In reference to the Baby Austin episode- I have just discovered by reading on the bottle "How to use Sheaffer's New Skrip- Well" ¹⁸ That the strange construction in its insides is to enable you to fill your fountain -pen with out any trouble of, apparently, holding the pen down in the ink for the necessary ten seconds. And I haven't a fountain pen!

The same thing is true of college, perhaps, but I'd like particularly to write a small-sized story about a child attending boarding school (14 or 15) who comes home for her first week- end after a month or so. She's been "successful" and her new character amazes her father, who yet can see how it got started- The strange way people went up and down the first couple of weeks at W.H. ¹⁹ like a bank of elevators- With which the family had never noticed, appeared, a set of lungs from the remark of a senior, etc. A sudden character all complete, like the kind that drops out of a machine- some machine- when you weigh yourself- as if one's weight and one's personality fluctuate in some sort of ratio.

The Stadium, full and lit- up, may well resemble the judgment day. What is that Greco picture of the people with flames over their heads- some saint's day ²⁰- Just as all the people who simultaneously happen to be lighting cigarettes, stand out like those elected ones.

For The Lost Boys- Mr. Mc Andrew as a character. Him lying on his back, after a champagne house warming, catching flies with his mouth. "Might as well put all this (his) to some practical use, Lily." Lilly the name of one of the proprietresses.

The best thing about the merry- go- round is the way the children appear to be sunk into the animals up to their waists like infant centaurs.

She walked under my window with the usual walk of a pregnant woman, which I was thus privileged to see from the top. The weight seems to go back on the heels, and the heels and head are in line, with the belly leading, the hands around it holding the loose coat very tightly. From the top the motion looks like a rocking one.

When I heat the water for my coffee in the morning there comes a moment when I

cheat the landlord. He pays for water- I pay for gas- so I run the hot water until it comes from the tap almost boiling and thus it takes scarcely any of my gas to make it boil, and lots of his water-

All over the city the hydrants sprout up through the sidewalks, next to the walls, like cobras, sometimes two-headed,²¹ sometimes single. Out of the two-headed ones you might make a sort of seat- and yesterday I saw an old woman with a little piece of thin board in her hand lay it across the two heads and seat herself modestly on it.

In the Russian movie today (House of Greed) both the girls were of that plump, solid sort- the fronts of their dresses look about to burst, and the whole skin, though soft, has a strained appearance.²² Girls in German advertisements- the supposedly attractive girls- have the same look. Perhaps what's so displeasing about it is that it seems like an extravagance, an unnecessary display, overlay of life- laid on too thick. Like burdock leaves²³ and such lush green staffs. Margaret always likes to see the skeleton, I myself prefer an equilibrium of life and death in the face- The Russian girls were too much "mortals" for my taste.

Mr. Pratt, in his bookshop, is of the opinion that plot is all that is necessary to keep authors out of mischief- i.e. to keep them away from sex. Not enough plot now a days, he says. It is somewhat the same theory I hold about public life- the more park life the less romantic nonsense, I'd say to him. In fact I should think a love- affair had best be conducted in a park, rather than a parlor, to put it in its place-

Mrs. Miller²⁴ told me that once when, I think she was about 12 yrs. old, her young mother, aged 34, and very beautiful, brought home a new hat and showed it to her. (Her mother had black, black hair, a very fair skin, and the sort of grey eyes that have a fine

dark ring around them.) The hat was of chenille- a small turban, all magentas and purples, etc., such as they wore then. She asked her daughter how she liked it, and she said “It’s too young for you.” Mrs. Miller said that was one of the things she repented of more than anything else- I recollected a pair of shoes one of my Aunts had- a pair of fancy high boots, made of soft bronze kid, to be worn with a suit of a color called “taupe”. Mrs. Miller remembered a pair she had the tops of which were of grey satin, with grey pearl buttons...

She also told us about the time when her brother was born. A girl at school told her, her mother was going to have a baby. Some servant girl had recently had an illegitimate child, and Mrs. Miller had heard it talked about and had come to decide that to have a baby was an everlasting disgrace. To think her mother would do such a thing was dreadful- she never spoke to the girl again and when the baby was born she never looked at her mother but went and sat in a shed where the cistern was a place horrible to be under ordinary circumstances. Her mother was sick for three months, and all that time she wouldn’t pay any attention to her.

Our days are fortunately held together by that kind of people which remembers sunsets-

Reading along the scenery of a line- the countryside scene of a line of print with sky overhead- variations

Name it “friendship” if you want to- like names of cities printed on maps, the word is much too big, it spreads out all over the place, and tells nothing of the actual place it means to name. ²⁵

The Jellied Sea

The crème-de menthe sea (for prose purposes only)

Teasing poor Time with your Eternity-

God has been seated since this world began-

eye with

Room for the first one- will leap with the _

God's Pasture-

The name of our latest murderess who's appearing in the morning papers is EVA
COO-²⁶

Who asked Byrd to go off and stay by himself in Little America, anyway?²⁷ This
morning's paper says how he came near death etc. They're probably thousands of people
right here in the city all alone getting ready to die too, and doing the country about as
much good as he is-

The cigarette with a red-hot wild strawberry at the end of it-

Margaret said, when I showed her my new wooden salad bowl, that the grain looked
like water when a stone has been tossed in it-

I saw Faust at the Stadium last night (Aug. 18) and what a thoroughly nasty little
opera it is. Marlowe's Faust has a little more humor to it, and a little more sense²⁸- but
this thing all hinging- God, knowledge, everything else, on the pleasures of seducing one
country girl- It was nice though when the scenery flapped and trembled and Faust
attempted to hold Marguerite in his arms and embrace her- his comparatively sensual
triumph being quite spoiled by his previous sensual indulgences- and all the Margarita's!
- Till Faust resembled a fussy old grandmother trying to get the children in off the streets.

Mingled prose and poetry in the man who calls Ripe Tomatoes- ten cents a pound.

The Ripe Tomatoes is in a singing voice, with a beautiful swell- the ten cents a pound drops quickly into speaking voice, and dwindles to a sort of _ food mutter at the end.

Eric's ²⁹ conversation about mines is all worth remembering- particularly in reference to this sweet faced, dreamy young man. Today when he was here, Willy ³⁰ arrived to announce someone to see him. "Male or female?" Eric asked coyly. "Female" said Willy with a large smile. Eric shrugged helplessly and went down stairs, while Willy held on to the banister and laughed and laughed. It was all put on a little for my benefit, but it was quite good just the same.

Chapter 3 “Spring Lobsters- Most Elegant and Brittle”

The Aquarium ¹- August 22, 1934

The little sea- horse sadly hanging his head, in a tank with the Pipe- Fish and the Mud- Pusher- both detestable.

Spring- Lobsters- most elegant and brittle, colored in delicate reds, yellows and browns, with black spots and speckles and long, angular bluish legs. They move carefully and _ on the legs, but can bounce about quickly enough when they use the tails as springboards.

The Cow- nosed Ray: who manages to look, at points in his motion like a postcard of Dutch girls’ headdresses, also like a kite, also, from underneath, like some species of flying ghost or banshee.

Sign: “These fish habitually wedge themselves in rock crevices. They are not in distress.”

A cartoon for Margaret maybe: a man standing in front of a tank, confronted by a gaping fish, with a hand over his mouth covering the natural yawn- reaction.

Also a sign to the effect that the soiliness of the fresh water tanks was due to a landslide in some up- state reservoir-

The boat that goes around Manhattan is named “The Tourist”. It leaves at 10:30 and 2:30; for \$1.00.

Finished Mary Barton ² this morning. Aside from its even more obvious faults, it’s a good example of the book in which realism of plot, as well as detail, makes the whole thing seem unreal, and what is more, puts it on a superficial level. This business of catastrophe growing out of some flaw in character- must be stuck to, I should think, much as it is unreal, in all probability, in fact. The missed boat, the lost address, etc.- the kind

of thing that always does happen in life, sounds tedious, commonplace, and as if the author couldn't think of any other way of keeping the thing going. There is no possible way of leading up to a man's missing a train: at least, not of making it implicit in his beginnings- Hardy ³ often does this same thing.

Behind the hills

Each echoe, in its proper pew- (for – the Cage)

Papers on the Beach at Coney Island

The drift along this beach came from the land;

A thousand moving papers, late editions, sprinkling
print upon the seven seas-

The Modern Movement in Art – R.H. Wilenski ⁴

I should like to make, just for my own edification and satisfaction, the same sort of analysis and cataloging of literature- or possibly just poetry-



5

The Dry Land, or hearing itself called Out of the Waters-

September 4th-

Margaret tells me this morning, on the telephone, that it was very foggy all night over on the East River. ⁶ The boats kept their fog- horns going, and the lights in Karl Shurtz Park ⁷ were kept on all night, - she said- so that the ships wouldn't run into the park. "and at the church, to warn the ships above, eight times they ring the bells." ⁸

When Louise sent us the little shells she said they were like meringues- it applies equally well to the Cave - s at the Museum ⁹ in the stone section. They are confectioner's dreams-

A woman going by on the street with her howling child shouts to it that she will slap it if it doesn't shut up. This is the nature of a medicinal "counter- initiate"- If she had said, as she sometimes does, "-or I'll give you something to cry for- that accords more with the idea of "longing for a wolf as a sheep-" etc.

Speeding Object 'Stilled' By New Ignitron Tube ¹⁰

Pittsburgh Aug, 23.- Westinghouse engineers have perfected the "ignitron tube", by the light of which an ascending object is made to seem motionless.

In a sound – proof, darkened room 100 visitors obtained a view of the performance of the device.

By the blue light of the tubes the group saw bullets as they whizzed through space at several miles a minute, read typewritten words on the blade of a fast- spinning electric fan and saw an airplane propeller moving at full speed, as if it were at rest.

But since Proust dipped the madeleine into the tea, and since Joyce sent Molly Bloom to her rest, no one has been able to employ it in a really memorable way, not even Virginia Woolf, all of whose characters one comes ultimately to confuse with some piece of protoplasm that is acutely aware of sensations of light, but of little else. Samuel Rogers, whose stream-of-consciousness novel, "Dusk at the Grove".... ¹¹

Museum of Natural History

In the Gem Room: "I'm telling you, Emma, this place is getting on my nerves."

On Indian Flute of bird -bone, (The air within it was released solely in song.)

Star Sapphires from Kandy, Ceylon. “These gems show asterism (six- rayed stars of light) when cut with the principle axis of the crystal vertical to the plane of the gem.”

Tourmaline- “Sea green gem crystals “ - in long stringed sticks, looking like angelica. ¹²

“brilliant cut” - means of course, to bring out the brilliancy by reflecting outside light from inside. I should think the phrase could be used of say, a man’s clothing, in the same way, or anything sharply stylish- (facets of fashion) ¹³

Cat’s -Eye – cut cabochon , so light reflects from inside. Little bundles of brightly shattered cracks-

Rock Crystal- all the nicest things coming from the Ural Mts., Russia. I very much want one of those Easter- egg jewels for a present for someone.

A Sculpture from the Valley of Mexico is the “gift of the Paramount- Famous- Players- Laskey Corp.” -

Bored father, walking through with his eyes straight ahead of him and a small son dragging at his wrist (about a stone fully a hundred times bigger than he) “Oh that’s a sacrificial stone...”

From Hart Crane’s Essay on Modern Poetry- ¹⁴ (what I tried to say at college- rather less)

“For unless poetry can absorb the machine, i.e., acclimatize it as naturally and casually as trees, cattle, galleons, castles and all other human associations of the past, then poetry has failed of its full contemporary function. This process does not infer any program of lyrical pandering to the taste of those obsessed by the importance of

machinery; nor does it essentially invoke even the specific mention of a single mechanical contrivance. It demands, however, along with the traditional qualifications of a poet, an extraordinary capacity for surrender, at least temporarily, to the sensations of urban life. This presupposes of course, that the poet possess sufficient spontaneity and gusto to convert this experience into positive terms. Machinery will tend to lose its sensational glamour and appear in its true subsidiary order in human life as use and continual poetic allusion subdue its novelty. For, contrary to general prejudice, the wonderment experienced in watching nose dives is of less immediate creative promise to poetry than the familiar gesture of a motorist in the modest act of shifting gears. I mean to say that mere romantic speculation on the power and beauty of machinery keeps it at a continual remove; it cannot act creatively in our lives until, like the unconscious nervous responses of our bodies, its connotations emanate from within- forming as spontaneous a terminology of poetic reference as- “ etc.

I should only have copied down from “machinery will tend” - on. However, this should be all followed by the idea of the simile- something “born again” which he has overlooked, resting it merely upon spontaneity and gusto which are just _ probably of a certain type of poet. And this may not mean what I mean by it- in fact, from his poems, I almost think it does not.

The Modern Movement in Art – R.H. Wilenski ¹⁵

Points to remember:

Part I

1. Religious and non- religious art- 2 classes “- when the justification of his work and the criterion of its value were no longer provided by the idea of service to religion, he (the artist) felt bound to seek a justification and criterion in some idea of service to something

else.”¹⁶

2. Architecture as typical art- “formal relations”¹⁷

3. The Romantic Heresy-¹⁸

4. Naturalism and Representation, “deliberately symbolic representation, determined by the artists perception as distinguished from his mechanical vision, is what is known as style in art;”-¹⁹

Popular Art – Produced by artist who works “within his own or the people’s familiar experience.”²⁰

Original Art – artist “enlarges his experience by his work.”²¹

Part II

Influence of camera- “can see relations of color in so far as they are relations of light and shade.”²²

“Human perception consists (a) in a mechanical physiological vision and (b) in reinforcements to that vision which the camera lacks.”²³

- “What we wish to perceive depends on the character of the adjustment to life which we are attempting at the time.”²⁴

Part IV

quotes Einstein as to activity of creating “architectural art” - ‘ positive motive which impels men to seek a simplified synoptic view of the world conformable to their own nature, overcoming the world by replacing it with this picture.’²⁵

From the Summary of Values

1. “Original architectural art, honestly and competently passed as right by the artist-spectator, has high intrinsic value as a successful symbol of a man’s successful effort to

enlarge his experience of formal order; such art if apprehended by the spectator performs for him a task which as a normal man with a normal urge towards greater comprehension and appreciation of formal order he desires to perform himself but cannot.”...²⁶

4. “All original art is produced without reference to the work’s effects on spectators other than the artist.”²⁷

5. “In addition to its intrinsic value original art may have acquired value deriving from the spectator’s appreciation. But that acquired value is another kind of value; it cannot contribute to the work’s intrinsic value or detract from it; it cannot be a criterion of the work’s intrinsic value.”²⁸

I notice in Parrington’s Colonial Mind, mentioning Defoe apropos of Benjamin Franklin, he calls him “middle class”- and thinking of Robinson Crusoe, I realize how right he is. All Crusoe’s fuss and fret about establishment and property, getting things together and guarded - even his umbrella is extremely bourgeois-²⁹

The coxcombs³⁰ I have in the urn-vase now are very much like the things I see when I shut my eyes and press my hands tightly over them- the same bright dark coloring, lighter at the edges, convolutions, and a sort of threadiness to them. They are beautifully velvety; the stems are over an inch broad, flat, and lined- woody and greenish- yellow. Like angelica, too, and like the tourmaline forms I compared it to. The images I see with shut eyes being like them makes me think of them, with those convolutions, as a sort of brain symbol. A flower brain, or a fragment of a thought as seen from the outside.

Her face had, at first sight, the lines of worry and nervousness that any over- fussy woman’s might have. The next time you looked you saw the amazing differences in the point of the lines and wondered what on earth it was she did worry about- it seemed

likely to be her soul.

The soft, combed and carded look of the flames in the gas oven.³¹

When we walked across the bridge, the sun particularized certain windows off the river. If you should go to such a place at such a time, burst in and say...-

Eyebrows (at least this is true of my own, and the two or three other pairs of human eyebrows I have happened to touch) have a sort of ridge-pole in them, a raised coil down the middle only noticeable to touch.

The windows this evening were covered with hundreds of large, shining drops of rain, laid on the glass, which was covered with steam on the inside. I went to look out, but could not. Instead I realized I could look into the drops, like so many crystal balls. Each bore traces of a relative or friend: several weeping faces slid away from mine; water plants and fish floated within other drops; watery jewels, leaves and insects magnified, and strangest of all, horrible enough to make me step quickly away, was one large drop containing a lonely, magnified human eye, wrapped in its own tear.³²

The book of Dryden's songs³³ I got from the library is rather disappointing. I'm going to copy out some of the things I like (having nothing better to do)

“Poor Mortals that are clog'd with Earth below

Sink under Love and Care,

While we that dwell in Air

Such heavy Passions never know.

Why then should Mortals be

Unwilling to be free

From Blood, that sullen Cloud,

Which shining Souls does shroud?
Then they'l shew bright,
And like us light,
When leaving Bodies with their Care,
They slide to us and Air.”

(The Indian Queen, 1665, Act III)

1.

“Ah fading joy, how quickly art thou past?
Yet we thy ruine haste:
As if the cares of Human Life were few
We seek out new:
And follow Fate that does too fast pursue.

2.

See how on every bough the Birds express
In their sweet notes their happiness.
They all enjoy, and nothing spare;
But on their Mother Nature lay their care;
Why then should Man, the Lord of all below
Such troubles chuse to know
do none of all his Subjects undergo?

3.

Hark, hark, the Waters fall, fall, fall;
And with a Murmuring sound

Dash, dash, upon the ground,

To gentle slumbers call.”

(The Indian Emperor, 1667, Act II) ³⁴

“Dry those eyes which are o’reflowing,

All your storms are over- blowing:

While you in this Isle are bideing:

You shall feast without providing:

Every dainty you can think of,

Ev’ry Wine which you would drink of,

Shall be yours; all want will shun you,

Ceres’ blessing so is on you.”

(The Tempest, 1670, Act III)

“So ready and quick is a Spirit of Air

To pity the Lover, and succor the fair,

That, silent and swift, the little soft God

So here with a wish, and is gone with a nod.”

(Tyrannic Love, 1690, Act IV)

1.

“Old Father Ocean calls my Tyde:

Come away, come away;

The Banks upon the Billows ride,

The Master will not stay;

The Merry Boson from his side,

His Whistle takes to check and chide
 The lingering Lads delay,
 And all the Crew aloud has Cry'd
 Come away, come away." -

(Albion and Albanus, 1685, Act II)

1.

"From the low Palace of old Father Ocean,
 come we in pity your cave to deplore:
 Come we in pity your cares to deplore:
 Sea- racing Dolphins are trained for our Motion,
 Moony Tides swelling to rowe us a- shore."

2. (Same)

Song for St. Cecilia's Day, 1687-

some of the dialogues are rather charming, particularly the song between Damon and
 Celimena in An Evening's Love. Also most of the King Arthur songs:

"Ye Blustering Brethren of the Skies,³⁵

Whose Breath has ruffl'd all the Watery Plain,

Retire, and let Britannia Rise,

In Triumph o'er the Main.

Serene and Calm, and void of fear,

The queen of Islands must appear:

Serene and calm, as when the Spring

The New- Created World began,
 And Birds on Boughs did softly sing,
 Then Peaceful Homage Paid to Man,
 While Eurus did his Blasts forbear,
 In favour of the tender year.
 Retreat, Rude Winds, Retreat,
 To Hollow Rocks, your Stormy Seat;
 There swell your Lungs, and vainly, vainly threat.”
 ...”Foreign Lands thy Fishes Tasting,³⁶
 Learn from thee Luxurious fasting.”-

Translation of Veni Creator Spiritus-, An Ode on the Death of Mr. Henry Purcell³⁷-1696

Alexander’s Feast,³⁸ or the Power of Musique

The Secular Masque-

“With shouting and hooting, we pierce through the skie,
 And Echo turns Hunter, and doubles the cry.”

I like Mars’ song very much in this-

“Inspire the Vocal brass, Inspire;
 The World is past its Infant Age:
 Arms and Honour,
 Arms and Honour,
 Set the Martial Mind on Fire,
 And kindle Manly Rage.” etc-
 “All, all of a piece throughout;

Thy Chase had a Beast in View;
 Thy Wars brought nothing about;
 Thy Lovers were all untrue.
 'Tis well our Old Age is out,
 And time to begin a New."

(The Pilgrim, 1700)

Music by Purcell for Dryden:

Indian- Queen, when made into an Opera.

(Conjurer's Song)

Tempest ? Shadwell's version? As an opera, later.

For Oedipus - revival

Amphitryon: or, The Two Socia's

King Arthur; or, The British Worthy

The Spartan Heroe

(The Works of Henry Purcell, Purcell Society)

All criterion of poetry must sooner or later mention the poet's "gifts".

The little kitten, marked as motley as a trout-

The popular simile of wine being poured into water, etc, might be used, I should think, quite well in describing a translation of poetry- i.e., of course, a rather mediocre translation, hard to analyze otherwise.

Poem of sheafs- the sheaf of flags, as the
 the flags a fish flies at his throat-

"Delicate cluster '-flag of teaming life.'" - etc. Whitman³⁹

Late Clouds⁴⁰

The falling balls

Go down the halls

Where drafts and doors

Determined,

And bump floors

Beneath the beds,

Miss not one of the stair treads

And stall

At the winded wall

Unnumbered.

Blue or blank

The dull balls sank

And landed

In the attic at ten o' clock.

As knuckles knock

They began to knock

And blundered

To the bottom of the house.

With the lonely mouse

They lie stranded.

Wicked Hyperion took her face, crumpled it quickly, and flung it back.

Chapter 4 “The Captive Bushmaster”

New Quarters at Zoo ¹

The captive bushmaster will take up its abode at the Bronx Zoo, where special quarters have been prepared for it. This is the first bushmaster to be shown at the local zoo in nearly two decades, Dr. Ditmars explained.

About six feet long, the captive snake is still “a baby.” At maturity it will be about twelve feet long. It is of brownish- pink color and has jagged brown spots on top and much lighter spots on its underside. Its fangs consist of two large, very sharp teeth. Each is more than an inch long and may be likened to a hypodermic needle containing poison, Dr. Ditmars said.

Dr. Ditmars was assisted during the expedition by Arthur M. Greenhall of the University of Michigan. The collection brought back by the Ditmars- Greenhall expedition included: 1 Bushmaster. 1 Fer-de-lance. 1 anaconda. 2 Tiger snakes. 2 Yellow tree boas. 1 Gray tree boa. 6 boa constrictors. 1 False coral snake. 2 Vine snakes. 2 Tree snakes. 12 miscellaneous small snakes. 15 Racerunner lizards. 4 Orinoco water turtles. 2 small land turtles. 5 Giant tree toads. 10 Giant marine toads. 3 Paradoxix frogs. 7 Tarantulas. 1 8-inch Trinidad centipede. 7 Dominican frogs (Mountain chickens). 22 Blue land crabs. 5 spear- nosed (Phyllostoma) bats. 4 Vampire bats.

Also returning with Dr. Ditmars were Mrs. Ditmars and their two daughters, ² Mrs. Karl Kapetzky and Mrs. Beatrice Daniels, and their granddaughter, Miss Gloria Daniels.

The Frigate Pelican ³– Criterion, Summer, 1934

...”The unconfiding frigate- bird hides

in the height and in the majestic

display of his art. He glides

a hundred feet or quivers about

as charred paper behaves- full

of feints; and on eagle

of vigilance, earns the term aquiline; keeping at a height

so great the feathers look black and the beak does not

show. It is not retreat but exclusion from

which he looks down...”

woodcutters always have two children- ⁴

T.C. Wilson’s review: ⁵ “For what can be the virtue of criticism that is obliged to attain its ends at the expense of the work it studies?”

galactic ? ⁶ marish ? ⁷

The selfish elevator-

(A dog in the manger)

The stairs, on the other hand, that leave themselves

behind and reach the top at the same time,

Useful for all simultaneously.

- Yes, but she is unwilling to help those more fortunate than herself: Also she is one of those unsatisfactory old friends who cannot recognize, or will not be impressed by, new virtues-

They gave the Queen a dress of eyes- ⁸

Embroidered eyes

Embarrassing the courtier’s bows-

“Sameth Exterminating Co.

Termite Control Division”.

“debtor and creditor principles of virtue-” Coleridge

A woman sat at right angles to me in the subway last night, very close, so I could look directly into her face. Her clothes, her shoes and handbag, everything about her had died, and her face was dead too. Her blue straw hat was pulled and sodden all over her head and her clothes showed that she had forgotten to think of them as clothes for a long time.

She sat with her eyes shut, and her face was dead white, the wrinkles looking stiffened, except over the eye- balls where they still had the soft crepy appearance of live flesh; but there too thin. I couldn't see the eyebrows, but the lashes were absolutely the only thing about her: perfectly black, stiff, and shiny, like those on a sleeping-doll. There was even a little unwholesome looking iridescence shifting along them.

Margaret told me a dream she had a while ago in which she looked into the inside of a small mask someone had pulled from his face, and caught in it all around the eye- balls, were the little hairy eye- lashes. This woman's face made me think of that- its expression was a concave one like an empty interior expression, and its only markings were all the little eyelashes. It is rather strange the way the eye is surrounded with this inhuman stuff- hair grows, I've heard, even on the dead.

"She slept about two hours and returned to her place in the hole, carrying with her an American flag, which she placed beside her. Her husband has brought her meals out to her and she announced that she intends to sit in the hole until the Public Service Company abandons the idea of setting a pole there."⁹

Coleridge's Biographia Literaria¹⁰

October 8th

P.32 -"I have laid too many eggs in the hot sands of this wilderness the world, with ostrich carelessness and ostrich oblivion."

P.42 - complaining of critics- "But alas! As in other despotisms, it but echoes the decisions of its invisible ministers, whose intellectual claims to the guardianship of the muses seem, for the greater part, analogous to the physical qualifications which adopt their oriental brethren for the superintendence of the harem. Thus it is said, that St. Nepomuc was installed the guardian of bridges, because he had fallen over one, and sunk out of sight; thus too St. Cecilia is said to have been first propitiated by musicians,

because, having failed in her own attempts, she had taken a dislike to the art, and all its successful professors.”

P.61- “...in all societies there exists an instinct of growth, a certain collective, unconscious good sense working progressively to desynonymize those words originally of the same meaning, which the conflux of dialectics had supplied to the more homogeneous languages-” and in a footnote he compares the formation of words, “nomenclature organized from a few simple sounds-”, to “a sort of minim immortal among the animalcula infusoria which has not naturally either birth, or death, absolute beginning or absolute end: for at a certain period a small point appears on its back, which deepens and lengthens till the creature divides into two-”

However- the process may be, of some words to desynonymize them, but at the same time it is characteristic of the more primitive languages (Miss Washburn, ¹¹ via Margaret) that they have a great many words for identical things not thought of abstractly as being the same: such as flock, bevy. covey, etc...

P.148- “I regard it as some proof of my not having laboured altogether in vain, that from the articles written by me shortly before and at the commencement of the late unhappy war with America, not only the sentiments were adopted, but in some instances the very language, in several of the Massachusetts state papers.”

P.35- “the habit of perusing periodical works may be properly added to Averrhoe’s catalogue of ANTI- MNEMONICS, or weakeners of the memory. ¹² (?) - Footnote- “Ex gr. *Pediculos e capillis excerptos in arenam jacere incontusos*: eating of unripe fruit; gazing on the clouds, and (in genere) on moveable things suspended in the air; riding among a multitude of camels; frequent laughter; listening to a series of jests and

humorous anecdotes; the habit of reading tombstones in church- yards, &c. Coleridge considers the catalogue “not insusceptible of a sound psychological commentary.”

Vol II ¹³

1. Coleridge, in some of his most logically ordered rooms, still abounds in frumpy bits of statuary like this one: “Finally, GOOD SENSE is the BODY of poetic genius, FANCY its DRAPERY, MOTION its LIFE, and IMAGINATION the SOUL that is everywhere, and in each; and forms all into one graceful and intelligent whole.” ¹⁴

I like some of his remarks on Venus and Adonis- until he feels he has to sum it all up in a beautiful simile (the very thing that’s quoted in the front of the Temple Edition.)

P.14 - “Imagery (even taken from nature, much more when transplanted from books, as travels, voyages, and works of natural history); affecting incidents; just thoughts; interesting personal or domestic feelings; and with these the art of their combination or intertexture in the form of a poem; may all by incessant effort be acquired as a trade, by a man of talents and much reading, who as I once before observed, has mistaken an intense desire of poetic reputation for a natural poetic genius; the love of the arbitrary end for a possession of the peculiar means.”

(There is something about the word imagery which suggests foliage.)

P.15- “the great instinct, which impelled the poet to the drama, (Shakespeare- V. & A.) was secretly working in him, prompting him by a series and never broken chain of imagery, always vivid and, because unbroken, often minute....to provide a substitute for that visual language, that constant intervention and running comment by tone, look and gesture, which in his dramatic works he was entitled to expect from the players.”

p. 21. - On the difference between poets of his time and of the 15th and 16th centuries- I

like his remarks on painting:

“Something analogous to the materials and structure of modern poetry I seem to have noticed (but here I beg to be understood as speaking with the utmost diffidence) in our common landscape painters. Their foregrounds and intermediate distances are comparatively unattractive: while the main interest of the landscape is thrown into the background, where mountains and torrents and castles forbid the eye to proceed, and nothing tempts it to trace its way back again. But in the works of the great Italian and Flemish masters, the front and middle objects of the landscape are the most obvious and determinate, the interest gradually dies away in the background, and the charm and peculiar worth of the picture consists, not so much in the specific objects which it conveys to the understanding in a visual language formed by the substitution of figures for words, as in the beauty and harmony of the colors, lines and expression, with which the objects are represented. Hence novelty of subject was rather avoided than sought for.”¹⁵ This last is practically what Wilenski says now-

From- “On the Principles of General Criticism”, Essay Third.¹⁶

“Pedantry consists in the use of words unsuitable to the time, place, and company. The language of the market would be as pedantic in the schools as that of the schools in the market.”...”Nay, though the pedantry should originate in vanity, yet a good-natured man would more easily tolerate the Fox-brush of ostentatious erudition (“the fable is somewhat musty”) than the Sans-culotterie of a contemptuous ignorance, that assumes a merit from mutilation by a self-consoling grin at the pompous incumbrance of tails.”¹⁷ (This is perfect for people like Hemingway.)¹⁸

The Golden Bowl; Vol. II, Chap. XXVII

“Her ladyship’s assumption was that she kept, at every moment of her life, every advantage- it made her beautifully soft, very nearly generous; so she didn’t distinguish the little protuberant eyes of smaller social insects, often endowed with such a range, from the other decorative spots on their bodies and wings.”¹⁹

Chap. XXXVIII

...”Maggie grew to think again of this large element of ‘company’ as of a kind of renewed water- supply for the tank in which like a party of parting gold- fish, they kept afloat.”

This is very funny, and yet it seems so completely or deliberately out of place that it is faintly insulting. What, just here, did James really think of his characters?

What you eventually come to admire most about his books, I think- aside from The Europeans,²⁰ and The International Episode,²¹ which I still enjoy mostly for their humor- is their beautiful proportions. He has his writing so under control that while it at first might appear as if he’d added this, or padded that, to keep the proportions so- you realize that it hasn’t been done that way. The plot has been handled so skillfully that it demands just this much attention here and that much there- from just the right points of view. Reading it, your enjoyment goes along in a rather normal way- but once done, or looking back, you see it’s structured-

November 23rd, 1934

Spiritual Exercises – Loyola²²

Annotations-²³ “for it is not abundance of knowledge that fills and satisfies the soul, but the unusual sense and taste of things.”

“the Exercitan will benefit all the more, the more he secludes himself from all friends

in which he dwelt, and taking another house or room, that there he may abide in all possible privacy-”²⁴

-”He comes to use his natural faculties more freely in diligently searching for that he so much desires”-²⁵

Principle and Foundation²⁶ -”Man was created to praise, do reverence to and serve God our Lord, and thereby to save his soul. And the other things on the face of the earth were created for man’s sake, and to help him in the following out of the end for which he was created. Hence it follows that man should make use of creatures so far as they do help him towards his end, and should withdraw from them so far as they are a hindrance to him in regard of that end. Wherefore it is necessary to make ourselves detached in regard of all created things,- in all that is left to the liberty of our free will, and is not forbidden it, - etc.”

1st week, 1st exercise²⁷(Usual, begin with the prayer then a “prelude”) - “the first prelude is a composition, seeing the place.- Here is to be observed that in contemplation, or visible meditation...the composition will be to see with the eye of the imagination the corporeal place where there is found the object which I wish to contemplate.”- “In meditation of the invisible, as here of sins, the composition will be to see with the eye of the imagination and consider my soul imprisoned in this corruptible body, and my whole compound self in this vale of tears as in banishment among brute animals. I mean the whole compound of soul and body.”

(Aristotle and St. Thomas- opposed to Plato. St. Thomas- Contra Gentiles.)²⁸

(use of composition -influenced Gertrude Stein, with her love of “Saints”.?)²⁹

The Colloquy - “made, properly speaking, just as one friend speaks to another”...³⁰

5th exercise, on hell- ³¹ 1st the composition, then to see, hear, smell, taste “with the taste bitter things, as tears, sadness, and the worm of conscience,” feel with the sense of touch-hell.

To see- “those great fires, and those souls as it were in bodies of fire.”

to hear- “lamentations, howlings, cries, blasphemies against Christ...”

smell- “smoke, brimstone, refuse and rottenness.”

taste- above

feel- “fires do touch and burn souls.”

so that each loss a direct and an indirect meaning. Smell shows the punishment for sensuality: “The stench remains, the luster dies away”- (Cowper)³²

Taste – the punishment of pride, failure and folly.

Additions- ³³ for improving the exercises-

1. Before going to sleep, to think of the time of getting up, “and to what purpose.”

2. On waking up “not giving place to these or those thoughts, immediately to advert to what I am about to contemplate...”

changing of position- kneeling, lying, etc. ³⁴

Depriving self of “all bright light”- ³⁵

Interior and Exterior penance. ³⁶ Exterior penance consists of denying food, sleep, comfort-

Dangers of habit.

General Examen ³⁷ “If I discover a mortal sin that is not public, I sin mortally; if a sensual sin, sensually”-etc.

(“To pick holes in the coats of the godly.”- Bunyon)³⁸

Modes of Humility, ³⁹ Rules for the Discernment of Spirits - ⁴⁰

evil spirits can be discerned because somewhere in the train of thoughts they incite will occur an evil one: “the enemy of human nature shall be felt and recognized by his serpent’s tail, and the evil end to which he leads on-” ⁴¹

Election- ⁴² Rules for Scruples- ⁴³

The Methods of Prayer- ⁴⁴

1. going through the commandments, seven sins, power of the soul, five bodily senses
2. dwelling on the meaning of the separate words of a prayer. ⁴⁵
3. by rhythmical beats, a word to a breath- ⁴⁶

Rules for Thinking With the Church- ⁴⁷

Chapter 5 “That Face Needs a Penny Piece of Gum”

The Wings of the Dove- James ¹

Milly watching the lady- copyists in the museum. ² “There were people, people in plenty, but, admissibly, no personal question....” they “seemed to show her for the time the right way to live.” “The case was the case of escape, of living under water, of being at once impersonal and firm.”

The group of American women appear: ³ “The mother, the puffed and composed whiteness of whose hair had no relation to her apparent age, showed a countenance almost chemically clean and dry; her companions wore an air of vague resentment humorized by fatigue...”

Often refers to Byzantium: Last part seems to fall off considerably.

“She couldn’t pretend she believed he would believe it enough for herself.” ⁴ - state of affairs between Kate and Densher reminds one of Melonatha .

Mrs. Stringham- “the rare passion of friendship, the sole passion of her little life save the one other, more imperturbably cerebral, that she entertained for the art of Guy de Maupassant.”(!) ⁵ However, one feels that one could easily discover many of Mrs. S’s stories in 1880’s copies of The Atlantic.

Susie weeps while Mrs. Lowder writes letters: “She had interrupted her no more than she would have interrupted the piano- tuner.” ⁶

Milly’s two scenes alone- on the hill, and in her “palace” in Venice- “the broken charm of the world about * was broken into smaller pieces.” ⁷

James’s villains can often fool me for almost half a volume, but his villainesses never can. Kate could be seen through at once, but Densher puzzled me.

Did Gladstone invent the phrase “bag and baggage?” and what connection has it with the Gladstone bag? ⁸

M. forms a speech- parenthesis by shutting her eyes while that much is said. The interesting thing about it is that this leaves the spectator, for some reason or other, with held breath, until it’s over.

Mrs. Moore’s ⁹ “architectural” method of conversation, not seemingly so much for the sake of what she says as the way in which it is said, indifferent subject matter, treated as a problem in accuracy, proportion, solidity, balance- If she speaks of a chair, you can practically sit in it when she has finished. It is still life, easel painting, as opposed to the common conversational “fade-out.”

Are the mirrors always attached to the slot- machines a fore- thought or an after- thought in advertising? Are you meant to look at them and say “That face needs a penny piece of gum?” or regard yourself with the gum installed in the mouth and say “Now I look better?”

Gertrude Stein’s Lecture at Vassar ¹⁰

What Maisie Knew- ¹¹

What Maisie has inherited from her parents is never mentioned and yet it should be- it must be an immense amount of physical attractiveness, endearing in the diminutive. That brings out that she is only too young for Sir Claude- She strikes me as one of the saints who displays levitation, the sort called “ascensional ecstasy.” Once she has found her “moral sense”, having come unscathed through all sorts of vice (which James doesn’t seem to feel very much himself) she is up and off, in a straight line, for the rest of her life. Mrs. Wix is a saint of a lowlier sort, a kind of lay- brother- her powers of levitation

are limited to the “ecstatic progress”, - bumping along. I don’t think Maisie “pries” as S. Spender says in the Hound and Horn-¹² but I do think it is rather low of James to filter so much filth (and such symmetrically arranged filth) through such a child. The symmetry suggests that it might be interesting to notice if, or write a book about, people are affected by the beginnings of symmetry, maybe accidental. If a pattern begins to show itself, do they feel impelled to push it through? Perhaps some of Sir Claude’s fatal attraction for Mrs. Beal could be explained that way.

At four in the morning I got up and looked into the face of my brand _ new clock. The clock face indicated the past; the disposition of the hands upon it, the present; and the ticking gave a rough idea of the future-

“I lose myself in ravishment before the marble and the pink.”¹³ A Small Boy and Others.

A Week at the U.S. School of Writing¹⁴

An “assorted fancy dish of many Varied Sweets.” ?

The Boston janitor, wanted to write a book on how to teach children to be good radicals of “The George Washington type or the Jesus Christ type.”

-”slept on a hair all night.”¹⁵

Mary Robley- “Chained Love”, story of Danny Hawn, chained to his bed- post for 25 years by his mother to prevent him from going with a girl she disapproved of. She wove him “slips” of linen, and all the sheets. In his spells of insanity he tore them up “as fine as rug filling.” Drove another son to run away and then disinherited him. A wild section of country in Pennsylvania. (?). When the girl died Danny was set free and spent the rest of his days sitting silently by the fireplace. A very sinister, Bronte-esque tale.

Miss Bertha M. Roy, R. F. D. #1, Ellsworth, Kans.- the lady cattle- rancher and poultry farmer. Very exuberant, and entertaining. Watch out for her in Country Gentleman, etc.

Mr. James Shea- Dorchester, Mass. Letter- "I wasn't feeling well over my teeth, and I had three large ones taken out, for they made me nervous and sick for sometime, and this is, the reason I couldn't send in my lesson although I am thinking, of being able to write like all the Authors, for I believe that is more in my mind than any other kind of work, for I am concentrating on the lessons, frequently, many times." ¹⁶

"Mr. Margolies, I am thinking of how those authors, write such long stories of 60,000 or 100,000 words in those Magazines, and where do they get their imagination and the material to work upon. "I would be very please to write such stories as those writers. "I know that there is a big field in this art. I will do my part to be successful." ¹⁷

Began every paragraph with yes and also: each page one complete sentence. From his description of a parade: "also, gold instruments well- shined, also buttons to matched, also"- The little boy "crying along his way." All adjectives repeated every time- somewhat like Homer, only 5 or 6 of them. Really a "primitive", and very fantastic imagination. Had the policeman calling up the heads of Boston department stores (all full names given) in turn to find the little boy's mother, who was shopping. One lady sent in her "home- work" as they called it, all trimmed up with Christmas seals.

Sadie de Groot- whose mother approved of her learning how to write to the extent of giving her, her own name to write under- Katherine Venema.

Henrietta Isabella Thompson-



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**PROGRAM
ORPHEUS and EURYDICE**

OPERA IN THREE ACTS
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BOOK BY RANIERO DE CAIZABIGI

Music by **CHRISTOPH WILLIBALD, RITTER VON GLUCK**
(IN ITALIAN—EDITION OF G. RICORDI & CO.)

CAST

Orpheus.....**MARIA OLSZEWSKA**
Eurydice.....**ANNE ROSELLE**
Eros }**ELISABETH SCHUMANN**
A Happy Spirit }

AND

The **CHORUS** of the **METROPOLITAN OPERA ASSOCIATION**
GIULIO SETTI, Conductor

21

Under the Direction of
WERNER JANSSEN

PROGRAM

1. **HANDL**.....Overture from the Suite, "The Royal Fireworks"
(Transcribed by Hamilton Hart)
2. **HABIS**.....Chorale, for String Orchestra, Op. 3
(First time in New York)
3. **GIBERT**.....Symphonic Prologue to the Play of Synge,
"Riders to the Sea"
4. **FOLK**....."Georgia"; Three Folk-Pieces for Orchestra
(First time in America)
5. **ROGER**.....Variations and Fugue on a Merry Theme
By J. A. Hiller, Op. 100

Themes: Andante, Fugato, Variations No. 1, Più Andante; No. II, Allegretto con Finito; No. III, Vivace; No. IV, Andante; No. V, Allegretto; No. VI, Tempo di marcia; No. VII, Presto; No. VIII, Andante con moto; No. IX, Allegro con molto; No. X, Allegro spessissimo; No. XI, Andante con moto; Finales: Fugue, Allegro moderato (con spirito)

gold ornaments yellowish, also buttons to match, also -
The little boy "crying along his way" all adjectives repeated every time - sound like Homer, only some of them. Really a "primitive", and my fantastic imagination. Had the policeman calling up the head of Boston Department store (all full names given) in turn to find the little boy's mother, who was stopping.

One lady sat in her "home-work," as they called it, all turned up with Christmas cards.

Sadie de Groot - who's mother approved of her coming here & wrote to the extent of giving her own name to write under - Katherine Vanema. Kenneth and Della Harper -

PAINTINGS

BY

SALVADOR DALI

.... "SNAP-SHOT PHOTOGRAPHS IN COLOR" of subconscious images, surrealist, extravagant, paranoid hypnagogical, extra-pictorial, phenomenal, super-abundant, super-sensitive, etc.... of CONCRETE IRRATIONALITY...

1. Imperial monument to the child-woman, Gala
(utopian fantasy)
2. Skull and its lyric appendage leaning on a com-
mode which should have the temperature of a car-
dinal's nest
3. Commode used as a diurnal fly
(theory of flies in the "weaning of furniture")
4. The weaning of furniture-nutrition
5. The spectre of Sex Appeal
6. The sign of anguish
7. Cosmic monument
8. Javanese manikin
9. Archeological reminiscence of Millet's "Angelus"
10. The sugar sphinx
11. Cannibal imperialism
12. Instantaneous presence of Louis II of Bavaria, Sal-
vador Dali, Lenin, and Wagner, on the beach at
Rosas
13. Masquerader, intoxicated by the limpid atmosphere
14. "Cardinal, Cardinal!"
15. Paranoid-astral image
16. "The materialization of autumn"
17. Hypnagogical image of Gala
18. Myself at the age of ten when I was the grass-
hopper child
(Lent by Joseph Cornell)
19. Remorse
(Lent by Frank Crowninshield)
20. The invisible man
21. Meeting of the illusion and the arrested moment
22. The Angelus of the Afternoon

“A Small Boy and Others”- always drew pictures of stage- scenes when he was little- in foolscap. Three pages lined, he wrote on them, 4th page, blank, on which he drew the scene.

-”scenes, being the root of the matter, especially when they bristled with proper names and noted movements; especially, above all, when they flowered at every pretext into the very optic and perspective of the stage, where the boards diverged correctly, from a central point of vision, even as the lashes from an eyelid, straight down to the footlights.” “The difficulty of composition was naught; the one difficulty was in so placing my figures on the fourth page that these radiations could be marked without making lines through them.”²³

(This particular problem seems to have an equivalent in music, painting, sculpture- but in poetry?) (yes)

Margaret: “It’s always a good plan to let people break their own dishes.”

Miss Moore, speaking of photographs, dislikes the just- head, which she calls the “bulls’- eye picture.”

He took her to an old house which was unoccupied. The house is about seventy-five feet from the old Dublin Road. He took Grace to a room one flight up and after a little while told her to go out on the lawn and pick wild flowers.²⁴ “A few minutes later he called Grace to come back again. Fish confessed that he seized her and choked her and cut her throat.”

King said Fish returned four days later. He carried ...Fish... woods...but not in the house where the child was killed. That place is a ramshackle eight- room dwelling that has been deserted for many years and stands on a mountain- side in a desolate spot. It is known in the community as Wisteria Cottage.²⁵



This is the label off the Maple Sugar jar. I suppose I got the idea of looking at labels from Miss Moore's poem about the camellias,²⁶ but this one really pleases the imagination, I think. The strange plaid made by the maple trees crossing the striped sky- and the yellow pung.²⁷ The pink and blue sky means either morning or evening- I prefer to think that it's early morning, the sun is nearly coming up that way, and the snow is still cold and blue. It is almost enough to infatuate one with the life of the sugar- camp-

No. 400 D.R.G.M. (Registered) Joke Specs With Shifting Eyes.²⁸
Spectacle Mask with Eyes operated by blowing.

Instructions for use:

Tear off the paper ring with the arrow. The mouthpiece with hole situated thereunder is sterilized and can be employed without fear by the wearer of the mask.

Put on the spectacles and place the mouthpiece in the mouth. Blow in air intermittently; the eyes and eyebrows will then be raised and lowered. When the air pressure is removed these return to their initial position.

The movement can be effected quickly or slowly according to what joke effect it is desired to obtain.

The spectacles must not bear tightly against the face as otherwise the shifting device will strike against the eye- brows.

If the ear pieces are too short in the case of a large head, bend the curved portion behind the ear further towards the rear, first warming this portion of the celluloid rod with the fingers.

The mouthpiece can be cleaned with hot water.

Celluloid is inflammable! Consequently do not bring the spectacles near a naked flame.

If one reads this with the proper care the fact that it goes with a joke is unapparent, apart from the first word. It might just as well be directions for wearing a truss-²⁹

Last night (Dec. 22nd) I went to mail some letters in the corner mail box, at about 1 A.M. Three drunken men were coming along, leaning on each other, very happy and amiable indeed. They watched me putting my letters in the box with an affected silent surprise, then one of them said loudly "Oh, I hope one's for me."

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA

CARNEGIE HALL

FOURTH CONCERT

TUESDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 18, 1934

at 8.30

LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI, Conducting

BACH Mass in B minor

In commemoration of the 250th Anniversary of Bach's Birth
(February or March, 1685)

Friday Afternoon, December 21, 1934

AT TWO-THIRTY

3043RD AND 3044TH CONCERTS

Under the Direction of

BRUNO WALTER

Assisting Artists:

MARIA OLSZEWSKA, *Contralto*

FREDERICK JAGEL, *Tenor*

BRUNO WALTER, *Pianist*

1. MOZART.....Concerto in D minor, for Piano and Orchestra (K. 466)
I. Allegro II. Romanza III. Rondo: Allegro assai

BRUNO WALTER, *Pianist*

INTERMISSION

2. MAHLER....."Das Lied von der Erde" ("The Song of the Earth")
for Tenor, *Contralto* and Orchestra

Part II 1935

Chapter 6 “Wonder Bread”

Jan 10th

At Romeo and Juliet – the rather vulgar woman behind me, on hearing Romeo’s last gasp: “Jesus! That makes four!” The man a couple of rows ahead who suffered audibly with the actors. When Juliet took the sleeping draught he had a stomach ache, when Romeo poisoned himself, he groaned out loud, and when Juliet stabbed herself he grunted...

A Little Miracle¹

This morning I discovered I had forgotten to get any bread and I had only one dry crust for breakfast. I was resigning myself to orange juice and coffee and no more when the door- bell rang. I pushed the button, and up the stairs trailed a weary- looking woman, shouting ahead of herself: “I don’t want to sell you anything- I want to give you something!” I welcomed her at that, and was presented with a small box containing three slices of “Wonder Bread” all fresh, a rye, a white, and whole wheat. Also a miniature loaf of bread besides- The only thing I disliked about the gift was that the woman opened the box, held it under my nose, and said “Smell how sweet!” But I breakfasted on manna-

Louise Bradley describes B. St. D.’s manner as “irrepressibly courageous-” She sent her a Christmas card saying “Dear Louise: Well my little girl is started on this way of ours 9 lbs. 3 oz...”

Jan 12.

A man is going down the street, a street “singer”- On his back he has a large drum. In

his right hand he carries his cap to catch the money; in his left he has a big drumstick which he wields behind his back. Attached to his right heel is a strap which works a pair of cymbals on top of the drum- every time he steps it lifts and lowers the upper cymbal, and at the same time a rod attached to the lower cymbal flies up and hits a triangle, also on top of the drum. But all this is only percussion- at the same time most of the music comes from the man, who has a queer kind of whistle, like a piccolo. And as he goes he dances. The music is very shrill- it really sounded like a whole fife and drum band coming down the street. I gave him something, which he caught very clearly, then he gave a waltz, waltzing around in the street, and ending by jumping and clicking his heels together.



February 7- Wanamaker ² advertisement:

“The Most Dramatic Event Our Notion Dept. Has Seen”

The list of things which Dutch Cleanser Cleans, printed on the can has always made me think of the Browning’s in Venice, or Milly in “Wings of the Dove”, or pictures of those architectural stage- sets, full of building blocks and paving stones and fancy perspective: Bath Tubs, Sinks, Porcelain, Marble, Tiling, Mantels, Glazed Brick, Statuary, Bronze, Monuments, mosaic, eucastic, terrazo, stone steps, painted walls... from there on it degenerates- a communistic note even creeping in with “Cream Separators.”

M.³ in her new coat and green hat is surely the prettiest and most refreshing thing in New York. She comes out like a whistle in a chorus of humming-

Decided in the library yesterday, reading Marlowe,⁴ that the staged Elizabethan Battle Scene – as in Tamburlaine and some of Shakespeare historical plays- with two or three people meeting each other, rushing off and on, finding out identities, and not much damage done with all the racket and display- is a great deal like the modern reception, or cocktail party....

Bromo- Seltzer looks like miniature popcorn.

Elihu⁵

insistence on cloud- images (v.5.)⁶

“Look unto the heavens, and see; and behold the clouds which are higher than thou.”⁷

If thou sinnest, what doest thou against him? Or if thy transgressions be multiplied, what doest thou unto him?⁸

If thou be righteous, what givest thou him? Or what receiveth he of thine hand?⁹

Thy wickedness may hurt a man as thou art; and thy righteousness may profit the son of man.¹⁰

By reason of the multitude of oppressions they made the oppressed to cry: they cry out by reason of the arm of the mighty.¹¹

But none saith, where is God my maker, who giveth songs in the night;¹²

Who teacheth us more than the beasts of the earth, and maketh us wiser than the fowls of heaven?”¹³

Also Chap XXXVIII v. 22 on. Chap 39 v. 9-12 Unicorn.¹⁴

“He sayeth among the trumpets, Ha, ha-“¹⁵

“I am a brother to dragons, and a companion to owls.”¹⁶

May 19th, 1935

Louise once spoke of someone as having “a fancy personality...”

I think that it is in the city alone, maybe New York alone, that one gets in this country these sudden intuitions into the whole of contemporaneity. You go for days reading the newspapers every morning, feeling a certain responsibility about all our, everyone’s predicaments, making use of all inventions, ideas, etc., looking at modern pieces of art, buildings, scenery- and the sense of the present, the actual sensation of it like riding a surf board, never afflicts you. But then there are flashes, when you see all in a minute, what it is to be “modern”; when you catch it coming toward you like a ball, more compressed and acute than in any work of “modern art”; when you taste it concentrated, like a drop of acid.

Sometimes a costume or action particularly ludicrous which you would have difficulty placing in any era of the past produces it- (because of respect for the past or not-).

Even if I rode in the cabin of a balloon, even if I sat in a house in Jamaica,¹⁷ Long Island, (which I conceive to be one of the most desperately ugly places in the country) sat on my porch there; even if I – what and would I?

People who love each other shouldn’t promise faithfulness to each other, but each to himself. Each perpetually correcting and marking himself, not the other. In fact with love a certain indifference to recognized aspects of character in the other is best of all.

ESSE QUAM VIDERI¹⁸ - Hopkins ‘o motto. But mercy, doesn’t VIDERI imply that you are something already- perhaps being a Jesuit gave him the proper VIDERI already,

he just had to fill the shell. Over inadequate in both respects needs a different grammatical construction.

REDUNDANCY- The cross town busses that say on the sides “Comprehensive Omnibus”

When the people across the street go away, their white cat walks along the window-sills and takes a little bite from each of the house plants in turn.

Anyone who can learn really to “face the facts”, as they say, should have much more to write about, should have hundreds of fresh things to say. It is because you don’t, can’t, won’t, admit many unpleasantnesses, recollect them or see them at present, that you occasionally feel that there is nothing to be said. Think: if you were to resurrect any one year or week of yourself at any past age and be quite honest with it- how awful you were, how awful all those people were, what things really looked like- there’d be enough there for many poems. This holds good for the smallest impression as well as ‘morals’. That’s where a foolish passion for order, getting everything to fit, would be all wrong for anyone who wants to write poetry. You’re bound to have to fix things a little if you insist on order, just as “social orders” have to use “propaganda”.

May 21st

From Rilke’s Elegies, translated by V. Sackville -West. ¹⁹

8. Dumb creatures gaze with their whole visions out
 Into infinity. Our eyes alone
 Would seem to be inverted, and like snares
 Set all around them, compassing their free
 Passage...the freeborn beast keeps his perdition evermore behind him

And God before him-

Advertisement on blotter the man across from me in the library was using. Louis

Schneider PRACTICAL HAIR CUTTER

This same man had innumerable heavy books, packs of notes, etc...and was working at "top speed". One old book of music was opened in front of him. When I made out what it was he was getting so agitated about, it proved to be "The Campbells are Coming, Oh-ho-"



20



"Pipe and Open Book," by Juan Gris, French Private Collection.

21

Based on Jerrish Star-~~Blasko~~

June 12th

A rare snowstorm occurred in Florida: in the form of orange sherbet.

Picture- of three or five of those drug- store, wire backed chairs: Fine lines well spaced on white paper, black, with brown seats. All criss- crossed over each other, etc.

I'd like to see "The Colder the Air"²² placed on a large page with fine sketches around it- a target; a breaking clock, and some leaves and flowers.

I feel very guilty when I have written anyone what I know is a boring letter, full of commonplaces- yet never guilty enough to try again.

Miss Moore: - "and she came from a very conventional family, too- you know, spats and monocles."

The other day ... man winding a barber pole.²³ ...poles in the city must be electric, but this one wasn't. A large key ... hole just below the striped section, and as he wound it sounded like a clock. The pole was "striking up" slowly, the stripes mounting with effort, gradually faster and faster.

This evening I couldn't stand the "Egmont Overture"²⁴ on the Victrola. I wanted to rush up to Beethoven and pull off the false beard.

Chapter 7 “Water Meshing Like Gears”

Waconah Falls ¹ are not falls, really, but a cataract, making a glorious success of a steep way down through dark, brownish rocks. The white- water looks “charged”, but can almost instantly drop into still pools, two large ones, at the bottom. The sound seems to hang over them- I thought I could remember it very clearly but find I cannot and must see it again to get exactly what it is the foam and bubbles best do.

The swans when nesting turn their eggs every half- hour, exactly on time. They had built a large nest at the foot of an old willow tree, a tree that had three trunks, united at the base, so that it gave a certain amount of wall and security. The nest was a sort of flat-topped pyramid of twigs, about ten feet high. One swan sat on the eggs while the other one swam in the water, its wings already arched, ready to fly at anyone who came near. When it was time to turn the eggs the swan looked around, then stood up and looked under her very carefully. Then she rolled them over with her feet, and an occasional poke with her bill, settled herself on them again and looked all around herself to make sure that everything was well covered. Sebree suggested that we have a swan “egg- rolling”... In the path going up the hill to the “Boulders” we found three little newts, bright orange colored- the color of tangerine skins. I had never seen any before. They had a few small dark dots sprinkled on their backs, and the surface of their skins looked slightly translucent. They were unpleasantly cool and clayey to touch- as if still hardening.

Really the nicest part of the whole visit, aside from its discomfort, was the last morning when I had asthma and lay and watched it get daylight. It was a cloudy day arriving, in a pearl pink series of clouds. The lane was out of focus; somehow, and I had the hills all wrong- they finally settled themselves, from grey to a pale, pale brushed-

looking green. Then Louise and I driving to the doctor's at 6 o'clock- through clouds and odd remnants of the night- just a few queer people in the streets.

Water meshing- like gears-

Margaret leaned out of the car with a comb in her hand and pretended to comb the round chromium dome of the spot- light. Then she tied a scarf around its head.

“He that to praise and laud thee doth refrain,

Doth not refrain unto himself alone,

But robs a thousand who would praise thee fain,

And doth commit a world of sinne in one.”²

“We all acknowledge both thy power and love

To be exact, transcendent, and divine...”³

“How finely dost thou times and seasons spin,

And make a twist checker'd with night and day!

Which as it lengthens, windes and windes us in,

As bouls go on, but turning all the way.”⁴

this for quaintness

“To show thou art not bound, as if thy lot

Were worse than ours; sometimes thou shiftest hands.

Most things move th' under - jaw; the crocodile not

Most things sleep lying; th' elephant leans or stands.”⁵

(This whole poem a good point of comparison with Miss Moore.)

In the news-reel theatre a little boy, about three or four, sat with his mother across the aisle from me. On the screen a male quartet appeared in '90's costume and sang, with

affectation of humor, “I was seeing Nellie home.” The audience laughed a great deal, and the little boy looked from the picture to the audience and back again, then asked his mother, “Is that beautiful?” He hesitated over “beautiful”, and put it in quotation marks. Apparently he was not yet sure of the difference between “beautiful” and “comical”. I told this to Margaret and she said that at the same age she thought “beautiful” was probably something to do with blondes. I remember quite clearly, when even younger, babbling “pretty” over the brass balls on the front of the crib, but I can’t remember when I decided of what the nature of beauty consisted.

The drops of rain were large and scattered loosely over the sidewalk, not enough to wet it all. They were shaped mostly like seals on legal documents- stylized suns, rather than stars.

If we could only get through our own figurativeness : God is four in, image within image, metaphor of metaphor of metaphor- Even from day to day I think the levels I take my own figures on change, back and forth. So far I have probably only used four or five. (People less one sense- deaf, blind, etc.- how does it affect this general metaphor- life we all make use of?) REWRITE THIS.

“Most of the homes destroyed were in the poorer and most densely populated quarters of the city. The destruction of communication lines has made it impossible ...definitely the extent of...or the exact number. ...of Sao”⁶

June 30th-

If I stretch my thought to Egypt, to India, downtown, it is in my thought I see them and they are not, at the time, reality for me. If I go to these places it is a different matter. Reality, then is something like a huge circus tent, folding, adjustable, which we carry

around with us and set up wherever we are. It possesses the magical property of being able to take on the characteristics of whatever place we are in, in fact it can become identical with it.

He wore a top hat on which the vertical strip of high- light had been pasted. This gave us all a queer feeling of insubstance, and made for a self- conscious evening...

Margaret commented on a kind of phenomena the other day which I had often noticed myself. She said she saw on the street a very familiar face- of a girl from college- and recognized it with the customary slight start- but then started again when she realized that she had already had the girl in mind, because she had thought, a few seconds before, that someone else coming towards her was she, too- someone who turned out to be a stranger. I have had this same thing happen several times. What is the explanation?

(* What I call a simple, or running image is-*)

July 1st

Last night I had a very strange, pretty dream. I was seeing what I told myself was an ‘Allegory’ taking place. A tiny little boy on a little yellow sled was sliding rapidly down through great cloudy- looking snow- hills. He was muffled up all in grey- blue, quite deep, and I kept saying “How pale he is. How pale he is.” His hands were all inside his blue clothes; the sled went without being guided in and out and up and down over the snow- hills which were really clouds. Then I realized the little boy was the moon, going through its various phases out in the sky. I said to myself, wrongly, (but the attempt towards the right vocabulary is rather interesting), “Oh, there is the solstice.” As I watched, I became the person seated on the sled, wrapped up in blue: I became the moon. I bumped over one cloud and became a snow- ball, rolling larger and larger, and the

moon was growing full; the cloud reeled off again, and the moon was waning. Then the common falling sensation of dreams began; I shut my eyes and fell, and when I opened them the sled had landed in front of the drive at the house in Great Village, and I was sitting on it, still the moon. My grandmother was standing near me, not paying any attention, not having even noticed that the moon had fallen from the sky. It was early, early morning. She was dressed in black silk, and was holding out in front of her with one hand a small gold watch, worn on a chain around her neck.

These hot mornings the street- sprinkler goes around about 9:30. The water dries off very rapidly, but very beautifully, in watermelon pattern- only wet- black on grey, instead of darker green on brighter green. ⁷

Brief American Biography- S. Hosmer? Story from Job – characterization of his friends- not a la Mann. Very simple (24.) ⁸

Margaret was as sweet as a sherbet in her pink blouse today. Her face had that soft look about it, as if she had slept an extra hour or two, and her eyes a clear, original color that they blend for themselves out of several colors never in eyes before hers. We sat in the funeral- parlor rooms of Luchow's ⁹ and had ice- cream. I said that families seemed to me like "concentration camps" - where people actually let out their sadistic natures. M. is the ...

July 3rd

At the Zoo: ¹⁰

The camel's skin is a sort of milky tan- blue color, very fine hair. Along the humps, and down the back of the neck and the inside of the legs, is a standing- out fringe of coarse, deep brown hair, tufty, wooly, and decorative. Here and there over the surface of

the paler body are long strands of yellow- tan hair, long floating separate hairs, like a loose veil. This, I think, is very interesting when one considers the Arabian tent and costume. I have seen Arabian robes of white with dark wool tufts coming out of the shoulder seams and down the sides, and hanging tapes, etc. Is it possible that their decorations have been inspired by their beasts of burden? Or is it a remainder of the original camel- skin they, perhaps wore ages ago, in imitation? The only trouble is, I can't seem to think of another example.

4th

Fireworks I believe have been made illegal in the city. At any rate there has been little celebration (up till 6 o'clock) except a few terrific bangs every hour- desultory explosions, rare enough to startle you every time, rare enough to be really shots, with nothing "grand and glorious" about them. Considering that they may be illegal it is like people taking a cocktail here and there over the city in the time of Prohibition. I am longing to see some good fireworks this evening. The sky is hot and opaque at present, with one motionless blue kite, very high up. There is nothing of a wind to keep it up there; it looks like Coleridge's painted boat upon the painted ocean. ¹¹

A while ago I told M. how I felt that children were very rarely childish, and the brighter sort put on their charm and childishness out of children's books and parental conversation. She says now that she thinks that there are no such things as "childish reactions" or emotions, etc. All emotions are the same all of life, exactly, only we apply them to different sets of things as we go along. (This is not just working through various loves, either.)

July 4th - Saw Clifford Odets' two plays "Till The Day I Die", and "Waiting for Lefty"¹². Very much impressed, particularly with the former.

I am sure the time is coming when we shall say: "Communism: the opiate of the people". It serves such a "clearing- house" already for people, idealistic people, who have nothing really to do.

I saw a little dog, a bitch, in the grocery store this morning, a dark colored and red, (maybe a Dalmatian?) Her ears stood up on her head, and seen from the front they are fine- edged and close together. They trembled slightly as she looked nervously around: they were like antennae, but even more like a tuning- fork, set vibrating.

Poets who put their songs in the mouths of village idiots show serious maladjustment....

Why Venus has no arms: "Is your arm going to sleep?" etc...

There was no moon tonight. Instead we "made out" with two white dress shields¹³ hung up at the window to dry by a young lady across the street. They glowed through the twilight, doubly, with a Moonish, double- crescent, effect.

"Send me some token, that my hope may live,
Or that my easeless thoughts may sleep and rest;
Send me some honey to make sweet my hive,
That in my passion I may hope the best."¹⁴

"Here we are all by day; By night we're hurl'd
By dreams, each one into a sev 'ral world."¹⁵

Dreamed I had a long conversation upon Meter with George Herbert;¹⁶ we discussed the differences between his and Donne's and touched upon Miss Moore's, which was

felt, in the dream, to beat Donne's, but not his. This may have been subconscious politeness on my part. He had curls and was wearing a beautiful dark red satin coat. He said he would be "useful" to me... Praise God.

Sinful Syntax

There's a little man I've seen working in the library and around town; surely a harmless little lunatic. He's about 4 ft. 10, quite old and bent, with a face like a baby, no chin at all, little spectacles, and a goatee. His get-up, and the goatee, is Shakespearian, - bald head in front, long curls around the back. A puppet, pocket Shakespeare.

Last night (July 11th) I saw the other Odets' play "Awake and Sing" ¹⁷ - It was very good, although not quite as good as "Till the Day I Die" I thought. The strange thing was: It got its utter tragedy, poignancy, etc., from having the wrong solution, which the playwright believed to be right. It is strange to think of the young Jews all over town using materialistic philosophy as an idealistic religion. It got a great deal from Tchekov- which is, after all, an appropriate next step for Tchekov's style- from the decadent, dying, upper class, to the awakening, singing, lower, etc. I wish Louise could have seen it. "The sink is full of ants. I thought they were coffee grounds at first." In the most tragic moment of all, when it is revealed that the girl's going to have a baby, etc. "Oh- we must get Tootsie (the nasty white poodle) off the roof." That's hotter than Leon's button. ¹⁸

On the way to the theatre, going West on 45th St. we saw ahead of us an apparition of the Sun that kept us going on that street 2 blocks out of the way, even walking down the middle when the taxi- cabs would permit it. The Sun was setting across the Hudson ¹⁹ in the Shape, the Spectre, of a globe of pale, illuminated rose- I've seen the moon rise like that, but never the sun sink, and this was even more magnificent. It actually took up the

space between buildings on either side, and touched the pale brick and cement: Only this one street I suppose would have shown it that way- such was our good fortune for the evening.

“Taking the licenses, the detective went to the rear license plates to compare them. Then he handed them back and, pointing to a cigarette dispensing machine on the floor, asked, “What about that?” The men said they were collecting the machines for the Rowe Cigarette Service Company, 17 East Sixteenth Street, where a brother of Majdan is employed.

So far all was in order and plausible, and the only thing left for Thompson’s insatiable curiosity was a tin box of disarming appearance, also on the floor of the car. It was nicely painted with wreathed red roses and had a candy capacity of about two pounds.

“What’s in there?” inquired Detective Thompson.

“Oh, just tools to fix the machines,” replied one of the men.

Thompson, with Feeley standing behind him, extended his hand toward the box. That innocent move was resented. The two men on the back seat stamped their feet on Thompson’s hand. There was a scramble for the box and out of it tumbled a .32 caliber automatic and a .38 caliber revolver.

Instantly Thompson’s revolver was leveled at the men, his left hand still fending them off. He ordered them to throw up their hands, but the two men still reached for the pistols. The detective fired twice and then got the two weapons.”²⁰

My friendly circumstances, my “good fortune”, surround me so well and safely, and only I am wrong, inadequate. It is a situation like one of those solid crystal balls with little silvery objects inside: thick, clear, appropriate glass- only the little object, me, is sadly flawed and shown off as inferior to the setting.

It made me think, where oh where is the goat- ball- the goat- ball that made me want a billy- goat more than anything else for eight years, my pocket idol, the fetish I held in my hand and rolled down the bed-clothes whenever I was sick.

A set of apparently disconnected, unchronological incidents out of the past have been re- appearing. I suppose there must be some string running them altogether, some spring watering them all. Some things will never disappear, but rather clear up, send out roots, time goes on. They are my family monuments sinking a little more into the earth year by

year, leaning slightly, but becoming only more firm, and inscribed with meanings gradually legible, like letters written in “Magic Ink”.

(only 5 metaphors)

By Joseph M. Levy ²¹

Jerusalem, July 17- All efforts by Italy to disseminate propaganda among the Arabs of the Near and Middle East for the purpose of enlisting Moslem support in the Italo-Ethiopian dispute are proving futile.

Contrarily, the Arabs are in fullest sympathy with Ethiopia and the feeling of hatred for Italy is increasing hourly. There is a movement among the upper- class Moslems, especially among former officers of the Turkish and Arabian armies, to volunteer for service with Ethiopia.

It is not improbable that if Premier Mussolini fails to conquer Ethiopia he will be faced with a revolt in Tripoli, which he is holding with an iron hand. The Sinusis of Tripoli would greatly welcome an opportunity to settle old accounts with Italy.

The Emir Abdullah, ruler of Transjordan, who since the death of his brothers Feisal and Ali ranks among the greatest living Arab potentates, in an exclusive interview with *The New York Times* in which he spoke most excitedly, said:

“The Ethiopians have been friends of Islam since the earliest days of history. They were the first to harbor and protect the supporters of Mohammed.

“I do not believe that the Italians will find a single Arab who sympathizes with them in their present actions toward the poor Ethiopians. As for myself, I wish that I could be the first Arab to enroll as a volunteer to protect Ethiopia, an ancient friend of Mohammed.

“I personally do not like Mussolini. His manner of speaking and the way he appears in photographs make me imagine him to be a cheap comedian. His pompous personal demonstrations do not appeal to the Arab accustomed to the simplicity of the Sahara.

“The Red Sea is a vital zone for the Arabs. The activities of the Italians there do not please any Arab. I am certain that both the Hejaz and Yemen, which are now enjoying the fullest peace, are most suspicious of Mussolini’s aims in the vicinity of the Red Sea. I myself view his activities with alarm and have drawn the attention of the British authorities to them.

“Once the Italians conquer Ethiopia, they will not finish there. Eventually they will threaten the Arab countries.

“What do the Italians want of Ethiopia? Isn’t it a member of the League of Nations? Isn’t it a quiet nation? What can justify Mussolini’s aggression there? Nothing but lust for power. Power has blinded the Italians. Their atrocities in Tripoli are still fresh in the memory of Arabs.

“What a shame that Rome, the capital of Christianity, is attempting to enslave one of the most ancient Christian nations in the world. It is something more than power, it is heathenism, and it has divorced the Italians from Christian ethics.”

“One of his favorite stories was that of the three hermits who dwelt on the mountain side, one above the other. At the end of a year one of them said:

“This is pleasant.”

At the end of another year the second one said:

“That is so.”

And at the end of the next year the third one exclaimed:

“If I can’t have peace here I will return to the world.”²²

Best bit from “Oil for the Lamps of China“ seen at a 14th St. Movie House: the hero, very tenderly, to the heroine, “Together- isn’t it a beautiful word? - Together.” The heroine, “Yes darling, and think- it rhymes with forever. “

The other day I took Mrs. Miller a bunch of tiger-lilies, small ones, all freckled, striped, fringed, etc. Yesterday I sat opposite a young lady on the subway who had very odd eyebrows. Apparently she had disliked the shape of them, and had shaved them all off except for the first half inch, or even less. From then on, she had drawn a very fine, almost straight line of brownish- red with eyebrow pencil. The width of this line didn’t match the width of her own eyebrow- the curve wasn’t the same.



It gave her a half – wild look, and made me think of something, I couldn’t remember what. It came to me after I got off the subway- the eyebrows were exactly like the things inside the lilies I had taken to Mrs. Miller- the same color, size, uncertain effect- all alike except that the eyebrows were a little bigger and not quite so unsteady.

Chapter 8 “Epaulets of Foam”

On the Konigstein, ¹ July 30th

The horizon seems to be boat shaped- the shape of whatever you're on, or over, infinitely spread. Or maybe race- track shaped, the “stretch”, along the sides where the eye gets tired looking from front to back.

There were large round bodies, orbs of phosphorescence in the water, whirling up from under the ship and slowly fading out in the smothering foam. They circled on themselves; they occurred in groups mostly- a few seconds between them. They looked removed from us, a true leap in the dark, like spirits- The water was perfectly black, nothing at all except blackness, then it showed its level and gave us our only foothold by heading out into broad quickly spreading, quickly gone, white patches, set with the phosphorescence: clouds and moons- of the lower order.

Epaulets of foam- Ships over the sea- each one like one pointed shoe- print.

August 1st

A hospital is the only institution I can bear to be imposed upon by- and it really is going to all lengths I suppose to preserve the “personality”. But college, school, this ship- all awful places where one slips backwards into corners day after day, and the people who have a “good time” walk over one- more and more-

THE MAN ON THE RAFT

At night I hang over the side, staring at the moving platform of foam we make as we go- swelling out around us in great “Baroque” circles, fan after fan. In between these circles are occasional dark patches, sometimes in the foam itself, or sometimes I think I see a thicker patch in the waves half- way out of the light. These patches, I am always

sure, are men on rafts- poor wretches clinging to a board or two, black rags dripping in the water around them, shouting and shouting to the ship's lights as we go by so close above them

I am positive I see them there, even a white body, or the glitters of their eye-balls rolled toward us. Perhaps all of us should keep watch around the deck in a line, as they watched for submarines during the war, for these ship- wrecked men.

Twice now, both times at the table, (which is natural- enough) I have been overtaken by an awful, awful feeling of deathly physical and mental illness. - something that seems "after" me. It is as if one were whirled off from all the world and the interests of the world in a sort of cloud- dark, sulphurous grey, of melancholia. When this feeling comes I can't speak, swallow, scarcely breath. I knew I had it once before, years ago, and last night, on its second occurrence I placed it as "homesickness". I was homesick for two days once when I was nine years old; I wanted one of my Aunts. Now I really have no right to homesickness at all. I suppose it is caused actually by the motion of the ship away from N.Y.- it may affect one's center of balance some way; the feeling seems to center in the middle of the chest.

I twirl like a button on a string, stretched between N.Y. and somewhere in Europe-

As we got nearer, the actuality of the places we are going to see increases. Of course reality goes with one- but it is as if these cities, paintings, highways, churches were being built now, rising up, taking on color and dimension and perspective- I know now that St. Jacques will feel the same as this minute does; even that was hard to get before today.

See how self- centered a ship at sea makes one-

This ship is an old fashioned coal- burning type. On a very hot day last week four of

the stokers passed out from the heat.

The ship's drunkard wants only, and innocently, to be an "interesting character".

The little pervert who sits in the bar looking like a severe New England Clergyman, thinking only of his own disease. He has already attempted three young men on board, to my knowledge, with no success, and maybe more. One would think that at his age he'd have had more experience than to go at things that way- even to expect ordinary men to listen to him- running up behind Mr. B. saying "You are a Prince..." The worst of it is the narrowing effect it must have on his thoughts- he stares straight ahead, his face looks worm- eaten, he clutches to his breast a heavy book I've never seen him read.

The note the movers left me in N.Y. when the Times called up about my ad:

"Miss Bishopp

Call New York Times

Pulsified Ads. Dept."

I dreamed last night of paintings that wouldn't stay still- the colors moved inside the frames, the objects moved up closer and then further back, the whole thing changed from portrait to scenery and back again- keeping the same "lines" all the time. This may be the effect of reading Wolfram. ² "However late in the evening I may arrive at a place, I cannot go to bed without an impression." ³ Now, in the LARGER SENSE...

Mr. K's nastiest trick- one that could be successfully copied by anyone wishing to be mean- is to reply to a naïve, or what he considers naïve, question by drawing in his cheeks so that his lips are pursed, yet smiling a tiny, superior smile. In this position he shakes his head slightly, with a little smile in either eye. Then he says, oh so whimsically, still a bit puckered, "No- no- no." I tried this in the mirror and can produce an even

nastier effect than he can because of my peculiar cheek structure.

Where is the grave of the fish?
of the wave, of the whale?
Where is the last long grave
of the whale, of the fish of the wave?

Where is the grave of the fish, of the wave, of the whale?
Where is the last long grave
of the whale, of the fish of the wave?
One with the grave of the sailor, the ship, and the sail?

Where is the grave of the fish,
of the wave,
of the whale?
Where is the last long grave
of the whale,
of the fish,
of the wave?
One with the grave of the sailor,
the ship,
and the sail? ⁴

A great deal can be learned from Henry James on the correct use of repetition- two

verbs, nouns, adjectives, together or in close succession.⁵

It seems to me that of any work of art a good “balance” is 50% of its interest given to its subject matter, 50% to itself- i.e., the medium, the subject of its own style, etc. 50% to the idea, 50%, (blood- tribute), to “poetry”, “etching”, etc... Of course they’re mingled, the mind doing the work does not differentiate at the time- but one must have the trade + the tricks in order to be satisfied.

Antwerp, ⁶ August 10th

The lock was lit with orange- colored flood- lights that make the flesh look grey- white and the lips green. It was big, pale, geometric, almost bare, running silently by electricity. The effect from high up on the ship was like a Berman - pearl ⁷ or pearly nostalgic. Then we came up the harbor past dozens of enormous, un-lit freighters, with just a thread of smoke coming from each one.

Going up the Schelde ⁸ there were traces of land first on one side then the other- pearl -green. Little rows of trees moved off across the wet- looking country, lower than the ship- black and white cows here and there. The land looked in the last stages of dissolving- dissolution- sinking, sinking into a cloudy sea, the gulls staring down with their mean eyes.

Two nights ago the water was almost perfectly calm and a frigid whitish- grey color. Along the very edge of the horizon was a strange dark line, all the way around. I was walking down the deck when I met a man coming out of the engineer’s quarters, with a basin of soapy water in his hands. He was naked to the waist, very white, with a white face, except his eyes, which had dark lines heavily drawn under them- a stoker who had been cleaning up. It was odd to see the way he and the ocean coincided- mascara-ed and

“made up”.

We were supposed to be keeping on a rather southerly route in order to save the stokers a little-

On an almost- clear day the line drawn between water and sky was as hard to define as that between the flesh of the lips and that of the face-

Dreamed Hallie ⁹ was using toothpaste from a white tube lettered in red: “Shirley Temple Toothpaste.” ¹⁰

As we entered the Schelde in the evening the water was perfectly calm. The boat drew it up to a point at the stern, from which it fell away on both sides in long, rounded folds, spreading out like fan- sticks. After a while, the sun was low enough to reach all of these ripples on one side of the boat and made them a delicate gilt, so that it looked like a gilded scallop- shell laid on the water. Then the sun grew red and went into a room behind jagged clouds; he only shone through three or four torn holes. The light made what looked like hot, burning spots on the sea, one fairly near, one a hundred miles away, and several smaller ones, showing off the perspective.

The Plantin- Moretus Museum in Antwerp- ¹¹

The Brussels exposition is frightful. We didn't bother to see much but the two halls of paintings, ancient and modern. ¹² van der Weyden, van der Goes, Dirk Bonts, Pieter Bruegel, Teviers, etc. Also a few French ones, Ingres, David, one nice Poussin, etc. The Bruegel drawings were especially interesting- a great many surrealistic ones, some I think almost direct copies of Bosch. ¹³ I remember particularly one woman's figure, carrying a clock on her head and a pair of mammoth spectacles in her hand. The modern paintings went on endlessly and seemed to me to be very poor. There was one group from France

of all the favorites- Matisse, Picasso, Dufy, etc.- and it was best, of course. The Dufy ¹⁴ - of a boat house surrounded by trees, boats, and people (including two pink women) swimming in front of it, was very nice. I liked extremely an Utrillo ¹⁵ - a scene in Paris, clear grey sky, white church, and house- fronts below it. I still like the van der Weyden, ¹⁶ which I had seen in Boston, almost best- St. Luke Painting the Virgin. The little Adam and Eve with the pink and blue serpent with a human face, by van der Goes, ¹⁷ was there. It is only about 12 inches high-

Also the Annunciation- by van der Weyden, ¹⁸ in Antwerp, surprised me with its small size- sweet.

Chapter 9 “Cats and Bats”

Douarnenez ¹ August 17th

The wind blew straight at the row of poplar trees and parted each one down the middle so the leaves flew back on the long twigs, making them look like a row of long green feathers. The driveway lay like a dropped Indian War Bonnet, green, ghostly in the evening, like the headgear of an outcast warrior. The campfire burned in the sky, the painted symbols, the smoke, were there-

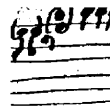
(Infinite Reunions-

Sometimes on the ship at the very bow the spray flew ahead like those white arrowheads-

That night a small, straight river went down the middle of his dreams- first he dreamed on one side, then on the other.

The telegraph poles in France, with their glass knobs or cones are more decorative than ours. The cross- bars are tighter, the knob fitted closely together on metal “twigs”

that sometimes curl above or below, the bars.



I can't draw it, but the effect is like so many little sections of design held up in the air, or so many plaques of inscription in Persian or some such Oriental writing-

The mauve- lavender- white star – fish lie on the beach curled up tight and half-covered with sand. When I take water in my hand and drop it on them they uncurl and spread themselves in their proper star-shape. - It is like the trick done with bent matches and drops of water, to form a star.

These fantastic, sea- weed draped rocks will be good for a MASK ² setting...

At the side of the river tonight were Cats and Bats. The cats crawled under the vines, so that a wave moved over their backs, and they shook the top leaves of the small trees. Once in a while they would have to come down to the ground, big and black, or white, and crawl, staring up at the Bats with primal green eyes. But the happy bats flittered and danced safely out over the water.

The river took the reflections of the lighted houses in his hands, squeezed them, rinsed them, wrung them, and held them, wrinkled and limp, but clean again.

The people on the beach, even more the people on the rocks at Pt. de Raz, look like bird- droppings- predominant black and white, specks of other colors, greenish and red, - guava.

The blue, pale, perfectly shaped and vaulted sky was like the inside of an egg- shell. So clear I could see the small white cord at the top which attaches the earth to it.

On a train some time ago: “Don’t lean out honey you might get hurt.” “Trains can’t run on the sidewalk, ma.” -Obviously, so much brighter than the mother-

There is nothing more loving than mother’s making conversation with their children, anyway. “2, 4, 6, 8, 13”- She was promptly corrected as if counting by two’s were a supreme issue-

“Aren’t you hot with that coat on?” “Oh no.” She was snubbed but didn’t feel it. The calm, large woman, like a white negress, dressed in black, rolled her full eyes towards the Hudson and said no more. She was hot- but she kept an even temperature, she had for years, down in the center of her, like a thermometer.

The general explanation of the poor: “Oh! It’s not much, but we have fun.”
I held what I had written up to a mirror to see what it meant that way. Wonderful!

A neck as large as her face. Not a long neck, but a face that was practically nothing. Finding enough of it to kiss would be a problem.

A strange race inhabits French paper currency - large, Michel- Angelo- muscled, heavy, silent jaws, wide foreheads, blue eyes- Sitting placidly among their scales and columns. In fact, everything that the French do not appear to be.

The chief trouble with writing novels, etc., about homosexuals seems to be the difficulty of handling the pronouns: One always runs into things like, "He took him in his arms and he..." etc.

This is the country of the Round Table, Arthur, Tristan, and so on. Tristan's Island³ is right here in the bay. Henri says if you go out in a boat on a clear day, right around the harbor here, you can look down in the water and see the remains of the sunken land of -- tumble- down castles, "colonnades."

Yesterday I was walking around the streets in the rain and I came upon a gypsy family- man, woman, and little girl. The man was beating a little tambourine. He carried two chains; on the end of one was a small ape, long- haired, reddish, wearing for modesty's sake an old pair of little trousers. On the end of the other was a medium- sized bear. He was rusty and awkward, the ring through his nose had pulled one side of it out of shape; he was quiet and desperate- the children came up and pulled at the long hair on his back, the dogs all stayed at a distance, barking. When the man beat on the tambourine the bear marched around in circles on his hind legs, and sometimes saluted with his right paw, while the ape turned poor cart- wheels and somersaults. It was so wet and dreary- the poor bear's flat feet kept slipping in the mud on the steep streets. He gave up every once in a while and sat down, looking hurt, until the man gave a yank at the chain.

In the market place I bought a bunch of loose, untidy chrysanthemums- country – chrysanthemums, grown between the gooseberry- bush and the “Memorial” rose -tree. Most of them are a beautiful raspberry color, a few large white ones, one delicate- “tea-rose” color. The petals are like little strips of old tissue -paper, curled just slightly (over a knife- blade) at the tip- softer, of course. H. did not thank me as I felt that I should be thanked-

I should like to write a series of short descriptive poems that would give me the same satisfaction as the picture and descriptions in the old mail- order catalogues. They- the catalogues- must enter prominently into the “novel”- I must get a French one, too. Many of the advertisements, the shop- windows, the kinds and colors of things for sale here, cheap candies, children catching flies in bottles, pencil “scribblers”, Sunday coats and shoes- make one think of the Village ⁴. I’d like to go and buy a pair of child’s white pumps- they are exactly the same, even to the nasty little celluloid buckle.

The chrysanthemums tempt one to take hold of them and scratch around, to “look” for things, like on a long- haired dog.

On Sundays there are several bright little French sailors strutting around, looking as though they were going to a children’s party.

THE MAIL ORDER CATALOGUE -

particularly toy- departments, musical- instruments, appliances like trusses and syringes, etc.- filled me with horror- The same effect as the little legs, kidneys, hearts, made out of silver they stitch up around the altars in churches here. That an object has an existence strong enough to produce these ghosts, distortions, funeral engraved- nightmares of itself- with prices and writing underneath- This is very hard to get to the bottom of.

Sometimes I wish I had a junk- room, store- room, or attic, where I could keep and had kept, all my life the odds and ends that took my fancy. The buffalo robe with moth-eaten scalloped red- flannel edges, my Aunt's doll ⁵ with the limp neck, buttons, china, towels stolen from hotels, stones, pieces of wood, beach- toys, old hats, some of my relatives cast- off clothes, liquor labels, tin foil, bottles of medicine to smell, bottles of colored water- things which please by their neatness, such as small lined blank- books, blocks of solder, Everything and Anything. If one had such a place to throw things into, like a sort of extra brain, and a chair in the middle of it to go and sit on once in a while, it might be a great help- particularly as it all decayed and fell together and took on a general odor.

Last night I got up in the middle of the night to take a look at the sky. There were thousands of very sharp, fine little gilt stars; the sky, of the thinnest possible grey balloon- silk, was stretched over them like a circus tent on many gold- headed tent- poles, dainty but secure.

In the cafe the Miroux family ⁶ kisses each other good- morning all round, or good- by, as one of their number goes out for a promenade- loudly on both cheeks, then in the middle- papa, mamma, three grown daughters, little girl, son. The kisses are like gun- shots- I try to keep my eyes on my book, but look up involuntarily at each one.

The sun comes in through the glass door and shines the marble table tops, where a few flies crawl. The woman who sells hens comes in with a basket in each hand, two hens crowded together in each basket. Madame Miroux picks them up by the legs and examines them coldly, two at a time; the hens twist their little serpent- like heads upwards, and look at her with eyes rather like hers. They don't make a sound; they have

given up all hope. Then the fish- man comes, with an enormous basket of fish on his head. The young chef comes out of the corner where he has been reading the paper, to select the fish. He is the most stylish person here, in his work- clothes at least. He is very small, young, pale- faced; he wears blue and white checked cotton trousers, a close- fitting white jacket, and knots around his neck a dish- towel, with a red- fringed border. The family all respect him very much, and sometimes in the morning he sits in the cafe and draws pictures to entertain the smallest girl- she on one side, the little white dog on the other, looking over his shoulders.

I am always getting myself in situations where I depend on some cold- food woman, some mean- jawed postman, for my pleasures- and they keep them from me deliberately. The postman stands and talks with the patronne- she flicks my letters carelessly against the door frame- she stands there fifteen minutes while I pretend to read my book, wondering if I dare raise my voice and call to her in dreadful French to please bring me my letters. ⁷ The poor little dog, ⁸ who sits quietly on a bench, at a table, as if at any moment she might order, in a trembling voice, an aperitif, or cup of cafe au lait, looks at me sympathetically. We look into each other's eyes now and then- she shivers a little and shakes her head. "Oh!" and her eyes fill with tears. We are both wretched, around eleven o'clock in the mornings here.

I bought us a beautiful, large melon- so ripe the rose- colored inside shone through the yellowish- rind. It came wrapped in a piece of white and pale green striped paper. You could eat all the way down to the rind, where it began to taste like a garden where the earth has been baked hard and dry.

A sad young blonde, one of Douarnenez's inferior daughters; walks around the streets

waving a blue wool hat with a ribbon around it saying “NORMANDIE” in gold letters.

Hallie said: The water in the river looked like “green paint”. That the gutter system in Douarnenez is certainly superior, but, it must be “hard to live at the bottom of the hill.”

A stain on the plaster of the ceiling looks like a cloud. On it sits a small black fly twiddling his front legs, like a Negro angel playing on his harp.

The cats: Minette, Grisette, Mimi, Fifi, Blanchette, Babu, Mussolini, and Frederic.
The dog, Lulu?

They were unloading the sardines tonight down...- the tide was low, so you hung over the railing and looked down at them. It was elaborately funeral dark, the torch or two, the men, two to a rack, with handles on each end, like pall- bearers, the clump- clump without any conversation, and the thousands of shiny little corpses in their wooden boxes, boxes of stars. Also, the sardines are so metallic, the fishermen looked like men carrying a kind of currency. Imagine handing little silver sardines from hand to hand like money; it might be the kind the Technocrats approve of, representing labor- and growing putrid and quite incapable of banking.

Now I must find out a great deal more about Baptist theology. ⁹ I must write to my aunts and see what they remember about her conversion, baptism, the revival meetings, etc. I must find out about the minister there at that time- M. Francis would do- and was there when I was there. Remember one “always bows your head when you pray.” ¹⁰ Get that hymn- book. A photograph?

THE SHRUB

ON THE ISLAND

THE WATERFALL ¹¹

The short story always ends by becoming a repetition- even this book- “A London Life.”¹² A “L.L.” is alright- but the others are just the same old thing. Which of all you know- there is something about them that gets cheaper and cheaper. Tchekov?

...must not only set them together, subtract them- $X-Y=Z$, divide them; multiply them, and add them (which would be simply surrealistic.) Comparison.

It was funny that my laundry, called “the Bachelor’s Friend”, used to sew buttons on my step- ins.¹³

He leaned over to kiss her slightly before getting into bed- as a man dabbles one toe in the water before going swimming.

After all, the more developed James’ characters are, in conversation, Impossible. Their characters are beautifully convincing, but they say their Ah, Ahs- their ridiculous contradictions- to act out one scene out loud might show what I mean- it’s James’ figures of speech that keeps them alive; their own are so inferior.

They are like goldfish, dodores, in a crystalline aquarium, in a beautiful crystalline fluid- all of a ‘swim (it’s one of his favorite verbs of motion) and a glitter- but its the fluid that shows them off- without it they’d flop more stupidly than most other book- characters. I think that Spender says James is “vulgar” because, like Jane Austin, he never mentions sex.¹⁴ This is probably true- what one feels the lack of even more than the mention of sex, I think, is something that depends on it, in a way- simple contact between the characters, between the characters and the reader. Their flesh is reticent, and like the dodores, one feels it to be chilly. I mean, in their beautiful “swimming” intercourse they rarely touch and when they do brush each other James makes it such an occasion- has to throw in a lot more of the fluid to surround, to cool. (As I wrote that I

discovered I had fleas...)

Just to sit back and let all the heroes of history turn into George Arlis¹⁵..
...every day it's to be. Somewhat the railroad- snowplow feeling- all the time that has drifted in is to be pushed ahead. Trying to hold up your hand in the air when all the pressure from below is gone (= the non- importance of the last two weeks) and the weight, (the future, the arrival) is all on top.

I hear Madame does not respect me because she doesn't give me a full- sized dinner plate any more- only the fish- size, cheese- size, one again.

Part III 1936

Chapter 10 “B-r-r-r the Water’s Cold”

November 1936



B-r-r-r, the water’s cold. Or maybe the bather has just seen a shark. Or maybe he is high-jumping to coolness. A guess here is as good as a fact. ¹

King Edward VIII in his royal robes- a composite photograph. His bride to be is pictured above. ²



Wide World
 "WOODY" HOCKADAY
 He sneaked up on a platform, hurled a bag of feathers upon a surprised Father Coughlin and got what you see

3

He threw feathers several times- he says for "PEACE". Some association with the Dove?

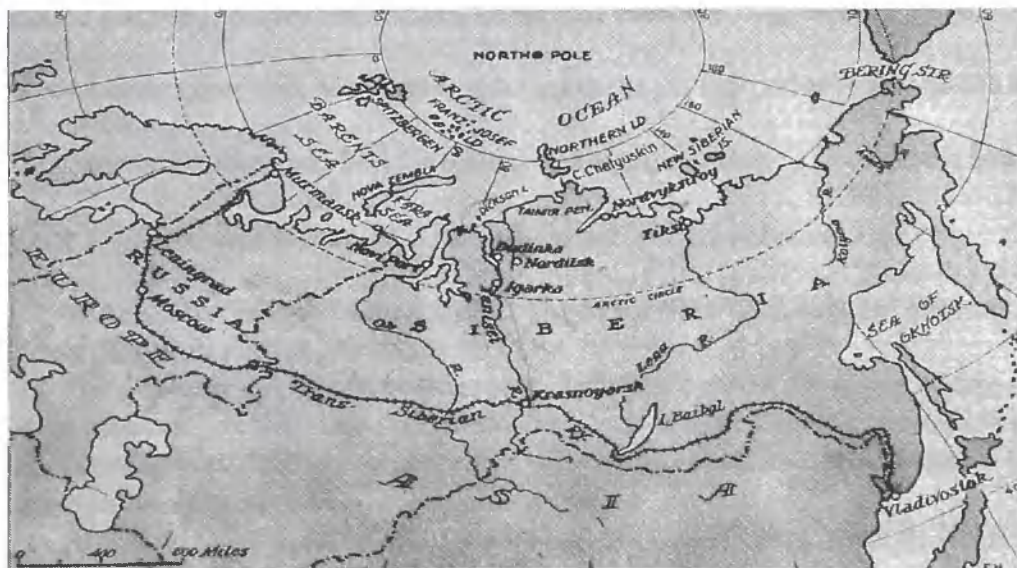
Koenigsberg, Germany, Nov. 2- Under Nazi guidance, East Prussians today were preparing to get all decked up in colorful new "old" dress.

In contrast with denizens of other parts of the Reich, East Prussians had no traditional local dress- so Nazi experts designed costumes for them. Museums and ancient chronicles were searched to determine the correct historical picturesque garb for them.

As a result the order now calls for the following costumes: Men- Short jackets with amber buttons, large bandanna kerchiefs, breeches and buckled shoes. Women- Bright-colored shawls, bodices and skirts with white stockings.

Model figures have been sent all over the province to induce the populace to adopt the new old dress.⁴

air is excellent for steadying the nerves. A formula for a lotion for perspiring hands may be had for a stamped, addresses envelope.⁵



6

Fahnestock A Suicide

Man, 84, Gagged Himself, Aide to Medical Examiner Finds

Gates Fahnestock, 84-year-old member of a wealthy family who was found dead Thursday night in the Peck Memorial Hospital, Brooklyn, with his nose and mouth taped, was declared a suicide yesterday by Dr. Romeo W. Auerbach, assistant medical examiner in Brooklyn.

Death was caused by suffocation, Dr. Auerbach said, resulting from the adhesive tape binding. Dr. Auerbach decided that the man put the tape on himself.

Mr. Fahnestock, who lived at 15 Gramercy Park, Manhattan, had been ailing from heart disease and had been a patient at the hospital for two months.⁷

There are compasses, altimeters, rate of climb indicators, bank and turn indicators, a gyroscopic direction finder, an artificial horizon, also gyroscopic, which shows the altitude of the plane at all times in relation to the water below us, and a Sperry gyropilot that actually flies the plane on any course or in level, climbing or descending flight without any help from a human pilot.

There is no chance of the Clipper's going into a tail spin in fog and clouds because the pilot does not have a horizon to guide him...⁸

2 Farm Boys Killed By Cold

Bowie, Tex. (UP).- Two small boys, Orlando Carmon, 15, and Floyd carmon, 11, were dead from exposure Sunday.

The boys had been missing from the family's farm home several days. The bodies were found in an isolated wooded area.

The parents, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Carmon, had stored their furniture at a farm near Spanish Fort and had sent the boys there late Wednesday to watch it during the night.

Orlando was lying face downward. The younger boy had fallen backward with his knees doubled under him, as though he had been praying when he died.⁹

Now I remember that Minnow is the China cat on the parlor mantelpiece at Gammies-

that is why I chose her. The China cat belonged to Aunt G¹⁰.- it had a blue ribbon on its neck in china, rather than M's red collar, but it's the same cat.

When Mr. Wagenheim entered Davis's office he found the attorney slumped over a divan in one corner of the room.

On a desk in the center of the room were eight notes. One was address, "To whom it may concern." It bore one sentence which was almost illegible but which police said appeared to read: "Have an inexpensive funeral." or "Have an expensive funeral." The other notes were sealed.

Mr. Davis was elected to membership in the Bar Association in 1931. He was a

graduate of the New York University Law School, class of 1910, and was a member of the...¹¹

The sound of the typewriters prevented them from hearing the shot.

Boy Falls Through Glass Dome

Mayville, N.Y., Oct. 28 (AP).- Thirteen-year-old Emmet Franklin today was recovering from injuries caused by a 20-foot fall through a glass ceiling in the dome of the Chautauqua court house. With a group of schoolmates young Franklin climbed over a rail yeaterday across the glass. It broke. Twenty feet below he fell partly through another glass ceiling, but his body caught on wooden framework. He was rescued by R. J. Veness, who crawled out on the glass to reach him. He was badly bruised.¹²



13



14



Freedom was denied to Alfred Papiano, 13 (right), murder when his mother pleaded she feared gangland threats. Spitaleri, 14 (left), also was witness against gang.

15



MAN-MADE LIGHTNING FROM BOULDER DAM.
Lueth Strickfaden surrounded by a discharge of high-frequency
electricity at the Electrical Age Exposition in Los Angeles which
coincided with the inauguration of the current from the dam.
(Times Wide World Photos, Los Angeles Bureau.)

Toledo Spain, Nov. 6- The newspaper El Alcazar today quoted Madrid soldiers and Civil Guards captured on the Escorial front as saying that government troops had desecrated the royal tombs in the Escorial pantheon.

They are said to have exhumed the remains of kings and queens, which were then thrown into the monastery courtyard and burned.

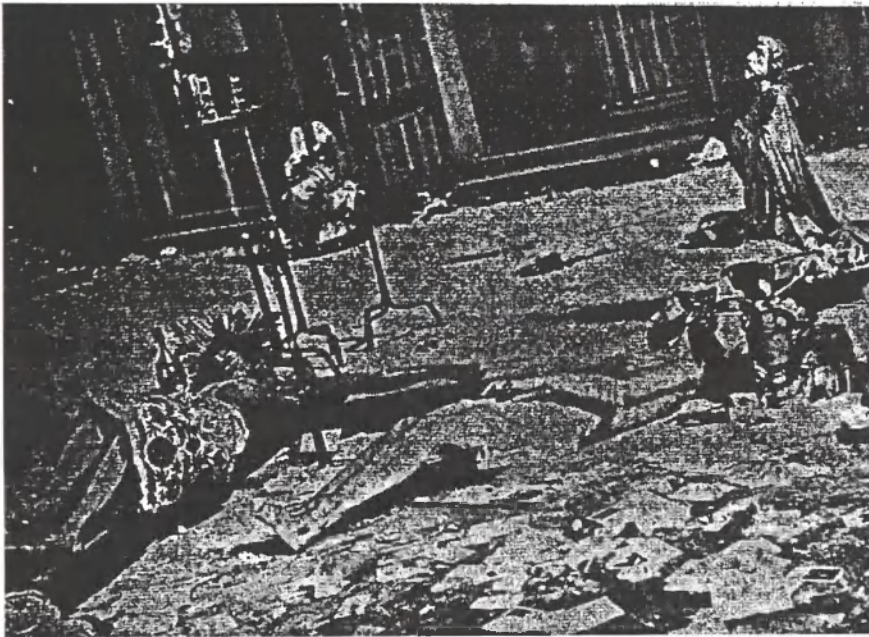
Thereafter, says El Alcazar the troops filled the vaults with bodies of their own military men who had been killed in action.

The section of the pantheon reserved for rulers has only forty vaults, one of the empty ones being reserved for former King Alfonso XIII, who abdicated. ¹⁷

Getafe, Spain, Nov. 6- Curious evidence that women militia had been engaged in defending Madrid from advancing Insurgents was revealed when this correspondent visited the vacated trenches that were captured on Wednesday.

These defenses, in parts, were littered with all sorts of feminine belongings. Some of the women had worn high-heeled shoes to the battlefronts and had left them behind. There were also vanity cases.

Indications were that the retreat had been so hurried when the Insurgents approached the trenches that there had been no time to gather up and save even the most personal belongings. ¹⁸



Ruins of the Interior of El Pino Church in Barcelona after statues and crucifixes had been damaged by ¹⁹

“I opened this letter to inclose the \$5 * * *,”

To his mother-in-law, Mrs. Maria Clemm, Poe writes thus of his arrival in Philadelphia with Virginia.

“* * * We arrived safe at Walnut St. wharf. The driver wanted to make me pay a

dollar, but I wouldn't. Then I had to pay a boy a levy to put the trunks in the baggage car. * * * I met a man selling umbrellas and bought one for 62 cents. * * * We have now got \$4 and a half left. Tomorrow I am going to try and borrow \$3- so that I may have a fortnight to go upon. I feel in excellent spirits and haven't drank (sic.) a drop so that I hope- to get out of trouble. The very instant I scrape together enough money I will send it on* * *."

Another to Mrs. Clemm, whom he affectionately called "Muddy":

"* * * I lectured at Norfolk on Monday and cleared enough to settle my bill here at the Madison House (Richmond, Va.), with \$2 over. I had a highly fashionable audience but Norfolk is a small place and there were 2 exhibitions the same night.* * *"

The whimsical touch becomes apparent particularly in a letter Poe wrote from Philadelphia to two friends jointly. When last he had seen them, Poe evidently had indulged too freely. He wrote:

"* * * Please express my regret to Mr. Fuller for making such a fool of myself in his house, and say to him (if you think necessary) that I should not have got half so drunk on his excellent port wine but for the rummy coffee with which I was forced to wash it down.* * *"²⁰

Dear Maud,²¹

You have written about three letters to my one. It seems as if the busy days are never going to let up this fall. Even Sundays are busy, but today is an exception, Will and I and the children are alone. Helene is out to dinner. Viola and the children are down home and Tom is away to the Mountain hunting cattle. Buddy and Roddy are watching the cattle, keeping them out of the turnips and Phyllis is knitting herself a pair of bed socks. She is very industrious, always wants to be doing something. She has learned to run the machine and last week she made me four holders. I am going to get some flannelette and let her make herself some pajamas. She likes to cook too, fudge especially.

Rod is getting along fine at school. You would laugh to hear him read. He never looks at the book at all. It is no trouble for Buddy to learn. He stays at the head of his class, the teacher puts him at the foot on Monday A.M. and he works up again. There are only four in his class so it isn't much to brag about, but Phyllis is never at the head, she pulls in about 3rd.

I guess I told you about the dykes breaking in the spring and it costing so much to get them fixed. Well we had another high tide and they broke again. We have had two extra men here ever since Sept. 27th, with two and three lunches every day besides the three kids. I am so sick of putting up lunches. It takes so much bread and sweet stuff. I make 16 loaves of bread every week, to say nothing of rolls, biscuits etc. I think they'll be through this week and I'll not be sorry. Besides that we had a well drilled at the barn. Two men were here 4 or 5 days. They went down 77 feet and finally got 30 ft. of water. It cost us \$2.00 per foot, and we are paying for it with potatoes. It is such a job in the winter weather to get the cattle and horses to the brook. It will be a great help to them. Our potatoes are only a fair crop. We have quite a lot of stem rot, but they are a good price \$1.00 a bag. We have a big crop of turnips but there is quite a lot of club root in there. There is always something to keep the rabbit's tail short.

Marie wrote me that they were paying a bonus to the nurses who had served in the Red Cross. She said she heard of one girl getting \$450.00. I thought likely it was only overseas nurses, but Hazel said she didn't think so. So anyway I wrote. I thought if they are foolish enough to pay a bonus to girls who did only home nursing I might as well have it as well as the others. I didn't know the exact dates I was working in the Red Cross, so they answered and told me that only those enlisted between the dates of Apr. 6, 1917 and Nov. 1, 1918 and who were in the service not less than 30 days were entitled to the bonus. I have written to the Red Cross in Boston to see if I can find out when I did join. Can you remember when I joined. It is so long ago that I have forgotten all about it nearly. I still have my pin and my number 30504 so perhaps I will get something.

P.S.- I forgot to tell you that the big busses to Monclair, St. John, Boston, etc. go

right by the door. It doesn't seem as if you were quite so far away with them going by daily. You and George had better come that way for X mas.

ANGELICA

LOUIS E. NEUMAN & CO.,
N. W. Corner Pearl and Elm Streets, New York.
Special Prices in Lots of 1000.

No. 778—INS,	\$1.20 per 100, Net.
No. 779—OUTS,	\$0.55 per 100, Net.

ALSO BLANKS.

22

...Who lives in the Big _ house- by the name of Marshall- The Warrens have tried to stop the affair, forbidding him the house etc. etc., but of course that has made the affair worse- Wednesday this boy was arrested for forging checks- using the people's names on Hillside Ave. and I guess any name at all-They seem to think his mind is wrong- and have him in Dauners for observation- it came out that he and Marianne are married, and had everything packed and ready to leave for Mexico at once -(he has a car) he was forging the checks for traveling expenses- that is all I have heard so far. Some people

who live 2 doors down have a daughter who is very very _ with Marianne and she has told the whole thing. Mrs. Viant next door told me about it, I am mending so must get busy. Did you ever get the parcel _ you spoke about, I am always afraid they get lost, when I do not get _ _ if you haven't- use your over time and tell me about your plans for Thanksgiving. G.²³

Memphis, Tenn., Nov, 28 (AP).-

Four-year-old Emmie Wilson, who "can't stop talking," carried on his childish prattle today, growing weaker from a strange malady which baffled his doctors.

His body wasted away to twenty pounds and his hair turned snow white. Emmie talked on and on, just as he has since entering the hospital on Nov. 18 with what first was believed to be meningitis.

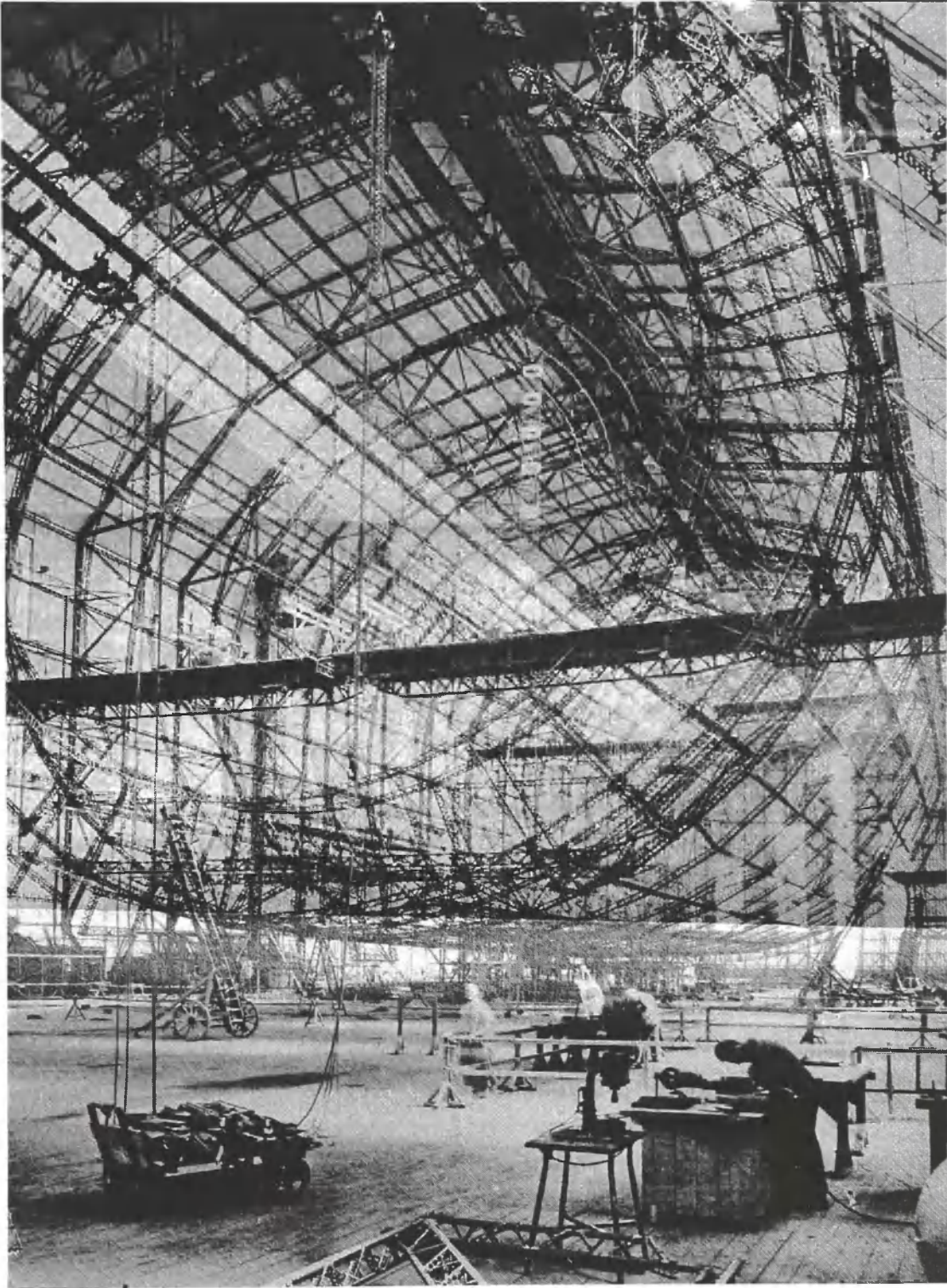
Physicians said that they were not sure of his ailment. They called in a nerve specialist today.

The boy had a slight stroke two weeks ago which affected his face. One eye remains open; one side of his mouth is drawn.

He sleeps four or five hours at night. He is alternately rational and delirious. His fever comes and goes.

Throughout his waking hours Emmie talks- of home, childish desires and his mother, Mrs. May Wilson, herself seriously ill at her Munford (Tenn.) home.

Always he seems to be afraid to be alone, especially at night. Busy nurses passing his room hold a handkerchief to their eyes when they hear his plea: "Come on in! Please come in."²⁴



Perth, Australia, Nov. 17 (U. P.)-

The Executive Council commuted to life imprisonment at hard labor today the death sentence imposed on Michael O'Sullivan, 26, "mercy killer." O'Sullivan killed his incurably imbecile son. The jury which convicted him strongly recommended mercy. ²⁶

Malaga's cathedral was a pitiful sight. The interior had been sacked and transformed into a lodging house for those peasants and other civilians who had been evacuated from neighboring villages as the Insurgents advanced. Many of these people still remained herded together in what looked like cattle pens, surrounded by squalor.

Infants dirty clothing hung from grilles and altar rails, while some persons who were sick, huddled in blankets, others were cooking beans over alcohol stoves, and still others lounged, hats on their heads, on the altar steps. I had the impression that they were not scoffers; they just did not know better. ²⁷

Mr. Millis saw the new German tactics tried out in Army manoeuvres last September- at least he was present in the vicinity of the war games; as he notes, modern manoeuvres are not seen, the men stay hidden quite as successfully as the Indians Braddock fought.

He was on a hilltop, however, when a full infantry regiment advanced across open ground to attack. "It was coming down off a rather distant ridge, crossing a wide, shallow valley and mounting the slope on which I happened to stand. It had no lines, no order, no regular arrangement of companies or battalions. There were just little strings of men, each a squad in single file led by its corporal (and looking for all the world like microphotographs I have seen of certain types of disease germs) scattered all over the whole area. They were moving generally in the same direction, but some were headed at the moment in one way, some in another. With wide intervals between each string and its nearest neighbor, there was no mass to attack, nothing to shoot at, nothing to be stopped. But they filled up the place. It was an example of the current application of World War lessons in 'dispersion.'"

But how would this work if the attack were real? The movement demanded the same qualities in corporals that during the World War were expected of captains and majors.

Some of the Questions

When two such formations met, how could victory be determined? Might they not simply mutually paralyze each other? And how would supply be maintained?

The full value of the tank is not yet known, and though Spain is a testing laboratory for the new air-fighting tactics, the place of planes in war plans is still surrounded by question marks.

Looming large among the uncertainties that make for peace is the present... ²⁸



Leftists Barricade The Streets of Madrid

“A view of the Martin de los Heros thoroughfare, fortified by government troops to check the advance of the insurgents.”²⁹

Part IV 1937

Chapter 11 “Especially Virgie Necessary”

A family of fifteen persons so poor that the members have to go out in relays because they have not enough clothes to go around was found living on the East Side yesterday.

In New York less than a year and therefore unable to apply for relief, the family- a widowed mother and her fourteen children- occupies three rooms on the sixth floor at 705 East Sixth Street. The six-story tenement is near Avenue C, in one of the poorest sections.

The entire brood, according to the story told yesterday by the mother, Mrs. Helen Spangler, 42 years old, is at present trying to subsist on \$28 a week. That is the sum brought home weekly by two of her daughters who work as tray girls in a cafeteria.

The case came to light when another daughter, Theresa, 12, became so ill of tonsillitis that an ambulance was called from Bellevue Hospital.

The ambulance physician, Dr. Dwight E. Harken, took Theresa to the hospital yesterday morning. He said she was ill of abscessed tonsils, caused by long neglect. He reported simultaneously that the eldest son, Matthew, 22, and another daughter, Mary, 18, were seriously ill of malnutrition.

The plight in which the family finds itself was caused by depression conditions in the coal-mining district at Darragh, Pa., Matthew said.

“We were worse off there,” he declared.

He came here a little more than a year ago and got a job as a bus boy, earning \$40 a month and his food. The fact that he was making a living led him to believe that his family would be better off here, so he gave up his job and brought the family East.

He could not get the job back and is still out of work. Mary worked for a while, but she is not very strong, and had to give up. Kay, 16, and Helen, 20, are the breadwinners now. They get one meal a day where they work, but for the others it is bread, literally.

Bread, a few vegetables and coffee are about all Mrs. Spangler can afford to buy, she said, because with \$24 a month rent to pay, only about \$22 a week is left for food. That is about 20 cents a day for each person.

When a reporter visited the Spangler family last night he found the smaller children playing on the floor with a broken piece of electric light cord, the only toy they have.

Questioning Mrs. Spangler about how she managed she pointed to two large cans. “I make stew,” she said.

She said she and her husband came from Croatia twenty-seven years ago. The children converse among themselves in that language, although born here. Due to the lack of clothes, the mother said, they are not able to attend school regularly.

There were no curtains, no floor covering and few dishes in the bare rooms. Three battered chairs were at a kitchen table. There were four beds. Two towels and one piece of soap serve the family. They have light and heat, for which they pay \$5 a month, plus rent.

The mother said the girls had worked occasionally as domestic servants, but only the two who are employed at the cafeteria on 104th Street and Broadway are at work now.

The remaining children, black-haired and bright-eyed but anemic, are George, 15; Rose (twin of Theresa), 12; Jane, 10; Gladys, 7; John, 6; Violet, 5; Mark and Zora, twins, 4, and Downey, 3.

Mrs. Spangler said the house they had lived in at Darragh was owned by the mining company. Matthew Jr. tried mining but was not strong enough, she said. She expressed the fear that the children would be taken to an institution if she applied for help.

The family's condition was brought out dramatically to the members of the ambulance crew. As they were leaving Matthew announced that he must go along. This was necessary, he said, because Theresa's clothes were needed for others.

The clothes, it turned out, did not belong to Theresa. Having been bedridden for some time, Theresa had no clothes.

"We'd take help," Matthew Jr. said, "we're not crazy. But we can't apply for it. We'd be shipped back to Pennsylvania. Everything will be O.K. when Mary and I get working again. We don't want to go back. It was sure-enough hard sledding there."

Dr. Harken's report said that all the children were undernourished. Last night Theresa's condition was said at the hospital to be "not serious."

The family will not be eligible for relief until next November."¹

The southern remedy for malaria and other fevers is cobwebs. They gather cobwebs and stuff them into capsules and swallow them.

January 1937

"System of Espionage"

Obviously, industry believes, it must prepare itself with a more effective method of internal plant protection than General Motors had. One large industrial company is said to have an espionage department under which a workman can never know whether the man working alongside him is spying upon him. According to legend, three employees of this company can never get together without one being a spy. Dissenters are quietly but unceremoniously thrown out.

Another plan which has been discussed is to rebuild manufacturing plants like fortresses or penitentiaries, with walls, pill-boxes, guardhouses, sentries, impregnable gates, remote control of power, light and water facilities, so that heat, light, and water could be shut off in the section of the plant affected, and such control over entrances and exits that food supplies could be cut off and sit-downers starved out.

Complete isolation of an occupied factory, it is believed, would be a most effective defensive weapon. Experience has shown that the sit-downers require constant communication with outside associates. Not only do they demand help from pickets, who protect the plant gates and keep their food lines open, but they need encouragement and stimulation from their leaders and organizers to maintain their momentum through the monotonous days just "sitting" in the plant.

Company Police Forces

It has been suggested that company police forces be strengthened and specially trained in defensive...against the sit-downers...²

The professor laid out his apparatus in the death cell and bound an attachment to Rappaport's left arm. He started to put questions:

"Do you know who shot Max Dent?"

"No," replied Rappaport.

The needle flickered unsteadily, indicating, Professor Keeler said later, that Rappaport was lying.

Other leading questions, and the needles wavered.

Mr. Keeler turned to casual questioning. The needle graphed a steady course.

Suddenly he returned to the murder. The needle returned to quivering and sealed Rappaport's doom.³



Still on the Road To Self-Support

Dave Sweatman, 72 years old, accompanied by his family and pulling all his worldly goods on a wagon, passes through Memphis, on a journey across the country from Oklahoma, looking for a job as a carpenter or blacksmith. He has refused all offers of Federal relief.⁴



Oedipus and the Sphinx, an engraving in "A Chemical Examination of the More Secret Parts of Nature," by Michael Maier and reprinted from his "Atalanta Fugiens," published in 1687. Illustrations from "Prelude to

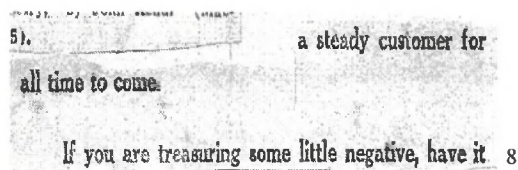
Chemistry,” by John Read. (Macmillan, \$5). ⁵

For Human Moles

Now that Europe is burrowing underground, tales are beginning to be told of cellars more and more palatial. A cellar just completed under one of the big houses in the Avenue Foch in Paris is believed to be the most palatial of them all. Its ceiling is formed by forty-two feet of reinforced concrete and sheet iron. Its immense doors weigh a ton each. Despite its depth below the surface, it has elaborate machinery for keeping the air free of poison gas during air raids.

This cellar has its own electric light plant, ample room for storing food against a siege, and huge tanks of gas for cooking. Dormitories will accommodate fifty people. There are hospital facilities, connected by specially protected telephone wires with the outside world. A loud-speaker will enable refugees to sit safely listening to the air-raid noises in the street far above them. ⁶

Kafka, “The Burrow” ⁷



I asked the clerk if he could get me something in another part of the store. “Yes, Madam.” Then he said “Er- if you will give me the necessary funds, please.”

Flower Prints Decorate Book Printed in 1734 Sir Thomas More Gives Full Directions for Indoor Garden Procedure

By Millicent D. Stow. “The Flower Garden display’d in Above Four Hundred Curious Representations of the Most Beautiful Flowers; Regularly dispos’d in the respective Months of their Blossom, Curiously engraved on Copper Plates, From Designs of Mr. Furber, and Others, And Coloured to the Life. With the Description and the History of Each Plant, and the Method of their Culture; whether in Stoves, Green-Houses, Hot Beds, Glass Cases, Open Borders, or Against Walls. Very Useful, Not only for the Curious in Gardening, but the prints likewise for Painters, Carvers, Japeners too. Also for the Ladies, as Patterns for Working, and Painting in Water-Colours or Furniture for the Closet. To Which is Added, A Flower-Garden for



Photo by Freddie A. Conningham.
Flower arrangement in book published in 1734, owned by Howard F. Porter of the Old Print Exchange.

Gentlemen and Ladies, being, The Art of Raising Flowers without any Trouble, to Blow in Full Perfection in the Depth of Winter, in a Bed-Chamber, Closet, or Dining-Room Also, The Method of Raising Salleting, Cucumbers, Melons, &c., at any Time of the Year. As it is now Practiced by Sir Thomas More, Bart.”

The above is copied from the title page of a book printed in 1734. It was at that time the second edition. The book has twelve copper engravings, hand colored, and each print shows more than thirty different kinds of flowers. This is believed to be the first English book containing flower prints.

Print for Each Month.

There is a flower print for each month of the year. The flowers are arranged in urns, some with flowers carelessly dropped beneath. Each flower is plainly numbered and below the print is a key that tells the name of every flower in the group.

Each print is followed by a description of the flowers and how they may be grown.

“I flatter my self,” wrote Sir Thomas More, “that the following Improvement in the Delightful Art of Gardening, as it has hitherto ascaped the Thought of the Curious, will meet with no unwelcome Reception; it being a Contrivance to Divert the Ingenious, in a Place, and at a Time they cannot be otherwise furnish’d with those pleasing Objects of Delight.”

Flowers for Christmas.

All this starts a long discourse as to the easiest way to raise flowers in a Chamber in the greatest smoke of London in Winter so that the reader may have flowers for Christmas. The writer promises that his reader will not be led into extravagance or undue trouble. He then tells how he raises bulbs:

“I caused four Basons to be made at the Red-ware Pot-house about eighteen Inches diameter from Outside to Outside on the top, and one Foot deep to the Bottom, and contracted into a Cone at the Bottom, of six Inches diameter and four Inches deep, to be fitted into Iron Rings, which are to be fasten’d to the Window by Legs with half Cranks or Crooks put into two Staples, drove in part of the Windows, and to be lifted out with ease at Pleasure. These Basons I had painted into an Imitation of the blew Ware.”

These Basons, as he calls them, were filled with bulbs that grew in specially prepared earth. Later he describes a method of raising the bulbs in water and apparently got the same good results. Sir Thomas must have been one of the first indoor gardeners and his methods that he thought so ingenious are commonplace today.

Artificial Heat Used.

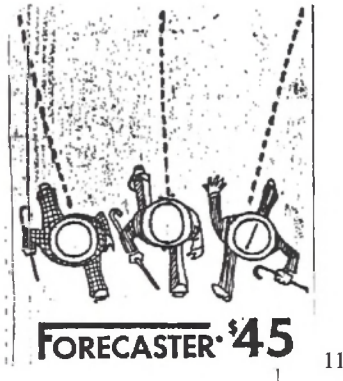
Sir Thomas also experimented with artificial heat and knowing how artificial English heat was, we must accept his experiments as ingenious, as he did. He wrote, “That artificial Heat may produce Flowers has sufficiently been proved by...use of the artificial Fire in the Chimney, made only on purpose to Warm the Room this Winter; So consequently if Hot-Beds were Sunk in Green-houses, or artificial Stoves made use of in a Proper Way, all Seeds and Plants for the Kitchen, as well as any Flowers may be raised at any Time of the Year... so that Collyflowers, Artichoakes, Celery, Endive, &c. may be had fresh and green as in the Summer... the Heat of the Sun being fully supplied by an

artificial Fire properly made use of.” The word “Salleting” that appears on the title page is used to denote the different kinds of greens that were to be raised for salads.

The delightful garden book, which is owned by Howard F. Porter of the Old Print Exchange, is probably one of the earliest books describing the use of heat for winter gardening. It all seems commonplace to us now but it must have been an innovation in 1734. Sir Thomas’s book is written in simple language and it seems involved because of the unexpected punctuation and capitals used without apparent reason. The old letter forms make the contents difficult to read. One is never quite sure...⁹

Second Hudson Paper Quits

Hudson N.Y. May 26- The Hudson Evening Register temporarily discontinued publication today following the action of The Morning Daily Star yesterday. Raymond D. Kennedy, publisher of The Register said that sixteen printers had walked out after refusing to print editions for The Star, whose thirteen printers struck yesterday. Leo Broderick, president of the Hudson local of the Columbia County Typographical Union, said the workers had been “locked out” of The Register plant.¹⁰



Rising 985 feet above the Champ de Mars on the left bank of the Seine, the Eiffel Tower was the tallest “skyscraper” in the world, until the New York City skyline grew up. The builder, Alexander Gustave Eiffel, French engineer and bridge builder, faced over whelming ridicule when he proposed to build the tower. He put up the structure in two years.

Eiffel designed the framework for the Statue of Liberty in New York Harbor and was one of the chief engineers when the French started the attempt to build Panama canal. In later years he lived in an apartment 900 feet from the ground in the Eiffel Tower, remarking that he enjoyed fresh air. Shortly before his death in 1923 at the age of 91, he predicted that the tower would stand for 1,000 years.¹²

Read about a stowaway in the paper who when he was imprisoned on the ship he had hidden on, attempted to set it on fire. The captain reproached him, asking him if he hadn’t thought of all the women and children aboard, and he retorted: “Everybody’s heart is not in the same place.”



"OLD GANNIBAL"
FURNISHES 12 FOOT ALLIGATOR IN DISPLAY PEN AT THE FLORIDA REPTILE INSTITUTE.



"GABRIEL"
FURNISHES 8 FOOT CROCODILE IN NATURAL HABITAT PEN.



A SCENE FROM GREATLAND SHOWING PETERO ALBERTO ROSS ALLEN WATCHING ALLIGATOR UNDER WATER.

INTRODUCTION

E. Ross Allen, a graduate taxidermist and widely known herpetologist, and Dr. C. H. Macdonald, organized The Florida Reptile Institute, in 1931, and located it in an ideal setting at Silver Springs where over 150,000 tourists are attracted annually.

This unique enterprise is one of the most important reptilian centers in North America for scientific research and experimental work. One of its objects is to educate the people about the truth regarding reptiles.

Successful raising of the delicate Harlequin Coral Snake has been accomplished and many other facts, not commonly known or sufficiently understood, have been recorded as an educational feature. Special research is being conducted in the study of snake venom. The rare Short-tailed snake is being studied. Records are kept of the growth of the genuine Florida Crocodile.

An educational exhibit of live reptiles is maintained and open to visitors every day for which a nominal entrance fee is charged. Biological classes and Boy Scout troops are given special rates when accompanied by their leaders. Guide and lecture tour every hour. The exhibit includes on an average of 65 species of live reptiles with as many as 1,000 at a time. The snakes are housed in scientifically designed escape-proof pits, giving visitors a close-up view. These pits are constructed in a variety of sizes best suited to the needs of the various species. Small alligators, turtles and crocodiles are exhibited in specially designed cement pens, while the larger alligators are corralled in breeding pens which have the advantage of their natural habitat. Visitors find it not only interesting and instructive, but thrilling to inspect the vivid colorings, various shapes and many sizes of the snakes and other reptiles. Venom is taken from Rattlesnakes and Cottonmouth Water Moccasins every Sunday afternoon and visitors at that time are given the opportunity of seeing how it is done.

Zoos, Biological students and Universities through out United States and Canada find the Florida Reptile Institute a reliable source of supply for all kinds of Florida reptiles, either live or chemically preserved for exhibition.

Ross Allen personally conducts alligator hunting trips.

Visit The Florida Reptile Institute. "Look and Learn the Truth About Florida Reptiles." The Truth is the Most Interesting.

FLORIDA REPTILE INSTITUTE

"LOOK AND LEARN"

Educational Exhibit



REPTILIAN SHOW STAND

E. ROSS ALLEN

Director

SILVER SPRINGS, FLORIDA

COLLECTORS - DISTRIBUTORS - RESEARCH
LIVE SNAKES, ALLIGATORS
CROCODILES, LIZARDS, TURTLES
TAXIDERMAY WORK EXECUTED
REPTILE SOUVENIR MANUFACTURED



STANDARD BACK ALLIGATOR

SEE SILVER SPRINGS

FLORIDA'S INTERNATIONAL ATTRACTION



EXTRACTING VENOM FROM RATTLESNAKES
Poisonous snakes milked for venom every Sunday afternoon at the Florida Reptile Institute.



A PARTIAL VIEW OF RATTLESNAKE PIT



LIVE CORAL SNAKE EXHIBIT

COMPLETE STOCK OF THE LATEST DESIGNS IN SNAKE SKIN AND ALLIGATOR LEATHER GOODS ALSO OTHER REPTILE SOUVENIRS

PRICES F. O. B., SILVER SPRINGS, FLORIDA

Alligator Bedroom Slippers for Men	7.50
Alligator Leather Belts	1.50 to 2.00
Alligator Leather Billfolds	1.50 to 3.00
Alligator Leather Change Purses	.25 to .75
Alligator Leather Key Cases	.25 to 1.75
Alligator Leather Photo Books	.75 to 1.50
Alligator Leather Ladies' Bags	4.00 to 20.00
Alligator Leather White Broom Holders	.50 to .75
Alligator Teeth	.85 to .25
Baby Alligators Mounted	1.00
Alligator Lamps Mounted	3.00 to 4.00
Alligator Hides, per ft., Tanned	1.50
Snake Skin Belts	2.50
Snake Skin Billfolds	1.00 to 3.00
Snake Skin Change Purses	.35 to .75
Snake Skin Zipper Change Purses	.85
Snake Skin Playing Card Case with Cards	1.00
Snake Skin Key Case	.20 to 1.75
Snake Skin Tobacco Pouch	1.25
Rattlesnake Rattles	.10 to .25
Rattlesnake Fangs, each	.10
Rattlesnake Meat Canned	1.25
Rattlesnake Skins Cured	3.00

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- 5th. Inject Anti-Venom.

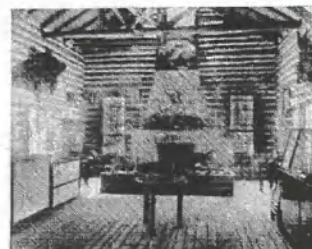
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A Treatise on Senformor Tropical Treats
By Edith K. Baker

Tropical fruits are the most interesting subjects one can imagine- their very names spell romance. Take, for instance, SEAGRAPES. Grapes of any kind have appeal, but when we think of them growing on beautiful glossy-leaved trees, kissed by the salt spray of the sea, they have an appeal of their own. These grapes grow singly, not in bunches, and are a lovely rose color with a pit instead of seeds. The Seagrape jelly is of a firm consistency, the flavor unlike any other grape jelly you have ever eaten.

The CALAMONDIN, the least known of our citrus fruits, belongs to the lime family, but looks like a tiny tangerine. It is deep orange in color with a very thin loose skin that peels as a tangerine to disclose tiny loose sections of juicy fruit. It is the sourest of the limes. We preserve them whole, cut them in halves and fill them with fondant topped with a pecan. The tart of the fruit combined with the fondant and nut make a confection that few can resist. We also make a golden marmalade of this tiny fruit- each slice distinct in its clear jelly.

Everyone knows the KUMQUAT, the tiny citrus fruit that is eaten skin and all. We use these in many interesting ways. Preserved whole, they make a lovely garnish for salads or as an accompaniment for meats. If you enjoy a sweet tangy marmalade, kumquat marmalade will suit your taste. Candied kumquats make a delicious confection, either candied whole or in chips.

You would enjoy seeing a basket of SOUR ORANGES as they are delivered at our door fresh-picked from the trees. The Sour Orange is larger and of a deeper color than the sweet fruit and is very sour. The peel of the fruit is transparent when preserved. That is why we use it for our CANDIED ORANGE PEEL and preserved WHOLE ORANGES. We choose the largest, finest oranges and carefully cut a small piece out at the stem and remove the pulp, then preserve the skin in perfect shape. We store these in syrup for a year or more, remove and partially dry them, fill them with marmalade and replace the top. These filled oranges are then crystallized, wrapped in cellophane, and packed in individual golden boxes. Just try treating your friends to this confection, cut in sections like a fresh orange and hear their exclamation of delight. An ideal gift for a "shut-in" too. The marmalade has a decided bitter tang that so many crave.

Another unusual citrus fruit is the PONDEROSA LEMON that grows as large as a grapefruit and has as thick a peel. This we use for our CANDIED LEMON PEEL which is a favorite. This Ponderosa lemon grows on a vinelike bush that spreads over much ground.

Now we come to the PAPAYA- "the melon that grows on a tree." The tree matures in six months and bears fruit from the size of a grapefruit to twenty pounds each, trees often carrying fifty fruit at a time. The fruit grows on the trunk of the tree, sometimes almost touching the ground. The lowest fruit ripen first, then on up,- the older the tree, the higher up the fruit until it is out of reach. It is not unusual for a tree to carry one hundred and fifty pounds of fruit at a time. The fruit looks like a melon and is golden color inside and filled with small black seeds that are often eaten with the fruit, as they have a refreshing, spicy taste. We use this fruit to make a CONSERVE,- combine it with fresh ginger root to make PAPAYA GINGER JAM or with spices to make a delicious relish; SPICED PAPAYA, for meats, not unlike spiced peaches. We make PAPAYA KISSES, a

combination of PAPAYA, pecans and sugar, which have a flavor unlike any candy you have ever eaten and are wrapped in vari-colored cellophane.

The AFRICAN CHERRY came from Ceylon and looks not unlike a wild grape, but grows along the stems of the bushes much as gooseberries grow, - in fact, it is sometimes called Ceylon Gooseberry. The flavor of AFRICAN CHERRY JELLY is most delicious, has a tang but no bitterness, slightly tart but begging description. The supply of this fruit is very limited as it is little known here and only grown by fanciers in tropical gardens.

The SURINAM CHEERY is well known here and is much sought after for jam. We gather the rich, red, juicy fruit from its glossy-leaved bushes, put it thru a divider to separate the meat from the pit and mix with sugar, adding no water to the juice. The fruit is a brilliant, red product, - tart and delicious, - to serve with meats or fowl.

MANGOES are well known among travelers in the tropics. The fruit has the combined flavors of the peach and pineapple with an added something of its own. There are common varieties, about the size of a peach and greenish yellow in color. Then there are the finer, cultivated types- rosy, _ cheeked and as large as grapefruit. A core, not unlike pineapple, is found in the common varieties but in the finer fruit this is not present. We use the mango as it is used in India, for CHUTNEY, and its spicy sweetness adds greatly to a cold luncheon. We also make a candy of the mangoes by preserving them with the fresh ginger root and packing them in attractive stone jars.

ROSEAPPLES make lovely candied fruit. The fruit tastes as a rose smells and when candied looks not unlike thick juicy rose petals. The fruit grows on a huge tree with narrow glossy leaves, reddish in color when they first appear. The fruit looks like a small white apple and is crisp to bite into. It is hollow with a brown seed in center.

We take great pride in our business. We seek out all the unusual tropical fruits that grow, as almost all fruits that grow in the tropics thrive in Fort Myers. We cook all our product in small quantities in our own home kitchen and are just as careful to have the freshest and finest fruits, spices, sugar and nuts as your mother in her kitchen. Every woman knows that one quart of juice cooked at a time makes a finer quality of jelly than a vatfull does. The flavor, color and texture are preserved at the expense of labor. Mrs. Baker supervises every step in the process and allows only the finest of materials to be used.

Our labels are hand-tinted and every jar, bottle and basket is wrapped or decorated with cellophane. We use dainty cellophane ribbon and straw flowers to make our package attractive.

We are especially interested in your individual gift problems. If you will describe the person and tell us how much you wish to spend we will make suggestions to meet your needs.

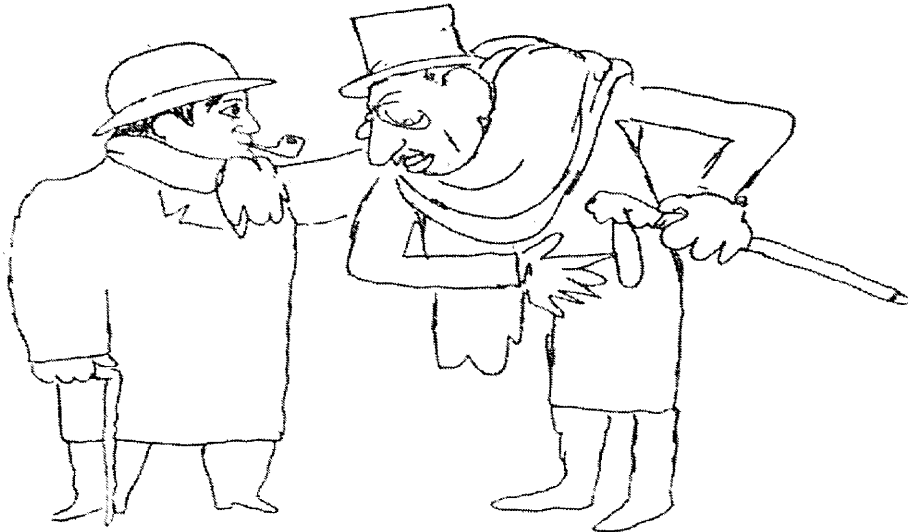
SENFORMOR COMPANY,
EDITH K. BAKER,
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Write for our price list. ¹⁵

 THE BULLETIN OF THE BROOKLYN

FOOTNOTE ON MODERN ART

That modernists in the arts are still not appreciated by a large portion of the general public has inspired many critical fulminations, pro and con—and a great number of anecdotes. IGOR STRAVINSKY, appearing with SAMUEL DUSHKIN in a recital Tuesday evening, February 16, relates an incident in his recently published "Autobiography" at the expense of a fellow modernist, PABLO PICASSO. Some time in 1917, when the War was at its fiercest, STRAVINSKY was returning to his home in Switzerland from a sojourn at Rome. At the frontier town of Chiasso he



From "Stravinsky, An Autobiography" (Simon & Schuster)

Picasso and Stravinsky, by Jean Cocteau

was stopped for a routine examination of his effects. "I was taking my portrait, which PICASSO had just drawn at Rome and given to me. When the military authorities examined my luggage they found this drawing, and nothing in the world would induce them to let it pass. They asked me what it represented, and when I told them that it was my portrait, they utterly refused to believe me. 'It is not a portrait, but a plan,' they said. 'Yes, the plan of my face, but of nothing else,' I replied. But all my efforts failed to convince them, and I had to send the portrait in Lord BERNERS' name to the British Ambassador at Rome, who later forwarded it to Paris in the diplomatic bag." 16



17



18

“and threatening to kill all of the party, especially Virgie Necessary, another girl.”¹⁹



Chapter 12 “He Talked Too Much”

Lyon, France, April 25.- Eight-year-old Paul Gignoux was stoned to death by his playmates because they did not like his long hair, police said today.

Authorities rounded up fifteen small boys and girls, all less than 10 years old, some less than 6 years. They battered Paul’s skull with rocks, police said. His mother refused to cut his hair. ¹



**PAINTING BOUGHT FOR NATIONAL ART GALLERY OF CANADA
“Vulcan and Aeolus as Teachers of Mankind,” by Piero di Cosimo**

The National Gallery of Canada, in Ottawa, has purchased a painting by Piero di Cosimo, “Vulcan and Aeolus as Teachers of Mankind,” from Schaeffer Galleries, 61 East Fifty-seventh Street.

The picture, painted between 1490 and 1500, formerly was in the collection of the Marquess of Lothian, Newbattle Abbey, Dalkeith, Scotland, and was brought to New York last winter.

Piero di Cosimo became especially interested in mythology after a visit to Rome in 1482, when he assisted his master, Cosimo Roselli, in painting frescoes in the Sistine Chapel in the Vatican.

The mythological stories of Greece and Rome made an especial appeal to di Cosimo’s active imagination. He is known especially for his landscapes, against which his mythological figures are portrayed. He also painted religious subjects and portraits.

In the picture just acquired by the Canadian gallery the action, as identified by Professor Erwin Panofsky of Princeton University, includes Vulcan, the Roman god of

fire, at his forge, beating out a horseshoe, assisted by Aeolus, while a young horseman, mounted, waits for the shoe.

In the foreground a man is sleeping, while behind him a mother attends her husband and child. In the distance four men are building the framework for a cottage. Birds, a camel, a giraffe and a grasshopper are also included in the composition.

The presence of the giraffe is attributed by Professor Panofsky to the fact that in 1487 the Sultan of Turkey presented one of these animals to Lorenzo the Magnificent in Florence, where it was an object of great curiosity and probably inspired Piero di Cosimo to portray it in this picture.²

Bradburn was named by a grand jury recently as a member of the society of hooded night-riders. His victim was Donald H. Slusher.

The bodies were found in the kitchen of the fire station Bradburn commanded. On the captain's desk was a note to Fire Chief Frank W. Kuhn, which said: "He talked too much. He should have changed."³

...**the killing of Silas Coleman, Negro war veteran**, May 25, 1935, told the defendants: "It is hard to understand why you killed this man, who had never done anything to you and whom you did not even know."

Dayton Dean, Black Legion "trigger-man," also under life sentence in the Poole killing, had testified he helped entice Coleman to a lake for "target practice" because Davis "wanted to see what it felt like to kill a Negro."⁴

At their peak altitude, the balloonists said the cloudless skies seemed white below them but of such a deep blue as to be almost black above them and around the sides of the gondola.

Conditions could not have been better for the flight. The skies were cloudless, with only the lightest of breezes.⁵

By Olin Downes-

The production this week, by the WPA Federal Music Project, of Giovanni Pergolesi's "La Serva padrona" in English translation by Marion Jones Farquhar, with a stage setting designed to suggest the period when the opera was composed, and some appropriate dances, should be an event of uncommon interest. The work will be given as a chamber opera and the performance will have many of the characteristics of the Italian "Commedia del Arte."

The historic position of this simple and famous "opera buffa, which had a revolutionary effect upon music drama in the eighteenth century and the abiding popularity of the score, are now matters of general recognition. The Metropolitan revived "Serva padrona" as late as the season of 1934-35, and successfully. It is the progenitor of a long and glorious series of masterpieces in the lighter vein, which alternate song and spoken text, and which in earlier times performed the indispensable service of breaking up and rendering varied and flexible the stiff forms and the unhuman and artificial pomps of the classic grand opera. But because of its historic position and the sensational effect of the Paris performance of Aug. 1, 1752, "La Serva padrona" seems to have the place in the popular thought of being the earliest representative composition of its kind, which is

far from being the case.

This work was originally an “intermezzo,” a part of a grander and more serious opera, “*Il Prigioniero superbo*,” which received its first performance in 1733. By this time it was a practice for composers writing serious opera to include intermezzi as component parts of the more pretentious structures. Pergolesi had produced several such works. Two volumes of a collection of intermezzi had been published in Amsterdam in 1723.

In early stages the Intermezzo was a song, sung often by an artist attired as Orpheus, or a madrigal performed by a small group, or later an instrumental interlude, with a dancer, as in Gluck. But the intermezzo did not come after the opera seria. On the contrary, before this more pretentious form had got under way the same Florentine “camerata,” who later inaugurated the grander style, fabricated, in 1589, an “Intermezzo” of impressive proportions, to be performed in celebration of the marriage of Grand Duke Ferdinand with Christine of Lorraine. The producer, and the composer, probably, of some of the music, was none other than our old friend Count Giovanni Bardi. Rinuccini poet of the early serious operas wrote the text for four parts of the five-part spectacle. Strozzi was librettist for part four. Cavalieri, Cristofano Malvezzi and Luca Marenzio were the composers, aside from the presumed participation, in score as well as text, of Bardi.

Pergolesi, very popular and, as a rule, overrated by friendly contemporaries, composed in 1731, a sacred drama, “*La Conversione di San Guglielmo d’Aquitania*,” with a comic intermezzo! He also composed, for the Naples Winter season of 1731, “*La Sallustia*,” with “*Nerino e Nibbia*” for the intermezzo; for 1732, “*Ricimero*,” with “*Il Geloso schernito*,” intermezzo. In the same year he produced a comic opera, “*Lo Frate innamorato*.” In the following year came the serious work, which proves, in history’s perspective, to have been but the shell which enclosed the kernel, “*La Serva padrona*.” At the time, this later piece made no special sensation, save to sustain the composer’s reputation as a gifted musician.

The same thing happened when “*Serva padrona*” was first heard in Paris at the Hotel de Bourgogne in 1746. It was politely noticed and no more. It was well received in London in 1850. But when it was performed as an intermezzo between acts of Lully’s “*Acis et Galatee*,” Aug. 1, 1752 in Paris, its success was sensational and it precipitated the famous fight between Lullists and the Bouffonists, which prefigured the later war of the Gluckists and Piccinnists. The earlier conflict had as an inconsistent aftermath the procedure of Rousseau, who, having vehemently sided with the Italians, declaring the French language impossible for opera and French dramatic composers a sterile lot, himself produced his own charming “*Devin du village*,” as an early milestone of French “opera comique”- which form unquestionably owes its early development, like the French grand opera, to the stimulus of Italian genius.

Pergolesi tried a serious opera, “*L’Olimpiade*” (Rome, 1735). It was a failure. An orange was thrown at the composer’s head. The usual consolations were extended. Friends remarked that the new opera was too good, too profound, “For the public to understand.” Another comic opera, “*Il Flaminio*,” produced in the same year at Naples, had a good run. In 1736 Pergolesi was commissioned to compose his “*Stabat Mater*.”

This work, which with “*Serva padrona*” has contributed most to his fame, is a beautiful and melodious score, but Paisiello was perfectly right when he said that the essential style resembles that of comic opera, and that in places there is little if any relationship between the music and the text. Bellini also greatly admired the “*Sabat*

Mater.” But Pergolesi, like his countrymen of later day, Donizetti and Rossini, will surely survive longest and be most warmly admired for the melodic invention, the wit, the humanity of his opera buffa, “La Serva padrona.”

This week’s performance will be preceded by a prologue, in which appear characters who were famous friends and patrons of Pergolesi, first, the Prince of Stigliano, equerry to the Viceroy of Naples, and the Prince of Avellino and the Duke of Maddaloni, who commissioned the composer to write “La Sallustia” for the Naples court, and other figures of the period.

The characters discuss the operatic styles of the day, supposed to be August of 1733. The small orchestra of strings and cembalo will appear on the stage. The musical call which announces the start of the performance will be one traditionally used in the Neapolitan district to proclaim the arrival in town of a troupe of players of the Commedia.

In this connection it is interesting to learn that Paul Vellucci the musical director and conductor of the coming performance, born on the Southern Adriatic coast of Italy, remembers vividly the performances of strolling troupes of mountebanks, from Naples, who toured small towns of the South in his boyhood, keeping alive the old traditions of their craft with stories and tunes of the Commedia del Arte. He remembers scenes that may well recall one familiar to all opera goers- the arrival of the troupe in “Pagliacci,” with the trumpet call and the beating of the drum; and Mr. Vellucci remembers how the village children left every task and all other play, pell-mell, crying, “La commedia e qui.”

Furthermore- and the fact is very suggestive- Mr. Vellucci is mentioned as stating that, “though these players would insert allusions of local interest into the traditional stories”...he “recognizes in ‘La Serva padrona,’ a number of the tunes of the Commedia performances of his childhood. Pergolesi has altered the rhythms but the basic melodies are identical. This fact, plus the coincidence of the characters and story of the Serva with the traditional Commedia plots and characters has encouraged us to present the Pergolesi intermezzi with a prologue and in the manners and costumes of the Neapolitan “Commedia del Arte.”

The edition of the score to be used is one that was discovered by Felix Brentano in Austria and published by Herman Amberto for production at the Goethe Theatre in the Spring of the same year. It is based on the Paris production of 1752, and it is believed to follow closely the first production of 1733. Amberto made a German translation. Of his edition he explained that he had attempted, first, to “reconstruct the original form of the work (which has been so often changed and distorted in the 200 years since its presentation) as produced in 1733, eliminating the music...added lately, and replacing it with the original recitativo secco”; second, to provide a light and conversational type of text (German), with popular idioms; third, “to restore the original orchestra that has been abandoned in the modern editions, using a cembalo in its original position as the background for harmonic chords in the orchestra.” The WPA producers add, “We have treated Pergolesi’s music with the utmost respect; not having altered a note given in this version from beginning to end.”⁶



7



8

Chapter Headings ⁹

I Department Store-

Suffragette- 50, Etta Brimsby

Drumax (“Tootsie” lots of money)

Johnnie (Fly- catcher)

Oliver- pedantic mathematician

Eric-

Amie Polk- funny piano player

Willie

Seven Day Bicycle racer- bandy legged, turtleneck sweater, one tooth missing.

Hopalong Pretender- seal ring

L. –emotions, reading matter

1st National Bank- friendships, etc. the idealist

Physical Education Teacher- takes them out in Central Park. Not “on call”- has to be someone men respect.

Rhoda.

Caspo as client

Eve

Fitch- all dislike her- push her off on Willy-

Wants to open a garage with elevators and circular ramps.

Visiting English novelist

Etta: “We just hung out our shingle-” Attempting to be coy (in a heavy way) we started on a shoe- string.”

We have done more to promote happiness.

In consequence, the New York taxicab driver cannot be said to exist as a type as he did ten or fifteen years ago, for his ranks are overflowing now with men from other occupations- lawyers, brokers, medical students, engineers, clothing dealers and plumbers. Thousands of men formerly employed in professions and trades are now equipped with hack driver's licenses and their hopeful "Taxi?" hails pedestrians on every curb.¹⁰

Etta at Schraffts - Scandal in the News and not in the Times- set of write-ups from different paper- tabloid-sections with asterisks.

Personal Director and Physical Ed.

Notorious color.

"Never take a taxi". - to young man.

Hopalong Sub Plot

Queen Marie in Scene with Etta- draperies, etc. Reported by Ami Polk while seated at piano- several scenes.

He and Rhoda.

Etta refers to boys as "Young Gentlemen".

Chesterton making speech- __ whole thing- "lost boys"- very romantic speech. "Some will say you are lost to society- not I!" " – the vows you have taken-"

Floorwalker- shows up again, driven to it:

Etta- "My god- it's the floorwalker."

Given completely irrelevant directions in store.

Panoramic Scene of exercising in Park-

_ gives speeches-

keeps things agoing- business even better run as father runs his business.

Awful mess of a card catalogue-

Young men get a hold of card- catalogue

Headings

Transients- permanents

System complete- business ref.

Willy- the criminal- bicycle rider like the __ - “drunk as a horse. “

“but could happen in any society-

Scene of Eve and Rhoda bringing [him] up the stairs. “Miss Brimsby I’m as drunk as a horse” – Laurence type.

Some _ reads a character- approximate

Tootsie interrupts every sentence-

Takes over the Police Force at the end- to save situation

Etta _ character- eyes _ . Schraffts- have to lie low, scared.

Jewel _ . Willy at work- 7 day bicyclist separated- Customers driven away.

(_ arrives in the middle)

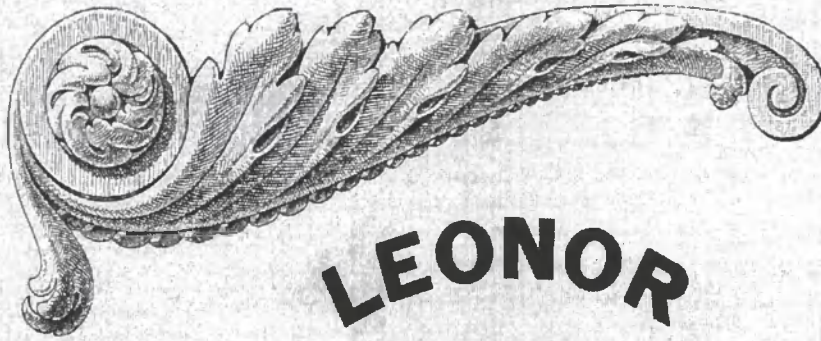
Fitch-

Fitch’s father a politician-

__ comes in. Willy gets so bored he excuses himself, comes out in the hall, sits on the stairs bangs his head against the banister then goes back-

editorials-

Eric- when he stands talking to me smoking a cigarette, where he reaches a point when the ash is about to fall on my floor, he always talks a little harder and faster and meekly drops the ash in his pocket. When he comes to the end, he puts the cigarette out in the sink, and puts the butt in his pocket, too.



LEONOR FINI

NOVEMBER
18th to
DECEMBER
9th

THE BLACK PICTURE

(FOR LEONOR FINI)

*The graceful eyeglasses
Of the necessary tears
Hide from the tender mother
The blindness of her child
The inopportune young lady*

*The softness of the leg of one has been scratched
The breast of the other is astonished*

Nothing this flesh made of little

*Where then is the coquette, the beauty, the adorned
With eyes nourished by her mirror*

*The lip is swollen bruised
In searching other lips
Kisses destroy it*

*Fathers brothers and lovers
Of the contents of these rags
You will soon have nothing*

*A series of mothers
A series of daughters
Full of their agony*

*Sadness misery ignorance
Weakness humiliation pain
Names to make all human face
Sob scintillate and fade away*

*Save for the sweet idiots that we are
Who don't believe ourselves unmixed
And mark our preferences well
Without the need to play at being mau.*

PAUL ELUARD

CATALOGUE

PAINTINGS

1. The lightning undresses
2. The lost needle
3. "La pierre ressemblante"
4. The sleepless day
5. The Intermission of the Apotheosis
6. The miracle that sweeps
7. "Supplice de l'allure"
8. Tempera
9. Personal Appearance
10. Portrait of Mme. Marcel Rochas

DRAWINGS

Coming from an accursed and inexplicable world, chased by the winds of an autumnal tempest, in their frightful frames of velvet and false marble the sublime beggars in mortally wounded tightness seek alms, seek thine obulus, furious stranger, stranger who seest not in spite of thine robot eye-glasses rimmed with tortoise shell, stranger who passeth near them without seeing them as the hunter near to the partridge immobile in the field.—You stripped yourself, you took off your hair and your breeches. You denuded the sad parts of your sad bodies: carnal geography which appears behind the curtain that rises as if clothes were taken off, as if an animal were flayed, as if an envelope were torn, as if bandages were removed from a wound that has healed, as if a page were removed from the typewriter, as if fruit were peeled, as if one's pocket were turned inside out. Behind the door where thou hast glued thine eye to the keyhole, mycrocephalic mother, indiscrete and shameless mother in the endless morning; it would be by thine wish if drama occurs, if suddenly there is thunder out of a clear sky, and if Unicorns and Capricorns splitting the thick fogs of the North fall at thine feet panting but saved, bleeding but healed, weeping but blessed! . . . Leonor! Leonor! Behind the ramparts, beyond the drawbridge and the towers and the battlements, thy name in the moonlight born by the female troubadours with bobbed hair, sung by the female minstrels with plumed bonnets, fls off very soft and tender into the summer night! Leonor, with the nocturnal song of the frogs, and the obsessive whistling of the toads. Leonor, with the song that removes day and sleep. Leonor, with the song wherein even the lute and the arquebuse, wherein even the wooden howl and the quiver melt into an infinite torrent of tears.

G. DE CHIRICO
New York, November, 1936

JULIEN LEVY GALLERY
602 MADISON AVENUE • NEW YORK

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NOVEMBER 18th
DECEMBER 9th

**JULIEN LEVY
GALLERY**

602 MADISON AVENUE
NEW YORK

PAINTINGS

1. "La déjeuner sur l'herbe"
2. Nymph echo
3. Without title
4. Joie de vivre
5. Mountain, landscape
6. Jardin gobe-avion
7. Landscape
8. "A l'interieur de la vue, l'oeuf"
9. Forest and sun
10. Erotic portrait veiled
11. Couple
12. Rose-window
13. "Effet d'attouchement"
14. Bride of the wind
15. Head of a man
16. Accolade
17. Barbarians looking to the west
18. Barbarians walking to the west
19. Barbarians leaving the city
20. "Coquillages"
21. Vision of an autumn afternoon
22. The Engadine
23. Infernal silence
24. The yellow dwarf
25. Young woman with two infant skeletons
26. Unicorn
27. Springtime vision
28. Battle of two bishops
29. Circumflex Medusa
30. Garden of the Hesperides
31. Giddy
32. Still life composition
33. Landscape of the grain of wheat

*In one corner the nimble insect
Hovers round the virginity of a small dress
In one corner the sky unbridled
Abandons white balls to thorns of thunder.*

*In one corner brighter for all the eyes
They await the fishes of anguish
In one corner summer's verdant coach
Stands gloriously and ever motionless.*

*In the glow of youth
Of lamps lighted very late
The first-come bares her breasts for insects red to kill.*

by PAUL ELUARD

APRIL 3, 1937

15

EDEN

in

Easy Payments

BY LOVELL THOMPSON

THE SEARS ROEBUCK CATALOGUE:
SPRING AND SUMMER 1937. Chicago:
Sears Roebuck & Company, 1937.



"AMERICA LOOKS FORWARD WITH EVERY CONFIDENCE"
From the cover design of the new Sears Roebuck catalogue

"THINGS really are better." That is how it begins. "This new catalogue is valuable . . . to those who use it as an index of what good merchandise should cost, even though they may never purchase from us. . . . We conceive of this company . . . as a great public institution. . . ."

But the Sears, Roebuck catalogue has another and not less important role; it is a guide to rural America. Here within its thousand-odd pages is the unrefined ore of much of current regionalism. Here is what Faulkner hopes to startle, and what Lewis once tried to awaken. The sophisticated seaboard laughs at it as a land of butter and eggs, but secretly envies its peaches and cream, its certainties, as of Eden before the fall.

Accordingly, out of this 1937 catalogue, you can buy everything you need for living in the garden of Eden—and nothing else. You can get shotguns and .22 rifles, but not a revolver. You can have whisk-brooms and whistling tea-kettles, but not whisky. You can have cocktail glasses, but not a shaker. There is no Last Supper in Sears'; but "Last Lunch" makes rats die beyond Eden's gates. You can't grow old, because a transformation made of grey hair costs more than one made of black or brown hair. You can have a book on The Rhythm, maternity gowns, life insurance, but not a coffin. Sears says "America doesn't need any rear-view mirror—our eyes are on the road ahead. America looks forward with every confidence."

Sears' Eden is well fenced. There are seven pages of fences, so it follows that there need only be three pages of firearms and one of dogs' accoutrements. Within the sturdy fences that keep out rats and foxes, there is leisure and merry-making. There are ten pages of musical instruments, particularly accordions and harmonicas, and ten more of radios, plus

an inside back cover. Edeners buy kodaks, and their snapshots show them standing beside waterfalls and trout streams. There are camping outfits, fishing rods, canoes, tennis rackets, and baseball outfits, croquet sets, and rubber-tired lawn mowers, and American flags. But not much golf equipment. Eden is not troubled by riches.

Cheerful, energetic, thrifty and young, are the people who are silhouetted in the Sears catalogue, whose lives are implied by the things they buy. The photographs of models and the drawings are unanimous about this. The race is tall and clearly built, but not lanky, and most are dolichocephalic. The man who tells you that "things are really better" looks a little like General Johnson, and, except for a "gracious lady" in an Irish lace collar and a hat with cornflowers, almost everybody else in Eden is young enough to be his son or daughter.

These young people are frilled and flounced and, in spite of boasts to the contrary, not much influenced by the most modern styles. Sears still offers them dust caps and night shirts. They are gadget mad, however. Their foundation garments have zipper seats, and they buy dresses with a built-in pocketbook called "Miss Miser" though they look more like "Mrs. Kangaroo." The women are more apt to grow fat than thin, for there are a score of pages of brassieres—(for what Sears calls their busts)—and scarcely disguised stays. Each Eve seems poured into her mould of comely uniformity—a mould a little too standardized, if Sears has his way, to be seductive.

The Adams are well shaved and are well lathered with brushes of genuine badger hair, one-half selected silver tip, and one-half "regular good quality badger." Campus is a word of praise, an unattainable standard, as are London and Paris for Sixth Avenue. They wear initials

on their trousers, because "College men who like . . . originality and pep in their clothes have helped to make these snappy slacks a favorite on campuses all over the country. Priced to fit into a young man's budget without crowding. Two nickel-plated rust-proof initials included."

Birth control is as advanced as backward laws will permit; Sears stands four-square behind healthy sex, and offers Marie Stopes and various jellies, though with these of course there are no guarantees. Thus Sears' Eden achieves civilization without sophistication.

The grimness of RFD America does not show much in this cheerful '37 catalogue, but enough has slipped in to show that Uncle Sam is still a shrewd pessimist. The photograph of Mrs. Fred Sparrow who writes "I've used your blue-flame brooder for eight years" accompanies her signed statement. She is firm of mouth, a long-faced, long-headed Yankee, and not one of those round-limbed products of Sears' taxidermy. And Eden must be on its guard against Sam Slick: Sears pictures an egg basket full of eggs, but explains that the eggs are not included in the modest price. But not even Sam Slick needs to be told that you don't get the girls inside the bathing-suits.

Besides the raw material for novels, Sears offers free to American writers, "even though they may never purchase from us," a model of style. Sears is conscientious, frank, direct; it is hard to doubt the truth of what is said. When the right word is found, it is used wherever needed; there is no coyness about repetition. Good concrete words, lost to the working vocabulary of most men, give hard, well-trained precision. You can get Nation-alls of herring-bone "twill" and boat sail "drill." Sears knows the precise word when you don't. That is why you believe him. Dictionaries have two-tone "head-bands." Lipsticks are indelible



G. W. CUNNINGHAM

General Advertising manager in charge of the Sears Roebuck catalogue

(Sears doesn't frown on necking) but—and this is a great deal more important to Sears—they have "swivel-cases." The china of toilet seats is "fired at a volcanic temperature."

In Eden, there is not much time for reading; whether because the Edeners are too tired or too sociable is not clear. But the reading list, which is only three pages long, begins with 1937 best sellers: "Gone with the Wind," "Anthony Adverse," "Mat the Unknown," "Around the World in Eleven Years," "Edgar Guest Special," "American Psychology," and "White Banners." Children read "Black Beauty" and also "Moby Dick." Zane Grey, Grace Hill, and Gene Stratton-Porter are present as reprints. This much is in the small top half of a page; another page gives the truer picture: Handbooks on etiquette, manners, dancing, tap dancing, jokes, party games, recitations, public speaking and letter writing, plus the new Hoyle, Bibles, Thesauruses, synonym dictionaries. There is "The Modern Home Physician," "Sane Sex Life," "Dr. Dafee's Handbook for Mothers," and "The Lazy Colon"—books of action, not books of escape.

Health and happiness not without information but without thought—this is Eden. Yet the art of the moment in America owes much to the spirit of Sears' Eden. It owes Henk the Moose and American Gothic. It owes not only such cautious prophets as Phil Stong and Grant Wood and John Curry, but such incautious rebels against Eden as Vardis Fisher. For a man cannot be a rebel except at home. New York is the serpent in Sears' garden; and when Eden is wiser—and it will be wiser—it is going to be a lot sadder. Let us, then, with Mrs. Fred Sparrow, send in our down-payment and let someone else do the brooding; the easy payment will be upon us soon enough.

Lovell Thompson is on the staff of Houghton Mifflin Co.

Young Poet's Novel

THE FRIENDLY TREE. By Cecil Day Lewis. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1937. \$2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENET

OF the young English triumvirate of poets, Mr. C. Day Lewis is accounted the least, though he is spokesman for their theories. W. H. Auden is acclaimed for his peculiar and uneven dramas as well as for his poems en masse, and Stephen Spender is cheered on for brilliant (if effete) short stories as well as for the purely lyrical strain. Meanwhile, Mr. Lewis has gone ahead writing in his own way; and in the opinion of this reviewer he is developing just as rapidly as Auden or Spender. He never writes nearly as badly as Auden sometimes does. He seems to have more wisdom than Spender. He hasn't the fireworks of either of the others, but he can do a good job of writing. I think he has done one in this novel, for the most part.

Four young people are concerned in it: Anna and Stephen, Evelyn and Richard. The awakening of Anna is described with a quite remarkably subtle understanding of the emotions of a young girl. The other characters are real, as is Anna's father and the more stuffy members of the English rural school community. I should have left the book without the epilogue, the third part, called "Steve." For the major part of the book is Anna's story. One likes Steve, one does not find him overpoweringly wonderful, but one understands why Anna loved him. He is an entirely modern young man, a questioner of all established things, but honest and with charm. He and Anna are thwarted by the fact that he can't get a job as yet—and some of their young and modern talk is naturally enough about their being victims of the economic system. But whether he knows it or not,



CECIL DAY LEWIS

what young Mr. Lewis has done for 244 pages of this book is to give the modern prototype of the growth of young love as it was well seen of George Meredith in his own day.

I don't object to the epilogue because of disagreeable features. I do not need "happy endings." But what I do object to is an author suddenly stirring up new complications, because he probably thought he had been getting too sappy—complications so very faintly foreshadowed in the main story that they aren't quite credible. And I object to the priggish self-righteousness of turning Evelyn and Richard Crane into barren symbols. It makes me like and sympathize with the Cranes a lot and feel that they have been shabbily treated.

Yet the epilogue shows that when Mr. Lewis learns a little more about organizing a complicated novel he will do most interesting work. As it is he has written a fine and sensitive love story.

Citizen of the Sea

CRUISE OF THE CONRAD. By Alan Villiers. Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1937. \$3.75.

Reviewed by HASSOLDT DAVIS

ALAN VILLIERS is as much, and as little, a "citizen of the sea" as Conrad or Masefield or Tomlinson; his heart is in oceans, right enough, but it must forever return to the landman's ink where adventures can be refined and valued.

Villiers sailed 57,000 miles around the world in a square rigger, the last existing frigate, his own ship, with a crew of lads averaging twenty years of age. There was no particular point to the voyage and no profit other than the adventures of hardship and beauty among far lands. They visited what is left of Bali, and sailed to the savage islands in and neighboring the Sulu Sea. They carried gold prospectors to Samarai, met many isolated traders who were missionaries in the finest sense, and missionaries who were traders. (The number of the heathen was growing in the Solomons!) They fought south through treacherous reefs and weather to Sydney, north of Tahiti, then around the Horn on the journey home.

This makes exhilarating reading for the greater part, but there are doldrums in it. It is the story of a ship apostrophized, and one wishes that there were more men and less canvas mentioned, that less of it seemed a transcription from the log. But Alan Villiers writes splendidly always, and most modestly for one who had the courage to take an ancient frigate manned by schoolboys around the world. Such a ship will never sail again, and to lovers of the sea this book will be welcome. It is illustrated with sixty of the author's magnificent photographs, probably the best ship- and seascapes being made today.

Notes

Abbreviations for Bishop Texts:

C. P. - Elizabeth Bishop, The Complete Poems: 1927-1979 (NY: Noonday Press; Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 1998).

C. Prose - Elizabeth Bishop, Collected Prose (NY: The Noonday Press; Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 1984).

Chapter 1 “The Water That Subdues” (1-8)

1. Cuttyhunk Island, Massachusetts lies at the south west corner of Cape Cod, where Bishop vacationed from July 12, 1934 to July 25, 1934. She stayed at the Bosworth House which first opened in 1888. See Appendix, Figure 1.
2. Bob: Bob Seaver dated Bishop for a short time (1932-1934). Bob walked with crutches, a result of childhood polio. Seaver and Bishop made several trips together, one to Nantucket, MA in December of 1932 and the other to Cuttyhunk Island (1934) where Bob stayed for several days. Bishop later turned Bob down when he asked her to marry him. In response, he supposedly sent her a post card telling her to: “Go to hell, Elizabeth.” and then killed himself on November 21, 1936, several days before she received the card. See Brett C. Millier, Elizabeth Bishop, Life and the Memory of It (Berkeley, CA: U of California P, 1993) 56, 112.
3. “Bob said at Nantucket once the water, where the waves came in on a coarse, rolling gravel, that it sounded like hot fat sputtering in a pan.” Bishop used this image in “The Sandpiper”: “The beach hisses like fat”(C. P. 131).

4. Mrs. Crane: rich New York socialite and mother to Bishop's lifelong friend and lover, Louise Crane. The Cranes owned Crane Paper, which still produces many types of specialty papers, writing paper and is the sole manufacturer for the cotton paper used in the United States currency. For more about Crane & Co. and its history see www.crane.com.
5. Water and Rock: a possible title to a poem by Bishop.
6. Valentine V: an unpublished poem by Bishop. Elizabeth Bishop, notebook 72A.1, Elizabeth Bishop Special Collection, Vassar College Rare Books and Manuscripts, Poughkeepsie, NY, 29. The poem has been crossed out but is still readable.

Valentine V

When Love goes hunting, who is he
 That so can terrify his game
 Winded and stumbling, still they flee?
 Has a report
 Of Love's fantastic sport
 Been spread before him, and they see
 Between the trees not death approach but shame?
 Not from his arrows do they fly,
 For those they might meet with their hearts
 If only he would let them die.
 They know that Love
 Their curled horns will break off,
 Pluck as a prize the living eye

And toss among the leaves the private parts.

Bishop wrote a version titled “Three Valentines” in 1934 (C. P. 225-227). She sent a copy of the first valentine to her friend Frani Blough on January 30, 1934, while Bishop was still at Vassar. “Valentine V” appears to be a continuation, or a variation of “Three Valentines”.

7. For the Lost Boys: appears to be ideas for a future story by Bishop.
8. Robinson Crusoe is a character in Daniel Defoe’s The Life and Strange Surprizing Adventures of Robinson Crusoe of York, Mariner (1719), who was cast away on a deserted island for twenty-eight years, and supported himself with dried grapes, goat meat and corn. He very much had to “make do”. Much later, Bishop wrote the poem “Crusoe in England”, which appeared in Geography III (NY: Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 1976) 9-18, also (C. P. 162-166). Several texts have referred to Bishop’s writings about Crusoe, and commented on them. See: Bonnie Costello, Elizabeth Bishop: Questions of Mastery (Cambridge, MA: Harvard U P, 1991) 207-208; and Millier, 62.
9. Margaret Miller: (1912-) Bishop and Miller met at Vassar College where they were roommates and close friends.
10. The Alert: mail boat and ferry to Cuttyhunk Island from New Bedford, MA. The Alert ran from 1917 to 1983. It was replaced by the Alert II, which is still in use as an economical way to get to Cuttyhunk Island. See Appendix, Figure 2.
11. Cuttyhunk Island Lighthouse: For more on the lighthouse and writings by a lighthouse keeper’s daughter see: www.lighthouse.cc/cuttyhunk/history.html. See Appendix, Figure 3.

12. Bishop wrote: “For examples of Lost”, next to “The Lighthouse Keeper’s Wife” passage. This probably refers to “The Lost Boys”, an unfinished story by Bishop.
13. “The goats are so tame they allow you to hold their pointed chins in the palm of your hand and look into their beautiful yellow eyes”. Bishop used this image in “Crusoe in England”:

“The goats were white, so were the gulls,
and both too tame, or else they thought
I was a goat, too, or a gull” (C. P. 164).

“One billy-goat would stand on the volcano
I’d christened Mont d’Espoir or Mount Despair
(I’d time enough to play with names),
and bleat and bleat, and sniff the air.
I’d grab his beard and look at him.
His pupils, horizontal, narrowed up
And expressed nothing, or a little malice” (C. P.165).

14. Minnow: was Bishop’s cat for a short time. She wrote to her friend, Frani Blough that Bishop had visited Cuttyhunk Island in the summer of 1936 and the landlady of the Inn had given it to her. “She is nameless so far, so if you have any ideas. All I can think of is Sappho, because she comes from a small island” (July 9, 1936). Bishop also wrote to Marianne Moore in search of a name. Moore suggested Petrie, but Bishop settled on Minnow. Bishop wrote “Lullaby for the Cat” in 1937, which is a song for Minnow (C .P. 204).
15. “Get a map of the island.” See Appendix, Figure 4.

16. “There are so many long rocks, or tentacles, curled out on the water and around on itself, yet never quite touching, like a balancing trick.” This seems similar to a line in Bishop’s “The Map”: “These peninsulas take the water between thumb and finger”(C. P. 3).
17. “We play with paste til qualified for pearl”: possibly referring to a poem by Emily Dickinson (Millier 63). Dickinson’s poem is “We Play At Paste” found in Emily Dickinson, Complete Poems (Boston: Little, Brown, 1924).

We play at paste,
 Til qualified for pearl,
 Then drop the paste,
 And deem ourselves a fool.
 The shapes, though, were similar,
 And our new hands
 Learned gem-tactics
 Practising sands.

18. “The cows that come here and get island sick and have to be taken for a trip to the mainland- Mrs. Bosworth says this is true”. Bishop uses this information in “Crusoe in England”: I’d heard of cattle getting island –sick.

I thought the goats were (C .P. 165).

19. Mrs. Bosworth was the proprietress of the Bosworth House, where Bishop stayed while on Cuttyhunk Island.
20. Lavender thistles. See Appendix, Figure 5.
21. Nova Scotia; Bishop lived off and on in Great Village, Nova Scotia with her mother

Gertrude May Bulmer Bishop (1879-1934), and her grandparents, William Brown Bulmer (1846-1930) and Elizabeth Hutchinson Bulmer (1850- 1931), until she was six. As an adult she made a yearly trip there to visit her remaining relatives. Sandra Barry, Elizabeth Bishop: An Archival Guide to Her Life in Nova Scotia (Hantsport, N.S.: Lancelot Press Limited, 1996) 29- 43. Bishop wrote about her mother and Great Village in “In the Village” (C. Prose 251-274). See Appendix, Figure 6.

22. Bishop wrote “The Proud Villagers” next to “The grandmother, the only one who shows any affection.”
23. “The method of eating cereal with a cup of milk at the side”: Bishop wrote about this in “Primer Class” (C. Prose 6).
24. Crevecoeur: St John de Crevecoeur was a French man who settled in colonial America and wrote Letters from an American Farmer (1773).
25. Gosnold’s account; for the complete account see: Lincoln A Dexter, The Gosnold Discoveries...In the North Part of Virginia, 1602: Now Cape Cod and the Islands, Massachusetts, according to the Relations by Gabriel Archer and John Brereton, arranged in parallel for convenient comparison (Sturbridge, MA: self-published, Plaza Printing, 1982). Bartholomew Gosnold, along with his crew of English men landed on Cuttyhunk Island in 1602. They met Native American Indians and explored the surrounding islands. Although the intent of the voyage was to leave twenty men behind to start a colony, everyone left after three weeks. Dexter writes that the naming of Cuttyhunk as Elizabeth’s Isle was most likely after Gosnold’s patron’s (Henry Wriothesley, the third Earl of Southampton) daughter, Elizabeth Vernon who later became Lady Southampton (Dexter 53).

26. Shakespeare's The Tempest: It is said that English playwright and poet, William Shakespeare (1564- 1616) used Cuttyhunk Island as the basis for the island in The Tempest (1611), although it could have been from an account of a shipwreck off the coast of Bermuda in 1609. See Sheri Metzger The Tempest (NY: Wiley Publishing, 2001) 8. Another possibility explained by Dexter, is that Gosnold's patron, Earl of Southampton, was also a patron to Shakespeare when the theaters were closed due to the plague (1592-1593). Perhaps Shakespeare used this American setting as a thank you to his former patron (Dexter 53). Certainly, The Tempest makes use of accounts and displays in England of American Indians. The native in the play, Caliban is half witch and half devil. Two of the characters see Caliban hiding under a cloak which makes him look strange, and think about taking him back to England to display for a profit (Metzger 31).
27. Hap: good luck (Dexter 28).
28. (Penikese): an island near Cuttyhunk Island, (Dexter 28).
29. "Haps Hill": next to this Bishop wrote: "Title Page". Haps Hill is now known as Palmer Island (Dexter 28).
30. Whortleberries: huckleberries (Dexter 20).
31. Captain John Smith: (1580-1631), Smith helped with the first successful settlement of English colonists at Jamestown, Virginia. in 1606. See www.jamestowne.org.
32. Another translation for pocutohhunkunoh is "point of departure". See www.lighthouse.cc/cuttyhunk/history.html.

Chapter 2 “It Came to Her Suddenly” (9-19)

1. New York: Bishop took an apartment at 16 Charles Street, on the edge of Greenwich Village. She described it in a letter to her friend Frani Blough on June 30, 1934 before she had moved in. “I found an apartment, or rather Mary and John found one for me, on Charles Street...There’s one large long room, 14’ X 22’, with a beautiful brick fireplace, and then there’s a bedroom, bathroom, and kitchenette. The walls are a sort of rough plaster, which I’m having painted a lead white, and gray blue in the bedroom. Margaret is of course full of ideas for decoration and I think it’s going to be pretty nice in a modest way NYC. See Appendix, Figures 7-10.
2. Boris Godounoff was advertised in the New York Times 27 July 1934 as: “Grand Opera Performance” with Smallens as conductor, at the Lewisohn Stadium. The dramatic portion is by Russian poet, Aleksandr Sergeyevich Pushkin (1799-1837).
3. Stadium: Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. and 138th St. NY, NY was a theater where concerts by the NY Philharmonic and other groups performed.
4. Stevedore: play, written by Paul Peters and George Sklar, about a Black, New Orleans longshoreman tired of being exploited, and his attempts to organize his fellow workers. Stevedore was advertised in the New York Times 27 July 1934 as a “sensational dramatic hit” and “Wholly exhilarating.”- Atkinson, Times, played at Civic Repertory Theater, 14 St. and 6 Ave., NY, NY.
- 5.”A Delegation From the United States Navy Received By the Pope: Midshipmen From Annapolis and Sailors From the Arkansas and Wyoming,” New York Times 17 July 1934: 8. A related article, New York Times 17 July 1934: 8, read:

“Pope Hails Spirit of Sea In Blessing Midshipmen”

Pope Pius today praised both “the strength and spirit of the sea and sailors,” in receiving a contingent of 300 midshipmen accompanied by twenty-five officers of the United States training fleet now in Italian waters.

“I am most pleased to salute the beautiful and vigorous youth which is accustomed generously and diligently to observe its duties,” His Holiness said.

After extending his ring for the kisses of the officers, the Pontiff blessed them, the midshipmen, their shipmates and the battleships Arkansas and Wyoming, which compose the training squad.

6. Hopkins, Gerard Manley: English poet (1844-1889), whose poetry was admired by Bishop. As a senior at Vassar, Bishop wrote a paper on Hopkins and the timing in his poetry.
7. Miss Moore: Marianne Moore (1887-1972), Bishop’s life long friend and poetic mentor. For a recent book on Moore’s poetry see: The Poems of Marianne Moore ed. Grace Schulman (NY: Viking, 2003).
8. Louise: Louise Crane (1913-1997), Bishop’s friend and lover, heiress of Crane and Co. Crane was also friends with Marianne Moore.
9. Third Rail: electrified hidden rail on a subway train track.” The third rail is almost worth some sort of prose poem. Running along silently, as insincere as poison.” Bishop did find a use for the third rail in “The Man-Moth”: “He does not dare look out the window, for the third rail, the unbroken drought of poison, runs there beside him” (C. P. 15).
10. “Extra- Big Blowup in the Village.” Headline “Pent House Blast rocks village.” Bishop used this image in “Love Lies Sleeping” (C. P. 16).

“Then in the west, “Boom!” and a cloud of smoke.

“Boom!” and the exploding ball

of blossom blooms again.

11. “‘The dew shall weep thy full tonight’- something about the day balanced at the top of the sky.’ This is a quote from George Herbert’s “Virtue”:

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,

The dew shall weep thy fall tonight;

The bridal of the earth and sky:

For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue angry and brave

Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye:

Thy root is ever in its grave,

And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,

A box where sweets compacted lie;

My music shows ye have your closes,

And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,

Like seasoned timber, never gives;

But though the whole world turn to coal,

Then chiefly lives.

George Herbert, George Herbert: The Complete English Poems, ed. John Tobin (N Y: Penguin, 1991) 80-81. George Herbert (1593-1633) wrote religious poetry and was much admired by Bishop. She first discovered Herbert’s poetry when she purchased a volume in a used book store when she was fourteen (C. Prose xii).

12. Edith Olivier, Alexander the Corrector: the Eccentric Life of Alexander Cruden (NY:

Viking Press, 1934) 75-76. Alexander Cruden was the first person to write a complete concordance of the bible almost 200 years ago, and it is still in print. The quote about the ostrich that Bishop copied down can be found in chapter 5 (“The Complete Concordance”) of Olivier’s book. Perhaps Bishop’s poem: “Over 2,000 Illustrations and a Complete Concordance” (C. P. 57) got some of its inspiration from Cruden’s concordance.

13. “The Citrus Fruit”, “The Emblem in the Eye”, “Flags and Banners”, “An Individual Island for Everyone”: “Flags and Banners” was the title of an unpublished poem of Bishop’s. Evidence can be found in Bishop’s poetry journal. Perhaps the other titles were for other poems, some possibly published, but renamed. “An Individual Island for Everyone” could have been the start of “Crusoe in England”.
14. “Tremendous Weights Moved”, and the photograph “The Enigmas of Easter island”, was part of the article: “A Mystery in Pacific: French Scientists Seeking the Riddle of Easter Island,” New York Times 12 Aug. 1934: XX 11.
15. “Some of the statues were crowned with hats and headdresses”. Bishop drew an arrow to this sentence and wrote “S & S”, possibly referring to “The Sea and it’s Shore“, one of Bishop’s short stories (C. Prose 171-180). “The Sea and Its Shore” contains quotes from newspaper articles and books found in this journal, but the Easter Island article was not one of them.
16. Baby Austin: The Austin Seven, a revolutionary British car, both economical and small, the first of its kind, built from 1929-1937. See Appendix, Figure 11.
17. “Who the hell do you think you are!” yelled a little boy outside the window just then. “Tarzan?” Looking at the ads from the 1930’s depicting African Americans, most are

shown as working class cooks, waiters, or servants for white Americans. To further the insult, some ads showed white men with their faces painted black. Apparently, even white children felt comfortable making disparaging remarks to adult African Americans. Bishop's attitude towards African American's seem to echo the times. She was not mean spirited toward them, but not all that nice either. Bishop was very class conscious and wanted a clear separation between herself and people she thought were beneath her. See Appendix, Figure 12.

18. Sheaffer's Script Well: See Appendix, Figure 13.

19. W.H.: Walnut Hill, the private girl's boarding school Bishop attended in Natick, Massachusetts. Because of her many illnesses, such as eczema and asthma, she did not attend school until high school, with the exception of primer class in Great Village, Nova Scotia (C. Prose xii).

20. El Greco painting: See Appendix, Figure 14.

21. Two headed fire hydrant: See Appendix, Figure 15.

22. Russian women: See Appendix, Figure 16.

23. "Perhaps what's so displeasing about it is that it seems like an extravagance, an unnecessary display, overlay of life- laid on too thick. Like burdock leaves and such lush green staffs." Common burdock (*arctium minus*) leaves are heart shaped, becoming gradually larger and larger as they grow down the stem. They look similar to rhubarb leaves: large and showy. See Appendix, Figure 17.

24. Mrs. Miller: Margaret Miller's mother.

25. "Name it "friendship" if you want to- like names of cities printed on maps, the word is much too big, it spreads out all over the place, and tells nothing of the actual place

it means to name.” This seems to be a foreshadowing of “The Map” (C. P. 3):

The names of seashore towns run out to sea,
 The names of cities cross the neighboring mountains
 -the printer here experiencing the same excitement
 as when emotion too far exceeds its cause.

26. Eva Coo: a portion of a newspaper article, New York Times 21 Aug. 1934: 4L reads:

“Guest at Coo Inn Tells of Death Car

Surprise Witness at Murder Trial Says She Knew It Had Run Over Body That Night
 Calm in the role of surprise witness, Mrs. Gladys Shumway, a guest at Mrs. Eva Coo’s roadhouse, testified today that she knew several hours after crippled Harry Wright’s body was left along a roadside that he had been battered to death by an automobile.

Mrs. Coo is on trial on charges of engineering Wright’s death to collect on insurance policies.

Mrs. Shumway, discussing the fatal night of June 14, said that Mrs. Martha Clift called for her at the roadhouse late that night and she drove with her to a garage.

She then asserted that she knew that the automobile in which she had ridden had only a few hours earlier steamrollered Wright on Crumhorn Mountain. It was not brought out how she knew this, but it was made clear that she was not in the death car at that time.”

27. Byrd and Little America- Little America was the furthest Southern American base in Antarctica, established in 1929. Admiral Richard E. Byrd, leader of the 2nd expedition, spent five months in an isolated snow hut taking weather measurements. There were many articles about him and his expedition. A sample of articles in the New York Times that Bishop may have read are: “Tractor is on way to Byrd’s outpost,” 23 July 1934: L 17; “Byrd’s Lonely Vigil Was A Mental Test,” 19 Aug. 1934: 2XX; “The Byrd Expedition Digs in for the Long Winter Night at Its Old Artic Base,” 26 Aug. 1934: Rotogravure Picture Section.

28. “I saw Faust at the Stadium last night (Aug. 18 [1934]) and what a thoroughly nasty little opera it is. Marlowe’s Faust has a little more humor to it, and a little more

sense”. In the introduction to Goethe’s Faust, Walter Kaufmann translator, (NY: Anchor Books, 1963, 1990), wrote: “Some associate Faust with Marlowe’s tragedy or Rembrandt’s etching, others with Berlioz’ cantata or Thomas Mann’s novel; more people with Gounod’s opera. Few realize that Gounod’s Faust is based on the First Part of Goethe’s drama, and ignores the Second; fewer still that it does not give an adequate idea even of the First Part” (1).

Faust was a historical figure born around 1480, who created an uproar when he said that he could do the same sorts of miracles that Jesus did. When Faust was admonished to go back to God, because he taught Homer by acting out the parts himself; he said he could not go back to God since he had pledged himself to the devil (12-14). The first book about Faust, was written in German, in 1587, forty-seven years after Faust died. The title page read:

Historia of Johann Faust, the widely acclaimed magician and black artist, how he pledged himself to the devil for a certain time, what strange adventures he saw meanwhile, brought about and pursued, until he finally received his well deserved wages. Compiled and prepared for the printer in several parts out of his own literary remains, as a horrible example and sincere warning for all conceited, clever, and godless people. James 4: Submit to God, resist the devil, and he will flee from you. Cum Gratia et Privilegio. Printed in Frankfort am Main by Johann Spies. MDLXXXVII.” (14).

Bishop refers to the English poet, Christopher Marlowe’s version, Tragical History of Doctor Faustus, as “having a little more humor and a little more sense” than the opera she saw, and it is understandable to see why she thought that.

Marlowe's version hinges on whether Faust can be saved from hell and returned to Christ. Kaufmann argues that Christianity is ultimately incompatible with tragedy, which is why Marlowe's version, when performed on stage was turned into a comedy (17). Goethe's drama was different from Marlowe's in that it left out the Christian warning about Faust's damnation, and concentrated on the tragedy of Margaret. To compound matters, Gounod's opera left out Goethe's Part II, so to Bishop, it made less sense.

29. Eric: the carpenter redoing Bishop's apartment.

30. Willy: the janitor for Bishop's apartment building.

Chapter 3 "Spring Lobsters" (20-33)

1. The Aquarium: The New York Aquarium opened in 1896 in lower Manhattan's Battery Park. In 1957 it was moved to Coney Island, Brooklyn.
2. Mary Barton: English writer, Elizabeth Gaskell's (1810-1865) first novel (1848). Bishop may have been acquainted with Gaskell's, North and South (1855), as that was the title of Bishop's first book of poetry.
3. Hardy: Thomas Hardy (1840-1928) English novelist and poet.
4. The Modern Movement in Art, R.H. Wilenski: see note 17 of this chapter.
5. Photograph caption, "The head boatman leads the way through a roaring current: Frank Swain; at the Head of the string of boats which covered the 356 miles of the route," in "An Expedition Conquers the Turbulent Colorado River," New York Times 19 Aug. 1934: Rotogravure Picture Section.
6. East River: river surrounding the east side of Manhattan.

7. Karl Shurtz Park: park on the East River in Manhattan.
8. “and at the church, to warn the ships above, eight times they ring the bells.” Bishop used this line in “The Flood” (C. P. 220). This poem was written in 1933, so it appears she was quoting herself.

It finds the park first, and the trees / turn wavey and wet; / but all the
extinguished traffic knows/ that it will drown the steeples yet.

Beyond the town, subqueous, / the green hills change to green-mossed shells; /
and at the church, to warn the ships above, / eight times they ring the bells.

9. Museum: Museum of Natural History- Manhattan
10. “Speeding Object ‘Stilled’ By New Ignitron Tube,” New York Times 24 Aug. 1934:
11.
11. “But since Proust” fragment, is a book review by John Chamberlain, (“Books of the
Times,” New York Times 25 Aug. 1934: 11) of Samuel Rogers’ Dusk at the
Grove.
12. Tourmaline- “Sea green gem crystals “ - in long stringed sticks, looking like
angelica. Bishop tried to write a poem using these elements, but never finished.
13. “brilliant cut” - means of course, to bring out the brilliancy by reflecting outside light
from inside. I should think the phrase could be used of say, a man’s clothing, in the
same way, or anything sharply stylish- (facets of fashion) . Bishop used some of these
ideas in “The Imaginary Iceberg” (C. P. 4): “This iceberg cuts its facets from within;
Like jewelry from a grave.”
14. Hart Crane- “Essay on Modern Poetry” first appeared in Oliver M. Sayler, Revolt in
The Arts: A Survey of the Creation, Distribution and Appreciation of Art in America

- (New York: Brentano's, 1930) 294-298. Another source is Hart Crane, The Complete Poems and Selected Letters and Prose of Hart Crane, ed. Brom Weber (New York: Liveright, 1933, 1958, 1966) 260-263.
15. R. H. Wilenski: Reginold Howard Wilenski, The Modern Movement in Art (London: Faber and Groyer, 1927).
 16. Religious and non-religious art- two classes - "when the justification of his work and the criterion of its value": (Wilenski 5).
 17. Architecture as typical art- "formal relations": (Wilenski 10).
 18. The Romantic Heresy: (Wilenski 13-17).
 19. Naturalism and Representation, "deliberately symbolic representation": (Wilenski 23).
 20. Popular Art- Produced by artist who works "within his own or the people's familiar experience": (Wilenski 25).
 21. Original Art- artist "enlarges his experience by his work": (Wilenski 27).
 22. Influence of camera- "Can see relations of color in so far as they are relations of light and shade": (Wilenski 78).
 23. "Human perception consists (a) in a mechanical physiological vision and (b) in reinforcements to that vision which the camera lacks": (Wilenski 81).
 24. "What we wish to perceive depends on the character of the adjustment to life which we are attempting at the time": (Wilenski 86).
 25. Quotes Einstein as to activity of creating "architectural art"- "positive motive which impels men to seek a simplified synoptic view of the world conformable to their own nature, overcoming the world by replacing it with this picture" :(Wilenski

187).

26. “Original architectural art, honestly and competently passed as right by the artist-spectator ...”: (Wilenski 229).

27. “All original art is produced without reference to the work’s effects on spectators other than the artist”: (Wilenski 230).

28. “In addition to its intrinsic value ...”: (Wilenski 230).

29. Talking about Benjamin Franklin, Parrington writes:

“In England he must have remained middle class, shut in by a wall of prejudice; but in colonial America he found a congenial environment. Like Samuel Seawall, he swam easily in the main current of colonial life, won increasing honors, until- as he naively remarked- he came more than once to stand before kings. How fortunate he was is revealed by contrast with the career of his great English counterpart and fellow spirit, Daniel Defoe, whose *Essay on Projects*- a classic document of the rising middle class-might well have been Franklin’s first text book.

The earliest literary representative of the English middle class, Defoe preached the same gospel of social betterment. With his head full of projects for the advancement of trade and the material well being of his fellows, he preached the new gospel of practical efficiency to a generation of wits, going so far as to assert that the ideal statesman should be sought, not among gentlemen but among merchants, whose training in business affairs had made them shrewd judges of men and capable of dealing with practical matters. But the London of Queen Anne was not a place in which to rise by preaching efficiency. Defoe’s

day had not yet come in England...But if he failed in his ambition to get on, he found a certain solace in the vicarious realization of his ideal. Robinson Crusoe, the practically efficient man making himself master of his environment, was the dream of Daniel Defoe; Franklin was the visible, new-world embodiment of that dream.”

Vernon Louis Parrington, Main Currents in American Thought: An Interpretation of American Literature From The Beginnings to 1920. Volume One: 1620-1800, The Colonial Mind (NY: Harcourt, Brace, 1927, 1930) 165-166.

30. Coxcombs: cockscombs, also called celosia, are plants from the amaranth family (amaranthaceae). See Appendix, Figure 18.
31. combed and carded: like cotton or wool. Carding sheep's wool is a way to break it down and prepare it for spinning into thread. For more on carding wool see: Foxfire 2 ed. Eliot Wigginton and his students (NY: Anchor Books, 1973) 184-190.
32. “wrapped in its own tear”: This passage seems similar to one Bishop used in “The Weed” (C. P. 21).

“A few drops fell on my face
 and in my eyes, so I could see
 (or, in that black place, thought I saw)
 that each drop contained a light,
 a small illuminated scene;
 the weed-deflected stream was made
 itself of racing images.
 (As if a river should carry all

the scenes that it had once reflected
 shut in its waters, and not floating
 on momentary surfaces.)

33. John Dryden (1631-1700) was a well-known English dramatist, writer and poet. The time of his writings is sometimes called the Age of Dryden.
34. The Indian Emperor, 1667, Act II: Bishop wrote Act II but it was Act IV scene ii.
35. “Ye Blustering Brethren”: Song XI, Aeolus sings.
36. “Foreign lands thy fishes tasting”: King Arthur, Act V.
37. Henry Purcell: (1659-1695) was a composer for over 40 plays, including many of Dryden’s plays.
38. “Alexander’s Feast”: An Ode in Honour of St. Cecilia’s Day.
39. Whitman: Walt Whitman (1819-1892) American poet. “Delicate cluster- flag of teeming life” is from “Delicate Cluster” written in 1871, under the group “Drum Taps”, found in Walt Whitman, Leaves of Grass (NY: Norton, 2002) 271.

Delicate cluster! flag of teeming life!

Covering all my lands- all my seashores lining!

Flag of death! (how I watch’d you through the smoke of battle
 pressing!

How I heard you flap and rustle, cloth defiant!)

Flag cerulean- sunny flag, with the orbs of night dappled!

Ah my silver beauty- ah my woolly white and crimson!

Ah to sing the song of you, my mighty!

My sacred one, my mother.

40. Late Clouds: possible poem by Bishop.

Chapter 4 The Captive Bushmaster (34-43)

1. For the full article read: “Dr. Ditmars Back From Reptile Hunt,” New York Times 11 Sept. 1934: 23. The rest of the headings read: “Brings Prized Bushmaster and 24 cases of Vampire Bats, Centipedes and Frogs.” “New Snake Only a ‘Baby’” About 6 Feet Long Now, It Will Grow to 12 Feet- Gets Special Quarters at Bronx Zoo”. For two other articles on Dr. Ditmars see: “35 Years with Zoo,” New York Times 17 July 1934: 22; and “Topics of the Times,” New York Times 18 July 1934: 16.
2. “Also returning with Dr. Ditmars were Mrs. Ditmars and their two daughters, Mrs. Karl Kapetzky and Mrs. Beatrice Daniels, and their granddaughter, Miss Gloria Daniels.” Bishop underlined this passage and put a check mark next to the women’s names. Bishop may have known these women, or perhaps she noticed how comical their names look coming right after the long list of reptiles. As if Dr. Ditmars collected them too, especially Mrs. Karl Karpetzky.
3. “The Frigate Pelican”: poem by Marianne Moore. It first appeared in The Criterion, A Quarterly Review, ed. T.S. Eliot (London: Faber and Faber, July 1934) 557-560. A slightly different version can also be found in Marianne Moore, Selected Poems (London: Farber and Farber, 1935) 38-41. Later versions had a large section omitted. Marianne Moore wrote in the beginning of Collected Poems: “Omissions are not mistakes”. The omitted section from the first version reads:

“of vigilance, earns the term aquiline; keeping at a height

so great the feathers look black and the beak does not
show. It is not retreat but exclusion from
which he looks down and observes what went
secretly as it thought, out of sight
among dense jungle plants. Sent
ahead of the rest, there goes the true
knight in his jointed coat that
covers all but his bat

ears; a-trot with stiff pig gait- our tame armadillo, loosed
by
his master and as pleased as a dog. Beside the
spattered blood- that orchid which the native fears-
the fer-de-lance lies sleeping; centaur-
like, this harmful couple's amity
is apropos. A jaguar
and crocodile are fighting. Sharp- shinned
hawks and peacock-freckled small
cats, like the literal

merry-go-round, come wandering into the high bird's-eye
view
of the expert for whom from the air they are ants

keeping house all their lives in the crack of a
 crag with no view from the top. And here,
 unlikely animals learning to
 dance, crouch on two steeds that rear
 behind a leopard with a frantic
 face, tamed by an Artemis
 who wears a dress like his,

and hampering haymaker's hat. *Festina lente*....

Sometime after July, 25, 1934, Bishop wrote in her notebook: "The best thing about the merry-go-round is the way the children appear to be sunk into the animals up to their waists like infant centaurs" (16). Later she wrote: "The little kitten, marked as motley as a trout-" (33). Two lines from Moore's poem read: "the fer-de-lance lies sleeping: centaur-like," and "Sharp-shinned/ hawks and peacock-freckled small/ cats, like the literal/ merry-go-round, come wandering within the circular view". Bishop's merry-go-round carries centaur-like children, while Moore's merry-go-round carries hawks and small cats and her centaur is a snake. Bishop's little kitten is motley like a trout, and Moore's small cat is freckled like a peacock.

In her notebook, Bishop quoted parts of Moore's poem from The Criterion, directly after the article about Dr. Ditmars, and his snakes. The article mentions the fer de lance snake, also featured in Moore's poem. Bishop must have noticed the connection.

4. "Woodcutters always have two children": reference to a line in Moore's "The

Frigate Pelican”:

And blow back, allowing the wind to reverse their direction.

This is not the stalwart swan that can ferry the
woodcutter’s two children home; no. Make hay; keep
the shop; I have one sheep; were a less
limber animal’s mottoes. This one
finds sticks for the swan’s- down dress
of his child to rest upon and would
not know Gretel from Hansel.

As impassioned Handel-

Bishop’s story “The Farmer’s Children” (C. Prose 193-203), about two boys who
froze to death, although based on a news article she saved in this notebook (“Two
Farm Boys Killed By Cold”, 91), has elements of Hansel and Gretel in it (a wicked
step mother, and the older brother using stones to mark their path). Bishop’s poem,
“Sleeping Standing Up” (C. P. 30) also has Hansel and Gretel elements:

-Through turret-slits we saw the crumbs or pebbles that lay
below the riveted flanks
on the green forest floor,
like those clever children placed by day
and followed to their door
one night, at least;

5. T.C. Wilson’s review: Reason and Beauty in the Poetic Mind, by Charles Williams
and The Medium of Poetry, by James Sutherland, The Criterion (London: Faber and

Faber, July 1934) 673-675. The quote that Bishop cites: “For what can be the virtue of criticism that is obliged to attain its ends at the expense of the work it studies?” is found in the following passage:

“When, to take a representative example, he quotes Milton’s line, ‘Warring in heaven against heaven’s matchless king,’ and tells us that here Milton has ‘defined man’s continual strife with his perception of Beauty, defined and despised, removed and rejected it,’ he is, I think, reading into the line something which is not there, something which the line, restored to its context, will not support. In other words, he is giving us more of Mr. Williams than of Milton, and the reader has every right to reject his interpretation. But my chief quarrel is not with the truth or falsity of his interpretations so much as with his manner of arriving at them. For what can be the virtue of criticism that is obliged to attain its ends at the expense of the work it studies? As Mr. Williams remarks, ‘The removal of even a stanza or line from its context tends, unless we are very careful, to thwart it and us more than we realize.’ And that is what has happened in this case. The reader comes away from the book with a great deal of knowledge of its author but scarcely any deeper insight into the poetry which was discussed” (647).

It seems a bit funny that Bishop took Wilson’s quote out of context.

6. galactic: Merriam Webster’s definition is: 1: of or relating to a galaxy and especially the Milky Way galaxy 2: huge
7. marish: an archaic form of marsh.
8. “They gave the Queen a dress of eyes”: similar to a phrase used in Bishop’s poem “Britannia Rules the Waves” (C. P. 203):

Queen Elizabeth had a dress of eyes,
 Embroidered to embarrass courtiers
 Who bowed and stared at eyes outside the house.

9. "She slept about two hours": fragment from: "Woman Keeps Vigil At Power Pole Hole," New York Times 19 Sept. 1934: 8. The woman, Mrs. Elsie Barnebie from South Camden, New Jersey, never liked the electric light pole in front of her house. When the old one was taken out to be replaced, she sat in the hole in protest. This went on for 100 hours, after which Mrs. Barnebie agreed to leave her hole in exchange for the old pole, which was cut up and stacked in her cellar for firewood. A crowd of 600 people cheered when the old pole was cut up. Bishop used parts of this article in "The Sea and its Shore" (C. Prose 176). For related articles see New York Times 20 Sept. 1934: 14; 21 Sept. 1934: 25; 22 Sept. 1934: 17; 24 Sept. 1934: 16.
10. The page numbers that Bishop has recorded, next to the selected quotes, correspond with: Samuel T. Coleridge, Biographia Literaria: or, Biographical Sketches of My Literary Life and Opinions. Volume I, ed. J. Shawcross (London: Oxford U P, 1907).
11. Miss Washburn: Vassar College professor of psychology who wrote a book on animal psychology, The Animal Mind, that interested Bishop.
12. "The habit of perusing periodical works...": Bishop used this quote in "The Sea and Its Shore" (C. Prose 176).
13. Vol II: second volume of Coleridge's Biographia Literaria, ed. J. Shawcross (London: Oxford U P, 1907).
14. "Finally, GOOD SENSE is the BODY of poetic genius, FANCY its DRAPERy,

- MOTION its LIFE, and IMAGINATION the SOUL that is everywhere, and in each; and forms all into one graceful and intelligent whole”: (Coleridge 13).
15. “Something analogous to the materials and structure of modern poetry...”: (Coleridge 22-23).
 16. “On the Principles of General Criticism”, Essay Third: (Coleridge 228)
 17. “Pedantry consists in the use of words unsuitable to the time, place, and company”: (Coleridge 239-240).
 18. “This is perfect for people like Hemingway.”: Ernest Hemingway (1899-1961), American novelist known for characters who speak in a no nonsense tone.
 19. “Her ladyship’s assumption was that she kept, at every moment of her life, every advantage-...” Bishop used this quote in “The Sea and its Shore” (C. Prose 176), originally from, Henry James, The Golden Bowl (NY: Scribner’s Sons, 1904). Henry James (1843-1916) was a prolific writer of short stories and novels. He grew up in America, but spent most of his life in Europe.
 20. The Europeans: 1878, Henry James
 21. An International Episode: A novel by Henry James (NY: Harper and Brothers, 1878).
 22. Spiritual Exercises- Loyola: Joseph Rickaby Jr., The Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius Loyola: Spanish and English with Continuous Commentary, (London: Burns Oates and Washbourne, 1923).
 23. “Annotations”: (Rickaby 4).
 24. “The Exercitan will benefit all the more”: (Rickaby 13). Bishop used this line in “The Sea and Its Shore” (C. Prose 175).

25. “He comes to use his natural faculties more freely”: (Rickaby 13-14).

26. “Principle and Foundation”: (Rickaby 18).

27. “1st week, 1st exercise”: (Rickaby 23).

28. Aristotle and St. Thomas: (Rickaby 26). In a note, Rickaby states:

“ ‘My soul imprisoned in this corruptible body.’ A Platonist would catch at this expression, for according to Plato it is an evil for the soul to be in the body at all. [‘The union of soul and body is in no way better than their separation, as I would say speaking in all earnestness.’ (Plato, Laws, viii. 828D.)] Opposite is the doctrine of Aristotle, taken up by St. Thomas, and finally endorsed by the Council of Vienne, that the soul is (in the scholastic sense) the form of the body, giving to the body as to its proper matter life and being, and making up with the body one complete nature. Thus the soul’s proper place is in the body. ‘It is specifically proper to the human soul to be united to a certain species of body... thus then human souls are individualized according to bodies’ (St.Thomas, Contra Gentiles, ii. 75).”

29. Gertrude Stein’s love of saints: Gertrude Stein, (1874-1946) was a poet, playwright and novelist. Bishop attended Stein’s opera, “Four Saints in Three Acts” in New York at the 44th Street Theater on March 3 or 4, 1934, while still attending Vassar College. Saint Ignatius Loyola was one of the saints in the opera and this might be what led Bishop to mention Stein in her notes on Loyola’s book. For Stein’s “Four Saints in Three Acts” see: Selected Writings of Gertrude Stein, ed. Carl Van Vechten (NY: Vintage Books, 1990) 578-612.

In a letter to her friend Frani Blough (March 2, 1934) she wrote: “This weekend

we're going to the Stein opera. I notice all the critics are beginning to have their doubts now- I suppose it's getting too popular to be praised- but I want to hear Virgil Thomson's music..." (Elizabeth Bishop, One Art, ed. Robert Giroux (NY: Noonday Press; Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 1994) 17. In another letter to Donald E. Stanford (March 5, 1934) she wrote: "I just got back from N.Y.- hearing the Stein opera. It has some beautiful Negro singing and the sets are ravishing. Gertrude had very little to do with its success, however, the words being mostly unintelligible and then ignored as far as the characters, moods, etc., went. It was awfully nice." (One Art, 19). Seeing this opera got Bishop interested in writing a masque. On April 1, 1934, in a letter to Frani Blough she wrote: " Just now I have an unreasonable desire to think about a new drama in poetry. Perhaps it isn't so unreasonable after all, as Eliot seems to be working that way. And the Stein opera made me feel cheerful about the return of the masque-like entertainment. Lord, I'd like to attempt that sort of thing."(One Art 22).

30. "The Colloquy": (Rickaby 26).

31. "5th exercise, on hell": (Rickaby 41).

32. "The stench remains, the luster dies away"- Cowper: (Rickaby 44).

33. "Additions": (Rickaby 45).

34. "Changing of position": (Rickaby 46).

35. "Depriving self": (Rickaby 47).

36. "Interior and exterior penance": (Rickaby 47).

37. "General Examen": (Rickaby 60).

38. "To pick holes in the coats of the godly."- Bunyan: (Rickaby 66).

39. "Modes of Humility": (Rickaby 136-138).

40. “Rules for Discernment of Spirits”: (Rickaby 143-146).
41. “Evil spirits”: (Rickaby 144).
42. Election: (Rickaby 149-156).
43. Rules for Scruples: (Rickaby 163-166).
44. Three Methods for Prayer: (Rickaby 213-215).
45. Dwelling: (Rickaby 216-217).
46. By rhythmical beats: (Rickaby 218).
47. Rules for Thinking With the Church: (Rickaby 220-225).

Chapter 5 “That Face Needs a Penny Piece of Gum” (44-53)

1. The Wings of the Dove – A novel by Henry James (NY: Charles Scribner’s Sons, 1902). For corresponding page numbers see 1997 edition: NY: Knopf.
2. Milly watching lady copyists: (James, Dove 199-200).
3. American women appear: (James, Dove 202).
4. “She couldn’t pretend she believed...”: (James, Dove 214).
5. “the rare passion of friendship...”: (James, Dove 240).
6. “She had interrupted her no more...”: (James, Dove 248).
7. “the broken charm of the world about...”: (James, Dove 392).
8. “Did Gladstone invent the phrase ‘bag and baggage’? and what connection has it with the Gladstone bag?” Gladstone did not invent the phrase, but he did use it in a speech. One can only wonder about the connection to the Gladstone bag. E. Cobham Brewer’s The Dictionary of Phrase and Fable: Giving the Derivation, Source, or Origin of Common Phrases, Allusions and Words that have a Tale to Tell, (NY:

Avinel Books, 1978), has two listings related to “bag and baggage”. The first reads: “bag and baggage, as ‘Get away with you, bag and baggage.’ i.e. Get away, and carry with you all your belongings. The bag or sack is the pouch in which a soldier packs his few articles when he moves from place to place. Baggage is a contemptuous term for a woman, either because soldiers send their wives in the baggage wagons, or from the Italian bagascia (a harlot), French bagasse, Spanish bagazo, Persian bagn.” The second listing is: “Bag and baggage policy. In 1876 Mr. Gladstone, speaking on the Eastern Question, said, ‘Let the Turks now carry away their abuses in the only possible manner, namely, by carrying away themselves...one and all, bag and baggage, shall, I hope, clear out from the province they have desolated and profaned.’ This was termed by the Conservatives the bag and baggage policy.”

9. Mrs. Moore: Marianne Moore’s mother. Mrs. Moore was a retired English teacher and liked to help Moore critique Bishop’s poems in progress.
10. Gertrude Stein’s lecture at Vassar. There is a printed version of one of Stein’s Lectures in America, which was delivered between 1934 and 1935. Originally published by Random House in 1935, and reprinted in Selected Writings of Gertrude Stein, (241-258), titled, “The Gradual Making of the Making of Americans”. This is probably the lecture that Bishop heard, or heard about. Because Stein repeats sentences and phrases over and over, most likely, the gist of it was the same.
11. What Maisie Knew : A novel by Henry James, (Chicago: Herbert S. Stone, 1897).
12. Stephen Spender, Hound and Horn review: “The School of Experience in the Early Novels” reprinted in Homage to Henry James, 1843-1916: Essays by Marianne Moore, Edmund Wilson, Stephen Spender, R.P. Blackmur, et al. (Mamaroneck, NY:

Paul P. Appel, 1971) 63-79.

“Even his stories about childhood are only new ways of holding up the mirror to society: in this sense, there is something particularly obscene about What Maisie Knew, in which a small girl is, in a rather admiring way, exhibited as prying into the sexual lives of her very promiscuous elders” (Spender 78).

13. “I lose myself in ravishment before the marble and the pink.” From Henry James’ autobiography, A Small Boy and Others (NY: Scribner’s Sons, 1913)11-12. James was remembering back to his boyhood in Albany, New York. His grandmother’s house had white stone steps he believed were marble and the schoolhouse across the street was “pinkish- red”.
14. “A Week at the U.S. School of Writing”: published as: “The U.S.A. School of Writing” (C. Prose 35-49). In this story, Bishop wrote about her job as Mr. Margolies, a teacher of writing whose students sent in lessons for “him” to correct.
15. “slept on a hair all night“: Found in “The U.S.A. School of Writing” (C. Prose 47).
16. “I wasn’t feeling well over my teeth...”: Bishop used this paragraph in “The Sea and Its Shore” (C. Prose 177).
17. “Mr. Margolies, I am thinking of how those authors write such long stories...”: “The Sea and Its Shore” (C. Prose 177).
18. Christmas seals: “One lady sent in her “home- work” as they called it, all trimmed up with Christmas seals” (47).
19. Salvador Dali (1904-1989): Spanish surrealist painter. Bishop saved a program from one of his exhibitions in New York. See Appendix, Figure 19.
20. Music program: directed by Werner Janssen. On part of this program Bishop wrote

“very dull.” This seems to point to Chorale, for string Orchestra, Op.3 by Harris.

21. Orpheus and Eurydice: opera. Bishop wrote “Bruno Walter” next to the Orpheus and Eurydice program. He was likely the director.

22. Inside of Dali program: See Appendix, Figures 20-22.

23. “scenes being the root of the matter...”: (Henry James, A Small Boy and Others, 262).

24. Bishop drew an arrow next to the words “wild flowers” and “wisteria”.

25. Wisteria Cottage: a fragment from a newspaper, Dec. 1934. The article was about Albert Fish, a confessed serial child killer now referred to as the real life Hanibel Lecturn. Fish killed Gracie Budd, an eight-year-old child in 1928, but was not caught until Dec. 13, 1934, after he wrote an anonymous letter to Gracie’s mother, detailing all his gruesome exploits. What the paper did not print is that he roasted and ate his victims. For a complete story about Albert Fish see:

www.crimelibrary.com/serial_killers/notorious/fish/index.html

26. I got the idea of looking at labels from Miss Moore’s poem about the camellias: See Marianne Moore’s “Camellia Sabina” found in The Poems of Marianne Moore, ed. Grace Schulman, (NY: Viking, 2003) 201.

The section of Moore’s poem that Bishop is referring to reads:

“and the Bordeaux plum
 from Marnande (France) in parenthesis with
 A.G. on the base of the jar- Alexis Godilot-
 Unevenly blown beside a bubble that
 is green when held up to the light; they

are a fine duet; the screw-top
for this graft-grown briar-black bloom
on black-thorn pigeon's blood,
is, like Certosa, sealed with foil. Appropriate custom."

27. yellow pung: sled.
28. Joke Specs with shifting eyes: Bishop used these directions in "The Sea and Its Shore" (C. Prose 177).
29. truss: a type of belt used to keep a hernia patient from getting worse before surgery.

Part II 1935

Chapter 6 "Wonder Bread" (54-61)

1. A Little Miracle: Bishop's poem, "A Miracle for Breakfast" (C. P. 18-19) is loosely based on this passage.

It was so cold we hoped that the coffee
would be very hot, seeing that the sun
was not going to warm us; that the crumb
would be a loaf each, buttered by a miracle.

2. Wanamaker: department store in New York. See Appendix, Figure 23.
3. M.: probably Margaret Miller
4. Marlowe: Christopher Marlowe (1564-1593) was an English poet and playwright. He wrote his plays using a blank verse style that other playwrights began using. One of his best works was Tamburlaine the Great: Part I (1586-87) and Part II (1587).
5. Elihu: biblical character in the book of Job, The Bible.

6. insistence on cloud images: The Bible, King James Version, Job 35:5. Other references to clouds: Job 36: 29; 37: 11; 37: 13; 37: 15-16; 38: 9; 38: 34; 38: 37.
7. “Look unto the heavens”: Job 35:5
8. “If thou sinnest”: Job 35: 6
9. “If thou be righteous”: Job 35: 7
10. “Thy wickedness”: Job 35: 8
11. “By reason of the multitude”: Job 35: 9
12. “But none saith”: Job 35: 10
13. “Who teacheth us”: Job 35:11
14. unicorn: wild ox: Job 39: 9-12
15. “He saith among the trumpets”: Job 39: 25
16. “I am a brother to dragons and a companion to owls”: Job 30: 29; also the title of a poem by Marianne Moore (The Poems of Marianne Moore, 39).

“Am I a brother to dragons and a companion to owls?”

I am exactly that: brusque, blind-

Unsocialized in deed, convinced in mind,

Of my strict duty to mankind.

17. Jamaica: area in the borough of Queens, New York City.
18. Esse quam videri: the Latin phrase for: to be rather than to seem. This is also North Carolina’s state motto.
19. Rilke’s *Elegies*, translated by V. Sackville- West: Rainer Maria Rilke, (1875-1926), Elegies from the Castle of Duino, trans. Victoria Sackville-West and Edward Sackville-West (London: printed for the Hogarth Press by Cranach Press, 1931).

According to the University of Chicago's library listing note, there were only 230 copies of this book printed, on hand made paper, and signed by the translators, with another eight made on vellum and also signed. The more commonly translated name for Rilke's book is Duino Elegies.

20. African children: a postcard of unknown origin.
21. Juan Gris, "Pipe and Open Book", included in the article by Edward Alden Jewell: "Museum of Modern Art: Part of Mrs. Rockefeller's Gift on View, With Other Museum Paintings, and Loans," New York Times 9 June 1935: 8X. Jewell described Gris' painting as "a very interesting abstraction constructed on a star pattern."
22. "The Colder the Air": poem by Bishop (C. P. 6). "I'd like to see 'The Colder the Air' placed on a large page with fine sketches around it- a target; a breaking clock, and some leaves and flowers." Bishop wanted the drawing to correspond with her poem. "The target-center in her eye." and "(It is this clock that later falls/ in wheels and chimes of leaf and cloud.)"
23. barber pole: There is missing text because of a hole in the page of the notebook.
24. Egmont Overture: music by Ludwig Beethoven (1770-1827).

Chapter 7 "Water Meshing Like Gears" (62-72)

1. Waconah Falls: A state park in Dalton, Massachusetts, Berkshire county. Bishop and Louise Crane visited there probably because Dalton is the home of Crane and Co. and the Crane Museum of Paper Making. See Appendix, Figure 24.
2. "He that to praise and laud thee doth refrain," 17: First line and line number from George Herbert's (1593-1633), poem "Providence", which can be found in George

Herbert, The Complete English Poems ed. John Tobin (London: Penguin Books, 1991) 108-113.

3. “We all acknowledge both thy power and love”: (Herbert line 29)
4. “How finely dost thou times and seasons spin,”: (Herbert line 54).
5. “To show thou art not bound, as if thy lot”: (Herbert line 137).
6. “most of the homes destroyed”: newspaper article fragment, around 30, June 1935.
7. These hot mornings the street- sprinkler goes around about 9:30. The water dries off very rapidly, but very beautifully, in watermelon pattern- only wet- black on grey, instead of darker green on brighter green. Bishop used this image in “Love Lies Sleeping” (C. P. 17)

Along the street below
the water-wagon comes

Throwing its hissing, snowy fan across
peelings and newspapers. The water dries
light-dry, dark-wet, the pattern
of the cool watermelon.

8. Brief American Biography: James Kendall Hosmer, The Last Leaf: Observations, during Seventy-Five Years, of Men and Events in America and Europe (NY: Putnam’s Sons, Knickerbocker Press, 1912). Bishop wrote: “Story from Job – characterization of his friends- not a la Mann”, referring to Hosmer’s Forward, and to Chapter III, “Horace Mann and Antioch College”. In his forward, Hosmer wrote: “Retiring, as I must soon do from my somewhat Satanic activity, from ‘going to and

fro in the earth and walking up and down it,' I can claim, like my ill-reputed exemplar, to have encountered some patient Jobs, servants of the Lord, but more who were impatient, yet not the less the Lord's servants, and the outward semblance of these I try to present"(Hosmer iv).

I believe Bishop may be referring to an incident at Antioch College. Hosmer was a young boy when Hosmer's father was treasurer at Antioch and Horace Mann was president. At one point Mann demanded money for something and gave Hosmer's father a good tongue lashing, because the treasurer could only give money for certain approved things and Mann's request had not been approved. Hosmer Sr. did not give in to Mann, yet the Hosmers retained a good relationship and respect for Mann. Horace Mann could be categorized as an impatient Job, which is Bishop's point, as Job was patient.

9. Luchow's: ice cream parlor in New York.
10. At the Zoo: It is difficult to say which of the New York City zoos Bishop was referring to, as there were three zoos in existence in 1935. Most likely she is referring to the Prospect Park Zoo, in Brooklyn, which opened on July 3, 1935, since her visit was on that same date. A second possibility is the Bronx Zoo, which opened in 1899. A third possibility is the Central Park Zoo, which became a zoo in 1934 and prior to that was the Central Park Menagerie established in 1864.
11. "it looks like Coleridge's painted boat upon the painted ocean" : Bishop is referring to Samuel Coleridge's poem, "The Ancient Mariner", a story about a sailor who killed an albatross that had been following the ship. After this, the wind stopped blowing, and the crew all died except for the guilty sailor.

“Day after day, day after day, we stuck, nor breath nor motion; as idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean.”

12. “July 4th - Saw Clifford Odets’ 2 plays ‘Till The Day I Die’, and ‘Waiting for Lefty’.”: These two plays can be found in Clifford Odets, Six Plays by Clifford Odets (NY: Grove Press, 1979). Odets wrote these two plays, and “Awake and Sing” in 1935. He wrote about the working class, their struggles and their suffering during the 1930’s. He also wrote about what it was like to be Jewish during those times. “Till the Day I Die” was first performed by the Group Theater, at the Longacre Theater, March 26, 1935. The setting is Berlin, Germany. It is about a group of underground comrades who print leaflets that tell the truth about Hitler’s false propaganda; that there are no jobs in the other cities, although Hitler says otherwise. The main character, Ernst, gets caught and interrogated. The Germans want to know the names of the other comrades, but Ernst never tells. He is eventually released, but the other comrades no longer trust him and his own brother kills him, even as he protests his innocence.

“Waiting For Lefty” was a series of short scenes, the main one being about unionized taxi cab drivers that cannot make a decent living. They want to strike, but are afraid they will lose what little work they have. In the end, Lefty is found dead. One of the other scenes is about a young Jewish doctor, Benjamin, who loses his patient to the senator’s incompetent son (the patient dies) and his job, because he is Jewish. As he talks to the head doctor, Barnes, he muses about going to Russia, but decides against it.

Benjamin: “No! Our work’s here- America! I’m scared...what futures ahead, I don’t

know. Get some job to keep alive- maybe drive a cab- and study and work and learn my place-”

Barnes: “and step down hard!”

Benjamin: “Fight! Maybe get killed, but goddamn! We’ll go ahead!” (Odets 28-29).

Bishop saved a relevant newspaper clipping about taxi drivers (118).

In consequence, the New York taxicab driver cannot be said to exist as a type as he did ten or fifteen years ago, for his ranks are overflowing now with men from other occupations- lawyers, brokers, medical students, engineers, clothing dealers and plumbers. Thousands of men formerly employed in professions and trades are now equipped with hack driver’s licenses and their hopeful “Taxi?” hails pedestrians on every curb.

13. There was no moon tonight. Instead we “made out” with two white dress shields:

Dress shields were cloth pads placed under the armpits to prevent sweat from ruining the fabric of the dress.

14. “Send me some token, that my hope may live”: “The Token” by English poet and

Writer John Donne (1572-1631). See: John Donne, Poems of John Donne: Vol I, ed.

E.K. Chambers (London: Lawrence and Bullen, 1896) 80-81.

Send me some tokens, that my hope may live

Or that my easeless thoughts may sleep and rest;

Send me some honey, to make sweet my hive,

That in my passions I may hope the best.

I beg nor ribbon wrought with thine own hands,

To knit our loves in the fantastic strain

Of new- touch’d youth; nor ring to show the stands

Of our affection, that, as that’s round and plain,

So should our loves meet in simplicity;
 No, nor the corals, which thy wrist enfold,
 Laced up together in congruity,
 To show our thoughts should rest in the same hold;
 No, nor thy picture, though most gracious,
 And most desired, 'cause 'tis like the best
 Nor witty lines, which are copious,
 Within the writings which thou hast address'd.
 Send me nor this nor that, to increase my score,
 But swear thou think'st I love thee no more.

15. "Here we are all by day": "Dreams", from Robert Herrick, Works of Robert Herrick, Vol I ed. Alfred Pollard (London: Lawrence and Bullen, 1891) 23.
16. "Dreamed I had a long conversation upon Meter with George Herbert." Many authors have written about this dream.
17. "Last night (July 11th) I saw the other Odets' play "Awake and Sing" - It was very good, although not quite as good as "Till the Day I Die" I thought. The strange thing was: it got its utter tragedy, poignancy, etc., from having the wrong solution, which the playwright believed to be right. It is strange to think of the young Jews all over town using materialistic philosophy as an idealistic religion." "In the most tragic moment of all, when it is revealed that the girl's going to have a baby, etc. 'Oh- we must get Tootsie (the nasty white poodle) off the roof.'": Bishop may have misunderstood in part, what Odets was trying to get across in "Awake and Sing!". In the preface of the play Odets wrote: "All of the characters in "Awake and Sing!"

share a fundamental activity: a struggle for life amidst petty conditions” (Odets, 37).

18. “That’s hotter than Leon’s button”: A line referring to the blushing red-hot union button in Odets’ play “Waiting For Lefty”.
19. Hudson: River on the west side of Manhattan.
20. “Taking the licenses, the detective went to the rear license plates to compare them.”: part of the newspaper article, “Policemen Shoot 2 Thugs in Park Av,” New York Times 12 July 1935:13.
21. News article by Joseph M. Levy, July 17, 1935.
22. Three hermits: clipping from a magazine.

Chapter 8 “Epaulets of Foam” (73-79)

1. On the Konigstein : The German ship that Bishop took for her first trip to Europe.
2. Wolfram: Von Eschenbach Wolfram, (1170-1220) German knight, and epic poet, who wrote a version of Tristan and Isolde, titled Parzival.
3. “However late in the evening I may arrive at a place, I cannot go to bed without an impression.”: Henry James, A Little Tour in France chapter 11.
4. Where is the grave of the fish?
of the wave, of the whale?
Where is the last long grave
of the whale, of the fish of the wave?
This could be a lyric to a song or maybe a poem Bishop wrote.
5. A great deal can be learned from Henry James on the correct use of repetition- two

verbs, nouns, adjectives, together or in close succession. Bishop used repetition in many of her poems.

6. Antwerp: harbor city in Belgium on the River Scheldt.
7. Berman- pearl: Burmese pearl- a large, rare pink-white cultured pearl grown off the coast of Burma.
8. Going up the Scheldt: river in Antwerp, Belgium.
9. Hallie: Harriet Tompkins, a former Vassar classmate of Bishops who traveled with her to Douarnenez, France.
10. Shirley Temple Toothpaste. While no Shirley Temple toothpaste products can be found, Shirley Temple (1928-), famous child movie star had her picture on many grocery store promotional products. When a customer bought two boxes of Wheaties they could get a free Shirley Temple cobalt blue, Depression glass plate. There was a Shirley Temple child's mug with the purchase of Bisquick and a copy of Shirley Temple's six favorite desert recipes with the purchase of Drifted Snow Flour. These ads can be found in 30's All American Ads , ed. Jim Heimann (Koln, Germany: Taschen, 2003) 522-23, 532.
11. The Plantin- Moretus: museum showing an old printing works and book production, in Antwerp.
12. We didn't bother to see much but the two halls of paintings, ancient and modern: Bishop was most likely referring to the Belgium Royal Museums of Fine Arts in Brussels. There are two museums; the Museum of Ancient art and the Museum of Modern Art.
13. "The Bruegel drawings were especially interesting- a great many surrealistic ones,

some I think almost direct copies of Bosch.” Underneath this Bishop added, “Or the other way around?”. She was right the first time, Bruegel copied Bosch. See Appendix, Figures 25-27.

14. Dufy: See Appendix, Figure 28.

15. Utrillo: See Appendix, Figure 29.

16. van der Weyden, “St. Luke Painting the Virgin”: See Appendix, Figure 30.

17. van der Goes: See Appendix, Figure 31.

18. van der Weyden, “The Annunciation”: See Appendix, Figure 32.

Chapter 9 “Cats and Bats” (80-88)

1. Douarnenez, France: a small fishing village on the north- west coast of France where Bishop and Hallie Tompkins rented a room at the Hotel de l’Europe and spent time writing. See Appendix, Figure 33.

2. “ These fantastic, sea- weed draped rocks will be good for a MASK setting...” or a poem such as “The Map”:

Shadows, or are they shallows, at its edges

showing the line of long sea-weeded ledges (C. P. 3).

mask: the correct spelling is masque. Bishop was interested in writing a masque for Aristophanes’ The Birds , which she had translated as a senior at Vassar, and also one of her own design. Gary Fountain and Peter Brazeau, Remembering Elizabeth Bishop: An Oral Biography (Amherst, MA: U of Massachusetts P, 1994) 55.

Bishop often wrote to her friend Frani Blough about collaborating, but she never completed one. The masque originated in England as entertainment for the king. It

had music, costumes, dance or movement, and singing. Masques were very elaborate and became too expensive to perform. A masque is similar to an opera but without the operatic style of singing.

3. Tristan's Island: island in Tristan and Isolde.
4. Made me think of the Village: Great Village, Nova Scotia.
5. my Aunt's doll: Bishop's Aunt Mary's doll appears in the short story "Gwendolyn"(C. Prose 213-14, 226). Aunt Mary's full name was Mary Bulmer Ross (1900-1970).
6. Miroux family: The proprietors at Hotel de l'Europe, where Bishop stayed at in Douamenez.
7. "wondering if I dare raise my voice and call to her in dreadful French to please bring me my letters": Bishop was extremely shy and surprisingly, not very good at speaking foreign languages. She translated many poems from French, Spanish and Portuguese, and also a book The Diary of Helena Morley: My Life as a Girl, but spoke French and Portuguese poorly. In a 1966 interview, Ashley Brown asked Bishop about the Portuguese language. Bishop explained: "After all these years, I'm like a dog: I understand everything that's said to me, but I don't speak it very well." ..."I felt much the same when I lived in France before the War". Conversations With Elizabeth Bishop, ed. George Monteiro (Jackson, MS: U. P. of Mississippi, 1996) 19-20.
8. "The poor little dog, who sits quietly on a bench, at a table, as if at any moment she might order, in a trembling voice, an aperitif, or a cup of café au lait, looks at me sympathetically. Bishop identified herself with her grandparents' dog Beppo, in "The Country Mouse". "At first I was afraid of him, but he immediately adopted me, perhaps as being on the same terms in the house as himself, and we became very

attached” (C. Prose 21).

9. Baptist theology: Bishop wrote a story “The Baptism” about a girl who gets baptized in the winter, in a river in Great Village, N.S. by the Baptists. She got sick and died shortly after her baptism. (C. Prose 159-170). Bishop’s grandfather Bulmer was a Baptist.
10. “always bow your head when you pray” This is something Bishop’s grandfather told her and that she describes in the story “In the Village” (C. Prose 251-274).
11. The Shrub, The Island, The Waterfall: possible titles for Bishop’s poems or short stories. Bishop often used simple titles such as these, for many of her poems such as: “The Map”, “The Sandpiper” and “The Fish”.
12. A London Life : a novella by Henry James, first published in Scribner’s Magazine, 1888. The New York Edition came out in 1908. The story is about a wife’s affair, her sister’s unsuccessful intervention and a subsequent messy divorce.
13. “used to sew buttons on my step-ins”: step-ins are culottes, or skorts.
14. ‘I think that Spender says James is “vulgar” because, like Jane Austin, he never mentions sex.’ Stephen Spender writes in “The School of Experience in the Early Novels”, collected in Homage to Henry James, 1843-1916: Essays by Marianne Moore, Edmund Wilson, Stephen Spender, R.P. Blackmur, et al. (Mamaroneck, NY: Paul P. Appel, 1971), “The vulgarity consists in the sexual act being referred to only as the merest formality” (71). “When his subject is sex he sheers away from it by reducing it to a formality, and if one tries to imagine his characters physically, one feels that one is lifting a veil which conceals something disgusting” (72). “James was, it seems, largely unconscious of his own psychology, and anxious to suppress the gift

that enabled him to describe so well a passionate relationship between men. This explains the idealized characters of his heroines in the later books..." (74). It is interesting that James did spice up a later versions of some of his novels in the New York Edition (1908), such as A Portrait of a Lady . It seems that his editors would not allow him to write anything explicitly sexual in his early novels, and even the later ones were severely edited. In James case though, it had more to do with his homosexual tendencies and his own aversion to heterosexual encounters than anything else. Bishop's attitude towards sex is interesting. In an earlier notebook entry she wrote: "Mr. Pratt, in his bookshop, is of the opinion that plot is all that is necessary to keep authors out of mischief- i.e. to keep them away from sex. Not enough plot now a days, he says. It is somewhat the same theory I hold about public life- the more park life the less romantic nonsense, I'd say to him. In fact I should think a love- affair had best be conducted in a park, rather than a parlor, to put it in its place-" (18). It would seem that Bishop, like James, had a similar aversion to heterosexual love affairs.

15. George Arlis: (1868-1946) English actor known for playing suave villains. He won a 1930 Academy Award for best actor in Disraeli.

Part III 1936

Chapter 10 "B-r-r-r the Water's Cold" (89-101)

1. "B-r-r-r the water's cold" 1936
2. "King Edward VIII in his Royal Robes": 1936. In Stanley Green's introduction of

Songs of the 1930's (Milwaukee, WI: Hal Leonard, 1989) he writes: "No event, however, so intrigued a gossip-hungry public than the decision in 1936, of Britain's King Edward VIII to abdicate the throne to marry American divorcee Wallis Warfield Simpson".

3. "Coughlin Tussles With Interrupter," New York Times 18 Oct. 1936: 2. The photograph does not show how bloody Hockaday was after his run in with Father Coughlin at the coliseum of the State Fair Grounds in Detroit. The beginning portion of the article reads:

Detroit, Oct. 17.- The Rev. Charles E. Coughlin's speech before 5,000 members of his National Union for Social Justice was momentarily broken up today when a man dressed in red and wearing a cap decorated with Indian feathers broke in on his platform and started showering him with feathers.

The priest, who had been denouncing communism, immediately stopped speaking and started to act. He grabbed the man around the neck, pounded him, and had him on the floor before any of the other astonished men on the speaker's platform could do anything.

Immediately police rushed to the priest's aid and took the man outside into a protected vehicle. But they did not get him there before scores of the crowd of loyal N. U. S. J. followers had tried to lynch him, and some had succeeded in beating his face until blood flowed.

The man later gave his name as Woody Hockaday of Wichita, Kan. He said he was a pacifist and that the feathers symbolized peace. Before throwing the feathers, he declared: "You can't mix religion and politics."

For a moment after the man's feather-throwing act had been stopped it appeared there would be a real mob scene.

The spectators nearest the speakers' platform shouted and ran after Hockaday, while Father Coughlin kept shouting into his microphone "Don't touch that man!"

Not until police had him in the nearest precinct station was the man really out of danger. He later said he had bought the feathers in Boston and intended to throw them on the priest there, but could find no opportunity. He also was recognized as the man who showered feathers over Harry F. Woodring, Acting Secretary of War, last August. He calls himself Chief Pow Wow.

4. "Koenigsberg, Germany" Associated Press 2 Nov 1936.
5. "air is excellent for steadyng the nerves." 1936.
6. Smolka, "Taming the Artic: A Visit To Russia's New Empire," New York

Times 1 Nov. 1936: Magazine 12+. On the map Bishop had written in red pencil, “4 days by train” and “fly”, to indicate the route that journalist H. P. Smolka traveled from Moscow, to get to the Siberian frontier town of Igarka. A possible interest to Bishop would be that the town was run by a woman, a former stenographer, and many of the workers in the saw mills were also women. Another possible interest is the remoteness of the location. After the four day train ride, Smolka traveled 1,500 miles in a sea plane to reach Port Igarka, located on the Yenisei River, which flows to the Arctic Ocean.

7. “Fahnestock a Suicide”: New York Times 6 Nov. 1936: 14.
8. “There are compasses...”: 1936. Bishop may have saved this article as a lesson in bad journalism, for its paragraph long, run on sentence. Similar articles about the successful use of a gyropilot and a bent radio beam, to land planes in the fog, appear in: New York Times 8 May 1936: 14 and 21 June 1936: 9.
9. “2 Farm Boys Killed By Cold”: 1936. Bishop based her short story, “The Farmer’s Children” (C. Prose 193- 204) on this article.
10. Aunt G.: Bishop’s maternal Aunt Grace, (Ethel Grace Bulmer Bowers).
11. “C.M. Davis, lawyer, Ends Life By Shot”: New York Times 27 Oct. 1936: 3.
12. “Boy Falls Through Glass Dome”: New York Times 29 Oct. 1936: 27. Besides being a possible idea for a short story, Bishop may have saved this article for its abrupt and some what comical wording. “With a group of schoolmates young Franklin climbed over a rail yeaterday across the glass. It broke.”
13. Photo of mother looking at son: 1936.
14. “Huge Crowd Pleased by New Models”: 1936

15. "Freedom was denied to Alfred Papiano, 13...": 1936.
16. "Man-Made Lightning From Boulder Dam": New York Times 1 Nov. 1936:
Rotogravure Picture Section.
17. Toledo, Spain: "Royal Bodies Are Taken From Tombs by Leftists" New York Times
7 Nov. 1936: 6.
18. Getafe, Spain: "Women's Articles Litter Trenches Rebels Capture," New York Times
7 Nov. 1936: 6.
19. Photo: "Ruins of the Interior of El Pino Church in Barcelona..." 1936.
20. "Poe letter": Edgar Allen Poe wrote to his mother-in law.
21. Letter from Bishop's Aunt Grace (Ethel Grace Bulmer Bowers) to Bishop's Aunt
Maude (Alice Maude Bulmer Shepherdson), no date.
22. "Angelica": Salesman's sample for cigar box label from lithographer Louis E.
Neuman Company. See www.cerebro.com for more antique labels.
23. Letter: unknown, no date. The only clue to its origin is the "Royal Bank" header.
Bishop's Aunt Mary Bulmer Ross's husband, John Ross worked for the Royal Bank
in Montreal. (Barry 42). The problem is, this letter is signed "G.", and not M.
24. "Child Can't Stop Talking": New York Times 29 Nov. 1936: 27. The next day in the
New York Times 30 Nov. 1936: 4, it was reported that the child had quieted down a
bit when given a few toys to play with. He had suffered a stroke two weeks prior.
25. Photo: "A Sister Ship of the Hindenburg for regular Passenger Service Across the
Atlantic," New York Times 1 Nov. 1936: Rotogravure Picture Section.
26. "Death sentence of Michael O'Sullivan commuted": 17 Nov. 1936.
27. "Malaga's cathedral was a pitiful sight." 1936.

28. Mr. Millis saw the new German tactics..." Walter Millis wrote editorials for the New York Herald Tribune. A review of his book, Road to War: 1914-1917 appeared in the New York Times 1 May 1935 under "Books of the Times" by John Chamberlain.
29. Photo: "Leftists Barricade the Streets of Madrid." 1936.

Part IV 1937

Chapter 11 "Especially Virgie Necessary" (102-114)

1. "Family of Fifteen persons": "Family of 15 on east Side So Poor That Clothes Are Worn in Relays," New York Times 6 Feb. 1937: 3.
2. "System of Espionage": 1937.
3. "The professor laid but his apparatus": "Lie Detector Seals Doom of Murderer," New York Times 2 March 1937: 44.
4. Photo: "Still On the Road To Self-Support," New York Times 7 March 1937: Rotogravure Picture Section. An article appearing one year before in the New York Times 10 May 1936: 43, gives the details about Dave Sweatman.

"Man Hauls Family 435 Miles For Job"

Memphis, Tenn., May 9 (AP). - Dave Sweatman, 71 years old, hitched himself to a wagon and pulled his family and belongings the 435 from Tulsa to Memphis.

Dirty and ragged, but with wild roses fastened to their nondescript bundles, the family reached here today.

The group and the home-made wagon, which weighs 975 pounds when loaded, attracted a crowd.

Mrs. Sweatman sat on the narrow seat with 2-month-old Joseph Edward in her arms. Beside her was George David, 18 months; Francis Louis, 4 years old, and the daughter, Levall, 11.

"The little ones ride all the time," said Mrs. Sweatman, "sometime I walk and sometimes Levall walks."

Mr. Sweatman said that he started south after he lost his job as a railroad car repairman and was unable to get other work.

“Brother, I’ll make work,” he said to a sympathetic onlooker. “I’ll mow lawns, clean houses, anything, I’ve got to work. I’ve got a family to feed.”

Food and coins were given to the family, resting beside a curb.

“Thank God for a civilized country,” said Mr. Sweatman, as he pulled his wagon down the street in search of a place to sleep. He plans to start his search for work here tomorrow.

5. “Oedipus and the Sphinx”: Marianne Moore sent this picture to Bishop toward the beginning of 1937. On February 4, 1937 Bishop wrote to Marianne Moore: “I am very grateful for the pages from the Sun- the picture of Oedipus and the Sphinx and the beautiful flower arrangements...(One Art 57). The “flower arrangement” is most likely the article by Thomas More in note 9.
6. “For Human Moles”: Bishop related this article to Kafka’s “The Burrow”.
7. Kafka, “The Burrow”: Franz Kafka (1883-1924), German language novelist. “The Burrow” was an uncompleted short story about a creature living underground.
8. “A steady customer for all time to come. If you are treasuring some little negative, have it...”
9. “Flower Prints Decorate Book Printed in 1734: Sir Thomas More Gives Full Directions for Indoor Garden Procedure”. See Appendix Figure 34.
10. “Second Hudson Paper Quits”
11. Ad for “Forecaster”: found on the back of the “Second Hudson Paper Quits” article. This article was not pasted down, so it is uncertain which side Bishop meant to keep. Most likely it was the Hudson paper article, since Bishop seemed interested in the labor movement.
12. “Rising 989 Feet”: “ Paris Likely to Raze Famous Eiffel Tower As Esthetic Misfit in Reconstructed Area,” New York Times 16 March 1937: 15.
13. Pamphlet: Florida Reptile Institute, Silver Springs, FL, Regular Price List, 1936.

14. Pamphlet: Florida Reptile Institute, Silver Springs, FL. Acquired by Bishop on her first trip to Florida between December 1936 and March 1937.
15. Pamphlet: Edith K. Baker, "A treatise on Senformor Tropical Treats". Fort Myers, FL.
16. "Footnote on Modern Art" Bulletin of the Brooklyn Museum of Art 23 June 1937.
This article was most likely sent to Bishop by Marianne Moore. The handwriting on top looks like Moore's and Moore wrote an article about Cocteau and the Surrealist Exhibit that Bishop was interested in reading (One Art 57).
17. Photo: unknown. Caption added by Bishop- "The lady is the wife of a just killed night-club owner".
18. Photos: "St. Louis Hardware Co"- source unknown.
19. Fragment: "...and threatening to kill all of the party, especially Virgie Necessary, another girl"- source unknown.
20. Drawing, "Das Fremde Kraut Nicotiana" Sebizius: Strassburg, 1579. Nicotiana is a plant sometimes used as a substitute for tobacco.

Chapter 12 "He Talked Too Much" (115-126)

1. Lyon, France: "Playmates Stone to Death Long- Haired French Boy" New York Times 26 April 1937: 4. In a related article, "Blum Seeks Truce In Row Over Labor" (New York Times 27 April 1937: 5), the real reason for the attack comes out.

At Lyon a 9-year -old boy was stoned and beaten by a gang of other children and died on his return home. According to the accounts, he was attacked for no other apparent reason than that the others had resented the fact that he "was rich and had a bicycle." None of the other children was more than 13 years old.

Apparently a girl first attacked "the little Fascist," as they called him, and the brutality of the assault, coupled with the fact that it had a political class war aspect,

has shocked the public. The rioting at Clichy has led to the belief that there is a growing danger of class war, which the government is doing nothing to prevent and is accused of encouraging by its weakness.

2. Photo and article: "Painting Bought For National Gallery of Canada," New York Times 17 April 1937: 14. See Appendix, Figure 35.
3. Bradburn was named: "Kills over taunts on Black Legion; Pontiac Fire Captain shoots subordinate who 'talked too much', ends own life" New York Times 5 Dec 1936: 36.
4. The killing of Silas Coleman: "Five of cult at Detroit get life terms in slaying of Negro for target practice". New York Times 5 Dec 1936: 36.

Davis reportedly said: "I wanted to see what it felt like to kill a Negro". Davis was a member of the Michigan based Black Legion, an off shoot of the KKK. The Black Legion was investigated in 1935-1936 after the killing of Charles Poole, an organizer for the WPA. The Black Legion targeted Catholics, Jews, Blacks, communists and union and labor leaders. They were especially active in the automobile factories in Michigan. For related information see: www.gnn.tv/BO1839.
5. "And at their peak altitude the balloonist said..."
6. Olin Downes "Pergolesi' La Serva Padrona": "La Serva Padrona; Pergolesi work to be done in English by Federal Music Project". New York Times 11 Apr. 1937: 5.
7. Unknown postcard of a painting- flying things
8. Mrs. Almyda: Millier identified this picture as Mrs. Hannah Almyda, Bishop's beloved housekeeper at Key West in 1939. (Millier, Figure 14)
9. Chapter Headings: Unfinished plot for a play, movie or novel by Bishop. This page, through "Fitch" description, was inserted in the notebook.

10. Newspaper fragment about Taxi drivers: around 1937.
11. Leonor Fini Julien Levy Gallery, Nov. 18^{-Dec.} 9, 1937. Bishop was in Europe when this show was taking place. One of her friends, possibly Marianne Moore, Margaret Miller, or Frani Blough saved this program for Bishop, probably because of the poem by Paul Eluard. The poem, "The Black Picture", was originally in French. Bishop was interested in translating poems. On April 11, 1937, Bishop wrote to Rolfe Humphires about a job translating Spanish war poems. Bishop admitted that she knew little Spanish, but could read French very well (One Art 59-60). See Appendix, Figure 36.
12. Max Ernst, Julien Levy Gallery, 1937. Bishop most likely was only interested in the poem by Paul Eluard. Bishop did not like Ernst's paintings. In a letter to Frani Blough, in November of 1939 she wrote: "...but Couperin has such marvelous titles, and then I never like the music so much- like Max Ernst" (One Art 84). Ernst had lovely titles for creepy plant paintings. See Appendix, Figures 37.
13. Lovell Thompson, "Eden in Easy Payments". The Saturday Review 3 April 1937: 15-16. A review of The Sears Roebuck Catalogue: Spring and Summer 1937. (Chicago: Sears Roebuck and Co., 1937).
14. William Rose Benet, "Young Poet's Novel". The Saturday Review 3 April 1937:16. A review of Cecil Day Lewis' The Friendly Tree (NY: Harper and Bros, 1937).
15. Hassoldt Davis, "Citizen of the Sea". The Saturday Review 3 April 1937:16. A review of Alan Villiers' Cruise of the Conrad (NY: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1937).

Appendix

All photographs by Loretta Blasko have a title followed by: (L.B.).

Figure 1. Postcard of Cuttyhunk Island. The tower on the island was built in 1903 and is a monument to Bartholomew Gosnold who landed on Cuttyhunk in 1602. See epodunk.com

Figure 2. The original “Alert” (1917-1983), passenger and mail boat from New Bedford, Massachusetts to Cuttyhunk Island, Massachusetts. See: www.cuttyhunk.com/index.html

Figure 3. Cuttyhunk Lighthouse, 1891. This photograph was taken from www.lighthouse.cc/cuttyhunk/history.html and is courtesy of the U.S. Coast Guard. The Cuttyhunk lighthouse had been built several times before (1823, 1857, 1860). It was hit by a hurricane in 1944 and was torn down along with the keeper’s house in 1947. The lighthouse was replaced with a skeleton tower. Bishop would have visited the 1891 lighthouse.

Figure 4. Map of Cuttyhunk Island: Massachusetts Atlas and Gazetteer (Yarmouth, Maine: DeLorme, 1998.) Photograph: www.cuttyhunk.com/index.html.

Figure 5. Thistles, Colony, NY: 2003 (L.B.).

Figure 6. Great Village, Nova Scotia, Bishop’s maternal grandparent’s house: 1999 (L.B.).

Figure 7. Charles Street, NY, NY: 2003 (L.B.).

Figure 8. Bishop’s apartment building (in the foreground), Charles Street, NY, NY: 2003 (L.B.).

- Figure 9. Bishop's apartment building on Charles Street, NY, NY: 2003 (L.B.).
- Figure 10. Bishop's apartment door at 16 Charles Street, NY, NY: 2003 (L.B.).
- Figure 11. 1929 Baby Austin Seven. See www.austin7club.org
- Figure 12. Maxwell House coffee advertisement with white men posing as African Americans. 30's All American Ads , ed. Jim Heimann (Koln, Germany: Taschen, 2003) 576.
- Figure 13. Sheaffer's New Skrip- Well. 30's All American Ads , ed. Jim Heimann (Koln, Germany: Taschen, 2003) 301, 303.
- Figure 14. El Greco (1541-1614) Spanish painter of Greek origin, The Pentecost 1596-1600, Museo del Prado, Madrid.
- Figure 15. Fire hydrant, Colony, NY: 2003 (L.B.).
- Figure 16. "Soviet Russia Copies an American Merchandising Idea: Women Clerks," New York Times, 14, April 1935: Rotogravure Picture Section.
- Figure 17. Burdock leaves, Holly, Michigan: 2005 (L.B.).
- Figure 18. Cockscomb flowers: 2006 (L.B.).
- Figure 19. Salvador Dali (1904-1989) Spanish surrealist painter, Surrealist Poster, 1934, Robert Descharnes and Gilles Neret, Dali: The Paintings (Koln, Germany: Taschen, 2002) 242.
- Figure 20. Salvador Dali, The Spectre of Sex Appeal, 1934, (Descharnes 215).
- Figure 21. Salvador Dali, Paranoiac-Astral Image, 1934, (Descharnes 220).
- Figure 22. Salvador Dali, The Weaning of Furniture-Nutrition, 1934, (Descharnes 226).
- Figure 23. Wanamaker's Department Store advertisement, New York Times, 1936.

Figure 24. Waconah Falls map: Massachusetts Atlas and Gazetter (Yarmouth, Maine: DeLorme, 1998) 32-33.

Figure 25. Bruegel drawing, lady with clock on head and large glasses in her hand. Pieter Bruegel, Temperance, 1558 is described as: “Surrounded by the useful and creative arts of which the restrained man is capable, a bridled (self-controlled) lady balances the clock upon her head”. See: Timothy Foote The World of Bruegel c. 1525-1569. (NY: Time Life Books, 1968) 87.

Figure 26. Bruegel, Gluttony, 1558. (Foote 82). To see what Bishop recognized, that Bruegel copied Bosch, compare Bruegel’s Gluttony with Bosch’s The Garden of Delights, Figure 31.

Figure 27. Hieronymus Bosch, hell portion of the triptych The Garden of Delights c.1500. (Foote 63). This painting can be used as a point of comparison with Bruegel’s “Gluttony” drawing. Hieronymus Bosch, c. 1450-1516, drew and painted scenes depicting strange creatures and people in Hell. The items in the paintings symbolized different Flemish or biblical sayings or stories that the people of that time understood. These paintings were still popular during Bruegel’s time. Foote wrote that Bruegel did not try to hide his copying of Bosch. It was a way for him to make money (Foote 43).

Figure 28. Raoul Dufy (1877-1953) French fauvist, painted many different seaside scenes. The painting Bishop mentioned was not available but here is a representative, The Blue Palm Trees.

Figure 29. Maurice Utrillo: Sacre-Coeur, Montmartre, 1934. See: Utrillo and The Painters of Montmartre: Lamplight Collection of Modern Art (NY:

Lamplight, 1975) 54. This may be the painting Bishop had in mind. It is difficult to say, since all of Utrillo's paintings were of buildings in Montmartre, an area of Paris.

Figure 30. Rogier van der Weyden (1400-1464) Flemish painter, St. Luke

Drawing a Portrait of the Madonna 1435. Van der Weyden painted four similar versions of this scene. Bishop mentions the version she saw at the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston, Massachusetts. This version is housed at Alte Pinakothek, Munich.

Figure 31. Hugo van der Goes (1440-1482) Flemish painter, Original Sin

1467, Kunsthistorisches Museum, Vienna.

Figure 32. Rogier van der Weyden, The Annunciation 1440, Musee du

Louvre, Paris.

Figure 33. Douarnenez, France, map. Michelin European Road map.

Figure 34. January flower print, originally from Robert Furber, The flower

garden displayed containing about four hundred representatives of the most beautiful flower coloured to the life with the art of raising flowers in the depth of winter. With 12 engravings of the seasons. (London: 1732). Furber commissioned Henry Fletcher to engrave the plates, after Dutch flower painter Pieter Casteels. The idea was to create a type of seed catalogue with many different varieties of flowers in each of the twelve plates. The prints were reengraved in 1749 with a few small changes and were published as Flora, or a curious collection of ye most Beautiful Flowers as they appear in their greatest perfection each month of the year, (Black Horse in Cornhill, London:

John Bowles, 1749). See: www.georgeglazer.com/archives/prints/botanical/furber.html

Figure 35. Piero di Cosimo (1462-1521) Italian painter, Vulcan and Aeolus as Teachers of Mankind 1495-1500, National Gallery of Canada.

Figure 36. Leonor Fini (1908-1996), Argentinean artist and costume designer Composition with Figures on a Terrace 1939. This painting was not in the show at the Julien Gallery in 1937, but it is the closest available painting of Fini's work.

Figure 37. Max Ernst (1891-1976) German Surrealist painter, Joie de Vivre 1937.



Figure 1. Postcard of Cuttyhunk Island



Figure 2. The original "Alert" 1917-1983



Figure 3. Cuttyhunk Lighthouse, built in 1891.

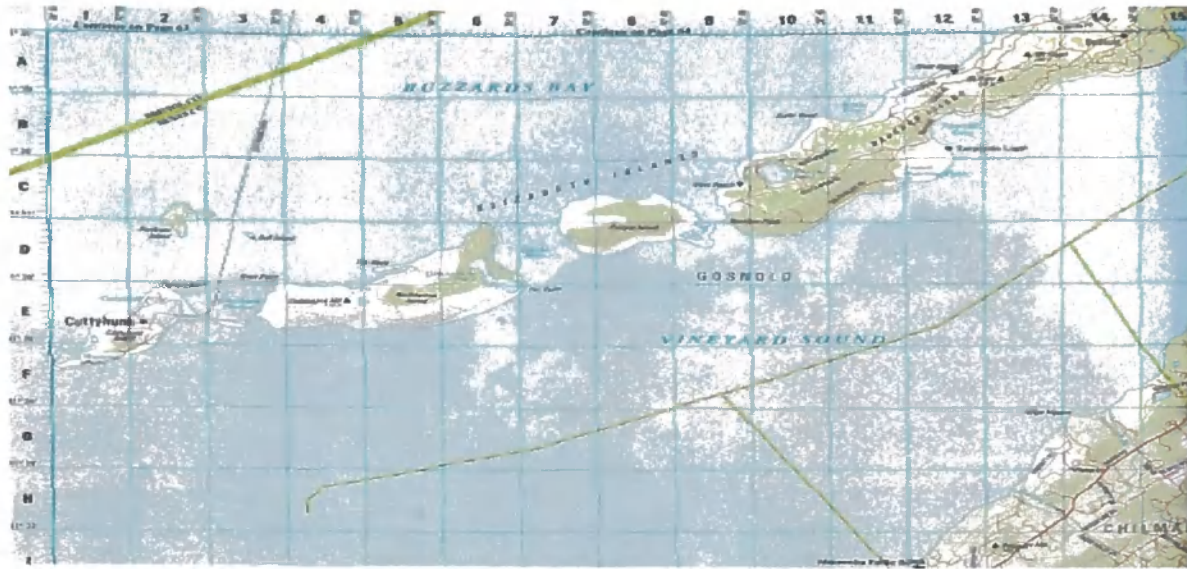


Figure 4. Map of Cuttyhunk Island, MA and photograph



Figure 5. Thistles, Colony, NY: 2003 (L.B.)



Figure 6. Great Village, Nova Scotia;
Bishop's maternal grandparent's house : 1999 (L.B.)



Figure 7. Charles Street, NY, NY: 2003 (L.B.)



Figure 8. Bishop's apartment building (in the foreground),

Charles Street, NY, NY: 2003 (L.B.)



Figure 9. Bishop's apartment building on Charles Street, NY, NY: 2003 (L.B.)



Figure 10. Bishop's apartment door at 16 Charles Street, NY, NY: 2003 (L.B.)



Figure 11. Baby Austin Seven

Golly, Mis' Maria

FOLKS JUS' CAN'T HELP
HAVIN' A FRIENDLY FEELIN'
FOR DIS HEAH COFFEE!



Molasses and January—the boys who “tote aroun” the coffee to all the Show Boat guests—know what people think of Maxwell House Coffee!

Smiles of satisfaction always greet the mellow, rich, full-bodied goodness that's in every cup of this fine coffee.

For Maxwell House has *everything* that goes to make a coffee delicious...

It is the same matchless blend of choice coffees that the aristocrats of the Old South knew and loved many years ago. No other blend has ever quite compared for rich, satisfying flavor.

ROASTER-FRESH ALWAYS

It brings you, too, the fragrant freshness of the roasting ovens. Packed by the exclusive Vita-Fresh process, Maxwell House always comes to you as fresh and full-flavored as the very hour it was scooped warm from the roaster. And no coffee can be fresher than that!

And it is ground by a newly developed process that assures you perfect uniformity and delicious flavor in every cup

of coffee... whether you make it by the drip, percolator or any other method.

Why don't you try Maxwell House Coffee today? We think you too will be delighted with the smooth, delicious flavor of this famous blend.

And you'll find the price surprisingly low. Millions have learned that it costs no more, in fact, than many coffees of lower quality standards. Maxwell House Coffee is a product of General Foods. It is always Good to the Last Drop.



MAXWELL HOUSE...

GOOD TO THE LAST DROP

MOLASSES AND JANUARY stop their fun-making...
"another cup of coffee" for Maria, Captain...
stars of the Maxwell House Show Boat — one of...
every Thursday night. Hear, also, the lovely voices...
Hanshaw, Conrad Thibault and Mary Lou, and the...
Voorhies and his Show Boat Band. A full hour of...
—every Thursday night! N. B. C. Coast-to-Coast...

Figure 12. Advertisement with white men posing as African Americans.

1

2

3 write

Sheaffer's Office Writing System

This puts all writing on an efficiency basis. "1" is Skrip, successor to ink; remains forever fluid, cannot clog. "2" is Safety Skrip, the pen filling station, leak-proof, practically non-breakable; rugged, cleanly, handy. "3" is the Lifetime desk fountain pen; springs to attention at the correct writing angle, serves the pen on a one-hand reach, keeps a moist, ready tip, makes writing dipless, automatic—unconditionally guaranteed for the owner's Lifetime. A proved time saver and writing improvement greater than you'll ever know until you have your dealer install the Sheaffer Office Writing System to try.

All Sheaffer pens are guaranteed against failure, but Sheaffer's Lifetime is guaranteed unconditionally for your life, and other Sheaffer products are famous for similar reasons in durability and workmanship.

SHEAFFER'S
PENS · PENCILS · DESK SETS · SKRIP

W. A. SHEAFFER PEN COMPANY · POST OFFICE BOX 1000, S. S. A. · CHICAGO, ILL.
W. A. Sheaffer Pen Co. of Canada Ltd. · SHEAFFER HOUSE, TORONTO, CANADA

Write

SKRIP, Successor-to-ink—perfect writing fluid! 2 oz., 15¢; 4 oz., 25¢. Permanent SKRIP makes better business records. Ask for SKRIP, the bottle with the side pocket well.

SKRIP-WELL 15¢

Uses the Last Drop

Fine Line SHEAFFER'S LEADS

Double-length, thin, STRONG Fine Line leads—permanently sharp because they're 3/32" smaller. Average user's year's supply—15¢.

Figure 13. Sheaffer's New Skrip- Well



Figure 14. El Greco, *The Pentecost*



Figure 15. Double headed fire hydrant, Colony, NY: 2003 (L.B.)



Figure 16. "Soviet Russia Copies an American Merchandising Idea: Women Clerks"



Figure 17. Burdock Leaves, Holly, MI: 2005 (L.B.)



Figure 18. Cockscomb flowers: 2006 (L.B.)



Figure 19. Salvador Dali, *Surrealist Poster*

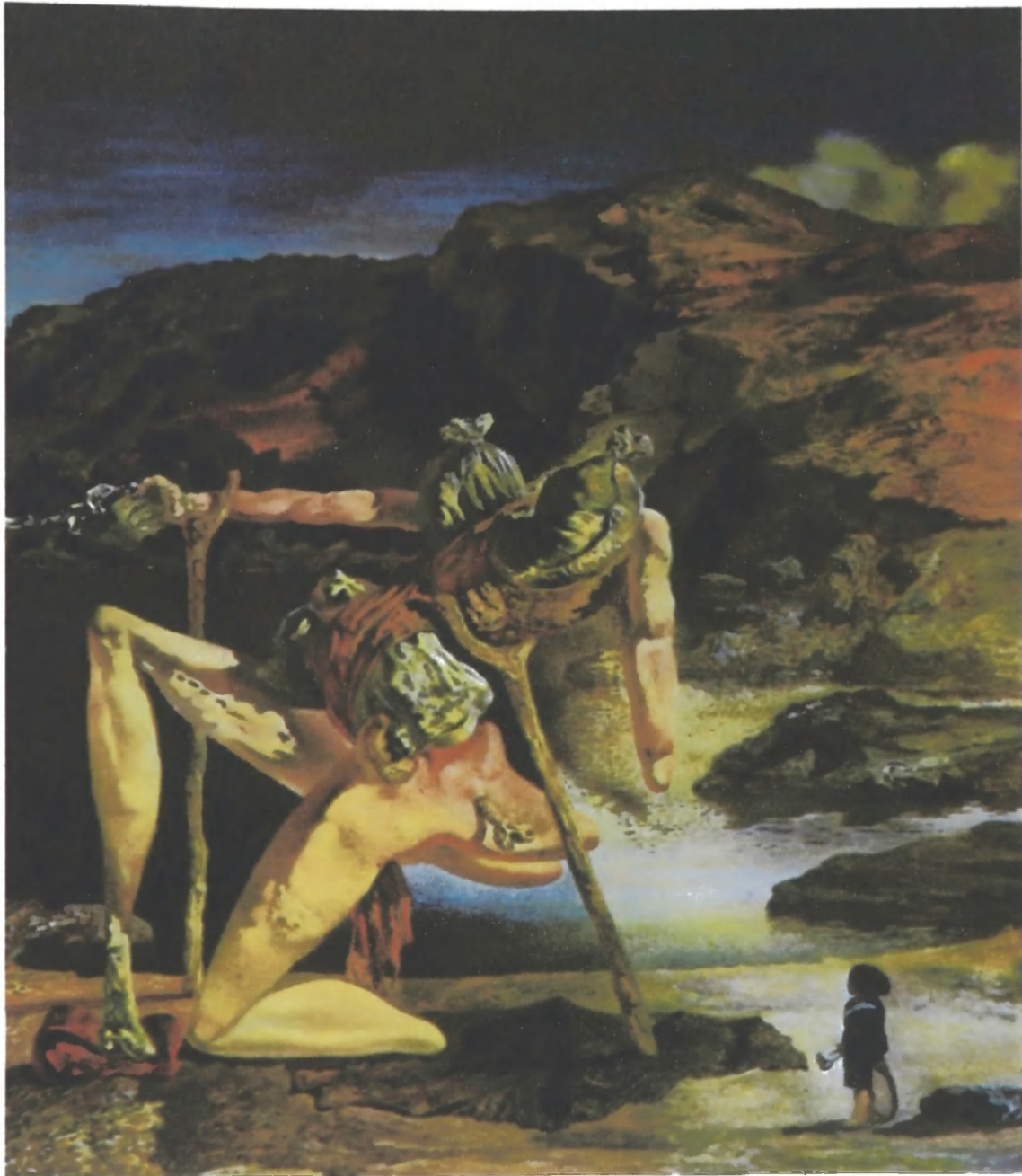


Figure 20. Salvador Dali, *The Spectre of Sex Appeal*

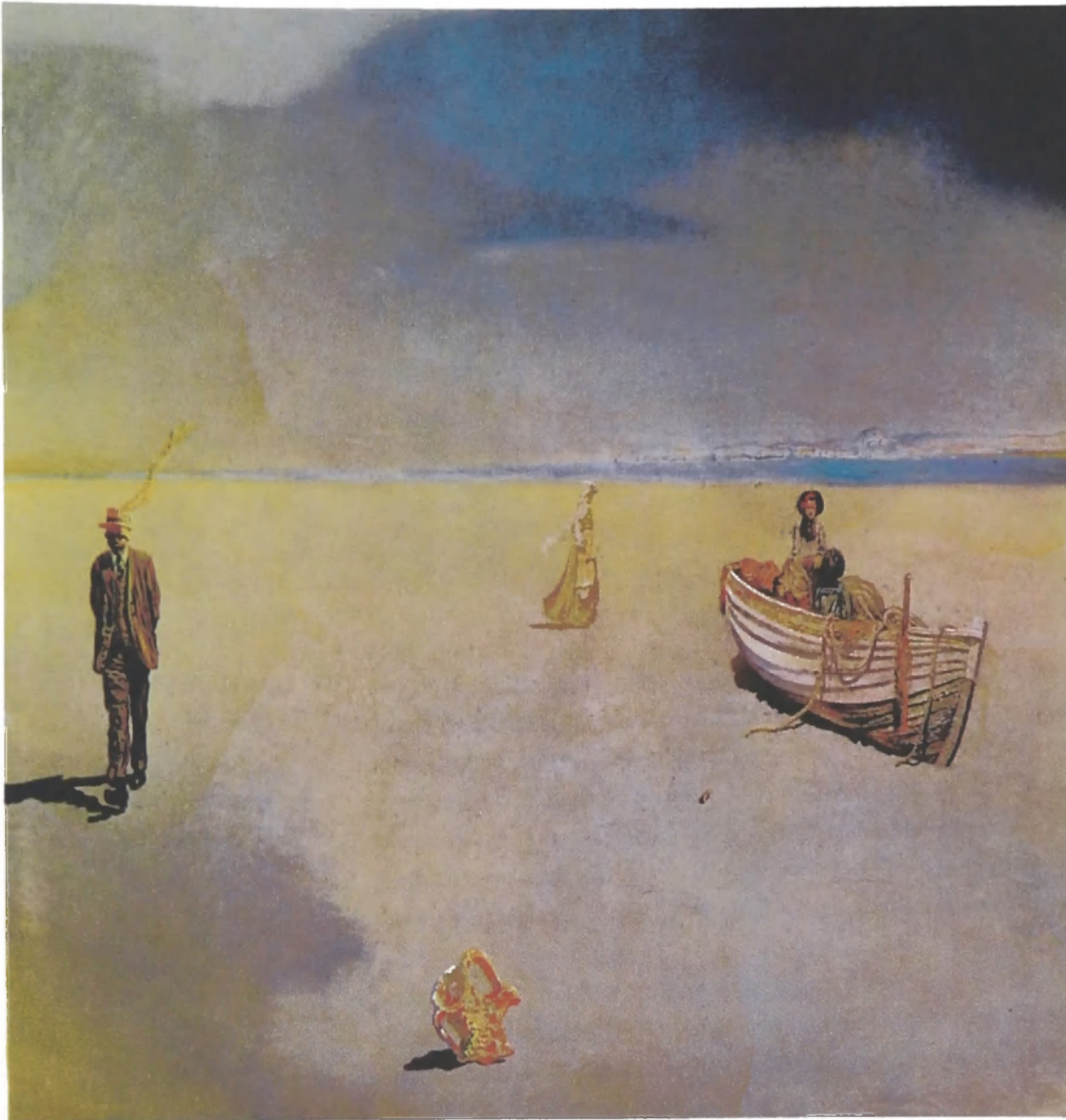


Figure 21. Salvador Dali, *Paranoiac-Astral Image*

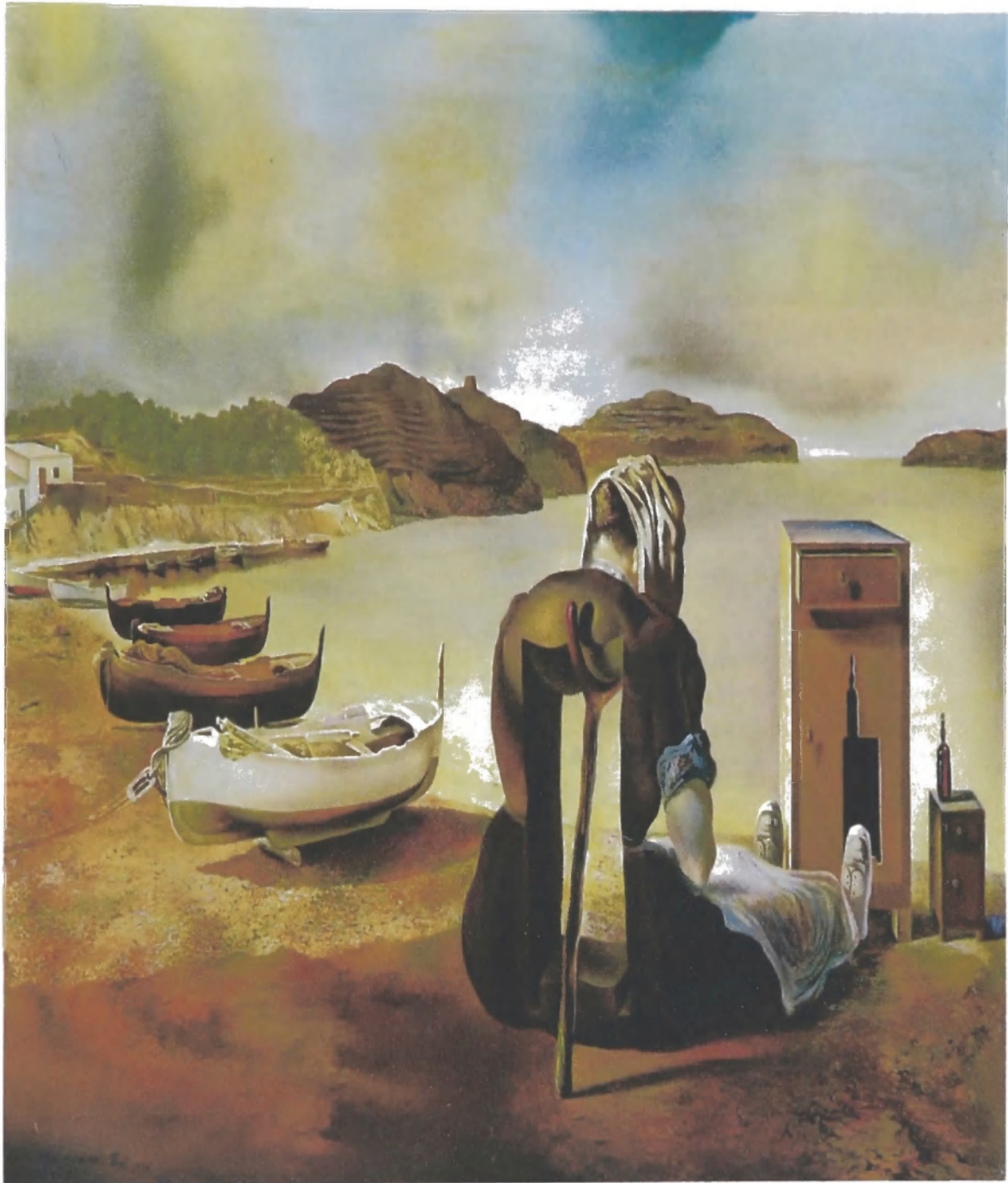
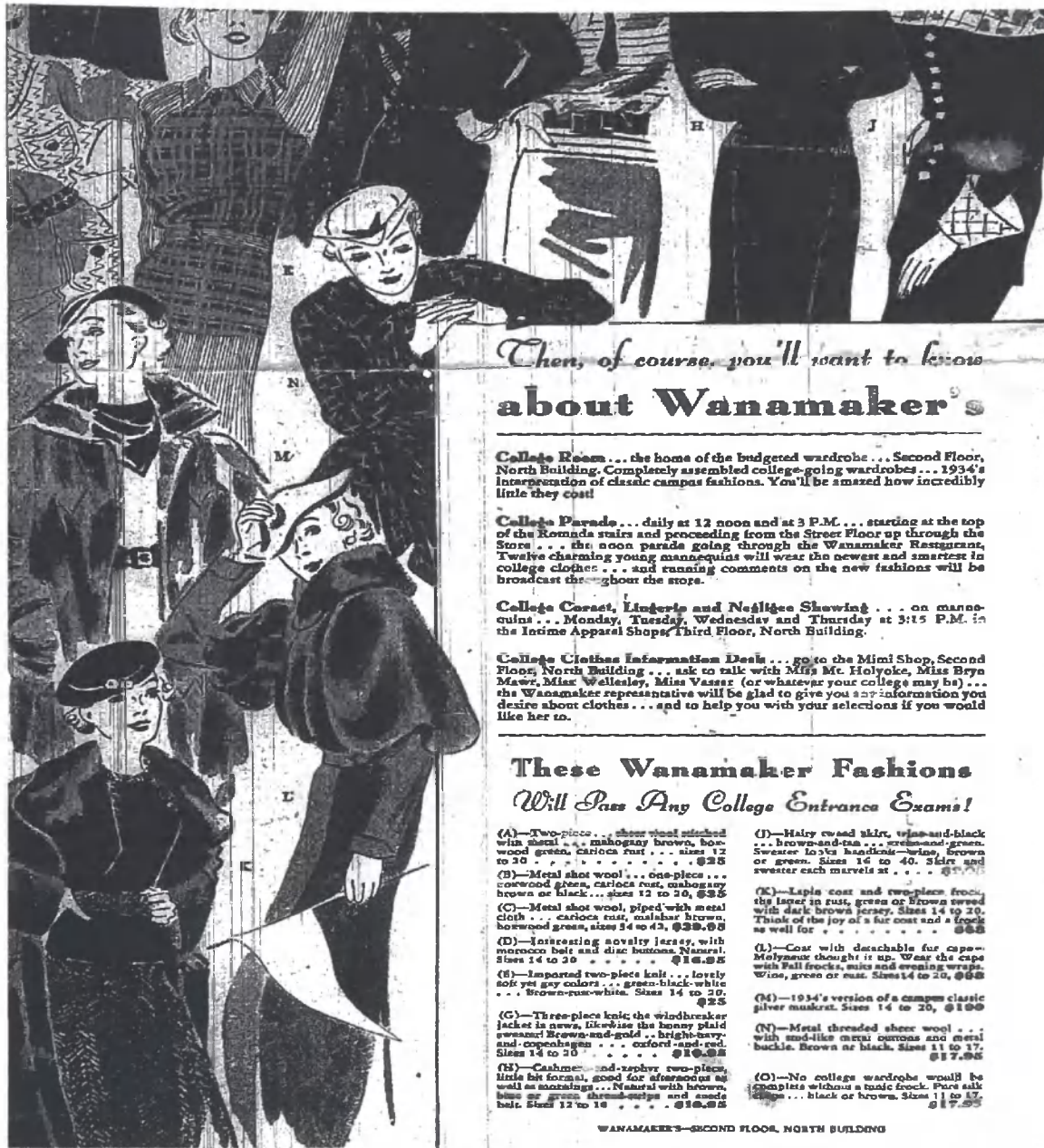


Figure 22. Salvador Dalí, *The Weaning of Furniture-Nutrition*



Then, of course, you'll want to know
about Wanamaker's

College Room . . . the home of the budgeted wardrobe . . . Second Floor, North Building. Completely assembled college-going wardrobes . . . 1934's interpretation of classic campus fashions. You'll be amazed how incredibly little they cost!

College Parade . . . daily at 12 noon and at 3 P.M. . . starting at the top of the Romada stairs and proceeding from the Street Floor up through the Store . . . the noon parade going through the Wanamaker Restaurant. Twelve charming young mannequins will wear the newest and smartest in college clothes . . . and running comments on the new fashions will be broadcast throughout the store.

College Corset, Lingerie and Nightgown Showing . . . on mannequins . . . Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday at 3:15 P.M. in the Intime Apparel Shops, Third Floor, North Building.

College Clothes Information Desk . . . go to the Mimi Shop, Second Floor, North Building . . . ask to talk with Miss Mt. Holyoke, Miss Bryn Mawr, Miss Wellesley, Miss Vassar (or whatever your college may be) . . . the Wanamaker representative will be glad to give you any information you desire about clothes . . . and to help you with your selections if you would like her to.

These Wanamaker Fashions
Will Pass Any College Entrance Exams!

(A)—Two-piece . . . sheer wool stitched with metal . . . mahogany brown, boxwood green, caribea rust . . . sizes 12 to 20 . . . \$35

(B)—Metal shot wool . . . one-piece . . . rosewood green, caribea rust, mahogany brown or black . . . sizes 12 to 20, \$35

(C)—Metal shot wool, piped with metal cloth . . . caribea rust, mahogany brown, boxwood green, sizes 14 to 20, \$35.05

(D)—Interesting novelty jersey, with maroon belt and disc buttons. Natural. Sizes 14 to 20 . . . \$16.95

(E)—Imported two-piece knit . . . lovely soft yet gay colors . . . green-black-white . . . brown-rose-white. Sizes 14 to 20. \$25

(G)—Three-piece knit; the windbreaker jacket is new, likewise the honey plaid sweater. Brown-and-gold . . . high-navy-and-copenhagen . . . oxford-and-red. Sizes 14 to 20 . . . \$16.95

(H)—Cashmere-and-wool two-piece, little bit formal good for sportswear as well as mountings . . . Natural with brown, blue or green shawl-cuffs and suede belt. Sizes 12 to 16 . . . \$16.95

(J)—Hairy crewed shirt, wine-and-black . . . brown-and-tan . . . cream-and-green. Sweater looks handknit—wine, brown or green. Sizes 16 to 40. Suits and sweater each marvels at . . . \$17.95

(K)—Lapels coat and two-piece frock, the latter in rust, green or brown tweed with dark brown jersey. Sizes 14 to 20. Think of the joy of a fur coat and a fagle as well for . . . \$65

(L)—Coat with detachable fur cape—Molyneux thought it up. Wear the cape with Fall frocks, suits and evening wraps. Wine, green or rust. Sizes 14 to 20, \$65

(M)—1934's version of a campus classic silver masklet. Sizes 14 to 20, \$10.00

(N)—Metal threaded sheer wool . . . with stud-like metal buttons and metal buckle. Brown or black. Sizes 11 to 17. \$17.95

(O)—No college wardrobe would be complete without a tunic frock. Pure silk slings . . . black or brown. Sizes 11 to 17. \$17.95

WANAMAKER'S—SECOND FLOOR, NORTH BUILDING

WANAMAKER'S COURTESY BUS DIRECT FROM GRAND CENTRAL AND PENN STATION
JOHN WANAMAKER NEW YORK
 Store Hours 9 to 6
 Wanamaker Place—Ninth Street at Broadway Telephone STuyvesant 9-6700

Figure 23. Wanamaker's Department Store advertisement

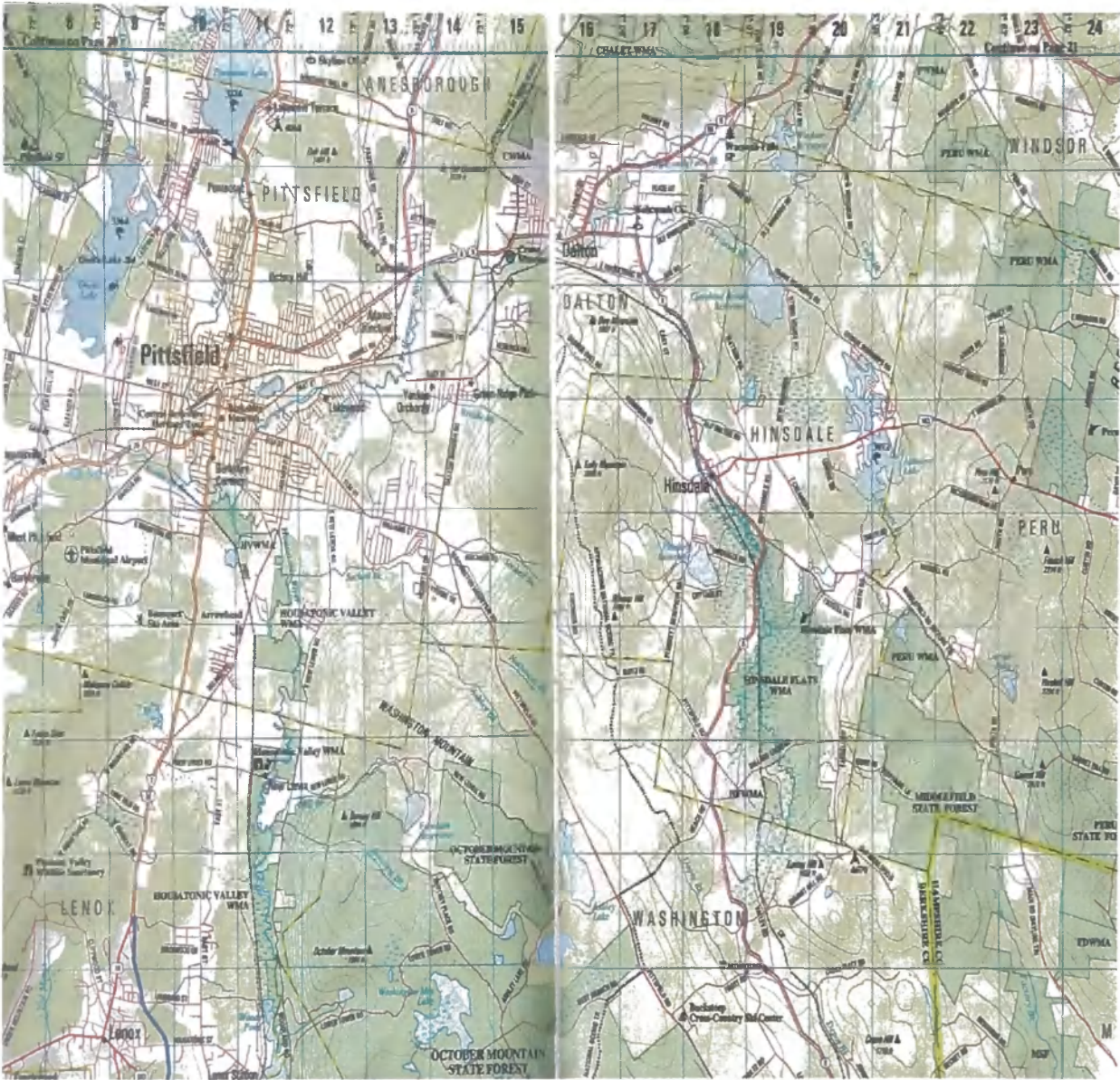


Figure 24. Waconah Falls map



Figure 25. Pieter Bruegel, *Temperance*, 1558.



Figure 26. Pieter Bruegel, *Gluttony*, 1558



Figure 27. Hieronymus Bosch, hell portion of triptych, *Garden of Delight*, c. 1500



Figure 28. Raoul Dufy, *The Blue Palm Trees*



Figure 29. Maurice Utrillo, *Sacre- Coeur, Montmartre*, 1934



Figure 30. Rogier van der Weyden, *St. Luke Drawing a Portrait of the Madonna*, 1435

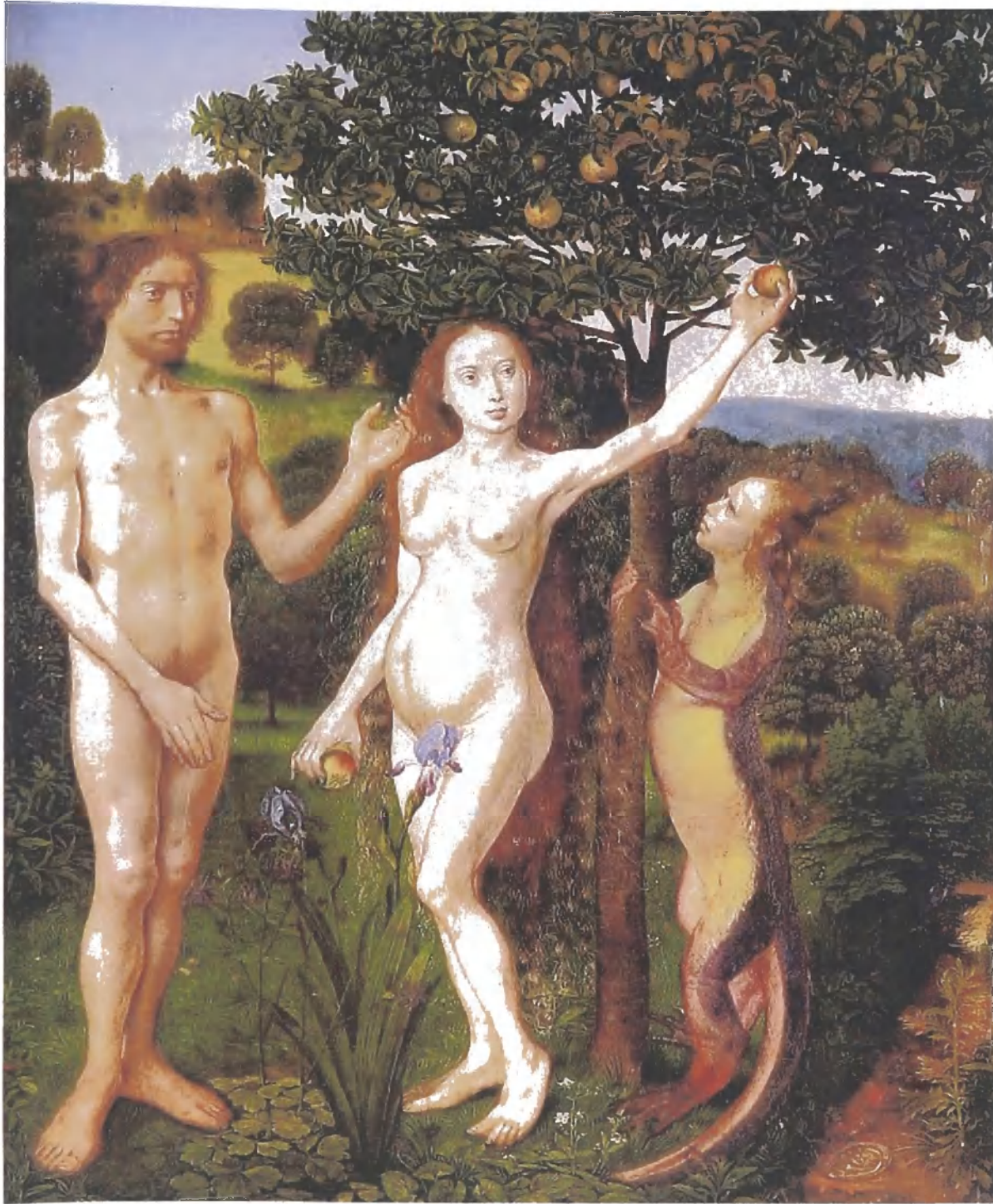


Figure 31. Hugo van der Goes, *Original Sin*, 1467



Figure 32. Rogier van der Weyden, *The Annunciation*, 1440



Figure 33. Map showing Douarnenez, France



Figure 34. Pieter Casteels *January Flower Print*, 1732



Figure 35. Piero di Cosimo, *Vulcan and Aeolus as Teachers of Mankind*, 1495-1500



Figure 36. Leonor Fini, *Composition with Figures on a Terrace*, 1939



Figure 37. Max Ernst, *Joi de Vivre*, 1937