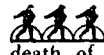



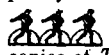
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# The PHOENIX NEST

**W**E'VE been to some nice blow-outs this winter, but owing to the Depression most of the publishers have not been quite so lavish with that particular method of introducing new authors or honoring old ones. When along comes The Literary Guild with a party for that *Dom Manuel Cabell* of the Guilded Branch who has just achieved the acrobatic feat of turning himself into two persons. It was also something like the fifth birthday of the Guild and the strong and lusty infant was certainly alive and kicking. When we entered the lobby of the Chatham, ahead of us that long, Pullman-carlike space where one can on ordinary days procure an excellent lunch was seething with New York's most gregarious literati. We had a hard time getting through the crowd. One error, or perhaps one masterstroke, to preserve a little free space around the guest of honor, was that the cocktail table was near the door and Mr. Cabell placed at the farthest end of the room about as far away from it as he could possibly be. Near him still lurked *Hendrik Van Loon*, who is much too large to be a really good lurker, *Corey Ford*, who was regretting the fact that he had been facetious before so many—he had thought the broad-casting would take place in some dim cell or other—*Carl Van Doren*, looking uncommonly svelte since he has taken off twenty pounds on a diet of one meal a day, a raw steak gnawed for dinner or something like that,—and *Burton Rascoe* the only begetter of the first salient publicity that the early Cabell received. . . .

We learned almost at once that the radio announcer had succeeded in spite of *Selma Robinson*'s pleas and tears in pronouncing Cabell not to rhyme with babble or hardscrabble but to rhyme with umbrell. So they had put that radio announcer in a corner with a dish of ice cream and were letting him severely alone. And then our eyes alighted on the fascinating *Fania Marinoff*, not having seen her for perfect ages, and strayed thence to the rubicund country-squire face of her husband, *Carl Van Vechten*. In and out among these restless heads darted the animated *Dick Glaezyer* of the Robert McBride Company, and over by the wall a low sound of bitter weeping came from *Coburn Gilman* of *Travel*, shudders coursing his frame as someone tried to persuade him that listening to the radio was a delightful evening amusement. People shouldn't be so cruel to Cobey! . . .

Our own esteemed editor beset the battleship build of *Bill Woodward*, who has exposed God knows how many ex-Presidents, with the dictum that it was he who had added the word Bunk to the bright lexicon of what-have-you; but Bill kept waving the indictment aside with a lordly gesture, enunciating only, "Terrible word, terrible word, take it away!" *Frieda Inescort* and *Ben Ray Redman* in the middle distance contributed well-chosen badinage, while *Rebecca Lowrie*, late of Harper's, mourned the fact that she had to return to Chicago. *Emily Balch*, who commutes between Philadelphia and New York, breezed by with an on-to-Richmond air, and *Isabel Paterson* took occasion completely to misinform Mr. Cabell as to the number of people we didn't speak to. You see, we really remember quite a lot of what went on. Finally the bugle sang truce, the sunset-gun was fired, down came the colors, and an epoch-making and other-things-making party was brought to a triumphal close. The rest of the evening we spent mostly playing a sort of new bagatelle with *Ben Ray Redman*, and fortunately not betting on our own prowess. We then fell into a discussion of *John Donne* and *Francis Thompson* till forcibly dragged away by the young lady we had been escorting. *Redman* and ourself found ourselves rushing around the room snatching books out of each other's hands. "Now just listen to this!" "No, now you listen to this!" Most delightful evening we have had for some time. . . .

As we write this we purpose attending *Phil Barry*'s "Animal Kingdom" this evening as we have recently met the most attractive *Lora Baxter* who takes the part of the wife in the play. But the best we have been able to do is get a seat in the eleventh row. We understand how

*Bob Benchley* feels about this play, but we expect to like it. Which shouldn't remind us, but does, of our reply last night to the young lady who asked us what play *Frieda Inescort* was in, to which we replied in a daze, "Springtime becomes Henry." . . .

The Nest's special dramatic scout recently visited the Provincetown Playhouse, and has now reported her findings as follows: Despite some obvious flaws "The marriage of Cana," a comedy of Negro Life by *Julian L. MacDonald*, now running down on MacDougal Street, has some diverting moments. The first scene, particularly, in which the wary young coquette (*Marjorie Lorraine*) with a cautious eye on marriage and security, resists the temptation to go joy-riding with the scalawag of the town (*Juano Hernandez*) seemed to ring true. *Wayland Rudd* as the bashful suitor who overcomes his inferiority complex acts as capably as he has in the past. . . .

We toss our tattered cap in the air at the announcement that *Anne Green* has now produced another novel. This is "Marietta," one of the four Mississippi Malorys resident in Paris. We can recommend any novel by *Anne Green* without reading it, but just as soon as we get a copy you bet we will be reading it!

*Edward Davison*, the English poet, recently sent to *Christopher Morley* a specimen of translation into "the English as she is spoke." It is from *Alassio* and an announcement of "The Fakir Manetti." The prize portion is a description of the third part of the entertainment, which runs as follows: "Third Part. The Most Great Experiments Executed in the World. Mr. Manetti, closed in a copper sarcophagus, will be immersed in a water glass basin for the time that will from the Physician an Public permitted The Human Target Mr. Manetti will be shot Nude Breast." . . .

*Mathilde de Beyesdorff* sent us from Germany a postal concerning *Sanct Benno*, and St. Benno-Bier, to celebrate *Candemas*, our birthday. We didn't know about *Saint Benno*, though we did know about *Saint Benet*, who is the same as *Benedict*. We thank our correspondent, and also wish to thank *Nina Jay Dusenberry* for sending us from Flatbush a very nice Raphael Tuck & Sons English postal of a hunting scene, saying "Blessings on you this Candemas! Jorrockes, no doubt, is watching for your woodchuck." . . .

*Edgar Johnson*, author of that brilliant first novel, "Unweave a Rainbow," has contributed to this department the following poem which we are glad to print. It is, obviously, particularly timely in view of the nature of tomorrow—Sunday:

### GALLANTRY FOR ST. VALENTINE'S DAY

No more of silvered syllables, no lyres  
Tingling to Venus in bright leaves that lazily  
Stir to Her hymns; no organ-sounding  
choirs  
With clarioned pomp of words and blue  
fumes lazily  
Drifting high through air stained lapis-  
lazuli,  
Ruby, and gold in motey bands; no fires  
Before the altars: with the past suspires  
Its symbolized trapping; and today brings  
nasally  
ITS Valentine in terms of honking horn,  
Cocktail, and Freud, where once the Cy-  
priote ruled. . . .  
Therefore no altar flames, no neophytes  
I sing. My muse is à la mode and schooled:  
Though it were shy as wild-rose-dawning  
morn  
My fire shall blaze in kilowatt lights!

The second daughter of Lord Charnwood is both a good-looking (to judge from her publicity photograph) and extremely clever gal. Only twenty-five years old, she is already the author of three novels, and the last of these "Which Way?" just published over here by Doubleday, Doran, caused the *London Chronicle* to praise its cleverness. "It is so clever," cried the reviewer for that journal, "that I grope for words in which to express adequate admiration." This author's writing name is *Theodora Benson*. . . .

And so with harp and psaltery,  
THE PHOENICIAN.

## Elizabeth believed in LOVE...

but she made the mistake of marry-  
ing the kind of man romantic women  
think they can reform.

### Murry, the minister

## believed in GOD....

but he found the harsh realities of  
life hammered against uncondi-  
tional faith.

### Mabel and Hector believed

## in OPPORTUNITY...

They made the most of it and were  
spared bitter regret. Lacking imagi-  
nation they wore an unconscious  
armour against pain.

### Elise believed in reason- able INTELLIGENCE.....

## and she ran away with a married man.

She tossed her bonnet over the mill  
but it came bounding back to her  
like a boomerang.

### All of these people you will come to know in

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