

# THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

## *Literature and Drama*

THE contempt exhibited by literary men for drama on the ground that drama, because of the intrinsic nature of the theatre, cannot be literature is analogous to a contempt that architects might affect for music on the ground that it cannot be made out of bricks. Aside from the painfully obvious fact that great drama actually is literature, and great literature, the literary gentlemen conveniently overlook the second and even more painfully obvious fact that the circumstance that drama may not necessarily be literature is no more valid criticism of it as art than the circumstance that literature need not necessarily be dramatic is valid criticism against literature as art.

Of all artists, literary men are the most self-sufficient, snobbish and, generally, the least catholic and critically sagacious. Whimsical fellows, they look scornfully upon a dramatist who must perforce resort to such ignoble and inartistic devices as the condensing of a character's lifetime into an arbitrary two hours while they themselves enjoy all of two hundred pages, which take two hours to read, for the same purpose. They laugh at the arbitrary demands of the stage in the matter of curtain falls, while they agreeably forget the arbitrary demands of the novel in the matter of chapters or similar necessary furloughs for the reading eye. They speak from a superior vantage point of bad actors, and overlook bad typesetters, bad proof-readers, bad binders. They think of theatre audiences, and double up as with a colic; but they do not recall that nine out of every ten persons who read their own work are similar bounders and mushheads.

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This attitude toward the drama on the part of literary men may easily be explained. It derives from their own inability to write drama when they try their hands at it and a subsequent attempt to apologize to themselves for that failure with the reassuring remonstrance that drama must be a very low art form, else they would be able to master it. It seems to be the literary craftsman's idea that drama is child's play, something to be taken up, largely as a joke, when his own more serious and important and difficult work is done. He does not realize that the two arts are as far apart as sculpture and painting. Thus, an Arnold Bennett observes loftily that any proficient *littérateur* can write a good play with one of his hands tied behind his back and his eyes blindfolded—and turns out such stuff as "Polite Farces," "Cupid and Common Sense," "What the Public Wants," "The Honeymoon," "The Great Adventure," "Sacred and Profane Love" and "Milestones." The best that Frank Harris can manage is a "Mr. and Mrs. Daventry," which is to his literary canon what "Papa Loves Mama" is to "Andromache." Huneker, a champion of literature at the expense of the poor drama, tried to write a play called "Chopin" with sad results, and Sinclair Lewis is the author of "Hobohemia" and another opus that shall be enveloped in a polite silence. Dreiser would doubtless be loath to have anyone speak of his "Hand of the Potter" in the same breath with "Sister Carrie," "Jennie Gerhardt" and other of his novels; and H. G. Wells is responsible in part for "The Wonderful Visit." George Moore, a great scoffer at drama and one who has looked on it as being of a piece with making mud-pies, when he condescendingly tried his

skill at it succeeded in producing only a "Coming of Gabrielle." Heinrich Mann's literary talent gives birth to a "Die Grosse Liebe"; and Gustav Frennsen's to a "Sönke Erichsen." What Knut Hamsun's play is like, I don't know; I haven't read it; but I hear that it is ineffably sour. Henry James' attempt to make a play out of his novel "Daisy Miller" is still a dolorous memory, as is his "Guy Domville," and Joseph Conrad's "One Day More" is, considering Conrad, pathetic. David Graham Phillips, after much sincere trying, could manage only "The Worth of a Woman"; and Hergesheimer, after two separate attempts, appears to have given up. The short comedies and farces of William Dean Howells are of puny dramatic merit; Bret Harte's "Two Men of Sandy Bar" is drivel; and Robert Louis Stevenson's and W. E. Henley's attempts, "Deacon Brodie" and "Admiral Guinea," are equally drivel. No need to multiply the list; dozens upon dozens of additional instances will readily occur to you, both of yesterday and today. The legitimate exceptions are few. Galsworthy, for example, is by his own confession a dramatist first and a novelist second: the dramatic form is closest to his heart. So with Maugham, though his plays are far beneath the quality of his novels. Thomas Hardy lately tried to make a dramatization of his "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" and failed to make one that was anywhere nearly so good as the antecedent one made by a more experienced theatrician.

The difference between a novel and a drama is the difference between music read and music played. The novelist peoples the imagination with ghosts; the dramatist peoples the eye and ear with living, moving forms and voices. This difference the literary man turned playwright seldom perceives, and as a result the drama that he fashions often too greatly neglects the eye and ear in favor of an over-taxed (and under-supplied) theatrical imagination. I speak here, of course, of the literary man who approaches the dramatic form seri-

ously and not merely as a means to horn-swoggle the box-office out of a bit of change. In the average play of the literary man, one can, in one's mind's eye, see the book leaves turning with the movements of the stage characters. One feels that the characters are reading their lines rather than speaking them. The dramatic personages move less in terms of sentences than in terms of paragraphs. They are less types than typography. A shoemaker should stick to his last. The composer of "Parsifal" is ill at ease in "Religion und Kunst"; the painter of the "Cenacolo" is lost when he woos the art of the composer; the author of "Romeo and Juliet" sloshes around uncomfortably in Ben Jonson's sock and buskin; the confector of the "Essays of Elia" only brings down a deserved booping upon himself when he confects a "Mr. H."

### *The Theatre's Need*

FIVE or six years ago, there appeared in an Italian periodical an article, by a writer whose name has unfortunately passed from my memory, which urged against the present-day theatre the fact that it lacked all bounce and gaiety. Not the stage of the theatre, which now and then disclosed something to lift the miserable human psyche into the celestial regions of amusement, but the theatre itself, which seldom disclosed anything of the kind. The theatre, the writer pointed out, was generally a dark, damp and forbidding house, as unsuggestive, physically, of gaiety as a Milanese embalmer. What it needed was something to convert it from its present austere and chilled condition into a place that wore at least a string of beads and a few vine leaves in its hair.

There are, of course, occasions when the theatre is properly of such an austere mien, say, when fine dramatic art occupies its stage. But for one such occasion, the writer truthfully observed, there are a hundred when an austere air is no more suited to it than it would be to a hot-dog stand. In the

theatre as we engage it in the world today, we find that a particular playhouse often discloses a platform that, in a single season, is held successively by tragedy, comedy, melodrama, pantomime, farce, musical comedy and what not. There are exceptions, to be sure; there are certain theatres that resolutely dedicate their stages to a specific form of drama; but, in the main, one encounters stages that, as units, are given over indiscriminately to Shakespeare one day and Mephistophelian-looking gentlemen who pull rabbits out of silk hats the next, to problem dramas one week and the next to Hindu gentlemen who can have pins stuck into their epidermises without feeling them, and to "Iphigenia at Aulis" one month and to a colored song and dance show the month after. Surely, a theatre that houses a farce in which a fat man hides under the bed to avoid the ingénue's irate Uncle Adolph should look and actually be a bit different from a theatre that houses a tragedy in which all the leading characters have inherited lewd *Spirocheta* and blow their brains out. It caters to people in an entirely different mood; but, though it caters to such people, it fails to cater to that mood. The Comédie Française or the Deutsches-Theater or the Hampden in New York are all right as they are; their physical atmosphere is appropriate to their stage traffic. But the majority of theatres to the left and right of them in their respective cities and similar theatres in Vienna, Madrid, Rome, London and Chicago four times out of every five no more reflect their proper natures than so many profusely fly-specked mirrors. Thus, today, seeing a music show in a theatre where, only the week before, one has seen "John Gabriel Borkman" is much like asking one to watch Marilyn Miller dance at Woodlawn Cemetery, and expecting one to enjoy it.

Discussing specifically the subject of vaudeville theatres, the Italian writer pointed out the complete absurdity of playhouses resembling in every detail

dramatic theatres yet offering to their audiences such violently discrepant and utterly discordant things as trained geese, red-nosed comedians in green pants, soft-shoe dancers and virtuosi of the banjo. Such theatres most assuredly should mirror their stages and should themselves inculcate in their audiences at least a measure of the mood which the platform didoes were designed and seek to inculcate. It was the writer's suggestion, for example, that the vaudeville auditorium chairs should be of the trick variety, that at intervals the ushers should sneak up behind the fat, bald men in the audience and tickle their pates with feathers, that as the older and more sedate ladies of the audience entered the door they should have "Please kick me" signs stuck onto their bustles, and that the house should be sprayed along toward the middle of the performance with some kind of powder that would make everybody sneeze. These may not be exactly our Italian friend's suggestions—my memory is not too accurate on the point—but they hint at the general contour of his recommendations. Exaggerated though they are, they indicate to a degree just what is lacking in the vaudeville dumps and what, by virtue of this lack, is gradually putting the vaudeville business in limbo. Go into any first-class American vaudeville theatre today and you will catch sight of a house full of faces that, whatever the nature of the stage performance, are in the main as long and sour as the faces at a performance of "The Cenci." It is only along toward 10:15, if the bill is a sufficiently amusing one, that the management succeeds in making the audience melt even partly and give way to its funny-bone. The theatre itself has stood in the way in the meantime; it has taken the audience the intervening hours to surmount and conquer the heavy mood which the playhouse itself has superimposed upon it.

The changes that certain revue and music show producers have made in their theatres in recent years, together with the devices

that have been exercised by various purveyors of other forms of light entertainment, show clearly that our impresarios are beginning to be aware of the truth of the new theatre theory. The runway, installed in revue houses, to bring gaiety from behind the footlights into the midst of the audience; the broad stage aprons whereon dancers and clowns cavort in close proximity to the customers; the use of the aisles for chorus numbers; the monkeyshines of "plants" in the boxes; the gorillas that run up and down the aisles pursued by a dozen actors dressed as policemen; the distribution of "plants" among the audience to give the latter the feeling of sharing in the stage traffic; such things as illuminated auditorium side-walls and cages of canaries which Reinhardt put into his Berlin Kammer-spiele; such theatres as the Redoutensaal of Vienna; such tricks as smelling up the house with various kinds of perfume, a device of music show producers to "get over" their flower songs; the use of incense in Oriental plays, the fumes of which spread over the auditorium; the chorus custom of playing ball with the members of the audience and of entering into similar intimate amusement relations with the trade in the seats—all such things are an indication that something has long been lacking in the theatres themselves and that the lack is being gradually appreciated. In due time, it will be rectified completely. And the moment it is thus rectified, we shall see the dawn of a newly prosperous theatrical day. The French saw the need, in part, years ago and their music halls, at least, have been converted into physically relevant and appropriate houses. The Shuberts, in their Winter Garden and Casino de Paris, and Carroll in his theatre, have astutely followed the French lead, with the result that their theatres resemble more closely what revue theatres should be than any other such houses in New York.

But there are theatres other than revue houses that call for a change. A theatre in

which a loud, low farce, for instance, is being played should be a theatre that itself has something of the loud, low farce's spirit. As a usual thing, at least in America, however, it no more cultivates the farcical spirit in its sitters than a dentist's chair cultivates the spirit of romance. What is needed on such occasions is a house that vouchsafes a sense of fun the moment one enters it. The ticket-taker should be dressed up as a "What-Is-It?" and should trip up each patron as he crosses the threshold, the house manager should stand in the lobby and pass out loaded cigars, the ushers should wear sleigh-bells and the programmes should be on long rubber bands which would cause them to snap back out of the customers' hands, the backs of the chairs should have trick mirrors on them, the chairs themselves should every once in a while collapse and land their occupants on the floor, the gallery patrons should be supplied with confetti, there should be toy balloons for the butter and egg men and their sweet ones, the candy on sale in the rear aisle should be filled with red pepper, the stairs leading to the smoking-room and ladies' parlor should be collapsible, the arms of the chairs should be connected with an electric current, which should be turned on at appropriate moments during the course of the evening, and everyone should, upon entering the theatre, be given a colored paper hat, a set of false whiskers, a pair of cardboard ears, a boutonniere that squirts water, a few rotten tomatoes, and a tack to place on his neighbor's seat. And what is true of the farce theatre is true of the melodrama theatre and each of the other relatively unimportant yet presently absurdly dignified and overly serious theatres. Each of these should, in its different way, be treated as treatment has been suggested for the farce theatre. For example, the mystery melodrama theatre should have a bizarre and spooky illumination, the ushers should be dressed as ghosts or burglars and should shoot off pistols as they show the patrons to their

seats, the lavatory should be entered through a sliding panel, there should be secretly manipulated trap-doors under the seats through which the patrons' hats might periodically be made to disappear from under their chairs and then again to reappear, the box-office attendants should wear black masks, sudden terrifying screams should issue during the entr'actes from the ladies' room, and Mr. J. Ranken Towse should be mysteriously kidnapped by the house-manager sometime during the first act.

As I have said, one of these days our managers will wake up to the situation and theatregoing will then become almost as much of a sport and pleasure as bull-fighting or lynching.

### *The Minor Theatre*

I AM frequently brought to task by certain otherwise edifying and sagacious critical professors for an intermittent taste which takes me, with an obvious and apparently lamentable relish, to the lower forms of theatrical amusement. For this taste, I am denounced as a trivial and flippant fellow, one to whom the grandeurs of Ibsen, Strindberg, *et al.*, must, for all his pretence to the contrary, remain esoteric and unappreciated. Surely, runs the bull of excommunication, anyone who can find enjoyment in burlesque shows, French farces, hoofers, slapsticks and music hall skits in which a gentleman with a deplorable hang-over gets into bed with a Chinaman under the impression that the Chinaman is Gaby Deslys, must be not only something of an ass *per se*, but a customer anæsthetic to the good, the true and the beautiful in dramatic art.

Of course, anyone who has practised criticism professionally for a considerable space of time recognizes that such other critics are simply at the old trick of giving a public pundit-show, that they really know very much better, and that they themselves, in one way or another, are periodically guilty of equally low, and

privately welcome, tastes. Take Walkley, for example, surely a cultivated and eminently estimable dramatic critic, if ever there was one. In the May number of *Vanity Fair*, I find him, immaculate in top hat and *pince-nez*, conducting himself thus professorially for the benefit of the conventions: "Plays of serious thought demand serious thinking about them. No adequate criticism is possible of, say, 'The Master Builder,' without equivalent brain-work. You can treat it superficially. You may say you prefer a Manhattan cocktail to it. You may declare it too frumpishly Scandinavian for your taste. But that is not criticism . . ." Having duly taken a bow at the applause, I then find him, in critical *négligé*, coming out in the very next issue of the same periodical—the June number—with this somewhat confounding confession: "People flocked to Ibsen's plays (at the beginning) not for the fun of the thing, not to enjoy the art of drama, but as a solemn rite, to discern a 'message' . . . I (also) took service and slung much ink at . . . the opposite party. My excuse is that I was young, or youngish. But I was never an Ibsenite . . . and after 'The Master Builder' I broke away from the 'master' . . . 'What a crew!' you used to mutter to yourself as you came into an audience of Ibsenites gloating over Miss Elizabeth Robins' thick-soled boots and alpenstock as she bade her old architect mount his tower in 'The Master Builder' . . . Yes, and 'What a crew!' you were often tempted to say over the queer, uncouth, ill-bred people on the stage—the gentlemen who wore frock coats (of course, with pot-hats, they *would*) on the most inappropriate occasion, the touzled, disputatious women . . . the whole tagrag and bobtail . . ." And then,—after a few regulation professorial pats on Henrik's back—thus, by way of a grand summing up and finale, the engagingly truthful Arthur Bingham: "But, to be frank, Ibsen is a little too grim, too hyperborean for my personal taste. Give me the *joie de vivre* and the Ziegfeld 'Follies' every time!" The

exclamation mark is Mr. Walkley's own.

But Walkley is not alone in his honesty. There are others who, in their off moments from the occasionally necessary professor-doctor show, similarly betray the intermittent depravity of their personal fancies. Shaw has frankly confessed that he gets a reprehensible amount of enjoyment out of Charlie Chaplin and Harold Lloyd moving pictures. The late William Archer told me confidentially one night over a mug of Bass that Florence Mills and her troupe of colored hoofers and slapstick smokes were, so far as he was concerned, a gift from the gods. Thomas Hardy, on the rare occasions he comes down to London, invariably picks out, for the elevation of his psyche, a music hall show wherein he can see one zany swat another across the nose with a London *Times*. The late James Huneker, as all his intimates knew, and as he on more than one occasion openly confessed in print, couldn't have been dragged into an Ibsen performance by a team of even brewery-wagon horses, where the mere news of a new pantaloon who chewed tobacco standing on his head and could shoot the wad with unerring aim into his watch-pocket was enough to make him call up his meritorious spouse *instantly* and inform her that he had to stay in town that evening for a very important conference with the Scribners. Georg Brandes has a private penchant for the Danish equivalent of "Who was that lady I seen you on the street with yesterday?" and, at least up to a few years ago, was a secret patron of any show that contained it. St. John Ervine, one of the most talented of the present-day English dramatic critics, who charmingly makes no bones about what amuses him, has seen "Lady, Be Good" almost as often as H. G. Wells. John Palmer's essay on George Robey was one of the best things he ever contributed to the *Saturday Review*. Alfred Kerr, when he was over here, after the usual and necessary formalities, betook him to "The Cat and the Canary" and enthusiastically reported that he found "die

Spukregie meisterhaft," and then to the coon show, "Shuffle Along," of which he freely says, in his book, "New York und London," "Es war mein stärkster Theaterabend in Amerika. Fünfmal könnt' ich das hintereinander hören und sehen!"

"Great statesmen," says Schlegel, in his discussion of the part of the clowns in Shakespeare, "and even ecclesiastics, did not consider it beneath their dignity to recruit and solace themselves after important business with the conversation of their fools; the celebrated Sir Thomas More had his fool painted along with himself by Holbein. . . . The dismissal of the fool has been extolled as a proof of refinement; and our honest forefathers have been pitied for taking delight in such a coarse and farcical amusement. For my part, I am rather disposed to believe that the practice was dropped from the difficulty in finding fools able to do full justice to their parts; on the other hand, reason, with all its conceit of itself, has become too timid to tolerate such bold irony; it is always careful lest the mantle of its gravity should be disturbed in any of its folds; and rather than allow a privileged place to folly beside itself, it has unconsciously assumed the part of the ridiculous; but, alas! a heavy and cheerless ridicule." ("Since the little wit that fools have was silenced, the little foolery that wise men have makes a greater show."—"As You Like It," Act I, Scene 2.) "It may even be said that almost everywhere where there is happiness, there is found pleasure in nonsense," wrote Nietzsche. "Joy is timid," observed Anatole France, "and does not like festivals." . . . The mind, like the body, also needs its holidays. Imagine living in a world populated exclusively by profound philosophers. Imagine, in another direction, a world designed not by a fallible God, but by a relatively infallible Michelangelo, absolutely symmetrical, undeviatingly beautiful, without imperfection, utterly intolerable. Imagine a world in which all the birds sang Bach, in which the sky was always like Monet's, in which the flowers

knew no weeds, and in which human beings, all of them, moved with the eurythmic grace of Mordkins and Pavlowas. Imagine, in conclusion, a stage occupied everlastingly with the "Medea," "King Lear," "Little Eyolf," "The Father," "Gabriel Schilling's Flight" and "Herod."

The man of sound taste and of sound appreciation of fine art revels in an occasional departure from æsthetics and in a Gothic spree. Such an artistic anæsthesia serves the same purpose as do, in another direction, alcohol and tobacco. A Galsworthy and a Chesterton read detective stories when their higher tastes take their coats off and go on the loose, as a Richard Strauss slides down behind a *Seidel* and gives his ear to Broadway jazz. Mr. Paul Elmer More may deny convincingly that he can get the slightest amusement out of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," but James Stephens, Dreiser, Hergesheimer and Sherwood Anderson admit that they can get a lot. When Max Reinhardt landed here a couple of years ago, he sneaked away from his host, who insisted upon taking him to an art production of one sort or another, and went to the "Follies." Augustus John, while in America, was a periodic, if covert, customer of Minskys' Winter Garden, where no chorus girl weighs under two hundred pounds. Aldous Huxley, after a trip half way 'round the world, made a bee line from the West Eighteenth street dock to "Cradle Snatchers." When Dunsany was last in America, I took him to a performance at the Plymouth of Gorki's "Nachtasyl," and he hasn't forgiven me yet. What he had wanted to see was the show down at the Olympic. Ernest Newman spent a half dozen evenings last year in New York listening to George Gershwin's jazz. The late Percival Pollard's tribute to Herr Lautensack is known to perusers of his "Masks and Minstrels." Go back among the years. Hazlitt, in "Lectures on the English Comic Writers and Miscellaneous Essays," confesses his

occasional excursion from sacrosanct taste in his delight over such an episode in "The Wonder" of Mrs. Centilvre as that wherein Don Felix, pretending to be drunk, forces his way out of Don Manuel's house by pretending that his marriage contract is a pocket-pistol, to the terror and confusion of the gentleman who would restrain him. "It," chuckles Hazlitt, "is one of the richest treats the stage affords!" Goethe's recourse to Sir Walter Scott and the peculiar belief that, because Scott amused him so in his off moments, Scott was therefore a great artist, is too well known to need rehearsal. And Richard Wagner listened with unfeigned pleasure to beer-garden tenors.

The hypocrisy of the professors in the matter of an occasional dose of good, juicy, low stuff and the sabbatical stimulation it provides to professorship of taste and judgment grown temporarily a bit weary of itself, is to be appreciated by a moment's glance at theatrical and dramatic chronology. Time has hallowed these very sabbatical stimulations of the past and thus made a nose at such critics as today deplore a taste for their modern counterparts. There is as much cheap, low, slapstick stuff in Aristophanes as there is in an Al Reeves' burlesque show, yet the bathos of distance has brought the professors to regard it as art. Shakespeare employed insanity to give his audiences some low, burlesque chortles exactly as C. M. S. McLellan has done in "The Belle of New York", or as the Messrs. Dickey and Goddard have done in "The Misleading Lady," or as Sam Mann does in the vaudeville halls, and his crazy characters are today regarded by the professors as appropriate subjects for prolonged and serious clinical and metaphysical study. Ibsen wrote "The Wild Duck" to give the more intelligent critics a laughing day off from what had come to be regarded as Ibsenism, and the idiotic professors of today go to it as if it were their best girls' funeral.

# THE LIBRARY

BY H. L. MENCKEN

## *The Immortal Democrat*

JEFFERSON, by Albert Jay Nock. \$2.75. 8 $\frac{1}{4}$  x 5 $\frac{3}{8}$ ;  
340 pp. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company.

THIS book has a fine surface: it is the work of a subtle and highly dexterous craftsman. What publicist among us, indeed, writes better than Nock? His editorials during the three brief years of the *Freeman* set a mark that no other man of his trade has ever quite managed to reach. They were well-informed and sometimes even learned, but there was never the slightest trace of pedantry in them. In even the least of them there were sound writing and solid structure. Nock has an excellent ear. Thinking in English, he thinks in charming rhythms. There is never any cacophony in his sentences, as there is never any muddling in his ideas. One may reject his doctrines as evil and against God, but one never finds any flaws in his actual syllogisms. In the present volume he is completely at home. Jefferson has been his Baal since his nonage, and he is soaked in Jeffersoniana as the late Dr. Harding was soaked in the idealism of the Elks.

What emerges here is in no sense a formal biography, nor even a political history. It is, rather, an elaborate psychological study of the man—an attempt to search out the origins of his chief ideas, to discern and delimit the forms that they finally took in his mind, and to estimate them in the light of the problems to which they were applied, and of the experience that has accumulated in the century since Jefferson's death. In brief, the book is a sort of critical analysis of Jeffersonism, done with constant sympathy and yet with a sharp outlook for fallacy and folly. It is accurate, it is shrewd, it is well ordered,

and above all it is charming. I know of no other book on Jefferson that penetrates so persuasively to the essential substance of the man. There are no weak spots in it, and no false notes. It is overwhelmingly convincing as polemic and it is unfailingly caressing as work of art. Let the syndics of the Pulitzer Prize Fund now insult Nock by offering him their glittering diamond belt for moral and patriotic biography, at present held, I believe, by Edward W. Bok.

It goes without saying that much of his attention is directed toward clearing off the vast mountain of doctrinaire rubbish that has risen above Jefferson's bones. In that hell where politicians go the Sage of Monticello, I daresay, has suffered far more than most. Imagine his ghost contemplating Bryan, Alton B. Parker, Jimmie Cox, Al Smith, Jimmie Walker, W. G. McAdoo, Cole Blease, Ma and Pa Ferguson, John W. Davis, Tom Taggart, even Woodrow Wilson and Grover Cleveland! It is, indeed, one of the fine ironies of history that the party which professes to follow him has been led almost exclusively, for a hundred years, by leaders wholly unable to grasp the elements of his political philosophy. It stands as far from him today as the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals stands from Christ. That is to say, it stands as far off as it is humanly possible to get. Its titular leader, I suppose, is still Davis: he led it to disaster, but nevertheless, in its last great battle, he led it. Well, this Davis is the perfect embodiment of everything that Jefferson distrusted and disliked. He is precisely the sort of man whose oblique doings, in the years between 1810 and 1825, tortured old Tom with his dreams of monocrats. The rest are even