

**THE INSTITUTE FOR THE STUDY OF WESTERN
CIVILIZATION
THE ROARING TWENTIES
LECTURE 4: THE INTELLECTUALS AND THE BABE**







Dorothy Parker at the Algonquin Round Table (lower left) surrounded by Robert Benchley, Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, Frank Crowninshield, Alexander Woolcott, Heywood Broun, Marc Connelly, Frank Case, Franklin P. Adams, Edna Ferber, George S. Kaufman and Robert E. Sherwood.

Algonquin Round Table drawing by Al Hirschfeld.



VANITY FAIR



March 1920

CONDÉ NAST Publisher

35 cts 3⁵⁰ a year

VANITY FAIR



July 1929 ★

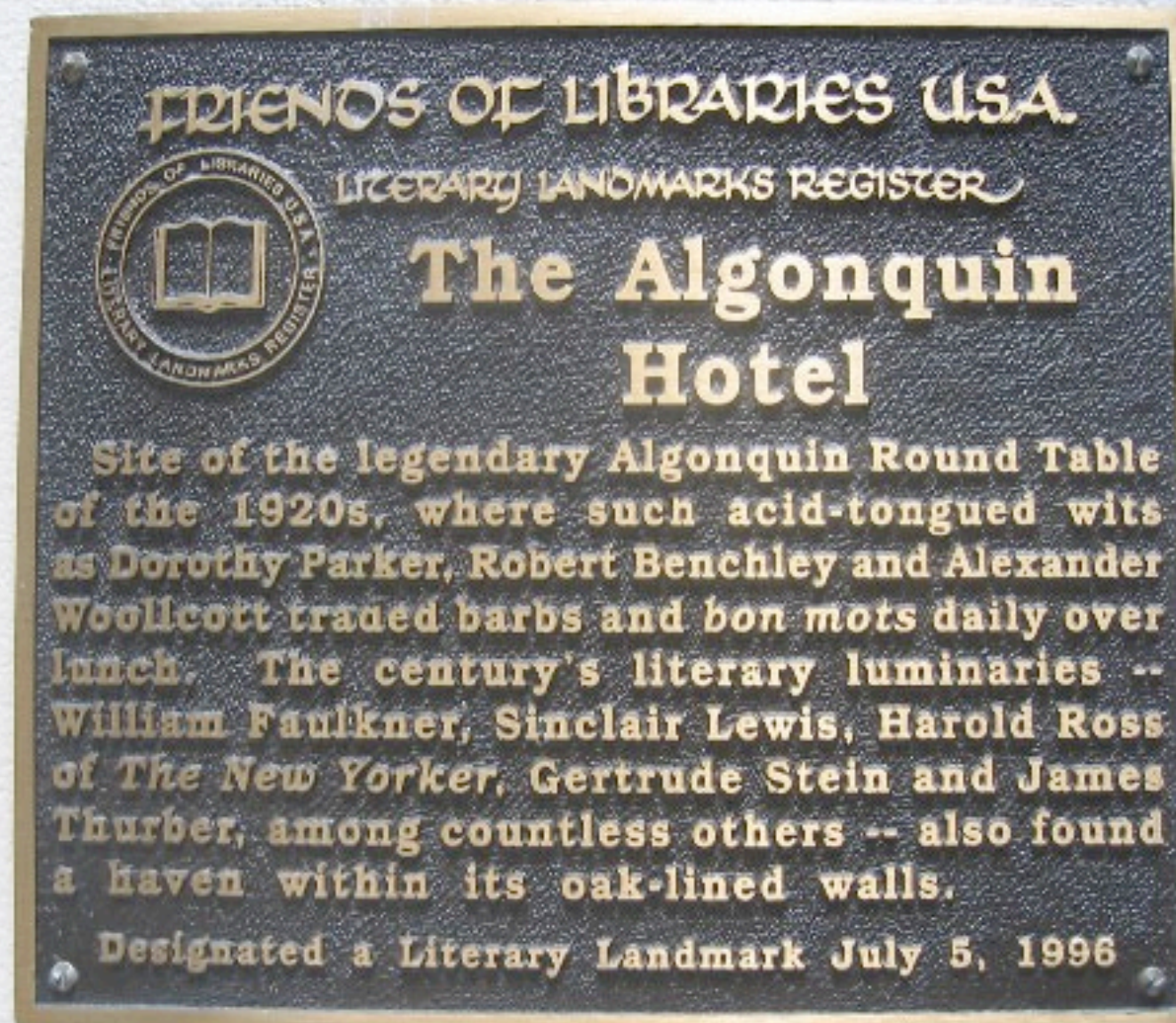
35 cts 4⁰⁰ a year

© 1929 Condé Nast Publications, Inc.









Algonquin Round Table

- The **Algonquin Round Table** was a celebrated group of New York City writers, critics, actors and wits. Gathering initially as part of a practical joke, members of "The Vicious Circle," as they dubbed themselves, gathered for lunch each day at the Algonquin Hotel from 1919 until roughly 1929. At these luncheons they engaged in wisecracks, wordplay and witticisms that, through the newspaper columns of Round Table members, were disseminated across the country.



http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Algonquin_Round_Table



DorothyParker.com



*"We're really awfully cynical, I guess."
"We can't help it, dear—it's the Age."*





As theater critic: “Miss Hepburn ran the whole gamut of emotions—from A to B.”



"This is not a novel to
be tossed aside lightly.
It should be thrown
with great force."

- *Dorothy Parker*

As literary critic



As etymologist: Asked to use the word “horticulture” in a sentence, she replied: “You can lead a horticulture, but you can’t make her think.”



As mentor for younger writers: “If you have any young friends who aspire to become writers, the second greatest favor you can do for them is to present them with copies of *The Elements of Style*. The first greatest, of course, is to shoot them now, while they’re happy.”

As love poet:

**By the time you swear you're his,
Shivering and sighing,
And he vows his passion is
Infinite, undying—
Lady, make a note of this:
One of you is lying.**

**In youth, it was a way I had,
To do my best to please.
And change, with every passing lad,
To suit his theories.**

**But now I know the things I know
And do the things I do,
And if you do not like me so,
To hell, my love, with you.**



**Clockwise: Art Samuels, Harpo Marx, Alexander Woolcott,
Dorothy Parker, Charles MacArthur**



Alexander Woolcott
1924



Alexander Woolcott (1887-1943)

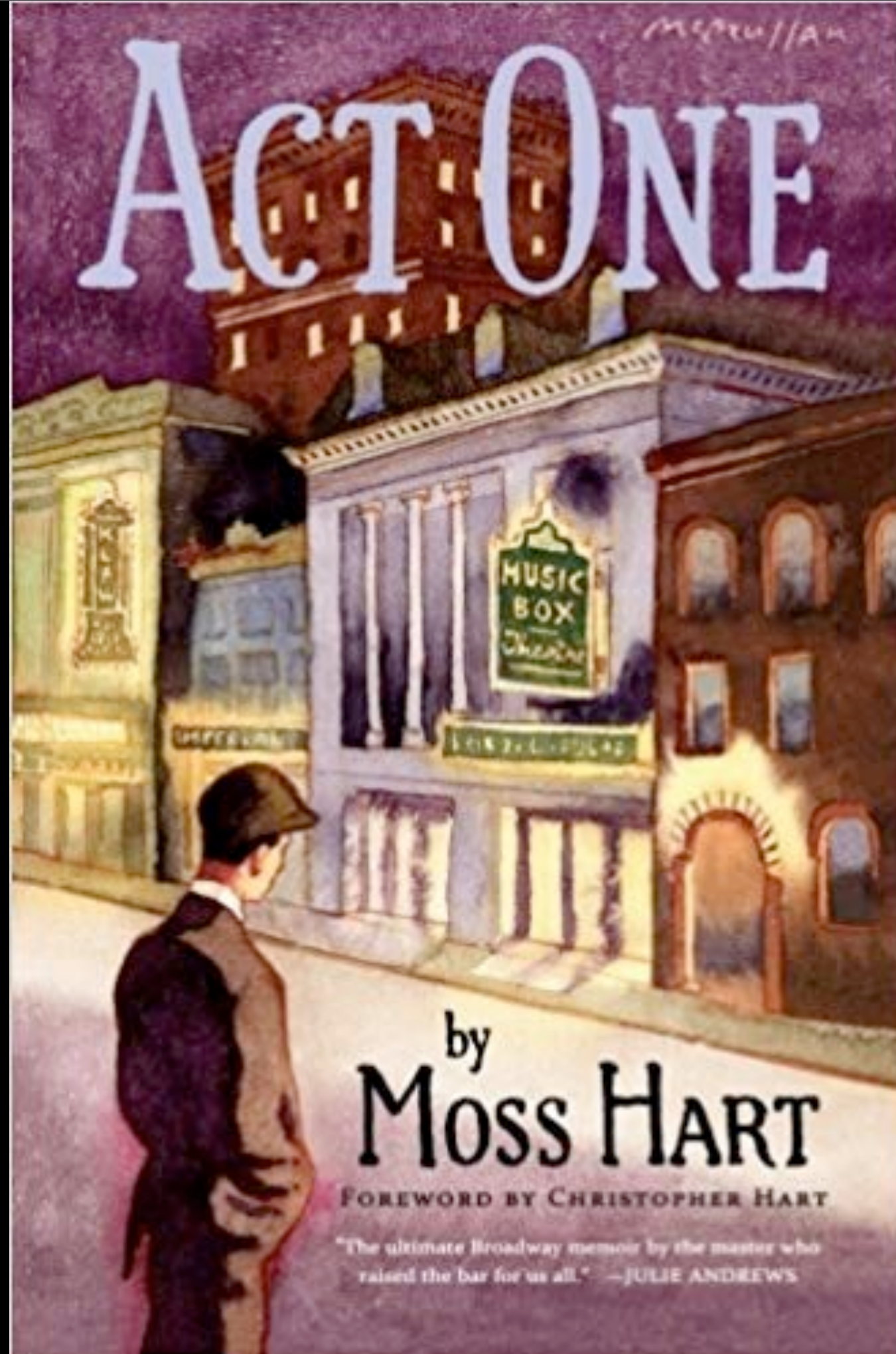


**Monty Woolley, Bette Davis, and Ann Sheridan
in *The Man Who Came to Dinner* (1941)**



George S. Kaufman and Moss Hart

**ridan Whiteside, in George S. Kaufman and Moss Hart's *The M*
ay after dinner. She lived to be 102, and when she had been de**



Act One

by
Moss Hart

FOREWORD BY CHRISTOPHER HART

"The ultimate Broadway memoir by the master who
raised the bar for us all." —JULIE ANDREWS

The New
REPUBLIC

Published Weekly

Saturday 7th November 1914

A Journal of Opinion
which Seeks to Meet
the Challenge of
a New Time

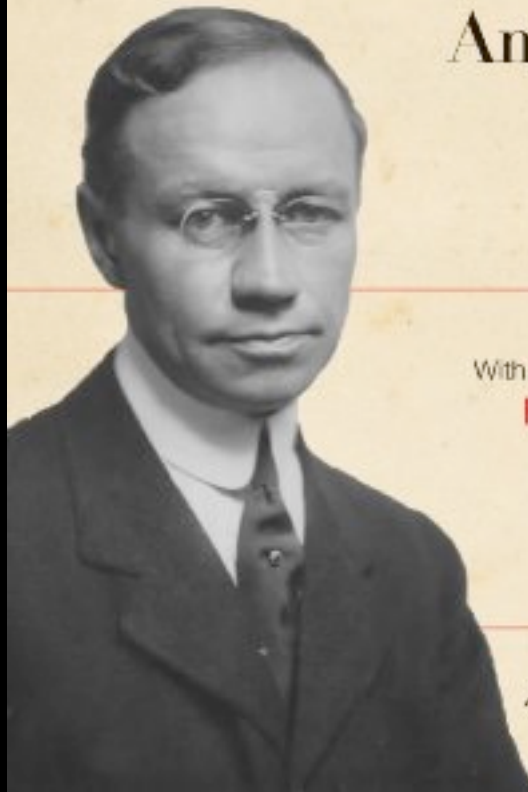
TEN CENTS A COPY
FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR

PRINTED BY THE REPUBLICAN PRINTING CO. (LIMITED) LTD. 10, FINSBURY LANE, LONDON, E.C. 2.

1909

Herbert Croly

The Promise of American Life



With a new foreword by
Franklin Foer

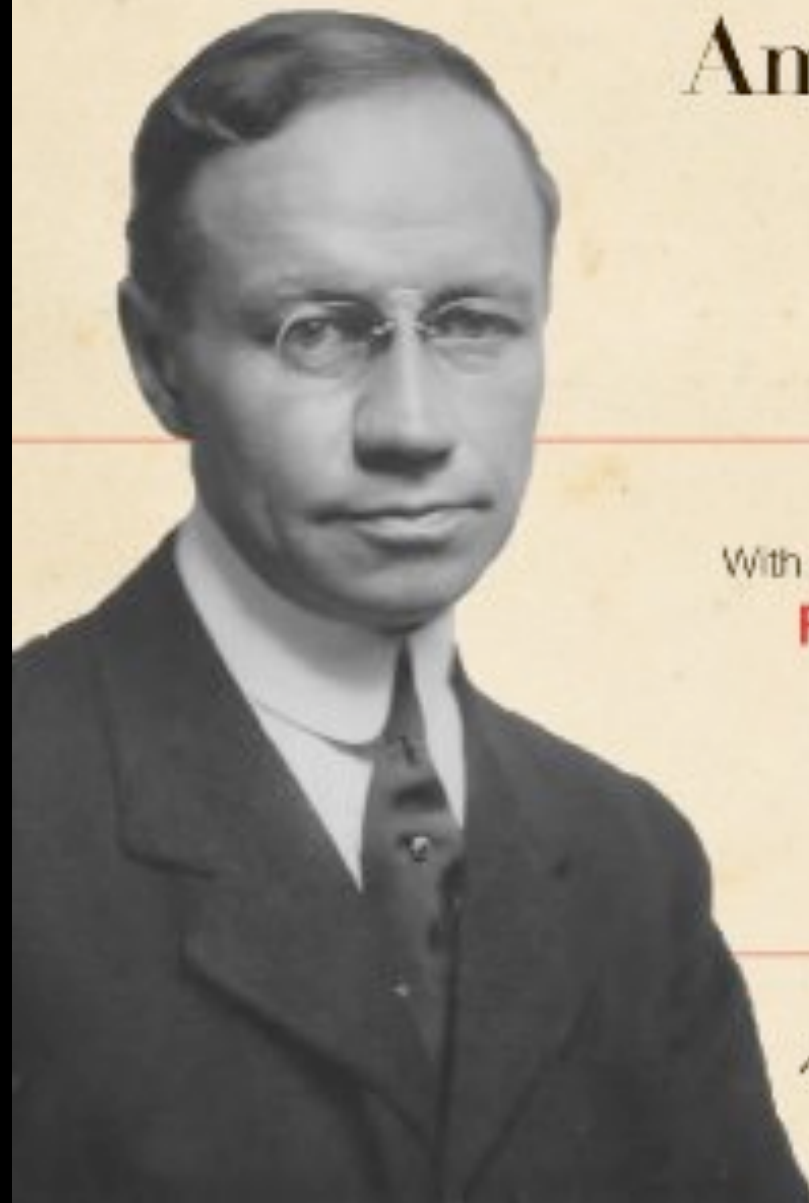
James Madison
THE JAMES MADISON LIBRARY
IN AMERICAN POLITICS
Sean Wilentz, General Editor

ht of the best available knowledge and in the interest of a human
and by the creation of opportunities to carry them out.” —Her

1909

Herbert Croly

The Promise of American Life

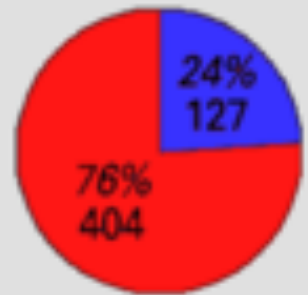
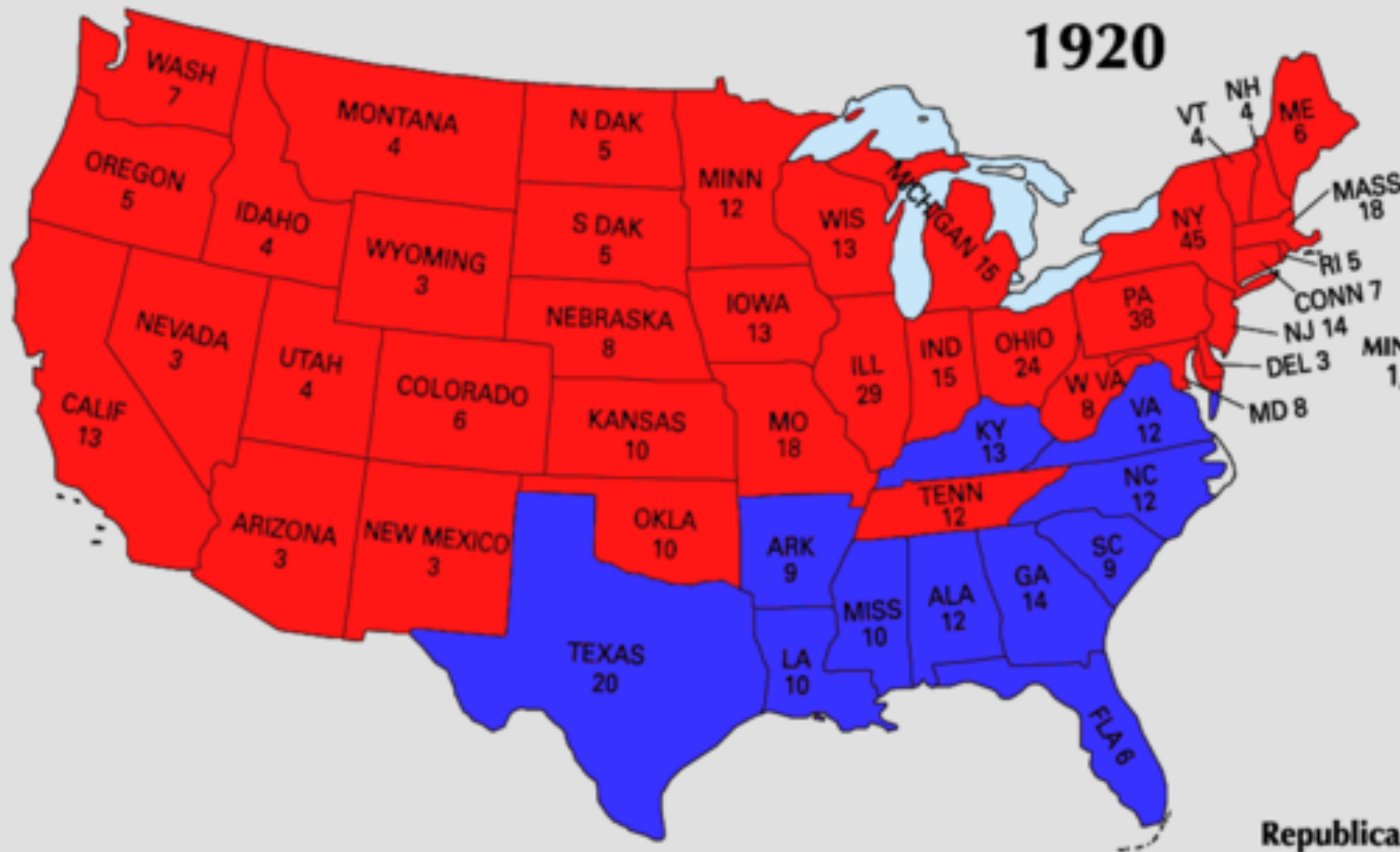


With a new foreword by
Franklin Foer

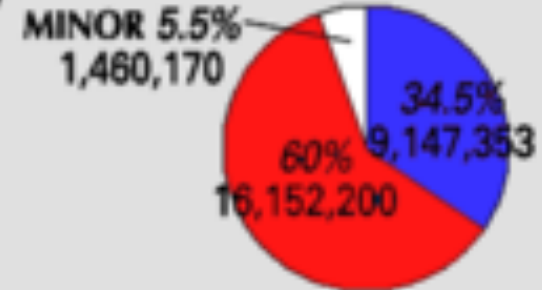
James Madison
THE JAMES MADISON LIBRARY
IN AMERICAN POLITICS
Sean Wilentz, General Editor

alism or progressivism as an effective force in American politics. ss drastic changes in national organization and policy; and since distracted and impotent. The Democratic candidate is bidding progressivism by being unmistakably reactionary, but he is coun public business to win the election for him.” —Herbert Croly

1920



**ELECTORAL VOTE
TOTAL: 531**

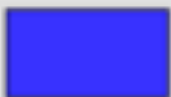


**POPULAR VOTE
TOTAL: 26,759,723**

Republican (Harding)



Democratic (Cox)

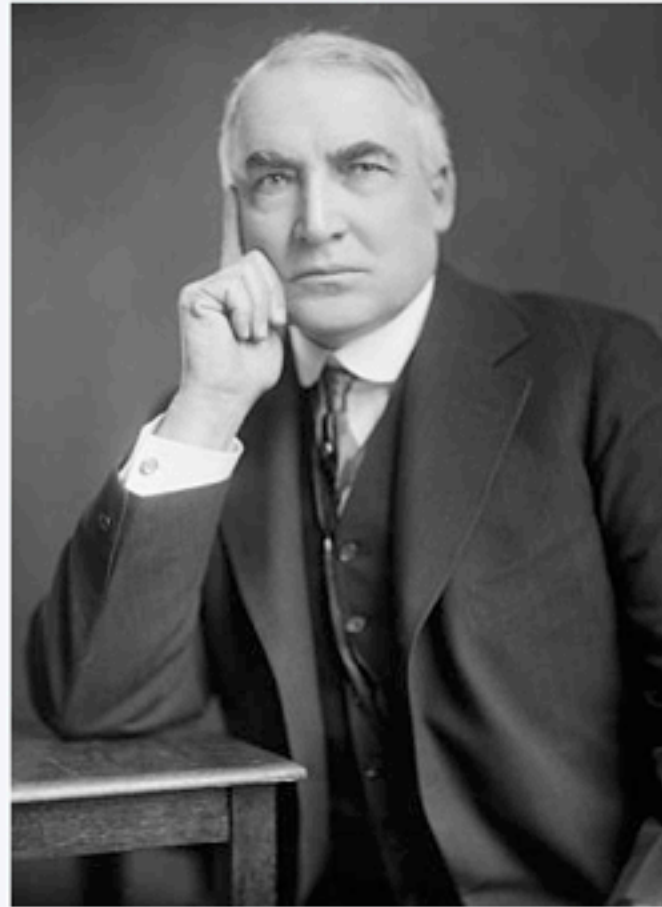


531 electoral votes of the Electoral College

266 electoral votes needed to win

Turnout

49.2%^[1] ▼ 12.4 pp



Nominee

Warren G. Harding

James M. Cox

Party

Republican

Democratic

Home state

Ohio

Ohio

Running mate

Calvin Coolidge

Franklin D. Roosevelt

Electoral vote

404

127

States carried

37

11

Popular vote

16,144,093

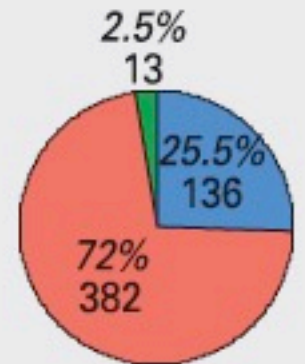
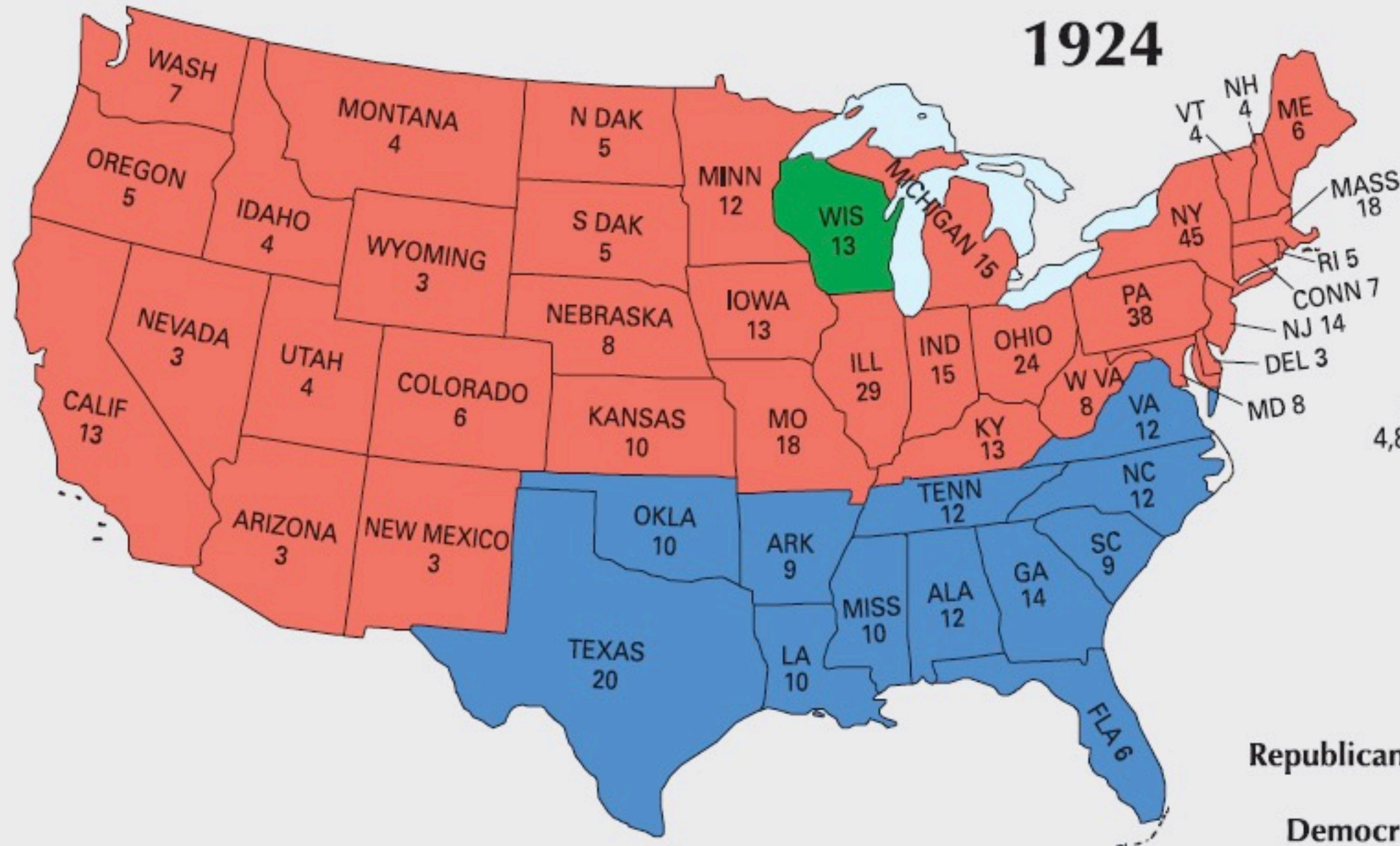
9,139,661

Percentage

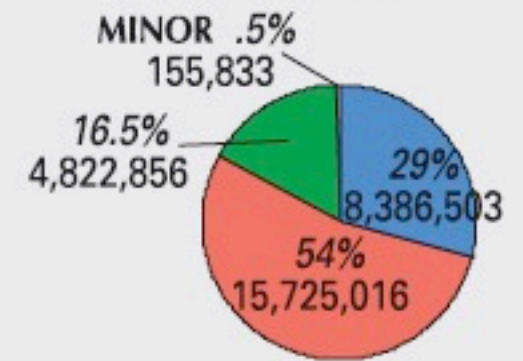
60.3%

34.1%

1924



**ELECTORAL VOTE
TOTAL: 531**



**POPULAR VOTE
TOTAL: 29,090,208**



531 electoral votes of the Electoral College

266 electoral votes needed to win

Turnout

48.9%^[1] ▼ 0.3 pp



Nominee	Calvin Coolidge	John W. Davis	Robert M. La Follette
Party	Republican	Democratic	Progressive
Home state	Massachusetts	West Virginia	Wisconsin
Running mate	Charles G. Dawes	Charles W. Bryan	Burton K. Wheeler
Electoral vote	382	136	13
States carried	35	12	1
Popular vote	15,723,789	8,386,242	4,831,706
Percentage	54.0%	28.8%	16.6%



**“I tell you, it’s damned
discouraging to be a
reformer in the
wealthiest land in the
world.”
—Fiorello LaGuardia**

**urban progressivism, under leaders like La Follette and Bryan
nment to provide specific economic benefits. Unlike progressi
would have its base in the urban masses, often the 'new' imm**



February 21, 1925

Price 15 cents

THE NEW YORKER



A NEW YORK TIMES NOTABLE BOOK

LETTERS FROM THE EDITOR

THE NEW YORKER'S
HAROLD
ROSS

"[It] should be read simply for
pleasure, in which it abounds."

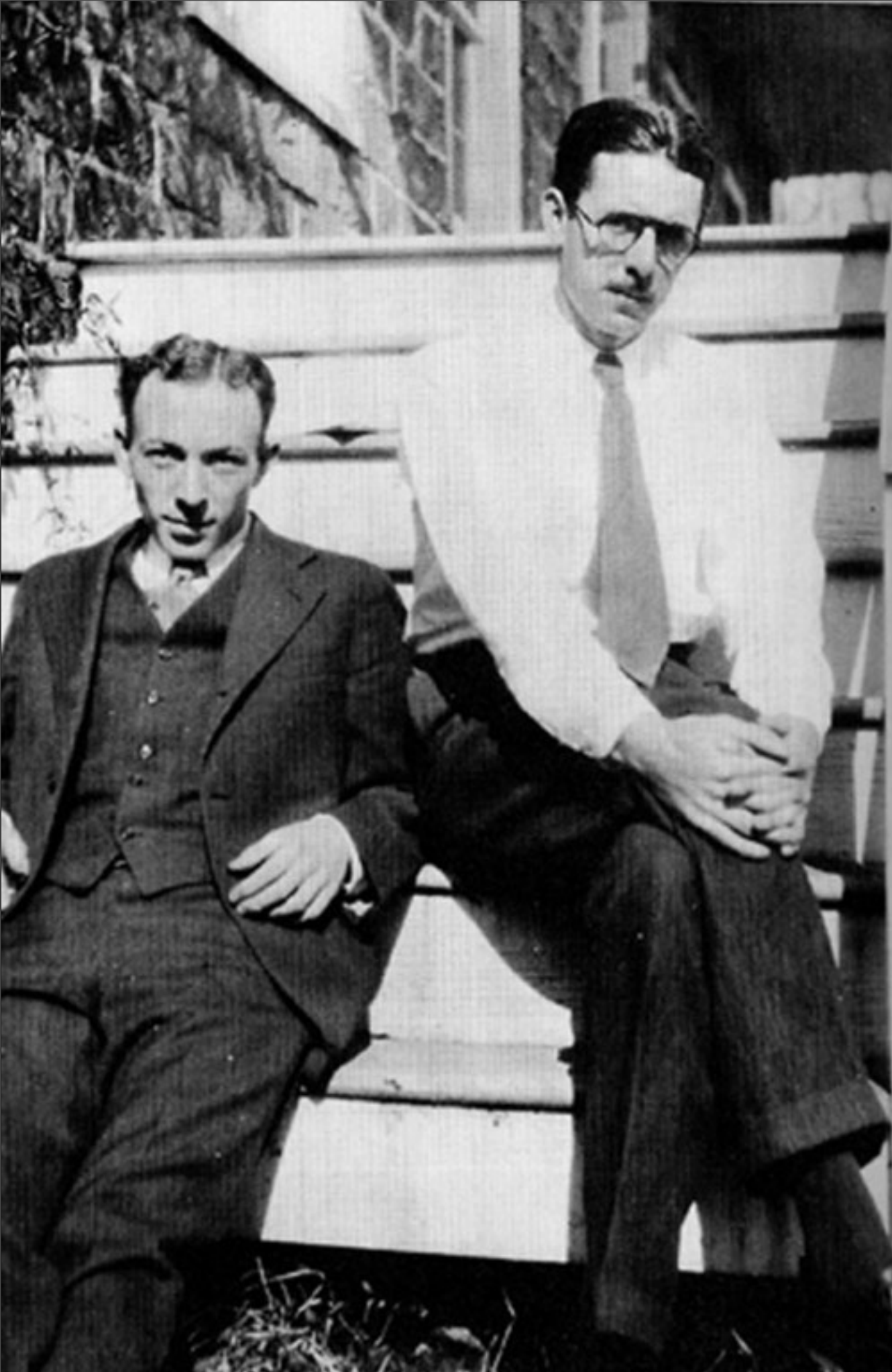
—ROGER ANDELL, *The New Yorker*



EDITED BY THOMAS KUNKEL



Woolcott on Ross: "He resembles a dishonest Abe Lincoln."



E. B. White and James Thurber



James Thurber



HERE AT THE NEW YORKER



BY BRENDAN GILL
with a new introduction by the author

j a m e s t h u r b e r

P
R
E
S
E
N
T
I
A
L

The Years with Ross

New Introduction by Adam Gopnik





CAST OF CHARACTERS

WOLCOTT GIBBS, E. B. WHITE, JAMES THURBER,
AND THE GOLDEN AGE OF THE *NEW YORKER*

**THOMAS
VINCIGUERRA**

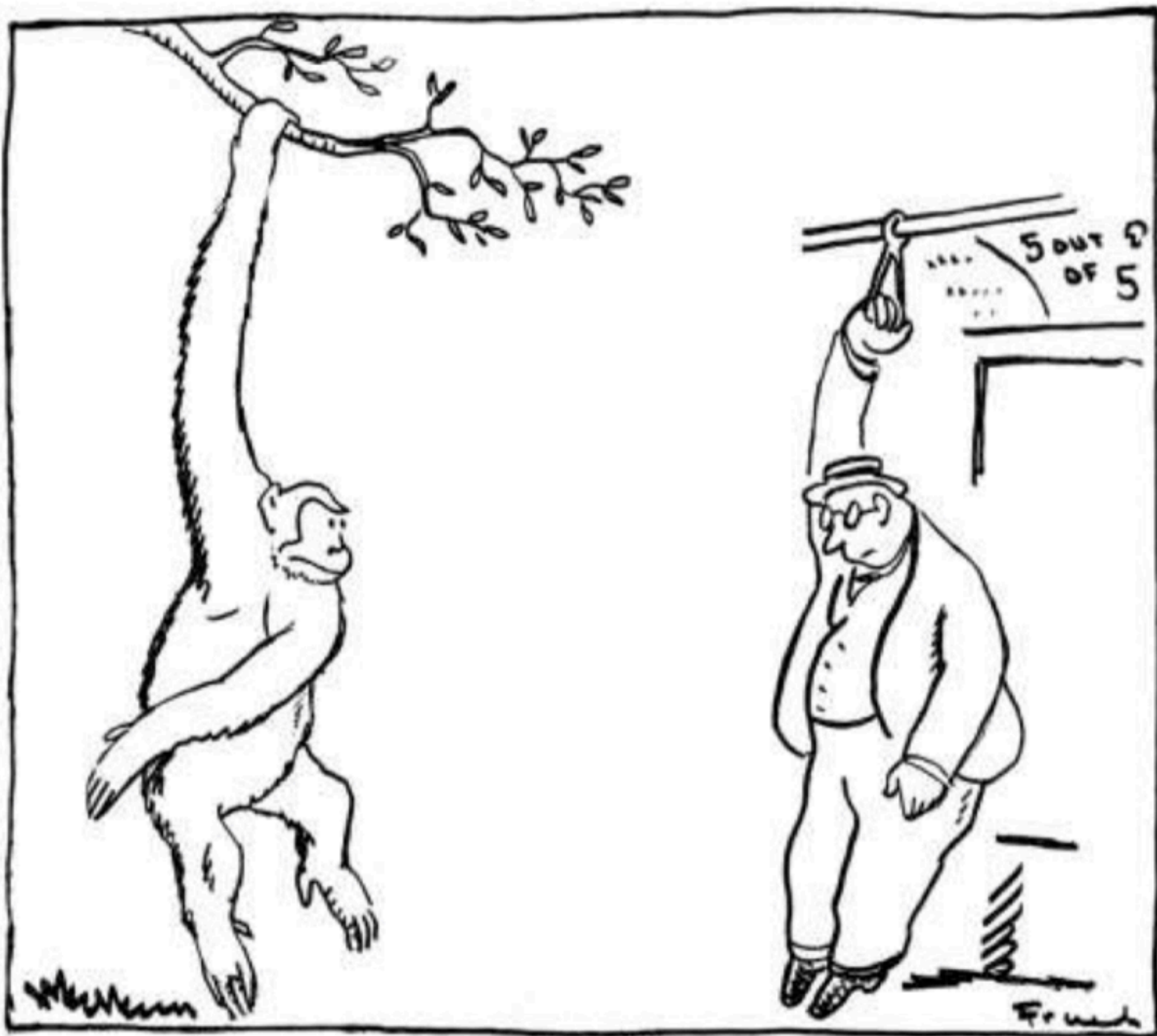
READ BY TONY PASQUALINI
UNABRIDGED



Gibbs, Parker, Thurber



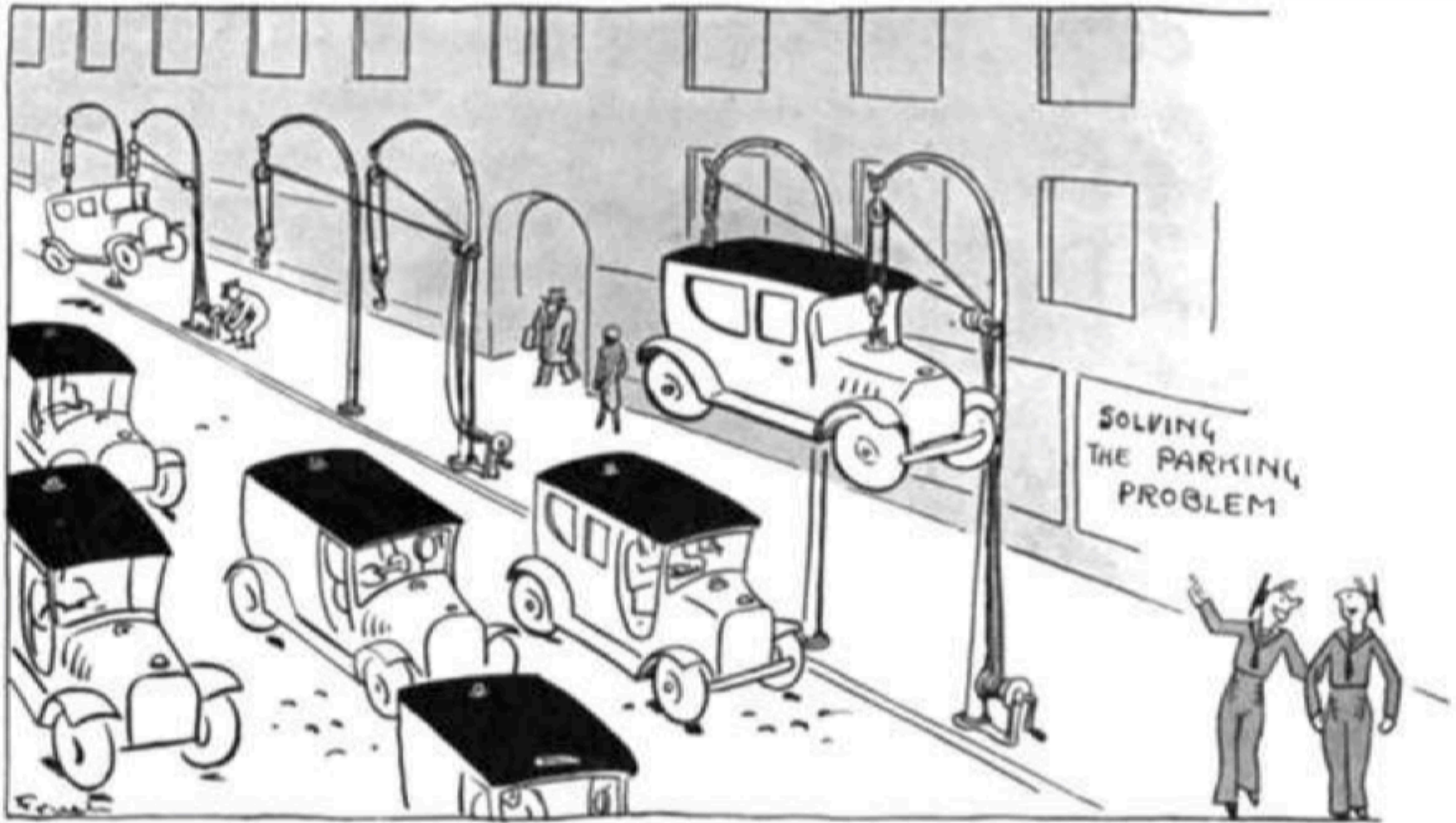
E. B. White and Katharine Angell



700,000 Years of Progress

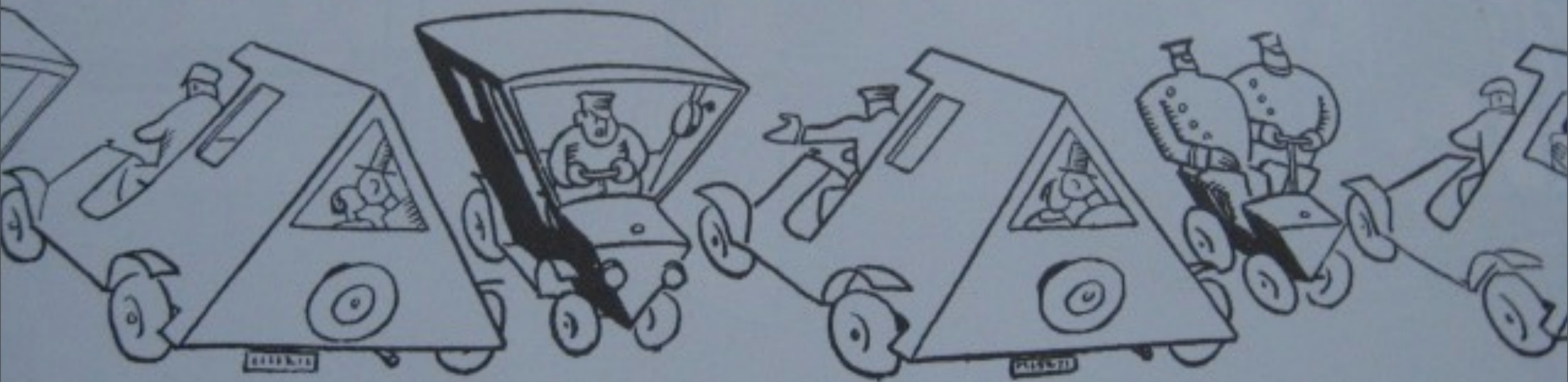
Cartoonist: Al Frueh

The New Yorker, July 25, 1925

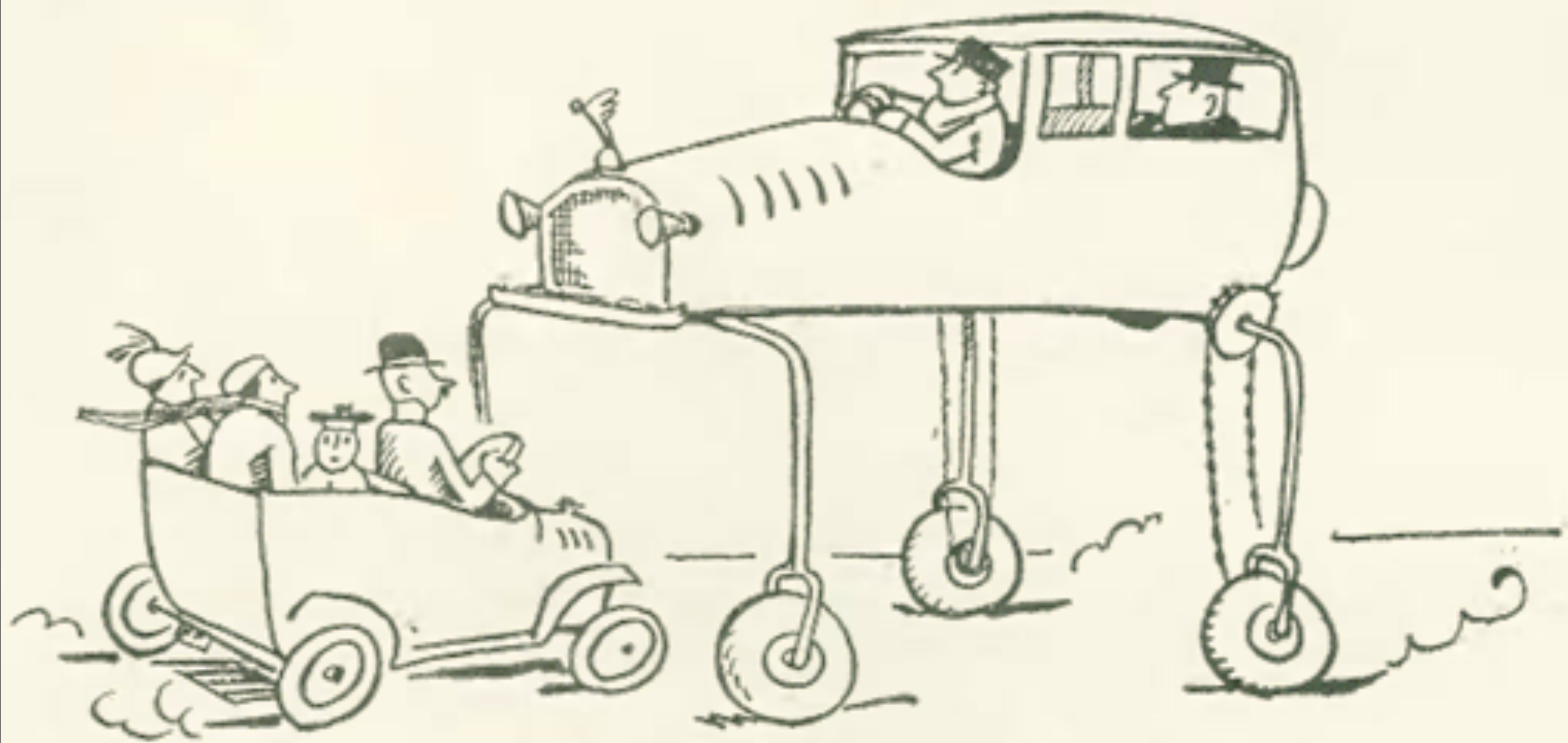


Cartoonist: Al Frueh
Reproduced by permission of the New Yorker.

The New Yorker, May 8, 1926



Solving the Traffic Problem.



Solving the Traffic Problem



*"Don't you think, Doctor, in view of my marked improvement
I might resume my affection for my mother?"*

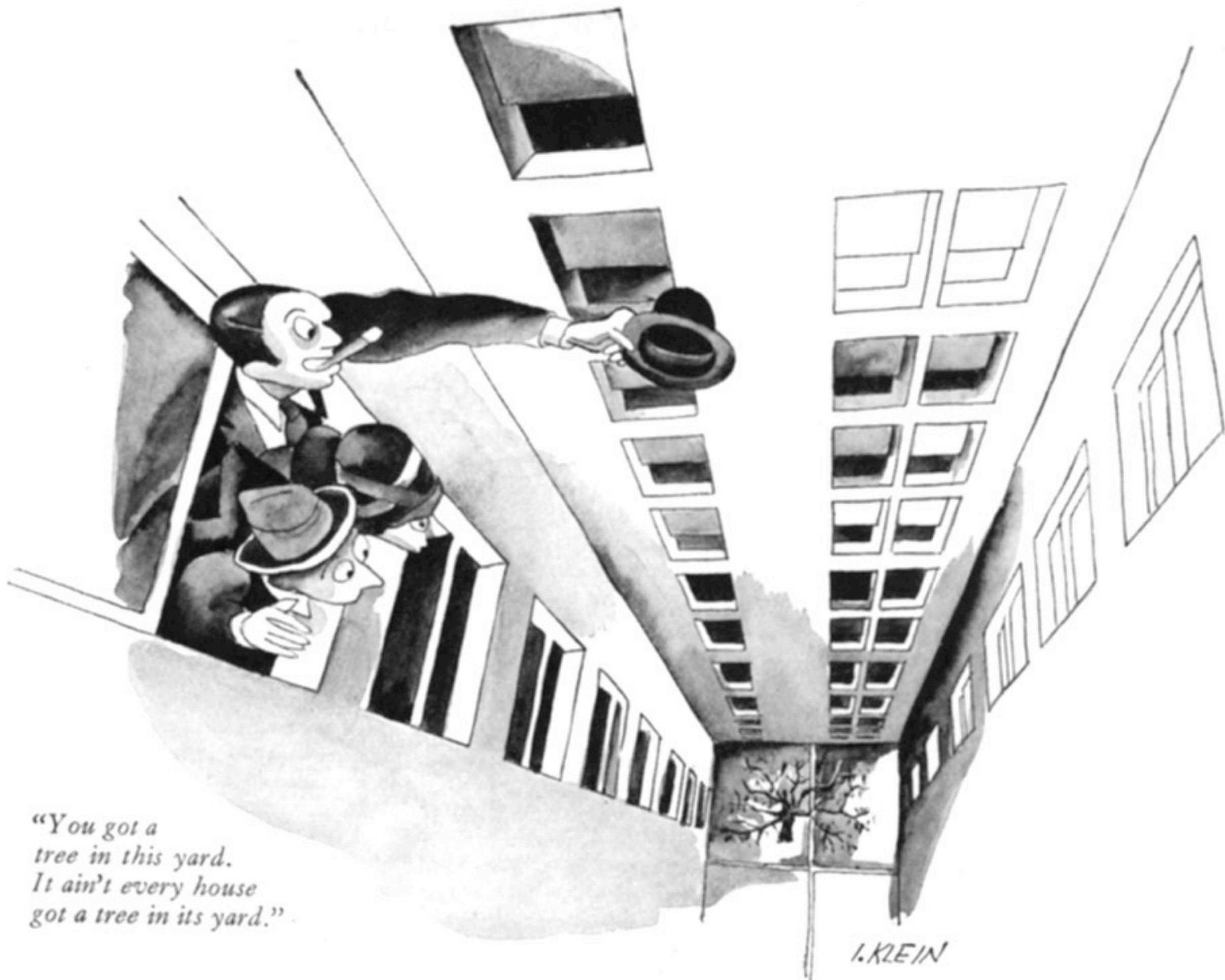


"Say, Doc, do me a favor. Just keep your eye on Consolidated Can Common, and if she goes bearish tell my broker to sell and get four thousand shares of P. & Q. Rails Preferred on the usual margin. Thanks."



Cartoonist: Frank Hanely
Reproduced by permission of the New Yorker.

The New Yorker, May 30, 1925




*"You got a
tree in this yard.
It ain't every house
got a tree in its yard."*

I. KLEIN



High position on Wall Street



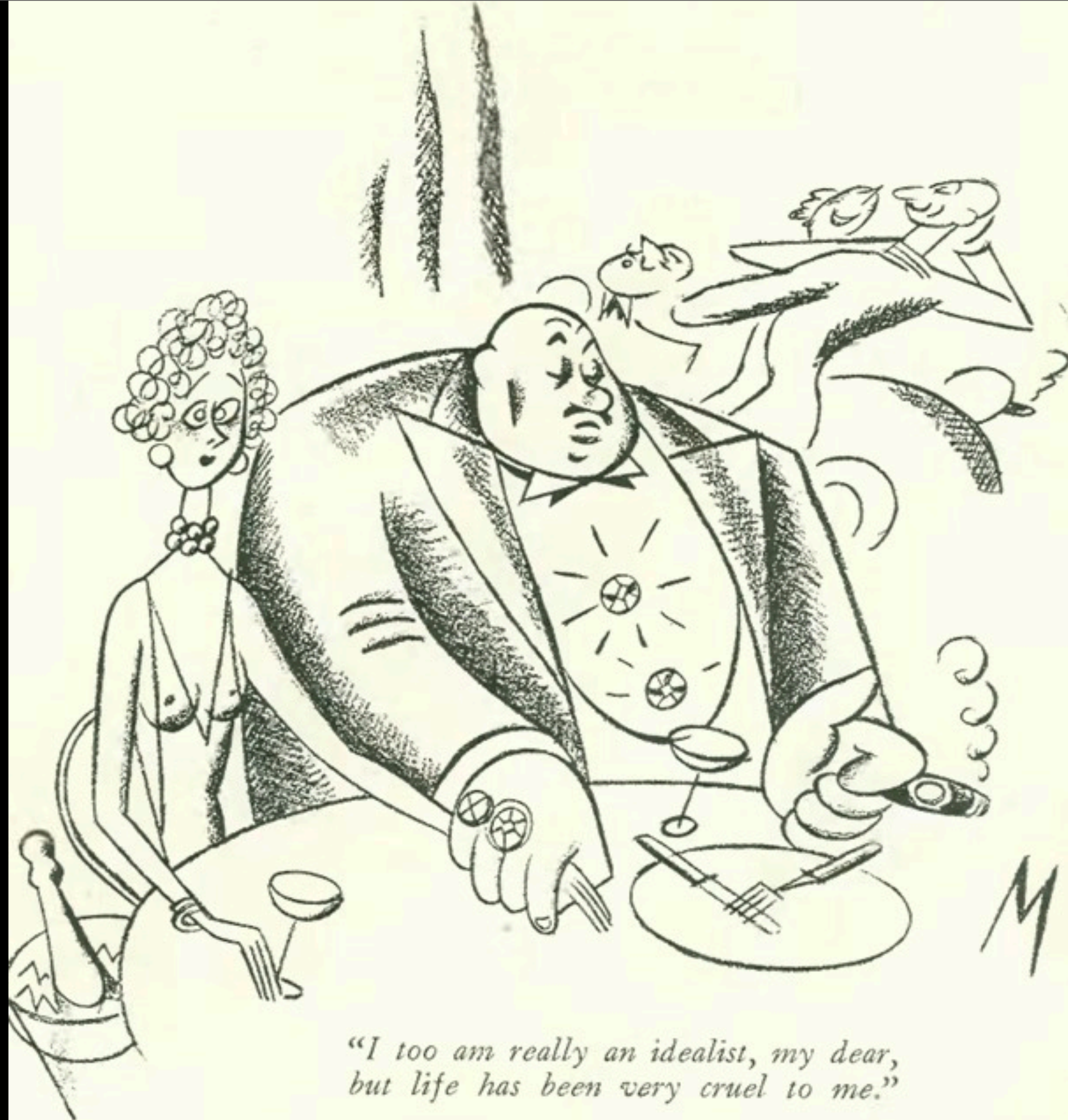
*"They haven't got a single tenant
on the fifty-fourth floor
yet, Mr. Chrysler."*



*"Just to think, sugar, there was once a time when
I thought I could never understand women."*



*"Well, of course, I do say I'll never marry—though,
somehow, I've always wanted to be a widow."*



*"I too am really an idealist, my dear,
but life has been very cruel to me."*



"Now remember—the minute I give the date of Shelley's birth, Benton drops back for a kick."



**Peter Arno
1928**

*"But father, do you think I ought to go to work
when there's so much unemployment?"*



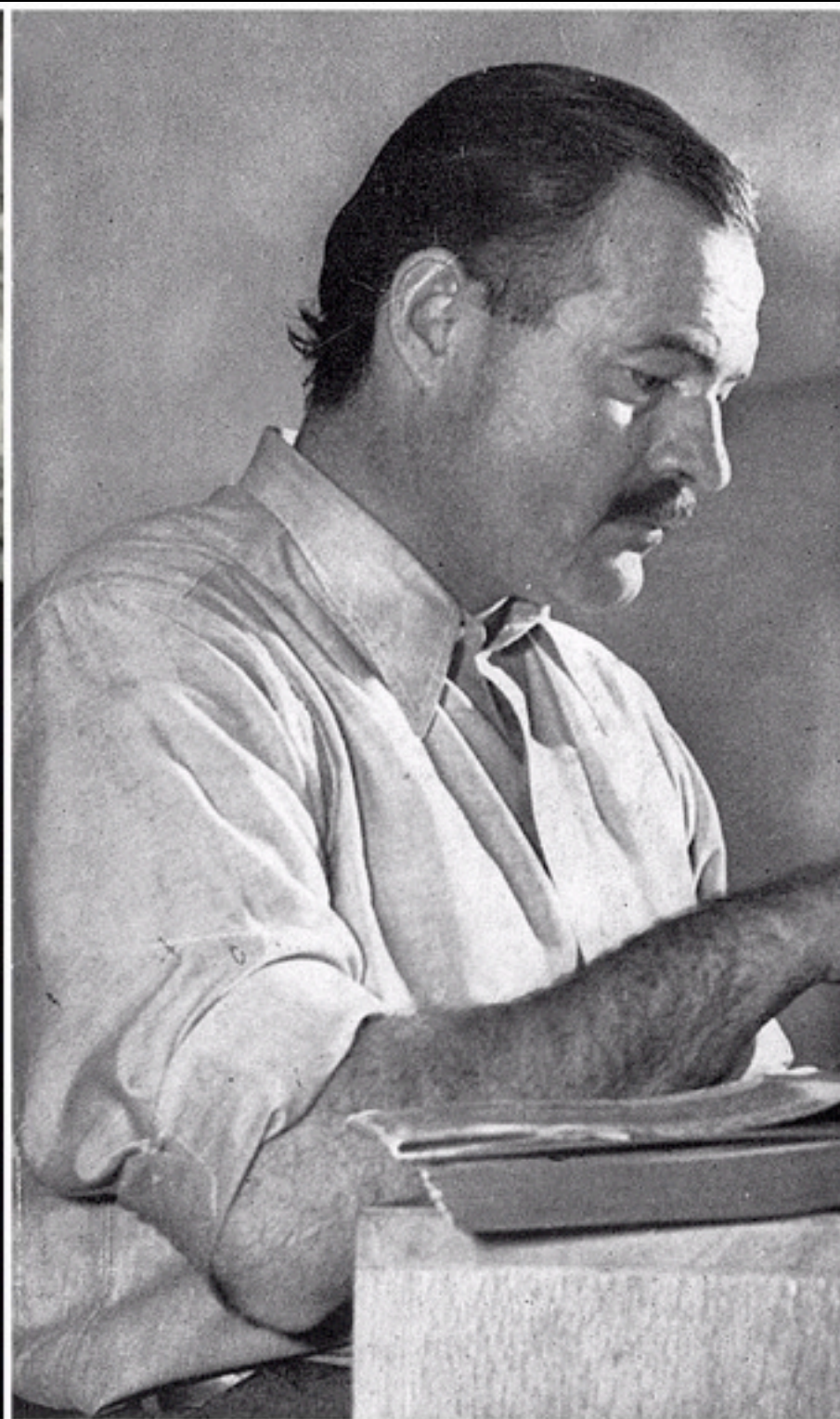
"Say, Mrs. Van Sant, the exterminator's here."



"It's broccoli, dear."

"I say it's spinach, and I say the hell with it."

Cartoon by Carl Rose, caption by E. B. White



Faulkner, Hemingway, Fitzgerald

The Winning of Barbara Worth

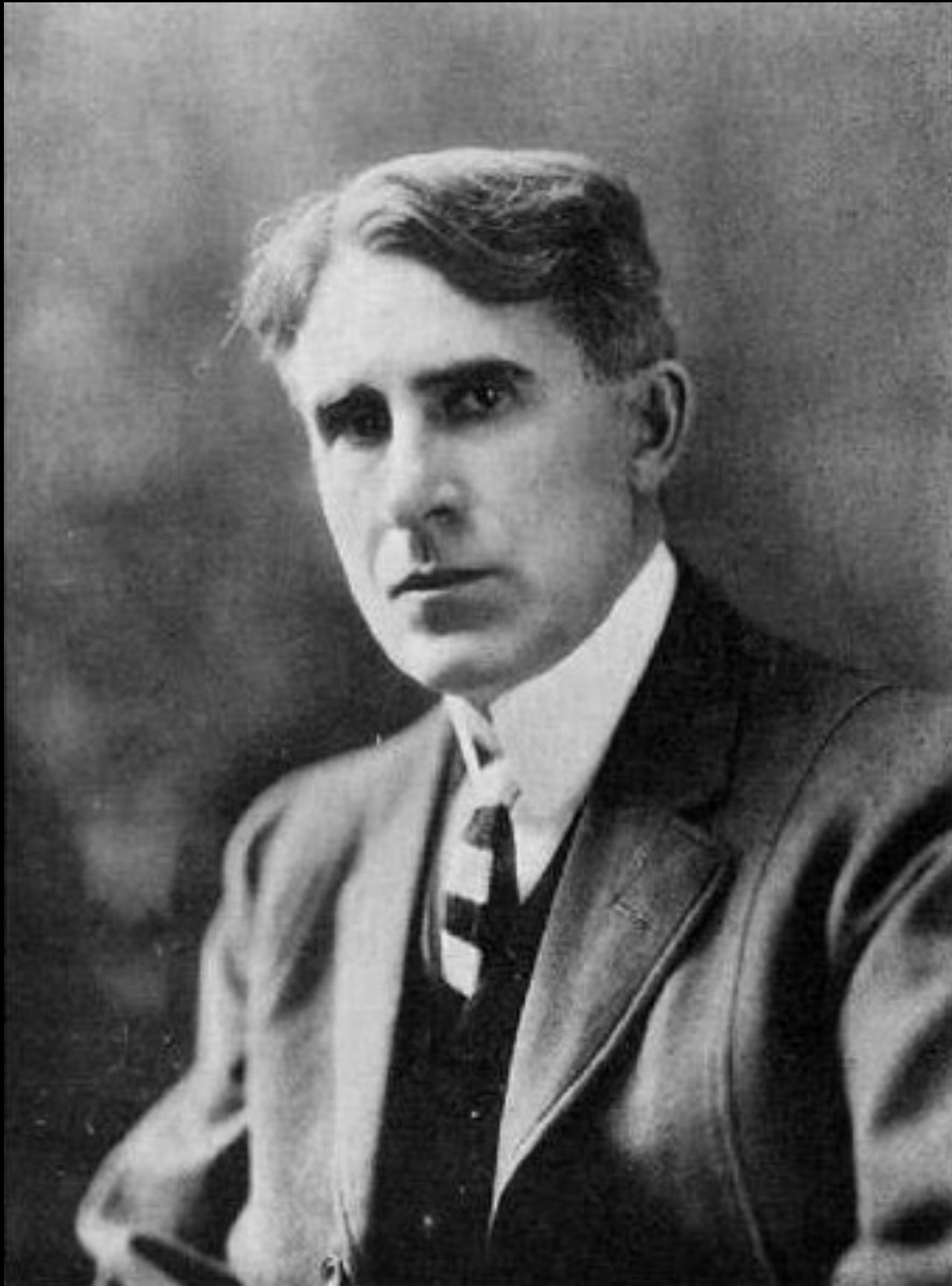


HAROLD BELL
WRIGHT

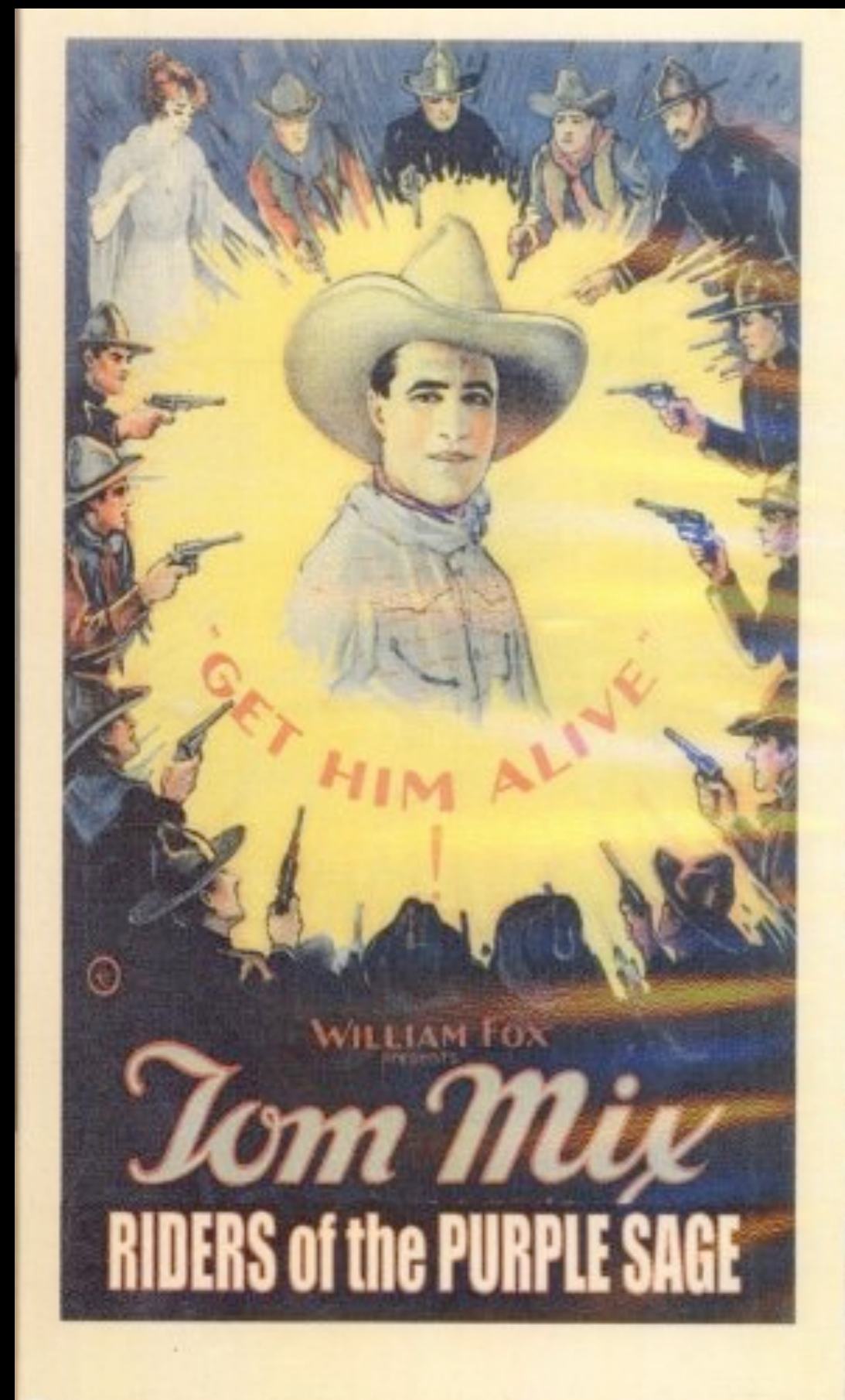
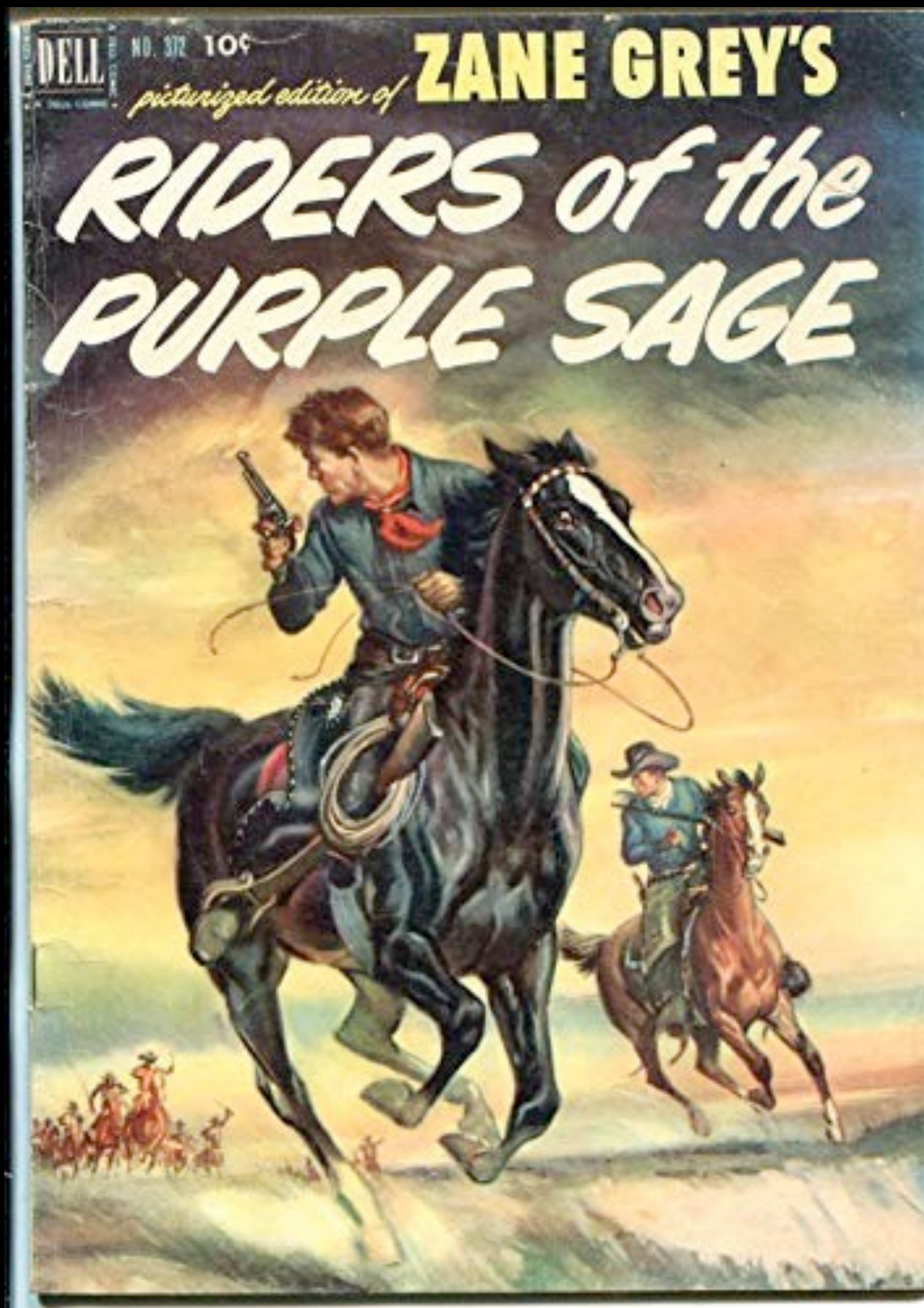




**Gary Cooper and Ronald Colman,
The Winning of Barbara Worth, 1926**



**Zane Grey (1872-1939) and Edgar Rice Burroughs
(1875-1950)**





“Ah, Thuvia of Ptarth, you are cold even before the fiery blast of my consuming love! No harder than your heart, nor colder is the hard, cold ersite of this thrice happy bench which supports your divine and fadeless form!”

**JOHNNY
WEISSMULLER**

is back again!

AND HIS

TARZAN MATE



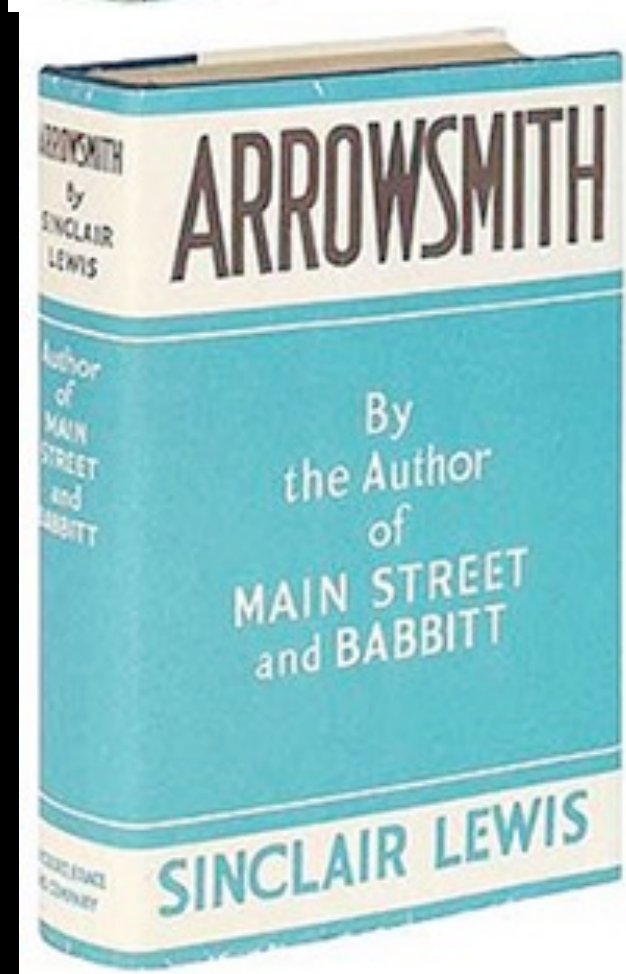
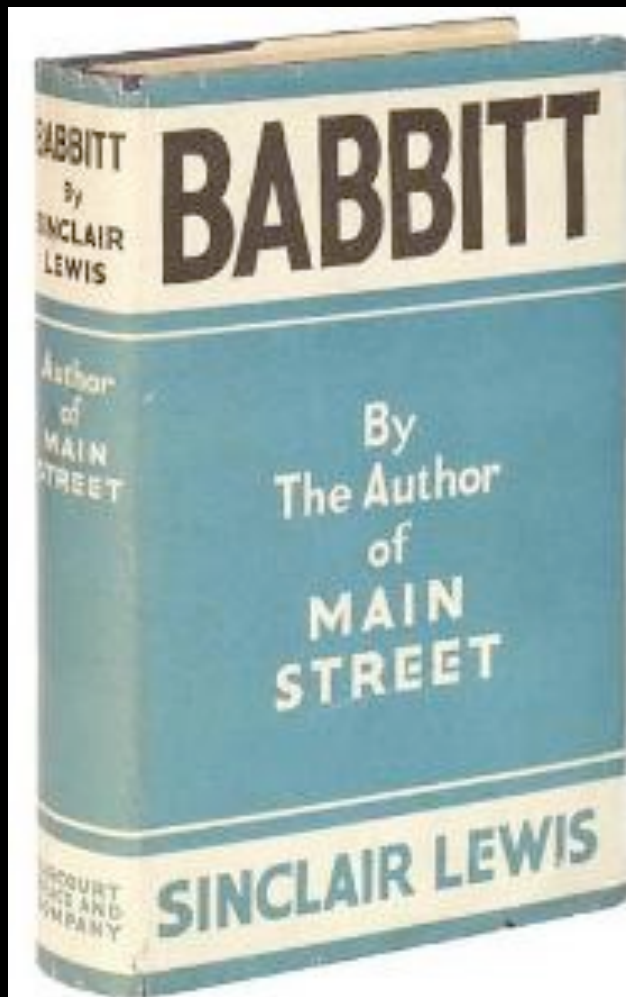
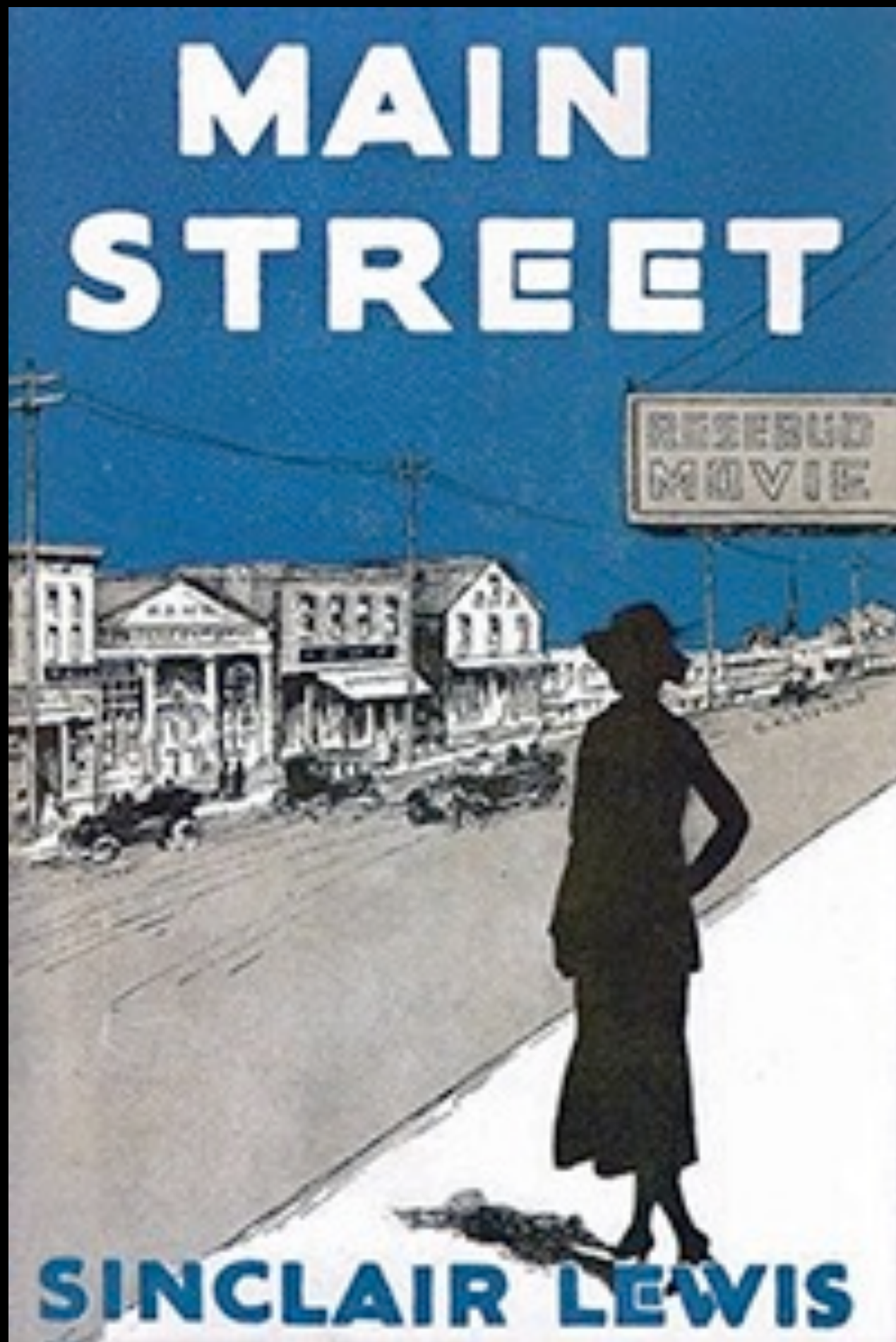
WITH **MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN**
NEIL HAMILTON
PAUL CAVANAUGH
Directed by **CEDRIC GIBBONS**
Based upon the Characters created by **EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS**
Screen play by **J.K.Mc Guinness**
Adaption by **LEON GORDON**
A Metro Goldwyn-Mayer
PICTURE

COUNTRY OF ORIGIN U.S.A.





**Sinclair
Lewis**



THEY WERE NEWLY RICH CONTRACTORS WHO, HAVING BOUGHT HOUSES, MOTORS, HAND-PAINTED PICTURES, AND GENTLEMANLINESS, WERE NOW BUYING A REFINED READY-MADE PHILOSOPHY. IT HAD BEEN A TOSSUP WITH THEM WHETHER TO BUY NEW THOUGHT, CHRISTIAN SCIENCE, OR A GOOD STANDARD HIGH-CHURCH MODEL OF EPISCOPALIANISM.

- SINCLAIR LEWIS -

LIBQUOTES.COM

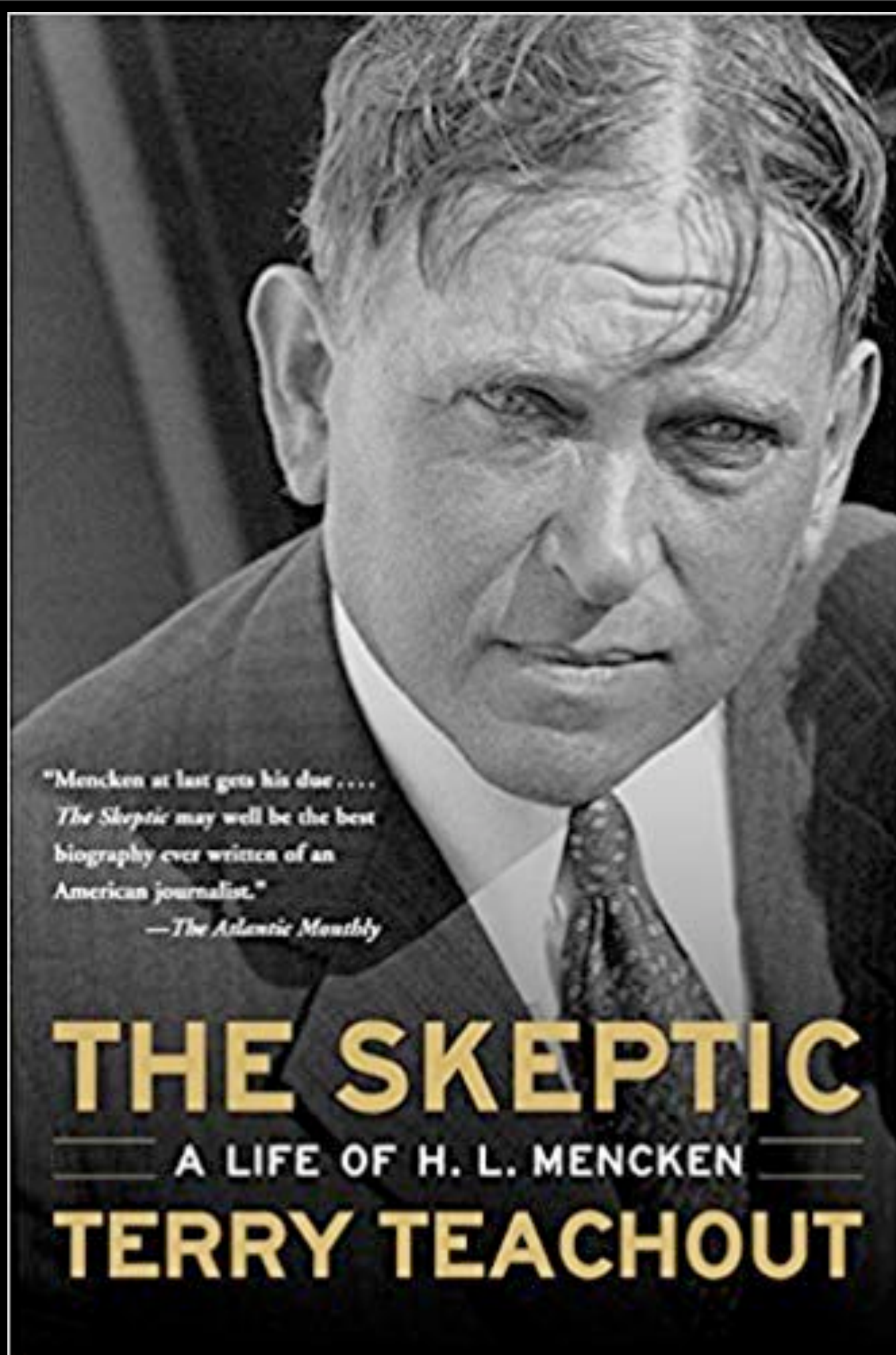
WHAT I FIGHT IN ZENITH IS THE STANDARDIZATION OF THOUGHT,
AND, OF COURSE, THE TRADITIONS OF COMPETITION. THE REAL
VILLAINS OF THE PIECE ARE THE CLEAN, KIND, INDUSTRIOUS
FAMILY MEN WHO USE EVERY KNOWN BRAND OF TRICKERY AND
CRUELTY TO INSURE THE PROSPERITY OF THEIR CUBS. THE
WORST THING ABOUT THESE FELLOWS IS THAT THEY'RE SO GOOD
AND, IN THEIR WORK AT LEAST, SO INTELLIGENT. YOU CAN'T HATE
THEM PROPERLY, AND YET THEIR STANDARDIZED MINDS ARE THE
ENEMY.

- SINCLAIR LEWIS -

LIBQUOTES.COM



H. L. Mencken
1880-1956



"Mencken at last gets his due....
The Skeptic may well be the best
biography ever written of an
American journalist."
—*The Atlantic Monthly*

THE SKEPTIC

— A LIFE OF H. L. MENCKEN —

TERRY TEACHOUT

“At a time when the respectable bourgeois youngsters of my generation were college freshmen, oppressed by simian sophomores and affronted with balderdash daily and hourly by chalky pedagogues, I was at large in a wicked seaport of half a million people, with a front seat at every public show, as free of the night as of the day, and getting earfuls and eyefuls of instruction in a hundred giddy arcana, none of them taught in school... But it would be an exaggeration to say that I was ignorant, for if I neglected the humanities I was meanwhile laying in all the worldly wisdom of a police lieutenant, a bartender, a shyster lawyer, or a midwife. And it would be idiotic to say that I was not happy.”

—H. L. Mencken



CARY
GRANT
ROSALIND
RUSSELL

THE YEAR'S MOST UPROARIOUS ROMANCE!



Howard
Hawks'

HIS GIRL FRIDAY

with
RALPH BELLAMY
GENE LOCKHART

Based on a play by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur • Screen play by Charles Lederer

Directed by **HOWARD HAWKS**

A COLUMBIA PICTURE



Copyrighted by Columbia Pictures Corp., New York, N. Y., 1940

PRINTED IN U.S.A.

This is a reproduction of the original of the picture shown in the advertisement. It is not a reproduction of the picture shown in the advertisement. It is a reproduction of the picture shown in the advertisement.



"Here the general average of intelligence, of knowledge, of competence, of
is thrown willy-nilly into a meager and exclusive aristocracy. And here, no
brigandage and throat-slittings, of theological buffooneries, of aesthetic ri
conceivable amperage, so steadily enriched with an almost fabulous darin
superintendent touring the Paris peep-shows."



VOL · IX

SEPTEMBER 1926

No · 33

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

A MONTHLY REVIEW
EDITED BY H · L · MENCKEN



50¢

FOR ONE COPY

\$5.00

BY THE YEAR

ALFRED · A · KNOPF · PUBLISHER

"A style that is verve itself."
—*New York Times*

ONLY YESTERDAY

AN INFORMAL HISTORY
OF THE 1920s

FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN


HARPERPERENNIAL  MODERNCLASSICS



come Now!

This advertisement is approved by National
Farm Bureau, Springfield, Illinois. It was
previously approved by the local bureau
in the Illinois 1st district.

Abstract

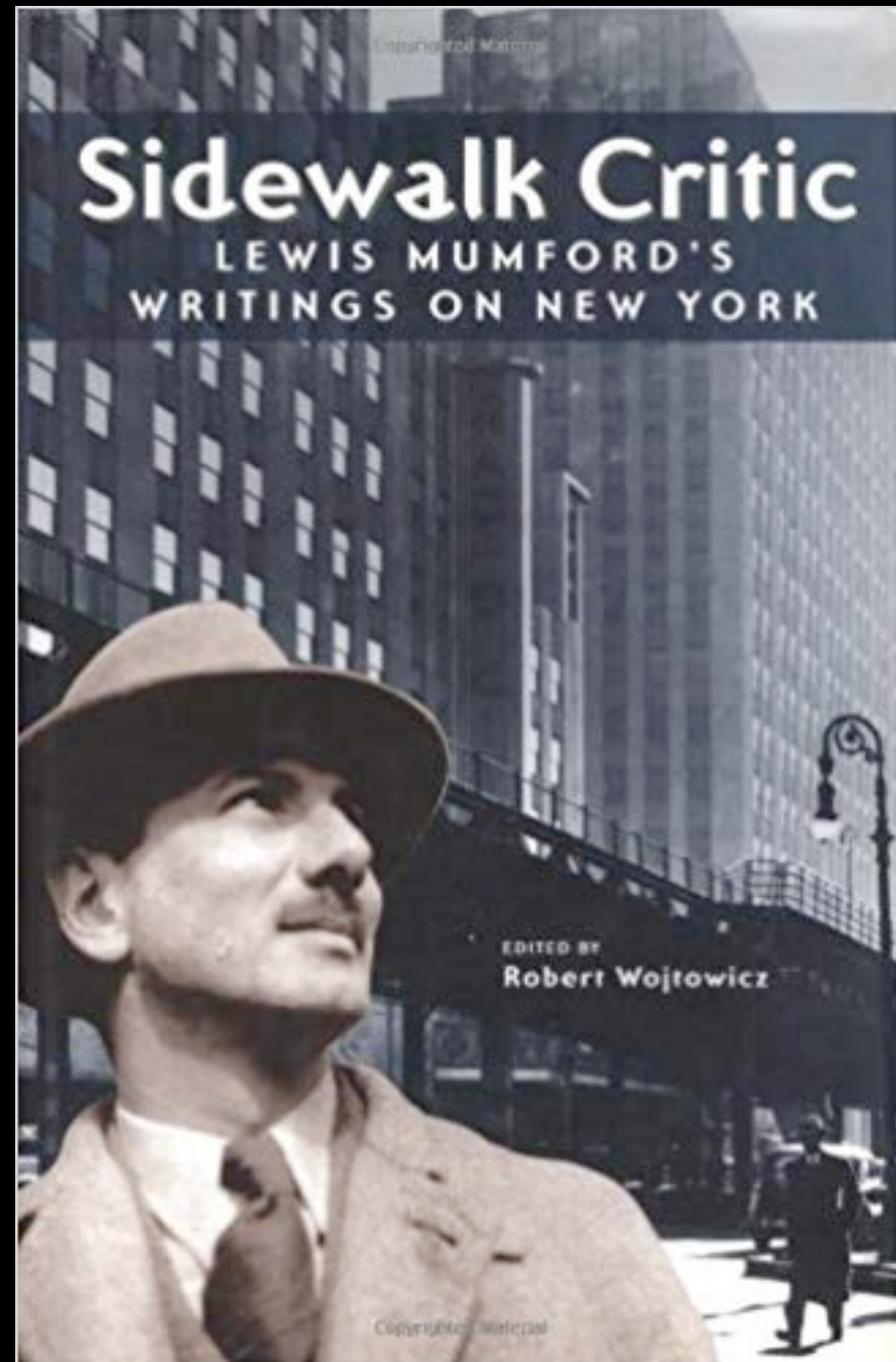


ing the possibilities of the United Nations, the closing of the East River, either.) Why, incidentally, anyone thinks it is better than to bring Japan's Head and Shoulders together, we do have no opinion. It is not that we are not interested.

Then it's nothing unusual to see a man's been wrong. It is possible to be, but that sort of one-off office shenanigans and things belong to another generation. For in New York don't really know the business, when a man's been wrong, then, the last of our hands went up to the right things. I was struck by the fact that in New York, when I found that the business is not as friendly and nice as in the Great Plains. And in Philadelphia, there had been some very early, the things, and people were handsome, business and things, this, just the hands of the person. You can also of course, make me New York hands of the same kind, even those that are in New York, but definitely, even

WHILE I had been thinking about lunch, none of them spoke the other way in Washington, when, instead of staying at my usual hotel, I stopped at the Double. Nice, clean, a modern hotel, and a very fine one, too. Remembering that a few decades ago, along the wall, where draperies were hanging right and left, one member of the other portion of the job. The hotel was designed by architect—the firm of Hildred B. Ross, an associate

Yes, they are dead off the Mustangs.





**Daniel Burnham's
Flatiron Building
by Alfred Stieglitz**

The New York Times

Book Review

Section
7

APRIL 17
1938

Copyright, 1938, by The New York Times Company.

A HISTORY OF THE URBAN LIFE

Mr. Mumford's "The Culture of Cities" Links Past, Present and Future

THE CULTURE OF CITIES. By Lewis Mumford. Illustrated. 598 pp. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. \$5.

By E. L. DUFFUS

THINGS brought up in quieter times and places must have moments of dismay, and even of horror, at the sight and sound of the great modern city, of which New York is perhaps the most startling example. Its waste, its confusion, its denial of elemental human decency—perhaps, worst of all, its complacency, as though it indeed represented the apex of 6,000 years of history—can be appalling. More shocking still is the thought that by means of great roads and eventually by airplanes it may be destined to invade, congest and vulgarize all the world's choice countryside. Every one who has ever felt like this, who has ever had to brace himself against the city's barbaric thrust and has found it hard to give it due credit for its drama, its conquest of matter and its heroic marshaling of human energy, should read Lewis Mumford's new book.

It will not be altogether easy reading. One must bring some thought to Mr. Mumford's table if one wishes to carry away digestible ideas. He is now, even more than in his earlier writings, getting at fundamentals—at the vitæ, one may say, of the civilizing process. This is far more than a discussion of cities and city cultures. It is an attempt to analyze, historically and contemporaneously, the nature and trend of man's organized life. As in a previous work, "Technics and Civilization," which in some respects he admittedly parallels, Mr. Mumford seeks to explore what the modern world may hold for mankind once men of good-will have learned to subdue the barbarous mechanisms and the mechanized barbarisms that now threaten the very existence of civilization. With barbarism so visibly on the march in many parts of the world and expressing itself in many outward aspects and many ways of thought, even in democratic and peaceful countries, the "culture of cities" is no academic abstraction. Only as we plan and build more perfect cities can any culture anywhere survive. The suburb and small town no longer provide escape. Only a few of us can get our mail at Mr. Smart's "R. F. D." Rousseau and Thoreau are dead. There are bats in the ivory tower. Our cities are our front line. If we are beaten there, we shall be harried and cut down in the deserts and on the mountain tops.

The city is undoubtedly the foremost expression of the dominant forces in any human culture. A society that has no cities can hardly be said to have a culture. "Here in the city," as Mr. Mumford says, "the goods of civilization are multiplied and manifested; here is where human experience is transformed into viable signs, symbols, patterns of conduct, systems of order." A New Yorker may wonder why the root of the Latin word for city should appear in the adjective "urbane." But, urbane or not, these ganglia of human life are the centers of such creative forces as may be operating at a given time. To write of them, as Mr. Mumford shows, is to write man's history. In the present instance he begins with the medieval town, from which we have progressed or degenerated—don't be too sure which until you think it over.

Mr. Mumford is no homesick medievalist, retreating into the past because he cannot bear to face the present. He does think that the medieval city, at its best, did its job, for its time, within its cultural setting,

better than New York or Chicago or London does its corresponding job today. The illusion of the dark, crowded, vile and unsanitary medieval town came partly out of the nineteenth-century (and earlier) situation of automatic progress. If the lot of mankind had been steadily improving

for several centuries, as we were not long ago taught to believe, and the end product was a modern city, how much worse, it was reasonably argued, must have been the medieval city. But consider the facts. Such a city would have been built first for a military or political purpose. It would naturally become a market. Its inhabitants would acquire rights and liberties beyond those of their rural brethren. There were narrower limits of wealth and power than under the feudal conditions outside—the towns were comparatively democratic. Sanitary conditions were bad, by good modern standards, but these were in part redeemed by the existence of "usable open spaces" and a closer relationship with nature than exists in communities of comparable importance today. The city was on a human scale, decentralized, not really overpowering, not dwarfing those who lived in it.

Deterioration arose from many causes. The Middle Ages closed in the rise of the centralized, warlike State with weapons of offense which enabled it to terrorize the masses, and paranoid rulers and ruling classes (strangely reborn in the totalitarian neurotics who are trying to make so much of today's world an answer to an insane asylum) had free rein. Their vagaries showed themselves in capital cities which sucked the life out of the countryside and which expressed themselves in bastard street plans and bastard architecture. The old freedom and the old free spaces vanished together. Into this picture entered the grim "coal and iron economy"—the paleotechnic era—with an attending army of economists to justify and bless the evil done by man to man. This economy was to give way, in the late nineteenth century, to the "neotechnic" — based on the use of electricity, etc., and Mr. Mumford looks hopefully forward to the "biotechnic economy," in which "the biological sciences will be freely applied to technology, and in which technology itself will be oriented toward the culture of life."

The cities became, with an almost steady progression, less fit places for the happiness and well-being of most of those who had to live in them. The labor-saving machine seemed to damn the laborer. "The baroque conception of the despotic prince" gave way to that of "the untrammelled individual," who expressed his individuality by being a "despot in his own right." Population increased prodigiously and crowded into the cities. At the same time it came to be regarded as a raw material which favored "individuals" could employ for self-enrichment. As Mr. Mumford put it:

The brakes of tradition and custom were lifted from the exploitation of land; there was no limit to congestion, no limit to rent-raising; there was no standard of order or decency or beauty to dictate the division and layout and building up of urban structures. Only one controlling agent remained: profit. * * * The two main elements in the new urban complex were the factory and the slum. By themselves they constituted what was called the town. * * * Such urban masses could and did expand a hundred times without acquiring more than a shadow of the institutions that characterize a city in the sociological sense—that is, a place in which the social heritage is concentrated, and in which the possibilities of continual social intercourse and in- (Continued on Page 28.)

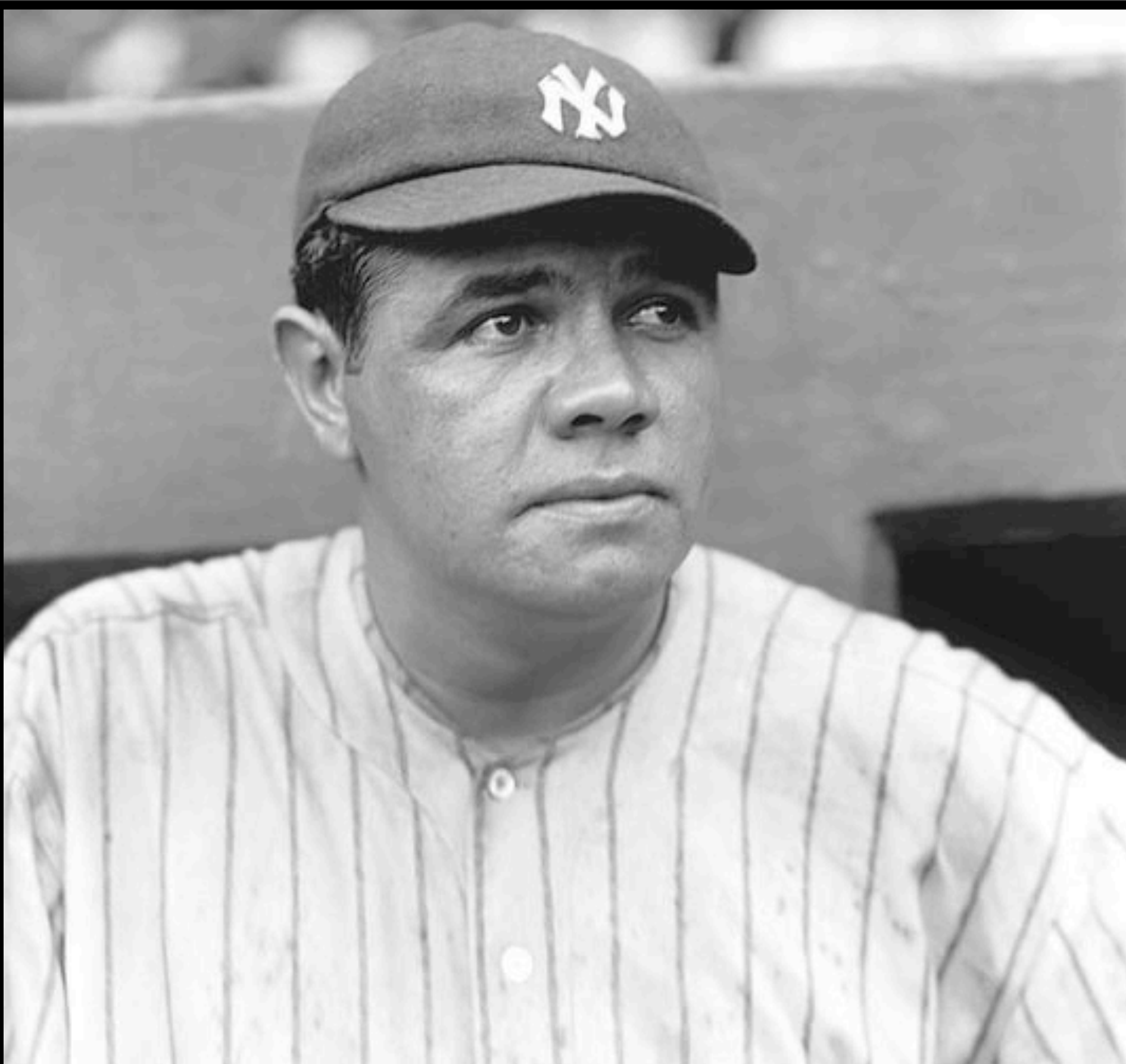


A New York Canyon.

From a Drawing by W. K. Oliver-Jenky for "Contemporary Babylon," (Architectural Book Publishing Company.)







Babe Ruth (1895-1948)

“He was bigger than the President. One time, coming north, we stopped at a little town in Illinois, a whistle stop. It was about ten o’clock at night and raining like hell. The train stopped for ten minutes to get water, or something. It couldn’t have been a town of more than five thousand people, and by God, there were four thousand of them down there standing in the rain, just waiting to see the Babe.”

—Richard Vidmer, *New York Times* sportswriter



RUTH

3637-3623-11





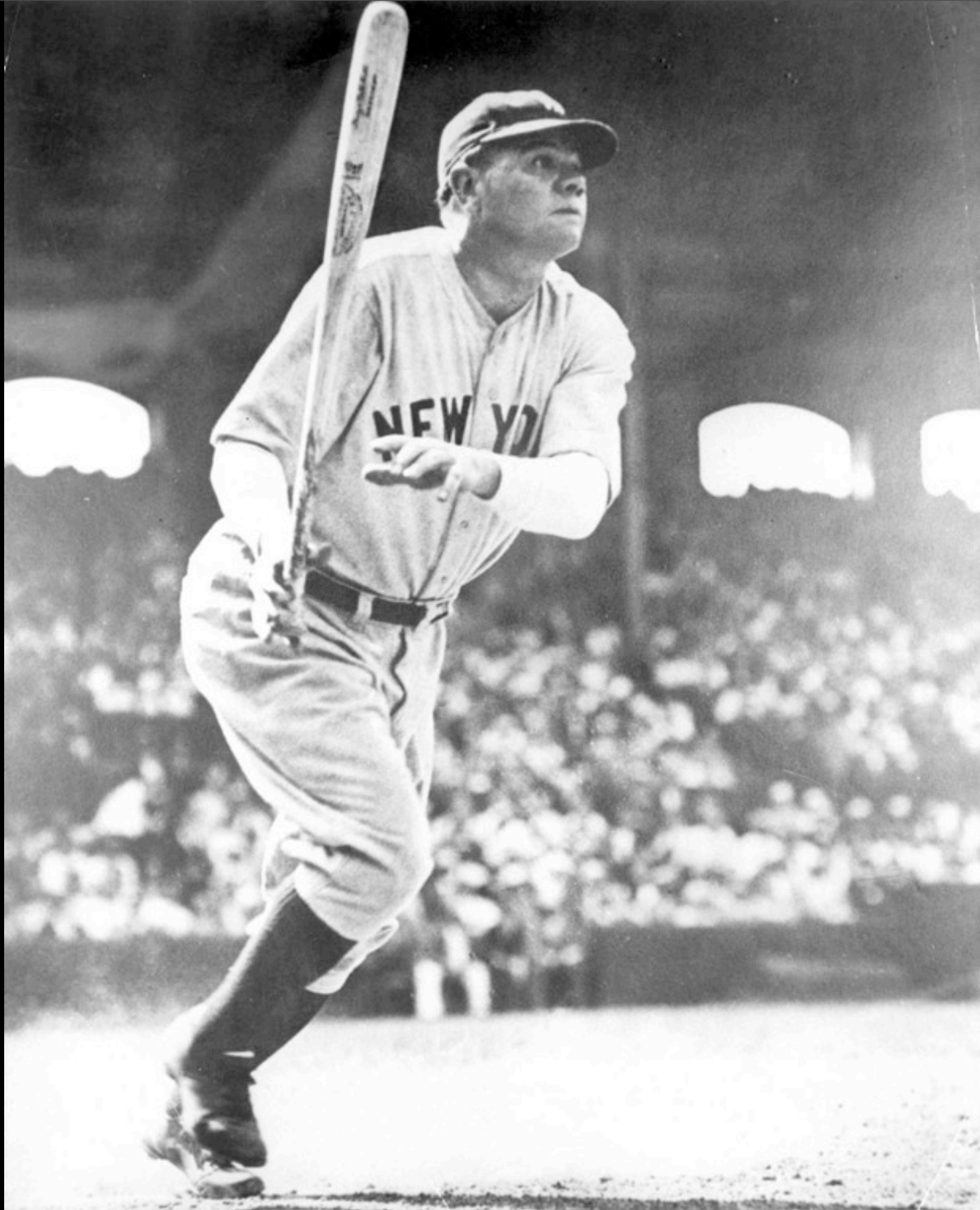






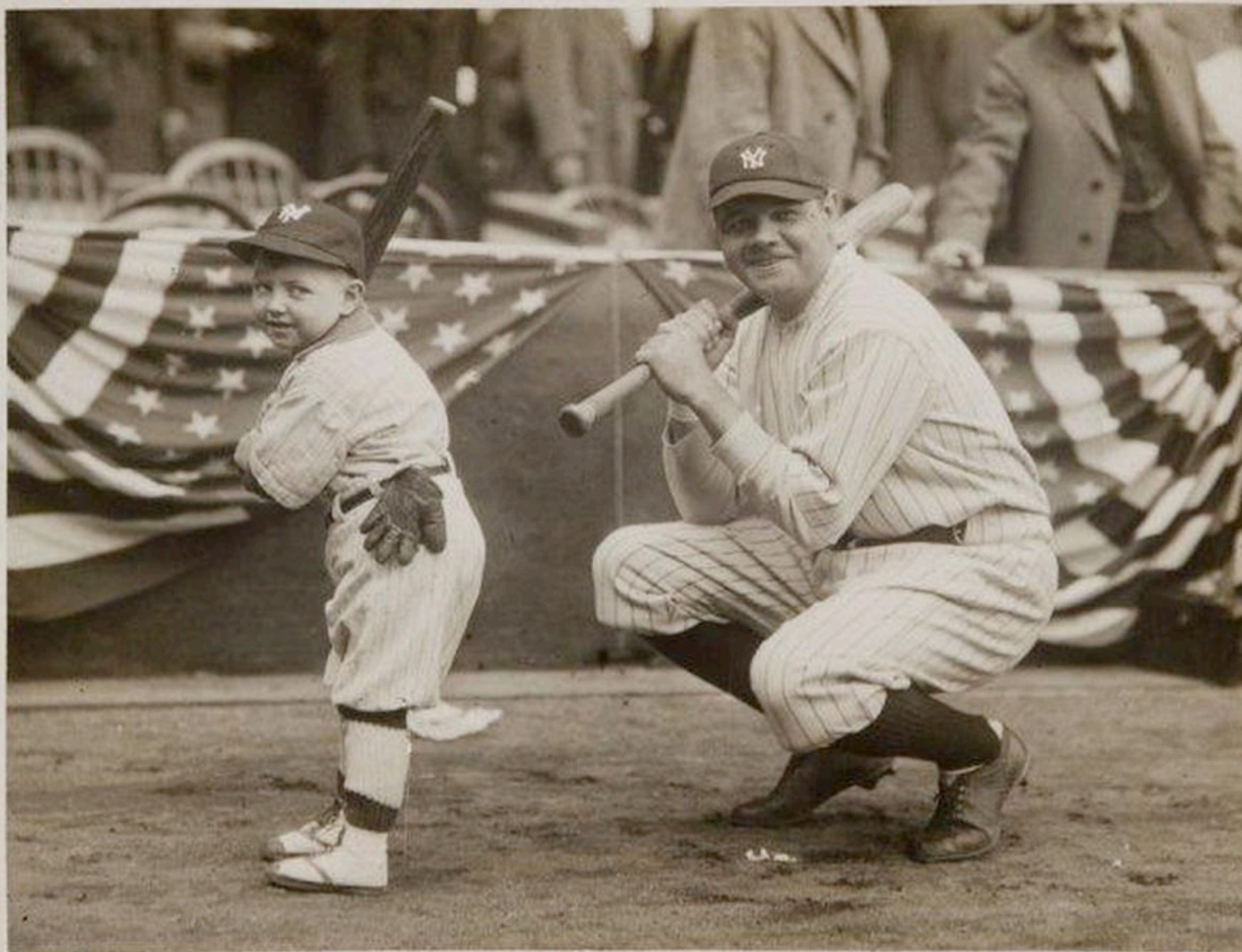
In 1920, his first year with the Yankees, Ruth hit 54 home runs—more than any other team in the major leagues. He batted .376 and led the league in ten batting categories.... In 1921, impossibly, Ruth had an even better year than in 1920. He hit 59 home runs—a number so high as to be beyond the reach of any meaningful adjective—and scored more runs, had more extra base hits, and racked up more total bases than any player ever had before.” —Bill Bryson, *One Summer*

“In 1920, when Ruth hit 54 Homers, no other player even hit 20. In 1921, his 59 homers were 11 more than the next two best hitters combined. By July 1921, in only his second year as a full-time batter, Ruth had already hit 139 home runs, more than any other person had hit in a career before.... Ruth’s rise to fame could not have been more impeccably timed. It coincided precisely with the birth of tabloid newspapers, newsreel films, fan magazines, and radio—all vital cogs in the new celebrity culture—and his arrival in New York brought him into the throbbing heart of the media world.” —Bill Bryson





COPYRIGHT © 2003 WAYNE STATE UNIVERSITY







The 1927 Yankees: Gehrig, Combs, Lazzeri, Ruth

First time in paperback, updated and expanded edition

KOPPETT'S CONCISE HISTORY OF MAJOR LEAGUE BASEBALL



LEONARD KOPPETT

Statistics, stories, and commentary from the Hall of Fame Journalist

"No one knows, understands, and interprets the history of major-league baseball as well as Leonard Koppet. A rich, readable . . . history of the game." —Dick Schapp

Copyrighted Material

**BABE RUTH
AND THE WORLD
HE CREATED**

THE BIG FELLA

New York Times Bestseller

JANE LEAVY



COPYRIGHT © 2003 WAYNE STATE UNIVERSITY