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# THE LITTLE REVIEW

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A MAGAZINE OF THE ARTS

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MAKING NO COMPROMISE WITH THE PUBLIC TASTE

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AN AMERICAN NUMBER

# THE EGOIST

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This journal is not a chatty literary review: its mission is not to divert and amuse: it is not written for tired and depressed people. Its aim is rather to secure a fit audience, and to render available to that audience contemporary literary work bearing the stamp of originality and permanence: to present in the making those contemporary literary efforts which ultimately will constitute 20th century literature.

The philosophical articles which *The Egoist* publishes, by presenting the subject-matter of metaphysics in a form which admits of logical treatment, are promising a new era for philosophy. The power of its fictional work is investing that commonest but laxest of literary forms—the novel (as written in English)—with a new destiny and a new meaning. In poetry, its pages are open to experiments which are transforming the whole conception of poetic form, while among its writers appear leaders in pioneering methods radically affecting the allied arts.

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## THE EGOIST

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# THE LITTLE REVIEW

THE MAGAZINE THAT IS READ BY THOSE  
WHO WRITE THE OTHERS

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JUNE, 1918

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## Notes

WALLACE STEVENS, Hartford, Conn. A distinguished poet and playwright. Author of "Three Travellers Watch a Sunrise," "Carlos among the Candles", etc.

DR. WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS, Rutherford, New Jersey. A young poet and physician. Contributor to the *Egoist*, *Poetry*, *Others*, the *Poetry Journal*, etc. Author of "Al Que Quiere" (Four Seas), and "Tempers" (Elkin Mathews, London).

AMY LOWELL, Brookline, Mass. Perhaps the best-known poet in America today. A prolific writer and militant propagandist for the American party for free verse.

BEN HECHT, Chicago. Writer of short stories, poems and plays. Some of his first work appeared in the *Little Review*.

CARL SANDBURG, Chicago. "The Chicago poet". See "Tendencies in Modern American Poetry," by Amy Lowell.

MARK TURBYFILL, Chicago: A very young poet whose work appeared first in the *Little Review* in 1916 and later in *Poetry*.

SHERWOOD ANDERSON, Chicago. Author of "Windy McPherson's Son", "Marching Men", etc., short stories, and recently a book of poems called "Mid-American Chants."

DJUNA BARNES, New York City. An original. (The present example is not my proof). Author of the audacious "Passion Play" in the February number of *Others*. She has made various striking poems and drawings.

S. FOSTER DAMON, Newton, Mass. A young poet-scholar, "in love with perfection." Never before willing to publish.

ESTHER KOHEN, Chicago. A young Roumanian girl on the *Chicago Daily News*. We may expect some good work from her.

ISRAEL SOLON, New York City. Writer of short stories, criticism, plays, etc.

ALFRED KREMBORG, New York. Founder of *Others*, author of "Plays for Poem-Mimes," "Mushrooms," etc.

MAX MICHELSON, Chicago. Contributor to the *Egoist*, *Poetry*, etc.

STANISLAW SZUKALSKI, Chicago. Sculptor born in Warta, Poland, 1895.

# THE LITTLE REVIEW

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No. 2

## POEMS

Wallace Stevens

### Anecdote of Men by the Thousand

The soul, he said, is composed  
Of the external world.

There are men of the East, he said,  
Who are the East.  
There are men of a province  
Who are that province.  
There are men of a valley  
Who are that valley.

There are men whose words  
Are as natural sounds  
Of their places  
As the cackle of toucans  
In the place of toucans.

The mandoline is the instrument  
Of a place.

Are there mandolines of Western mountains?  
Are there mandolines of Northern moonlight?

The dress of a woman of Lhasa,  
In its place,  
Is an invisible element of that place  
Made visible.

## Metaphors of a Magnifico

Twenty men crossing a bridge,  
Into a village,  
Are twenty men crossing twenty bridges,  
Into twenty villages,  
Or one man  
Crossing a single bridge into a village.

This is old song  
That will not declare itself . . .

Twenty men crossing a bridge,  
Into a village,  
Are  
Twenty men crossing a bridge  
Into a village.

That will not declare itself  
Yet is certain as meaning . . .

The boots of the men clump  
On the boards of the bridge.  
The first white wall of the village  
Rises through fruit-trees.

Of what was it I was thinking?

So the meaning escapes.

The first white wall of the village . . .  
The fruit-trees . . .

## Depression before Spring

The cock crows  
But no queen rises.

The hair of my blonde  
Is dazzling,  
As the spittle of cows  
Threading the wind.

Ho! Ho!

But ki-ki-ri-ki  
Brings no rou-cou,  
No rou-cou-cou.

But no queen comes  
In slipper green.

## PROSE ABOUT LOVE

William Carlos Williams

I LOVE you! It lays everything flat before it and scatters its own roses and palm branches. It is as it were some fabulous sword which will not be gainsaid. But it is a weapon of appalling difficulty to the human hand. Naturally each imagines himself the one to wield it, so that the phrase has inevitably become tangled in a snarl of vain excuses: whole libraries are built of nonsensical twaddle explaining love: a blade encrusted with historic stupidities.

The justice which gives life to Boccaccio's tales is the all-pervading power of love. The modern tolerance of *The Decameron* (Macy's \$1.45) is partly Protestant spite and partly the corruption which ascribes to the tales a satiric attack upon the corruption of the clergy. Pure nonsense! Love lives everywhere, says

Boccaccio, and proceeds to the celebration. But perhaps it would be as well to talk of matters of style and not quote from the tale of Spinelloccio Tanena and Zeppo di Mino. Boccaccio lived in a time when love was at the noon.

Today — ! In *Johannisfeuer*, Sudermann takes as a theme the proposition that passion has come too late; it is merely a pagan survival, a St. John's bonfire, a dying flash from an outworn flame. Sudermann is frankly pessimistic. In his environment and time one could not logically be otherwise. A poet would have gone insane. Nietzsche went insane. In this same environment Richard Wagner, after a brave burst of passion extending over nearly his whole life, came at last to—Kundry, Parsival, the Christian myth and forgiveness!

Or witness Lope de Vega Carpio's life as set down by James Fitzmaurice-Kelly (edited by Edmund Gosse!): "Lope lived a life of gallantry, and troubled his wife's last-years by his intrigue with Maria de Lujan . . . A relapsing, carnal sinner Lope was more weak than bad: his rare intellectual gifts . . . led him into temptation.—Those who wish to study the abasement of an august spirit may do so in the *Ultimos Amores de Lope de Vega Carpio*—" etc. Here is the authentic and disgusting mixture of pity and pious censure which I seek to brand as the modern attitude toward love.

Ibsen is a swelter of ignorance on this point, the most illuminating example of the perverse possibilities for inverted power in the phrase "I love you!" that can be found, and for the reason that Ibsen truly knew love,—felt its power, but succumbed to its difficulties. God rest the ashes of a king!

"Nils Lykke? Yes—perhaps, but the sureness of touch that created Odysseus beside Circe and left Penelope waiting — no. Only in the morose and abnormal mind of a Hedda Gabbler can Ibsen safely spread his wings—and then he must kill the lady to escape his audience and keep his play upon the boards.

The silly "modern" plays about illicit love affairs after marriage end either happily in a burst of laughter or sordidly with the discharge of a pistol. The explosions of the gunpowder or laughter I suppose are to cover the fact that the plays are without intellectual climax whatever. They end and the audience has been insulted and likes it.

Shaw's *Candida* goes along rather amusingly in the spirit of a

childish (though false, as it turns out later) democracy of thought, aping the puzzled romanticism of Ibsen. We are given a few nice Dickensesque caricatures of English middle class life, but in addition the feeling is of an actual love tussel going on under this inconsequential surface. But then, having got his situation rather well in hand—love on the high road to satisfaction—the author shies at the last barrier and concedes to his audience that he has been after all merely manipulating his effigies for a melodramatic concession to “the play” by which a false logic is forced into *Candida*’s mouth, making a conventional finis. What really has happened is that Shaw looses his nerve.

*Candida* is the beginning and the end of all attempt made by Shavian thought to cope with this difficult phrase, I love you! After this first play there is never again an attempt to meet the situation face to face but there goes on a cheap tomfoolery,—always stopping short of the denouement which might have ended *Candida* brilliantly—but distastefully to the thought of the day.

I love you! Every approach is that of complete evasion. One remembers the fuss kicked up by *The Second Mrs. Tangueray*; one thinks of papal bulls on the subject; one remembers that the Russian Church allows of no divorce;—one remembers what he himself wrote an early age.

No careful young man or woman should neglect to be both rejected and accepted in love; that for a start. Half an imagination is all that is necessary for either and it is far more important to a man, this matter of love, than a business or college education, which by the way exist by and for love only, you jackasses. The only comment I have to make is: treasure your chastity.

The man of spirit is chaste up to the beginning of the child bearing period—if he value the integrity of his very fragile mind as it is during those years. Later the conditions are obviously changed.

Having attained to this happy state of complete native experience—i. e., having been both rejected and accepted—at this point the art of love may be said to begin.

I take note of none whose love once given has not so broken him to its uses that he is forever bent like a tree at the sea shore. By this I infer that no matter how often love take a man. the object of that love will be forever sacred and especially to be protected.

Two special warnings: Platonic love is that stage of affection

just preceding mental enlightenment. It does not do to linger here on pain of a subtle castration or a stupid, nearly accidental accomplishment. Preceding marriage a man's freedom is often seriously compromised by the fear of procreation. All one can say to this is that without an inborn spiritual clear sightedness one may make a fool of himself by a stupid choice of partner. Aim higher than you expect to reach and be thankful if you have aimed high enough.

But marriage, ridiculously, is the great stumbling block of all commentators on love. They seem to think that one is in some way related to the other: no more so than a bird to the tree where it perches. The thing is simplicity itself. The Church, good God, is old enough to be listened to: Marriage is permanent. And we know of course that love is changing.

Freedom must end here, quotha! Why, without an affection that has led to marriage it is impossible to continue ably in the art of love. Marriage is a stigma of virulence, the-without-which-none of a free life.

But the ferreting habit is hard to break, so they go on, these commentators, every man or woman, top and bottom, rotten with hope!

The characteristic of marriage is its earthiness, its stability. It argues a certain firmfootedness of the spirit.

A wife is chosen—or a husband—by reason of certain attractions of more or less importance, depending on the power of foresight in the individual to accord his life with a spiritual aim. The western habit of monogamy is closely bound up with the inability to marry at all, that is, to co-ordinate effort with the dirt. The western habit of one wife and any number of illicit sweethearts desirable is the only habit consistent with good sense.

To a man of early power—and power must come early to be effective—the sense for a wife is strong I think. To have failed to pick a good wife, to have failed in the initial move of spiritual construction implies a weak spirit, perhaps a weak mind. Dante chose Beatrice who with all due allowance for mediaeval tenor of thought was his wife in exactly the sense I mean.

To a man of spirit the loss of his chosen wife will be a spiritual catastrophe of such magnitude that he cannot envision it without experiencing at the same time a sense of insecurity extending down

to the foundation of his personal consciousness. Divorce is an abomination as repulsive as the face of an idiot and for exactly the same reason. Divorce is either a lamentable confession of stupidity or it is ineffective. Shelley made a profound mistake in sharing the popular confusion as to what marriage is and is not. By making the fuss he did he merely advertised the incapacity of his own pate .

It would be a base stupidity to leave the art of love to bachelors and maidens. Only the married know love, for they only are the ones who have approached the question simply enough to have planted themselves firmly in its way,—and not those who so little consider the earth as to have made of it a kind of mental froth which thereupon turns about and solves their riddle, since one becomes what he has erroneously imagined just as one becomes what he has correctly imagined. Imagination has as much to do with dirt as with whatever other fiber.

Francesca was married, Guinevere was married, Ysoldt was married, Mellisande was married, Deirdre was married, Helen was married, Beatrice was married and of course Odysseus was married—but men are more secretive about these things than women are, at least they do not let themselves get put into literature.

The heart has springtimes every year. So it has its winters and so a man should separate from his wife at the time of some foreign love longing on either part. The wife is then in the winter of his affection or he in hers and is so, ice bound and unresponsive, just as when ice holds a hitherto lively stream. There are too the rare pleasures of benevolence, rare because seldom enjoyed. Separation removes the necessity for idle pretenses but by no means alters the conjugal attachment of husband and wife.

A popular and idle pastime, so cleverly drawn by Molière—who knew a thing or two about married life, having learnt them first hand, purposely—is for lovers to deride the husband as one who has been fooled. This is not only bad taste but may be as often as not inaccurate observation. But to deride a wife who is disarmed because of her affection is the pastime of a numbskull. One's ability to remain attached to his wife hinges upon the accuracy with which his own life has been conceived. Molière wanted to write a certain kind of play so he married a certain kind of wife . . . She worked for him properly and well.

Love does not seek to calumnise anyone nor to injure any. It

has solely to do with itself. All the stupidities of which plays are made and books written! The ignorant tattle of the so-called triangle and the wise squabbling with the Divine Church! The jejune crusade for free love! it is all infantile, weak brained! The cry after free love is like a man running from house to house ringing the door bells and telling folk that it is daylight! Concupiscence is the imbecile side of love attractions.

Fully roused men in every age have had all the lovers they wanted, but usually one wife—imagined or real. But all plain or simple truth comes slowly into its own.

Every aristocracy has known what I have set down here, but what they have not known is that to keep knowledge the secret of a class means death to it. To all truth life! Science died in alchemy, religion died in papacy, etc. All knowledge must be infused with the ether of complete dispersion or it dies.

Strong men have had their concubines—perhaps one, perhaps many, women likewise—and will continue to have them; but by keeping this a secret, holding it from public view, weaklings are given a chance to ape their betters in perfect security until the whole system is brought into disrepute and decay sets in.

Ha, my good simple people, you are fooled by your betters who keep you confused for their profit. But the truth is, I don't know which of you is the more muddle-headed. Here truth's set down. Don't be puffed up! This isn't the flattery of a sermon but a scientific treatise, for love's sake.

We are most of us a stingy lot, we want all for ourselves, we want to imagine that for a moment at least we have become cannibals and have eaten our sweetheart body and soul, at the very least to the exclusion of a thievish fellow. Of course when one is in love the concentration is such that this reaction is humanly natural, but the good of the thing is not in that but in that intense vision which love is for its little moment.

Choke back the folly, the purtlian folly that forbids you to say, I love you! Say it,—if you can.

Of love's humility and its gentleness no prose can speak in fit terms—no didactic prose at any rate.

One should not forget of course that manners are not nearly on a level with art. It is pure stupidity to act as if they were—which of course salts all I have said.

LOVE SONG

William Carlos Williams

*HE*

You have come between me and the terrifying presence  
of the moon, the stars, the sun and the earth  
with all its crooked outgrowths. The desolation of life  
has been darkened by your shadow, but toward me  
your face has been a light, your hands have been  
a soft rain, the voice from between your lips  
a thing that carries me as the air carries a bird.  
I have spread my arms out with wide feeling you about me  
and looked up and taken a deep breath! Deep,  
deep! an April in every finger tip!

*SHE*

From your eyes, from among what you say,  
tangled like a singing bird in a green tree,  
you have entered and spread down through me all  
so that I treasure my youth again and wish it  
never to go from me—for it is not mine but yours  
that I shall hold warmly, safely within me forever.

*(after a pause)*

*SHE*

Your love song halts and repeats.

*HE*

Your song is glib.

## DREAMS IN WAR TIME

Amy Lowell

## I

I wandered through a house of many rooms.  
It grew darker and darker,  
Until, at last, I could only find my way  
By passing my fingers along the wall.  
Suddenly my hand shot through an open window,  
And the thorn of a rose I could not see  
Pricked it so sharply  
That I cried aloud.

## II

I dug a grave under an oak tree.  
With infinite care, I stamped my spade  
Into the heavy grass.  
The sod sucked it,  
And I drew it out with effort,  
Watching the steel run liquid in the moonlight  
As it came clear.  
I stooped, and dug, and never turned,  
For behind me,  
On the dried leaves,  
My own face lay like a white pebble,  
Waiting.

## III

I gambled with a silver money.  
The dried seed-vessels of "honesty"  
Were stacked in front of me.  
Dry, white years slipping through my fingers  
One by one.  
One by one, gathered by the Croupier.  
"Faites vos jeux, Messieurs."

I staked on the red,  
And the black won.  
Dry years,  
Dead years;  
But I had a system,  
I always staked on the red.

## IV

I painted the leaves of bushes red  
And shouted: "Fire! Fire!"  
But the neighbors only laughed.  
"We cannot warm our hands at them," they said.  
Then they cut down my bushes,  
And made a bonfire,  
And danced about it.  
But I covered my face and wept,  
For ashes are not beautiful  
Even in the dawn.

## V

I followed a procession of singing girls  
Who danced to the glitter of tambourines.  
Where the street turned at a lighted corner,  
I caught the purple dress of one of the dancers,  
But, as I grasped it, it tore,  
And the purple dye ran from it  
Like blood  
Upon the ground.

## VI

I wished to post a letter,  
But although I paid much,  
Still the letter was overweight.  
"What is in this package?" said the clerk,  
It is very heavy."  
"Yes," I said,  
"And yet it is only a dried fruit."

## VII

I had made a kite.  
On it I had pasted golden stars,  
And white torches,  
And the tail was spotted scarlet like a tiger-lily,  
And very long.  
I flew my kite,  
And my soul was contented  
Watching it flash against the concave of the sky.  
My friends pointed at the clouds;  
They begged me to take in my kite.  
But I was happy  
Seeing the mirror shock of it  
Against the black clouds.  
Then the lightning came  
And struck the kite.  
It puffed—blazed—fell.  
But still I walked on,  
In the drowning rain,  
Slowly winding up the string.

## LUST

Ben Hecht

I USED to frequent the Blue Inn to hear Pippa play. She was a strange fragile creature with a curious gnome-like face that seemed to have been colored by the moon. Her body in its invariable lavender dress was like a little round column of vanishing smoke. On the performers' platform in the Blue Inn Pippa played the violin between six o'clock and nine, the hours during which the greedy half-dead put fuel into their bellies.

Now that Pippa is dead I sometimes return to the Blue Inn and behind a bottle of wine sit and think of her with a proper sadness. On the performers' platform a muscular woman plays the violin. She is dressed like a woman about to dance in a ball-room. And while the greedy half-dead stuff fuel into their bellies she plays for

them saccharine meditations and toilet-water ballads. I remember as I look at the amorous grease on this woman's face how I met Pippa and why she died. Alas, Pippa was so easy to kill there is perhaps no moral, no point to these memories of mine. The yellow wine in my glass twinkles like an eye of topaz. Outside is the city, the Ophelia of stone that shrieks and babbles between the movements of the sun. Always in the back of my brain there is present the city, an elephantine grimace, a wilderness of angles, a swarm of gestures that caress my thought like a dream unborn.

From her place on the performers' platform Pippa played the violin. She wore a lavender dress and in her dark eyes (this was the first time I saw her) were strange vibrations of yellow light. The Inn was filled with people, elaborately dressed women and shinningly groomed men. They sat grouped about white-linened and silver-laden tables, an ornamental and grimacing little multitude. The men and women who came to the Blue Inn came as to some grave rite. They moved to their tables with an unctious nonchalance. The women were dressed in effulgent silks, their flesh gleaming among the spaces of exotic plumage and flaires of luxurious and satin distortions. They were like a company of erotic puppets, these women, whose bold bodies lived in a secret world. Their clothes formed a separate company that gestured and grimaced with the grotesque charm and passion of lustful marionettes. From the secret world which they inhabited their bodies, moist and earth-skinned, beckoned with a luscious and perverse denial of artifice.

On the walls of the Blue Inn which were lost in shadows were painted nymphs and satyrs sprawling over tapestried landscapes. The insistently naked bodies of the nymphs lay like newly-bathed housemaids under the trees and amid the stiff park scenery. Viewed through the shadow they seemed miracles of photographic lechery, a leering profusion of creatures from the secret world, who had removed their beauty with their clothes.

The people who were eating occasionally looked at the walls and their decorations. The men sometimes studied the naked figures with a profound interest, eyeing the women near them shrewdly as they turned away. The women sometimes gazed with serious unconcentrated eyes at the paintings, growing tender and quiet towards their escorts.

In the center of the great room was the motif of the place, a

fountain surmounted by a marble nude who knelt upon a rocky pinnacle. The figure crouched in a posture of surprise and gazed into the water of the large tiled basin below. The fountain gushed up around her in an endless spray of twisted gauzes, veiling her as it fell, and filling the air with an odorless spice. Blue electric lights hidden in the crevices of the structure cast an amorous glow, a sort of artificial moonlight upon the tables that surrounded it. Beneath the cobalt water of the fountain basin moved colored fish gliding under the surface like a weaving procession of little fat Mandarins. The remainder of the room was illumined with blue shaded lights and the air was heavy with the uncoiling lavender wreaths of tobacco smoke. A luxurious suppression as that about some priapic altar, produced here by the artificial shadows, the painted lights and the forlorn ripples of the fountain, sat grotesquely upon the place.

The faces of the diners were bathed in the warm tones of the lights which tinted their cheeks with mildly sinister glints and dropped whimsical shadows across their mouths. It was here the gestures detached from the common larva of the streets came to dine, a curious aristocracy crowned with a fulgurating complacency. Huddled together in the lugubrious painted twilight they sat in a glutinous and mysterious comradeship, perpetually eating and murmuring. The waiters in shining beetle-backed black coats with gold-buttoned red vests moved continuously about, bringing food upon huge silver platters or wheeling it in on little enamelled wagons from which arose, as from sacrificial pyres, blue and violet jets of flame. Through the air slipped the sounds of laughter, the cacophony of knives and forks, the melodious and fugitive tinkle of glass ware and the spurting gutturals of human voices bursting in an endless muffled obligato.

Pippa came forward to play upon her violin. I raised my eyes and saw her for the first time. In this room of rutelian artifice she seemed a creature of neurotic simplicity. Her elfin proportions, the color of her face and arms so reminiscent of moonlight, the monotone of her dress and body, appeared for the moment like some ultimate study in rococo. Then I perceived that Pippa who played the violin might sit as she was beside a river in a sunlit wood with her feet dangling above the dark silver of the water and belong there. The music of the violin accompanied by harp and piano fell soothingly upon the air. The noises abated. The serious jingle of the cutlery alone persisted and the multitude seemed lost

in a sweet innocuous contemplation that was relieved only by the ceaseless grimacings of its distended jaws and throats. As the music grew sweeter, more saccharinely eloquent, the smear of faces became less animated. The eating continued, however, as if under the sudden necessity of secrecy. Lips remained engaged in detached and obscene gesticulations, noses dilating and twitching, tongues twisting and washing in an invisible frenzy. In the quiet which had fallen the abandonment of the eaters continued to reflect itself in the continuous spasms which contorted their faces.

Of such things I had not been aware before, but now the smoke-like frality of Pippa seemed to carry me out of the scene and it was with her dark eyes tipped with wraiths of yellow that I stared about. I had glimpsed in these curious eyes of hers and in the nudity of her manner a creature through whose viens disgust and nausea moved like heavy poisons. Spitted against the grey curtain like some rare lavender moth upon an exhibitor's board, Pippa played, and the insistent mewing of her violin with its dolorous mockery became for me the crying of her body rather than the sounds of a little wooden instrument.

"Phantasy," I thought and looked with a smile into the topaz wine.

But my imagination whispered to me it had not lied. I watched Pippa and observed that the moonlight color of her face was in reality a frown which spread its dark beam from her eyes and bathed her features. And more than before I drew close to the anguish that beckoned to me out of the little violin player. When I again looked about me a certain curious detachment had come into my eyes and the scene appeared to have popped into some new and glaring focus for me. I saw the foreheads of the diners glistening with a fine sweat that was reproduced on the backs of the women's necks, upon their chins, under their raised arms, and gleamed again upon the cool intervals of breasts staring white and bulbous out of a secret world.

The music from the platform grew livelier, leaving the wailing *adagio* for a *scherzo* movement. The quick incompleting flourishes of arms and hands, the syncopated bobbing of heads, became more intense. The boom and jerk of human voices sounded once more. From mouths opening and shutting in a swollen and delicious discomfort appeared glimpses of salavic meat and bread. The wriggling of bodies in a growing satiety of tepid lusts, the glassiness of

eyes lighted for instants by visions of bloody meats, the smacking, gasping, faintly growling sounds which accompanied the contorted animations of faces, transformed the multitude into a confusion of toilet-like sensuality. To this scene Pippa played, her eyes gleaming like avenging birds over the drab erotic of the restaurant.

For a moment she encountered me and her gaze remained fixed and I felt that she was speaking to me. Then her eyes wandered and I knew that she was cricling the faces at the tables, men's faces smiling, glowering, beseeching as they peered at women; faces blue empty; thick green faces filled with slovenly languish. It was the and apoplectic, round, red, white, pointed, chubby, malformed and faces of the women that Pippa watched most. The shining coiffeurs alive with garnet and russet gleams, the glowing beady eyes gave her a sense of so many masks carefully cut behind which things hid. This I knew then as I sipped at the topaz in my glass. And I knew also that this smoke-like creature had been looking down into the simmering vat of faces until a curious mania had darkened her own.

As she played a fury possessed her. I watched her sway. The thoughts which came into my head I called her thoughts, and I watched the steaming gelatinous dishes and the bathed trim faces above them become as one,—carcass devouring carcass. A delicate necrophelia, a hideous rhythmic convulsion appeared to Pippa, in my thought, to have taken possession of us who sat before her. And now and then, still with her thought, I could distinguish sharply a woman eating with perverse daintiness, working her features with piquant deliberation, smiling, primping, swallowing her food as one oblivious to a vulgar indiscretion. Another toying gently with the contents of her plate, attitudinizing as grotesquely as some Dido in a bathroom, eating with an ennui which stamped her as an Uranian of gourmonds.

And under the tables Pippa saw their feet, the cunningly shod feet of the women emerging from the secret world, the awkward stretch of the silkened bird-like legs which like a lifeless mechanism lay in disjointed collapse above the floor. These feet of the men and women seemed a company of their own under the tables, lavishly scrolled and attired, slothful debauches that moved imperceptibly, embraced, entwined, kissed and stared. Here was unconsciousness of wrinkles and folds of flesh and continually devouring jaws, here a silent stoical intimacy. And yet to Pippa the shining leather, the

gleaming arches above the shoes, the faintly glowing stockings, and the creeping tenacious movement of these feet were like the phlegmatic shadows of some terrible nakedness.

Later I met Pippa. It was in the city walking along the avenue which faces the lake and lies like a large yellow cat purring in the sun. In this light and even under the menacing walls of the buildings, there was about Pippa's body as she moved a curious uncorseted rhythm such as trees have when they bend in the wind. We walked together and talked and I knew that the things I had thought watching her in the Blue Inn had not been chimeras from the topaz in my glass. Her face as she talked had the gleam of a frightened nymph. We hurried along the bottoms of great buildings. She had few words and spoke hurriedly so that her sentences died amid the racket of the traffic. I told her what I had imagined listening to her play and she answered in matter of fact words.

"Yes," she said, "I can't endure it. Everything is lust. The dirty lust of the city, the lust of the restaurant and the streets. And the women, they keep parading in my head when I try to fall asleep. There is something terrible and unclean about life. I can't make out what it is. But it keeps choking me and making me dark inside. At night I have horrible dreams and the city becomes an animal with its tongue hanging out, running back and forth as if it were blind, and steaming at the mouth. I know it's foolish to think such things. But in the restaurant it comes to me so strong that I play only mechanically and almost . . . almost die."

There were other times that I saw Pippa, and my philosophy ripened upon her agonized words. The thing which is always in the back of my head, the elephantine grimace of the city, became when I was with her something close and almost with outline. Through the nauseous mania of her soul I looked as through some rare lens into the streets, into the places where the little greedy half dead swarm. During the day surrounded by the din and grime of the city I thought of Pippa who at night, spitted against the grey curtain of the performers' platform, would play the violin.

"Is it ugliness?" I asked her one time much later. She said, "No." Her eyes had grown darker and wilder. We walked on hurriedly in the afternoon picking our way through the rush of people and traffic.

"I don't know what anymore," she said. "It keeps close to me."

Oh I hate, hate. I keep feeling the breath of an animal on my neck, on the back of my neck . . . ”

It was summer, and when Pippa told me that she was to have a rest of three weeks I selected for her a place beyond the city. At the edge of a great wood I had once found a little house, and thither Pippa went. She smiled from the train window at me and I, thinking of the promise that I would come in four days, waved my hand.

When I came to see Pippa it was evening and the world about the wood was as silent as the sky. The people who lived in the house told me Pippa had gone away in the morning into the wood and had not returned. I waited until the darkness had settled into the deep impenetrable mist of night that swims through wooded places. And then the old man of the house and I went out to look for Pippa. The odor of the wood stirred the darkness and the little rustling symphony of the wood hung like a lace of sound upon the silence. Here and there the moon lay in spectral hexagons among the thick black trees. We walked until we came to a river and on its bank we sat down. We had been sitting thus for long minutes in silence when floating gently upon the black water I saw the white body of a girl. It was Pippa naked. She moved in a slow, aimless manner toward us. Her hair, loosened, played across her breasts in little black moonbeams. Her lips were opened and the water frolicked in little silver bursts upon her teeth. Her eyes like flakes of snow twinkled under the black mirror of the river.

## HAUNTS

Carl Sandburg

There are places I go when I am strong.  
One is a marsh pool where I used to go  
with a long-ear hound-dog.  
One is a wild crabapple tree; I was there  
a moonlight night with a girl.  
The dog is gone; the girl is gone; I go to these  
places when there is no other place to go.

POEMS

Mark Turbyfill

S h a p e s

Let us deliberately sit into design  
With these elephant's ears  
Stretched from the glazed pot  
Into green wax consciousness.

Let us exert  
Our unused selves  
Into other static  
Sharpnesses.

In what fleet gestures  
Have you found eternity?

His amber painted torso  
A Persian dancer  
Has conceived into a leaf-line,  
The head inclined.

S h e G o e s t o P i s a

(to M. G.)

She has rounded her shoulders  
To the curve of his arm  
And walked  
With him slowly.

She has walked with him  
Slowly:  
Granite procession,  
White gesture of stars.

*"Monna Vanna", January, 1918.*

## THE MAN OF IDEAS

Sherwood Anderson

HE LIVED with his mother, a grey, silent woman with a peculiar ashy complexion. The house in which they lived stood among a little grove of trees beyond where the Main Street of Winesburg, Ohio, crossed Wine creek. His name was Joe Welling and his father had been a man of some dignity in the community, a lawyer and a member of the state legislature at Columbus. Joe himself was small of body and in his character unlike anyone else in town. He was like a tiny little volcano that lies silent for days and then of a sudden spouts fire. No he wasn't like that. He was like a man who is subject to fits, one who walks among his fellow men inspiring fear because the fits may come suddenly and blow him away into a strange uncanny physical state in which his eyes roll and his legs and arms jerk. He was like that; only the visitation that descended upon Joe Welling was a mental and not a physical thing. He was beset by ideas and in the throes of one of his ideas was uncontrollable. Words rolled and tumbled from his mouth. A peculiar smile came upon his lips. The edges of his teeth that were tipped with gold glistened in the light. Pouncing upon a bystander he began to talk. For the bystander there was no escape. The excited man breathed into his face, peered into his eyes, pounded upon his chest with a shaking forefinger, demanded, compelled, attention.

In those days the Standard Oil Company did not deliver oil to the consumer in big wagons and motor trucks as they do now but delivered instead to retail grocers, hardware stores and the like; and Joe was the Standard Oil agent in Winesburg and in several towns up and down the railroad that went through Winesburg. He collected bills, booked orders, and did other things. His father the legislator had secured the job for him.

In and out of the stores of Winesburg went Joe Welling, silent, excessively polite, intent upon his business. Men watched him with eyes in which lurked amusement tempered by alarm. They were waiting for him to break forth, preparing to flee. Although the

seizures that came upon him were harmless enough they could not be laughed away. They were overwhelming. Astride an idea Joe was overmastering. His personality became gigantic. It overrode the man to whom he talked, swept him away, swept all away, all who stood within sound of his voice.

In Sylvester West's drug store stood four men who were talking of horse racing. Wesley Moyer's stallion, Tony Tip, was to race at the June meeting at Tiffin Ohio and there was a rumour that he would meet the stiffest competition of his career. It was said that Pop Geers, the great racing driver, would himself be there. A doubt of the success of Tony Tip hung heavily in the air of Winesburg.

Into the drug store came Joe Welling, brushing the screen door violently aside. With a strange absorbed light in his eyes he pounced upon Ed Thomas, he who knew Pop Geers and whose opinion of Tony Tip's chances was worth considering.

"The water is up in Wine Creek" cried Joe Welling, with the air of Phidippides demanding aid for the Greeks in the struggle at Marathon. His finger beat a tattoo upon Ed Thomas's broad chest. "By Trunnion's bridge it is within eleven and a half inches of the flooring" he went on, the words coming quickly and with a little whistling noise from between his teeth. An expression of helpless annoyance crept over the faces of the four.

"I have my facts correct. Depend upon that. I went to Sining's Hardware store and got a rule. Then I went back and measured. I could hardly believe my own eyes. It hasn't rained you see for ten days. At first I didn't know what to think! Thoughts rushed through my head. I thought of subterrenean passages and springs. Down under the ground went my mind, delving about. I sat on the floor of the bridge and rubbed my head. There wasn't a cloud in the sky, not one. Come out into the street and you will see. There wasn't a cloud. There isn't a cloud now.

"Yes, there was a cloud. I don't want to keep back any facts. There was a cloud in the west, down near the horizon, a cloud no bigger than a man's hand.

"Not that I think that has anything to do with it. There it is, you see. You understand how puzzled I was.

"Then an idea came to me. I laughed. You'll laugh too. Of course it rained over in Medinah County. That's interesting, eh?"

If we had no trains, no mails, no telegraph, we would know that it rained over in Medinah County. That's where Wine Creek comes from. Everyone knows that. Little old Wine Creek brought us the news. That's interesting. I laughed. I thought I'd tell you. It's interesting, eh?"

Joe Welling turned and went out at the door. Taking a book from his pocket, he stopped and ran a finger down one of the pages. Again he was absorbed in his duties as agent of the Standard Oil Company. "Hern's Grocery will be getting low on coal oil. I'll see them" he muttered, hurrying along the street and bowing politely to the right and left at the people walking past.

When George Willard went to work for the Winesburg Eagle he was besieged by Joe Welling. Joe envied the boy. It seemed to him that he himself was meant by nature to be a reporter on a newspaper. "It is what I should be doing, there is no doubt of that" he declared, stopping George Willard on the sidewalk before Daugherty's Feed Store. His eyes began to glisten and his forefinger to tremble. "Of course I make more money with the Standard Oil Company and I'm only telling you" he added. "I've got nothing against you but I should have your place. I could do the work at odd moments. Here and there I should run finding out things you will never see."

Becoming more excited Joe Welling crowded the young reporter against the front of the feed store. He appeared to be lost in thought, rolling his eyes about and running a thin nervous hand through his hair. A smile spread over his face and his gold teeth glittered. "You get out your note book" he commanded. "You carry a little pad of paper in your pocket, don't you? I knew you did. Well, you set this down. I thought of it the other day. Let's take decay. Now what is decay? It's fire. It burns up wood and other things. You never thought of that? Of course not. This side walk here and this feed store, the trees down the street there—they are all on fire. They are burning up. Decay, you see, is always going on. It don't stop. Water and paint can't stop it. If a thing is iron, then what? It's rust, you see. That is fire too. The world is on fire. Start your piece in the paper that way. Just say in big letters "THE WORLD IS ON FIRE". That will make them look up. They will say you are a smart one. I don't care. I don't envy you. I just snatched that idea out of the air. I would

make a newspaper hum. You got to admit that."

Turning quickly Joe Welling walked rapidly away. When he had taken several steps he stopped and looked back. "I'm going to stick to you" he said. "I'm going to make you a regular hummer. I should start a newspaper myself, that's what I should do. I would be a marvel. Everybody knows that."

When George Willard had been for a year on the Winesburg Eagle, four things happened to Joe Welling. His mother died, he went to live at the New Willard House, he became involved in a love affair and he organized the Winesburg baseball club.

Joe organized the baseball club because he wanted to be coach and in that position he began to win the respect of his townsmen. "He is a wonder" they declared, after Joe's team had whipped the team from Medinah County. "He gets everybody working together. You just watch him."

Upon the baseball field Joe Welling stood by first base, his whole body quivering with excitement. In spite of themselves all the players watched him closely. The opposing pitcher became confused.

"Now! Now! Now!" shouted the excited man. "Watch me! Watch me! Watch my fingers! Watch my hands! Watch my feet! Watch my eyes! Let's work together here! Watch me! In me you see all the movements of the game! Work with me! Work with me! Watch me! Watch me! Watch me!"

With runners of the Winesburg team on bases Joe Welling became as one inspired. Before they know what had come over them the base runners were watching the man, edging off the bases, advancing, retreating, held as by invisible cords. The players of the opposing team also watched Joe. They were fascinated. For a moment they watched and then, as though trying to break a spell that hung over them, they began hurling the ball wildly about and amid a series of fierce animal like cries from the coach the runners of the Winesburg team scampered home.

Joe Welling's love affair set the town of Winesburg on edge. When it began everyone whispered and shook their heads. When they tried to laugh the laughter was forced and unnatural. Joe fell in love with Sarah King, a lean sad looking woman who lived with her father and brother in a brick house that stood opposite the gate leading to the Winesburg Cemetery.

The two Kings, Edward the father, and Tom the son, were not popular in Winesburg. They were called proud and dangerous. They had come to Winesburg from some place in the south and ran a cider mill on the Trunnion Pike. Tom King was reported to have killed a man before he came to Winesburg. He was twenty seven years old and rode about town on a grey pony. Also he had a long yellow moustache that drooped down over his teeth and he always carried a heavy, wicked looking walking stick in his hand. Once he killed a dog with the stick. The dog belonged to Win Pawsey, the shoe merchant, and stood on the sidewalk wagging its tail. Tom King killed it with one blow. He was arrested and paid a fine of ten dollars.

Old Edward King was small of stature and when he passed people in the street laughed a queer unmirthful laugh. When he laughed he scratched his left elbow with his right hand. The sleeve of his coat was almost worn through from the habit. As he walked along the street, looking nervously about and laughing, he seemed more dangerous than his silent fierce-looking son.

When Sarah King began walking in the evening with Joe Welling people shook their heads in alarm. She was tall and pale and had dark rings under her eyes. The couple looked ridiculous together. Under the trees they walked and Joe talked. His passionate eager protestations of love, heard coming out of the darkness by the cemetery wall or from the deep shadows of the trees on the hill that ran up to the Fair Ground from Waterworks pond, were repeated in the stores. Men stood by the bar in the New Willard House laughing and talking of Joe's courtship. After the laughter came silence. The Winesburg baseball team, under his management, was winning game after game and the town had begun to respect him. Sensing a tragedy they waited, laughing nervously.

Late on a Saturday afternoon the meeting between Joe Welling and the two Kings, the anticipation of which had set the town on edge, took place in Joe Welling's room in the New Willard House. George Willard was a witness to the meeting. It came about in this way.

When the young reporter went to his room after the evening meal he saw Tom King and his father sitting in the half darkness in Joe's room. The son had the heavy walking stick in his hand and sat near the door. Old Edward King walked nervously about,

scratching his left elbow with his right hand. The hallways were empty and silent.

George Willard went to his own room and sat down at his desk. He began trying to write, but his hand trembled so that he could not hold the pen. He also walked nervously up and down. Like the rest of the town of Winesburg he was perplexed and knew not what to do.

It was seven thirty and fast growing dark when Joe Welling came along the depot platform toward the New Willard House. In his arms he held a bundle of weeds and grasses. In spite of the terror that made his body shake George Willard was amused at the sight of the small spry figure holding the grasses and half-running along the platform.

Shaking with fright and anxiety the young reporter lurked in the hallway outside the door of the room in which Joe Welling talked to the two Kings. There had been an oath, the nervous giggle of old Edward King and then silence. Now the voice of Joe Welling, sharp and clear, broke forth. George Willard began to laugh. He understood. As he had swept all men before him, so now Joe Welling was carrying the two men in the room off their feet with a tidal wave of words. The listener in the hall walked up and down lost in amazement.

Inside the room Joe Welling had paid no attention to the grumbled threat of Tom King. Absorbed in an idea he closed the door and, lighting a lamp, spread the handful of weeds and grasses upon the floor. "I've got something here" he announced solemnly. "I was going to tell George Willard about it, let him make a piece out of it for the paper. I am glad you are here. I wish Sarah were here also. I been going to come to your house and tell you of some of my ideas. They are interesting. Sarah wouldn't let me. She said we would quarrel. That's foolish."

Running up and down before the two perplexed men Joe Welling began to explain. "Don't you make a mistake now," he cried. "This is something big." His voice was shrill with excitement. "You just follow me. You will be interested. I know you will. Suppose this, suppose all of the wheat, the corn, the oats, the peas, the potatoes were all by some miracle swept away. Now here we are, you see, in this country. There is a high fence built all around us. We'll suppose that. No one can get over the fence and all the

fruits of the earth are destroyed, nothing left but these wild things, these grasses. Would we be done for? I ask you that. Would we be done for?"

Again Tom King Growled and for a moment there was silence in the room. Then again Joe plunged into the exposition of his idea. "Things would go hard for a time. I admit that. I've got to admit that. No getting around it. We would be hard put to it. More than one fat stomach would cave in. But they couldn't down us? I should say not."

Tom King laughed good-naturedly and the shivery nervous laugh of Edward King rang through the house. Joe Welling hurried on. "We would begin, do you see, to breed up new vegetables and fruits. Soon we would regain all we had lost. Mind I don't say the new things would be the same as the old. They wouldn't. Maybe they would be better, maybe not so good. That's interesting, eh? You can think about that. It starts your mind working, now don't it?"

In the room there was silence and then again old Edward King laughed nervously. "Say, I wish Sarah was here" cried Joe Welling. "Let's go to your house. I want to tell her of this."

There was a scraping of chairs in the room. It was then George Willard retreated to his own room. Leaning out at the window he saw Joe Welling going along the street with the two Kings. Tom King was forced to take extraordinary long strides to keep pace with the little man. As he strode along he leaned over listening, absorbed, fascinated. Joe Welling again talked excitedly. "Take milk-weed now" he cried. "A lot might be done with milk-weed, eh? It's almost unbelievable. I want you to think about it. I want you two men to think about it. There would be a new vegetable kingdom you see. It's interesting eh? It's an idea. Wait till we get Sarah. She'll get the idea. She'll be interested. Sarah is always interested in ideas. You can't be too smart for Sarah, now can you? Of course you can't. You know that."

## FINALE

Djuna Barnes

IN THE centre of the room lay the corpse.

The proper number of candles burned at head and feet.

The body had been duly attended to. The undertaker had pared the nails, put the tongue back in the mouth, shut the eyes, and with a cloth dusted with bismuth had touched the edges of the nostrils.

It had been washed and dressed and made to assume the conventional death pose—the hands crossed palm over knuckles. Everything else in the room seemed willing to go on changing—being. He alone remained cold and unwilling, like a stoppage in the atmosphere.

His wife, his mother, and his children knelt about him. His wife cried heavily, resting the middle of her breasts on the hard side of the coffin boards. His mother wept also, but with that comfort of one who has seen both the beginning and the end; with that touch of restfulness that comes to those who like the round, the complete, the final.

His children knelt and did not weep. The little girl's closed palms were damp, and she wanted to look at them but dared not. The boy had that very morning discovered the pleasure of rubbing his head under his nurse's arm when she said "Come, put your shirt on," and he wanted to smile about this, but his eyes refused to grow damp, he could not permit himself the satisfaction.

On the floor, in a corner, lay what had been the dead man's dearest possession—a bright blue scarf embroidered with spots of gold. It had been given to him when passing through Italy, by a long legged Sicilian whom he had loved as one loves who must catch a train.

It was a lovely thing, but much treasuring had lined it; and the marks of his thumbs as they passed over it in pleasant satisfaction had left their tarnish on the little spots of gold.

The shadows grew and darkness fell. The room was silent save for that melancholy murmur of lips that taste tears.

A large rat put his head out of a hole, long dusty, and peered into the room.

The children were going to rise and go to bed soon. The bodies of the mourners had that half-sorrowful, half-bored look of people who do something that hurts too long.

Presently the rat took hold of the scarf and trotted away with it into the darkness of the beyond.

One thing only had the undertaker forgotten to do; he had failed to remove the cotton from the ears of the dead man, who had suffered from ear-ache.

SONNET FROM "LE PARNASSE  
SATYRIQUE," 1622

*(Attributed to Theophile de Viau)*

S. Foster Damon

I dreamed that Phillis, wandering from her shroud,  
Yet lovely as she had been in the light,  
Wished that her shade might still bring me delight,  
That, like Ixion, I might embrace a cloud.

Her shadow slid to me, naked and proud,  
And said: "Dear love, again I come by night;  
For in the grave I grew more fair and white,  
In that place to which all Loveliness is vowed.

I come to kiss again Him of most grace,  
I come to die again in your embrace."  
Then, when our passions had attained their goal,

She said: "Farewell! I go back to the dead.  
As you once held my body in your bed,  
Now you may boast of having held my soul."

## FOLK SONG ECHOES

Esther Kohen

## “Angiora”

I HAVE strength in my limbs—watch my hands how quick they go. I fold wrappers on tins of pig meat all day.

I put my feet out with grace. They do not fit the shoe. Wherefore I am ashamed of my peasant feet? But I stand gracefully, both feet down flat, strong to the earth as if crushing the grape. My body is big at the hip, but it moves like the twig, forward, backward, I dance when I am quiet. My blood sways. I am a single flower blown free in the grass.

My grandpapa was a thick tree of a Ruman. His legs jumped to the ceiling when he danced. Yea! Traaja! A big limb of a Ruman. My grandmother's girdle was never quiet at the dance. Her shirt opened on a pale bosom. The color of fresh goats milk was her skin. Traaja! How they danced! The dust opened mouths at the air on the square where their feet slapped the earth.

The Tzigane played. The gospodar brought many jugs of wine. My Grandpapa Silu caught at the girdle of Mariora, my grandmama, and he twirled her to him when the dance ring broke up. A flacu—a fresh guy—was my grandfather. So they married. My mother Angelina was their daughter. So I came to be.

I am in the labelling department of Armour's packing house. I work quick—my hands make a go like the black plague eating the wheat. Four hundred cans an hour I pack. I smear on white flour paste with my brush. I make a gypsy trick with my hand—and air again. The can is packed, the side opener hooked on.

Gabriel the fat butcher in the next department wants me to wife with him. I tell him I want no pig maker, no sheep cutter for my man. I tell him behind my eye is a smart fellow with a pin in his tie. But I shall be wife with Gabriel.

Angiora, the Laughter Girl, they call me. My dimples are

caught with little apple seeds. But I am sad when the maize is high, for I know four reaping songs I do not sing.

Four hundred cans an hour I pack. My grandfather was a big limb of a Ruman. My grandmother's girdle was never quiet at a dance.

## THE WRITER AND HIS JOB

Israel Solon

I AM a writer. I have written criticisms, short plays, and short stories. My stories have been pretty generally rejected by the editors. Why?

I shall give the reasons of two editors, and I shall follow these with my refutations. I shall resist the temptation to say something about the needlessly malicious rejection slips from the editors of the *Smart Set*. But, first of all I had better, I think, say what I am not.

I am not "another O. Henry."

O. Henry was the Gypsy fortune teller in this show-man's enterprise known as the American magazine publishing game. And because American life is at once both rich in promise and destitute in fulfillments, and because O. Henry brought an exceptional ability to his disreputable practise, the defrauded crowded his tent, finding in his fiction what had been denied them in fact; and they believed him oracular and called him the king of the writers.

The story I had submitted to him, one editor said recently, was well written. Not many stories were so well written. But. It was too neutral in tone. I had not made the distinctions between hero and villain sharp enough, he went on to explain, with the result that the victory of the good was not decisive enough, and the defeat of the evil not sufficiently crushing and final.

Aside from his failing to understand my work and my intentions, I find myself compelled to insist that his ideals are wrong-headed, and his understanding of life false.

Life is always and everywhere inconclusive. Nothing in life is ever decided finally—right or wrong. Everything in life runs out beyond the horizon, and everything intertwines with everything else.



*Stanislaw Szukalski*





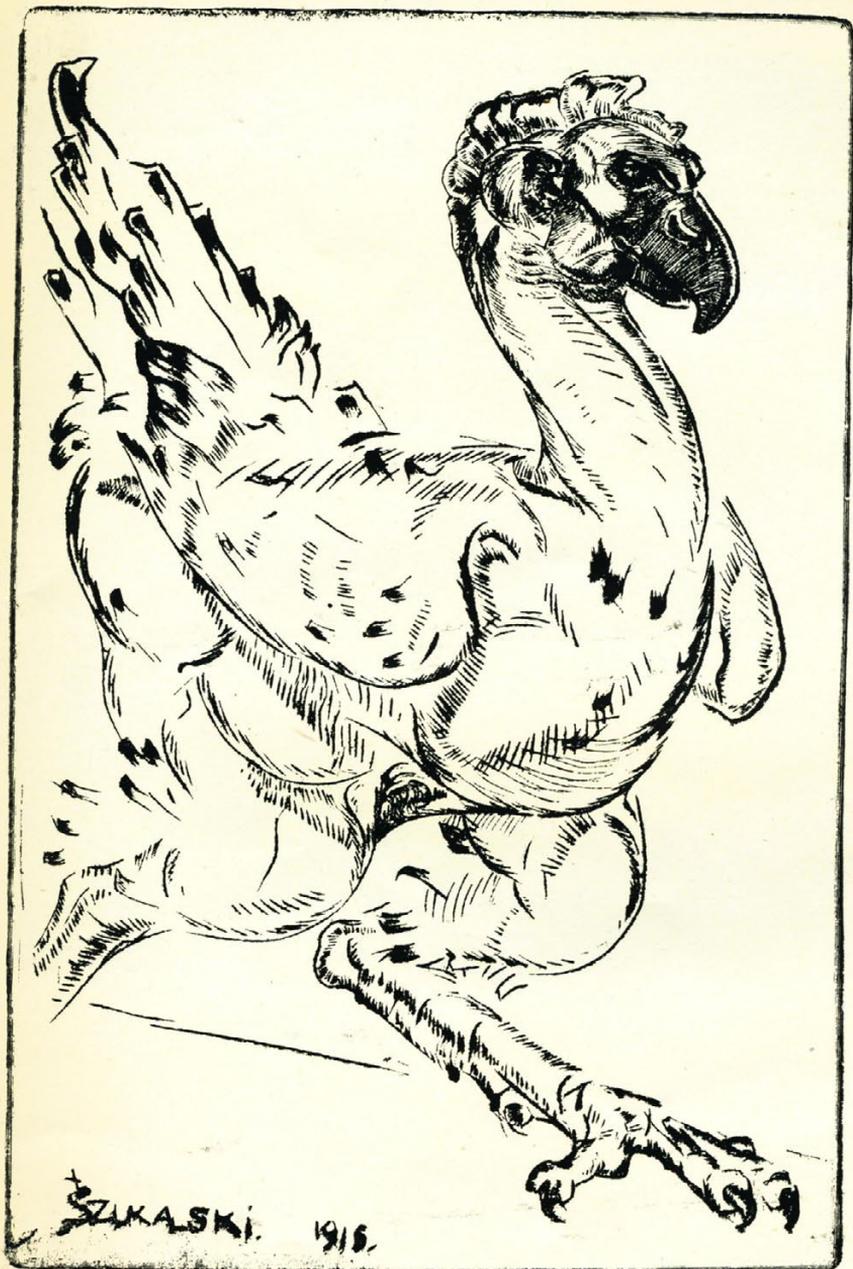
*Angel of Rebellion*





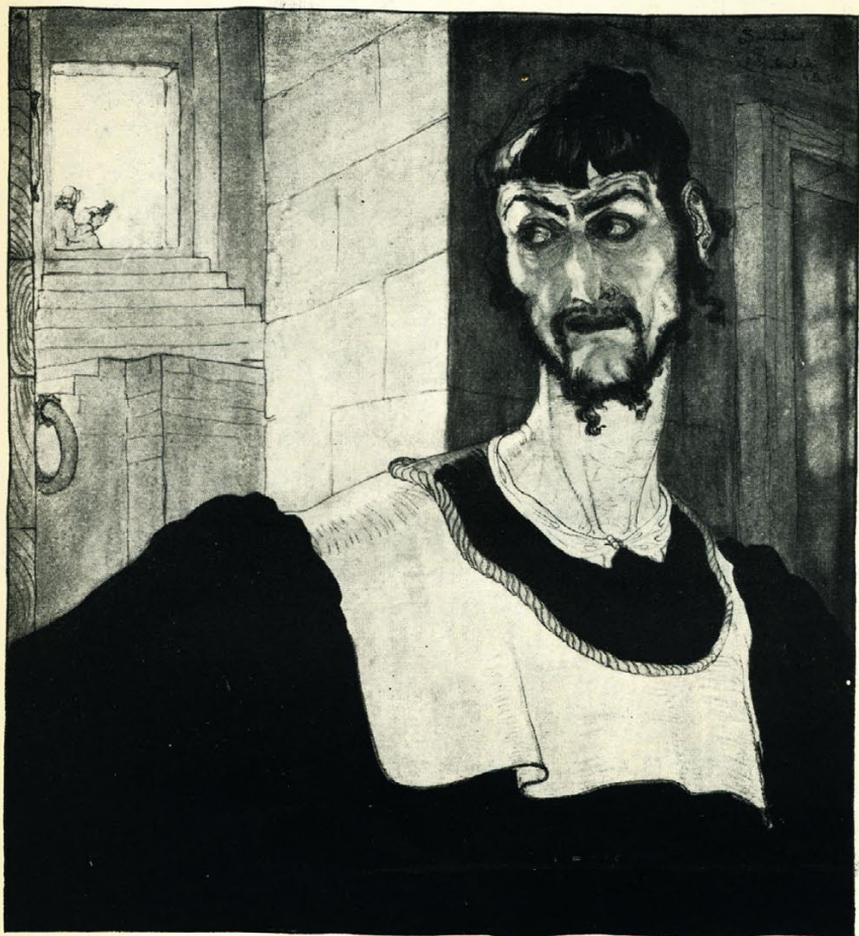
*Man Following his Principles*





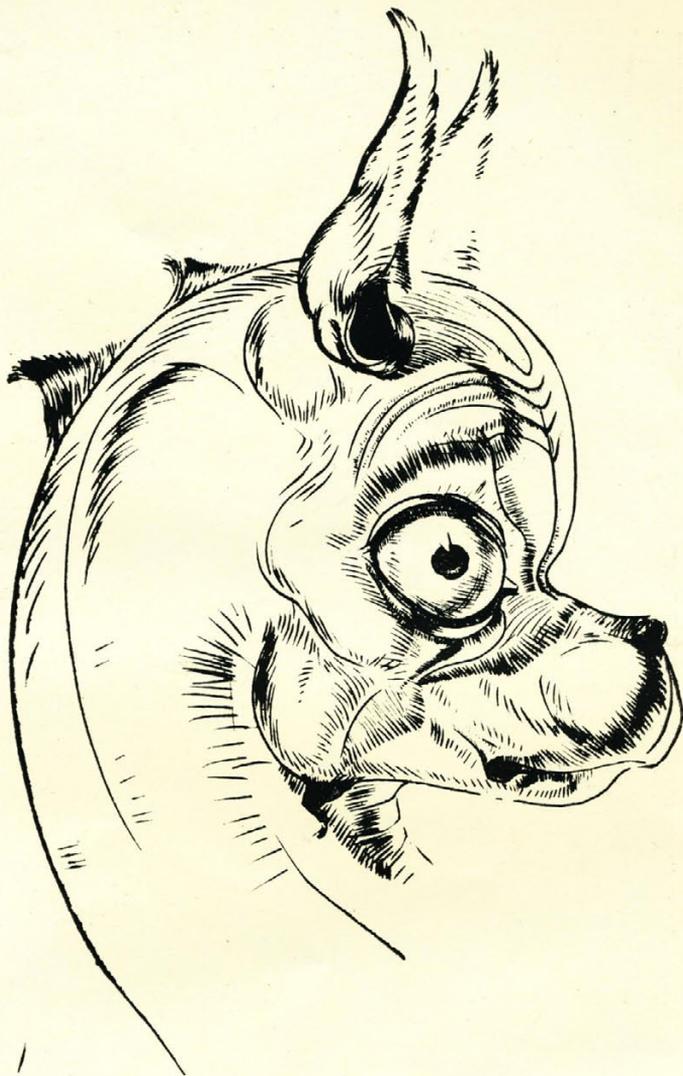
*Men Going to Church*





*A Different Jew*

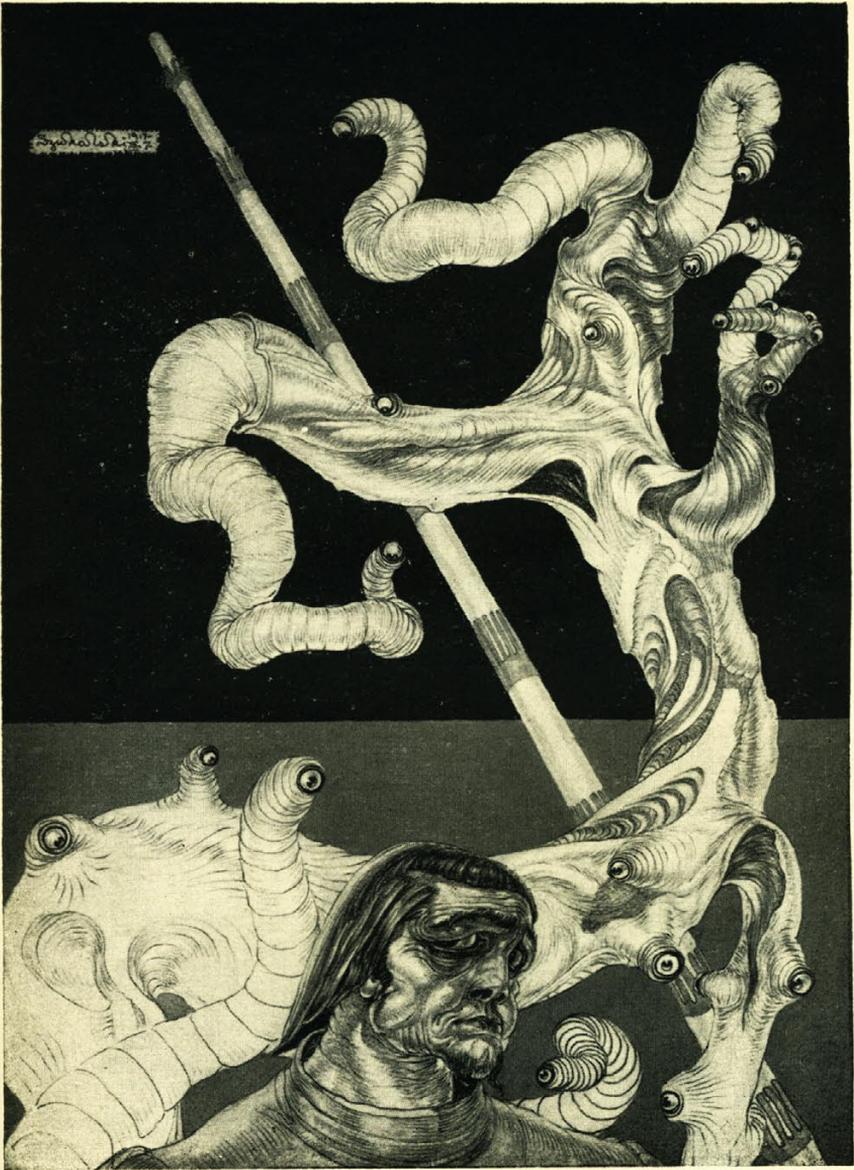




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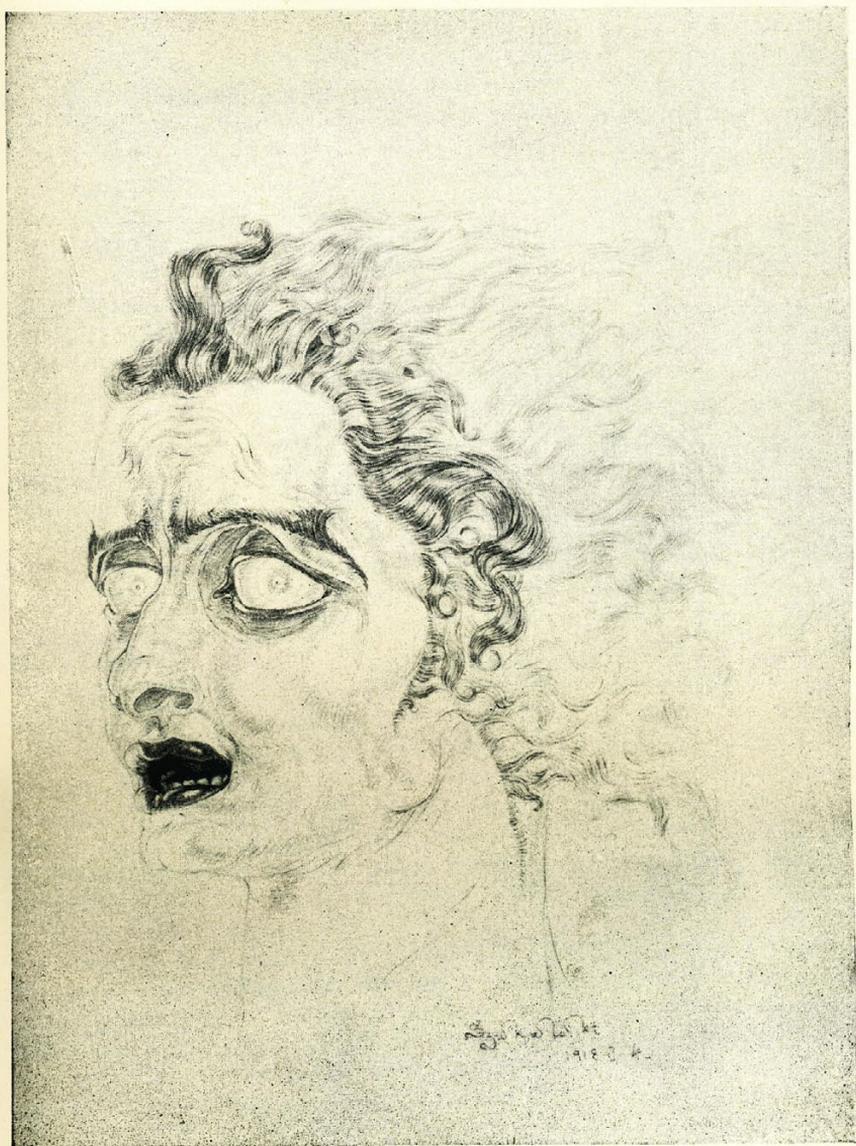
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*Man and his Conscience*





*"Medusa"*



Were I to attempt to pull up an evil by the roots, I should expect to find myself trying to pull up all of life; should I attempt to follow a good to the end, I should as surely find myself following all of life. All distinctions, demarcations and articulations are conventional and arbitrary and ephemeral. Which is the good and which the evil? Which the victor and which the victim? To answer these is no part of the writer's job. It is no part of my job. My job is where my interest lies—in the confluence of all life. An illustration will help to make my meaning clear.

The reader will recall that, some time back, a Western surgeon condemned a certain child to death, because, in the opinion of this surgeon, the child's eventual career harbored a social menace.

Seen from the artist's outlook upon life, this surgeon's conduct was reprehensible. Had a mob of his fellow citizens gathered outside this surgeon's window, clamoring that he let the child die, his reply should have been:

Ladies and gentlemen! I am neither judge, jury, nor executioner. The social consequences of this child's subsequent behavior lie outside the narrow field of my limited activities. I am a surgeon. This child's case is surgical. I shall treat it to the best of my ability. Good day!

"Consider *The Saturday Evening Post*," the other editor wrote me. "You may say what you like about the ideas which are acceptable to the millions, or the ideas which the editors think are acceptable to the millions. It is you who know and they who are ignorant. But where art is concerned the millions speak with authority . . . . The millions make only one demand of the artist and that is impact, force, gusto. And in doing so they make the primary, the fundamental, the essential demand. When you stop to think of it you know they are right."

This is the religion of democracy, somewhat rhapsodically stated; and we of the Occident are of course committed to democracy, today more so than ever before. But we are under no compulsion to agree that "where art is concerned the millions speak with authority." The simple truth is that where art is concerned the millions do not speak at all—unless it is to jeer at the artist, or to cry that he be jailed for failing to conform to some social fiction.

"The millions make only one demand of the artist and that

is impact, force, gusto." That is to say, the millions demand only "punch." That is certainly true, and that is precisely it, for that is all they do demand. But the meagerness of their demands is their besetting sin. It is not their virtue. Why do the millions demand so little!

Let no one misunderstand me. I am not here finding fault with the stories now being published. I speak for the stories now being rejected. I deny equally Ezra Pound's insistence on literacy and Bernard Shaw's cry for journalism. I do not say that all writers should know the classics; I do not ask that all stories should be literature. All I ask is that our editors should not insist on all stories being journalism. For, aside from all other objections, there is still this to be said against journalism: journalism exaggerates the significance of current events; journalism attributes fantastic consequences to our behavior. Our worst possible conduct is not nearly so different from our best possible conduct as our journalism would lead us to believe. The belief that we should all turn perfect devils but for the Thou shalt nots of our own making is sheer gross, preposterous flattery of ourselves. Were all our prohibitions wiped out tomorrow the practical difference of our behavior would not be noticeable a month hence. Nor do I speak in the name of Truth. The craving for truth is a sign of intellectual poverty or parsimony; at best it is a desire for social efficiency and in all cases it signifies a shrinking from having to make living adjustments to a living environment. I ask for nothing radical at all. I do not hold forth against giving the millions what they want. I speak for the numerous intermediate reading publics. All I ask is that while the millions are being so plentifully served that the thousands be not neglected.

Indeed, the millions are being too plentifully served. They have long since passed the point of saturation. The number of our magazines being published at a loss in giving the millions what they want is the best proof of this.

Do I mean that our editors do not know their business? Yes, far too many of them. Far too many of our editors are either lame imitators of Henry James, or terribly capable fabricators of pep-punch-and-push advertising copy, either disappointed novelists or successful advertising men. In either case they are incapable of appreciating American intellectual life without prejudice.

Think of it: there is not a single magazine in this country

making any consistent effort to reach the thousands who read the translations! Our editors do not even know that America is not one but many. They are not even aware that America today is the one country without a literary tradition.

Let no one think that my being an interested person detracts from the validity of my arguments. It does not. Nothing is ever true or false, nothing has any existence at all, except to interested persons. The *Ding am sich* is without a reputable defender this side of the grave.

## CAPRICCIOS

Alfred Kremborg

Middle Age

She,  
like an old-time street organ  
which has lost its half tones,  
or never had any,  
is frantically running the diatonic—  
whether to find those tones  
or save the loss of these she has  
is not for me to know.

The one for whom she plays  
is an accordion  
whose one everlasting tonality  
lies in a foreign key.

Berg, Borg and Burg

Berg, Borg and Burg—  
Berg, Borg and Burg—  
good Lord, who are they?—  
Germans, Dutch, Swedes?  
*Americans!*

What's this land of ours come to?  
Where's it going next?  
To Japs, Chinese, Hindoos?  
*Americans!*  
What are they?—  
keepers of shops,  
shops on Avenue A,  
delicatessen, grocery, saloon,  
bakery, pawn—are they street vendors?  
*Nay!*  
Detectives, spies, bomb throwers, radicals,  
thieves, gang leaders, second-story men—  
*Nay!*  
Berg, Borg, and Burg—  
partners, eh?  
*Partners!*  
Partners in misdemeanor?  
*And worse!*  
Ah—I'll catch them—  
what's their misdoing,  
they're a corporation,  
they wear gold chains,  
they're Wall Streeters,  
they rob the needy,  
they're in the top of the Singer Tower?  
*Berg lives in Boston,*  
*Borg in New York,*  
*Burg in Chicago.*  
And they're partners?  
*Pals!*  
Cronies?  
*And worse!*  
Lord, what do they do?  
*They perpetrate—*  
Perpetrate?  
*Propogate?*  
Propagate  
*Verse!*  
Berg, Borg and Burg?

*Nay!*

Not Berg, Borg and Burg?

*Nay!*

Who then, who then?

*Arensberg, Kreymborg, Sandburg!*

Oh!!

### 32° Fahrenheit

To the really humble  
progenitor of Doctor Jurisprudence,  
or even the mere chaste student  
of his miraculous common denominator,  
a glimpse of the  
domestic discipline imposed  
with such benign artistry  
by her ladyship,  
the Unapproachable Irreproachable,  
will afford proof  
without cost of emotion  
of the favorite aphorism,  
that the perfecting of the microcosm  
is a closer adumbration of the  
Medico's sacred behest as to ethical procedure  
than the quixotic out-of-doors  
pursuit of the macrocosm;  
an added glimpse of the  
breakfast repast demeanor  
of his lordship,  
the Subdued Abducted,  
with a particular notation  
of how his once hot glances  
have become icicles of buttermilk,  
should crystallize wisdom,  
or chastity, as it happens,  
and therewith leave the heart frozen  
against further palpitation.

## POEMS

Max Michelson

## A W o m a n T r a m p

Life had thrown her food.  
 On her rounded cheeks  
 Ghosts of memories are playing restrainedly.

As she slowly munches her bread on the doorstep  
 Her round eyes  
 Under her gently-beetling forehead, become wet  
 And protude like an overfull inkstand,  
 Her soul wanders off somewhere, browsing . . . .

## D a n s L ' E a u

The gleaming water wriggles and undulates  
 About your gleaming undulating body,  
 About your shining nails and dully-glowing hair  
 And about your eyes, the lamp-flames  
 Of your body  
                   but not of any soul .

The water is  
                   your gleaming undulating body ,  
 Your body is ,  
                   Your shining nails and dully-glowing hair ,  
 Your nails and your hair are your eyes , the lamp-flames  
 Of your body  
                   but not of any soul .

The water is your nails and your hair ,  
 The water is your eyes , the lamp-flames  
 Of your body  
                   but not of any soul .

## ULYSSES

James Joyce

## Episode IV

MR. LEOPOLD BLOOM ate with relish the inner organs of beasts and fowls. He liked thick giblet soup, nutty gizzards, a stuffed roast heart, liver-slices fried with crust-crumbs, fried cods' roes. Most of all he liked grilled mutton kidneys which gave to his palate a fine tang of faintly scented urine.

Kidneys were in his mind as he moved about the kitchen softly, righting her breakfast things on the humpy tray. Gelid light and air were in the kitchen but out of doors gentle summer morning everywhere. Made him feel a bit peckish.

The coals were reddening.

Another slice of bread and butter: three, four: right. She didn't like her plate full. Right. He turned from the tray, lifted the kettle off the hob and set it sideways on the fire. It sat there, dull and squat, its spout stuck out.

The cat walked stiffly round a leg of the table with tail on high. Mkgnao!

—O, there you are, Mr. Bloom said, turning from the fire.

The cat mewed in answer and stalked again stiffly round a leg of the table, mewing.

Mr. Bloom watched curiously, kindly the lithe black form. Clean to see: the gloss of her sleek hide, the white button under the butt of her tail, the green flashing eyes. He bent down to her, his hands on his knees.

—Milk for the pussens, he said.

—Mrkgnao! the cat cried.

They call them stupid. They understand what we say better than we understand them. She understands all she wants to.

—Afraid of the chickens she is, he said mockingly. Afraid of the chookchooks. I never saw such a stupid pussens as the pussens.

—Mrkgnao! The cat said loudly.

She blinked up out of her avid eyes, mewing plaintively

and long, showing him her milkwhite teeth. He watched the dark eyeslits narrowing with greed till her eyes were green stones. Then he went to the dresser, poured milk on a saucer and set it for her slowly on the floor.

—Gurrhr! she cried, running to lap.

He watched the bristles shining wirily in the weak light. Wonder is it true if you clip them they can't mouse after. Why? They shine in the dark perhaps, the tips. Or kind of feelers in the dark, perhaps.

He listened to her licking lap. Thursday: good day for a mutton kidney at Buckley's. Fried with butter, a shake of pepper. Or better a pork kidney at Dlugacz's. While the kettle is boiling. She lapped slower, then licking the saucer clean. Why are their tongues so rough? To lap better, all porous holes. Nothing she can eat? He glanced round him. No.

He went up the staircase to the hall, paused by the bedroom door. She might like something tasty. Thin bread and butter she likes in the morning. Still perhaps: once in a way.

He said softly in the bare hall:

—I am going round the corner. Be back in a minute.

And when he had heard his voice say it he added:

—You don't want anything for breakfast?

A sleepy soft grunt answered:

—Mn.

No. She did not want anything. He heard then a warm heavy sigh, softer, as she turned over and the loose brass quoits of the bedstead jingled. Must get those settled really. Pity. All the way from Gibralt. Wonder what her father gave for it. Old style. Ah yes, of course. Bought it at the governor's auction. Got a short knock. Hard as nails at a bargain, old Tweedy. Yes, sir. At Plevna that was. I rose from the ranks, sir, and I'm proud of it. Still he had brains enough to make that corner in stamps. Now that was farseeing.

His hand took his hat from the peg. Stamps: stickyback pictures. Daresay lots of officers are in the swim too. Course they do. The sweated legend in the crown of his hat told him mutely: Plasto's high grade ha. He peered quickly inside the leather headband. White slip of paper. Quite safe.

On the doorstep he felt in his hip pocket for the latchkey.

Not there. In the trousers I left off. Creaky wardrobe. No use disturbing her. She turned over sleepily that time. He pulled the halldoor to after him very quietly, more, till the foot-leaf dropped gently over the threshold, a limp lid. Looked shut. All right till I come back anyhow.

He crossed to the bright side. The sun was nearing the steeple of George's church. Be a warm day I fancy. Specially in these black clothes feel it more. Black conducts, reflects, (refracts is it?) the heat. His eyelids sank quietly often as he walked in happy warmth. Makes you feel young. Somewhere in the east: early morning: set off at dawn. Walk along a strand, strange land, come to a city gate, sentry there, old ranker too, old Tweedy's big moustaches, leaning on a long kind of spear. Wander through awned streets. Turbaned faces going by. Dark caves of carpet shops, big man, Turk, seated crosslegged smoking a coiled pipe. Cries of sellers in the streets. Drink water scented with fennel, sherbet. Wander along all day. Getting on to sundown. The shadows of the mosques among the pillars: priest with a scroll rolled up. A shiver of the trees, signal, the evening wind. I pass on. Fading gold sky. A mother watches me from her doorway. She calls her children home in their dark language. High wall: beyond strings twanged. Night sky, moon, violet, colour of Molly's new garters. Strings. Listen. A girl playing one of those instruments what do you call them: dulcimers. I pass.

Probably not a bit like it really. Kind of stuff you read: in the track of the sun. Sunburst on the titlepage. He smiled, pleasing himself. What Arthur Griffith said about the head-piece over the *Freeman* leader: a homerule sun rising up in the northwest from the laneway behind the bank of Ireland. He prolonged his pleased smile. Ikey touch that: homerule sun rising up in the northwest.

He approached Larry O'Rourke's. From the cellar grating floated up the flabby gush of porter. Through the open doorway the bar squirted out whiffs of ginger, teadust, biscuitmush. Good house however: just the end of the city traffic. For instance M'Auley's down there.: n. g. as position. Of course if they ran a tramline along the North Circular from the cattle market to the quays value would go up like a shot.

Baldhead over the blind. Cute old dodger. No use can-

vassing him for an order ad. Still he knew his own business best. There he is, sure enough, my bold arry, leaning against the sugarbin in his shirtsleeves watching the aproned curate swab up with mop and bucket. Simon Dedalus takes him off to a tea, with his eyes screwed up. Do you know what I'm going to tell you? What's that, Mr. O'Rourke? Do you know what: the Russians, they are only an eight o'clock breakfast for the Japanese.

Stop and say a word: about the funeral perhaps. Sad thing about poor Dignam, Mr. O'Rourke.

Turning into Dorset street he said freshly in greeting through the doorway:

—Good day, Mr. O'Rourke.

—Good day to you.

—Lovely weather, sir.

—'Tis all that.

Where do they get the money? Coming up redheaded curates from the country eitrim, rinsing empties in the cellar. Then, lo and behold, they blossom out as publicans. Save it they can't. Off the drunks perhaps. What is that. A bob here and there, dribs and drabs. On the wholesale orders perhaps. Doing a double shuffle with the town travellers. Square it with the boss and we'll split the job, see?

How much would that tot to off the porter in the month? Say ten barrels of stuff. Say he got ten per cent off. Or more. Fifteen.

He halted before Dlugacz's window, staring at the hanks of sausages, polonies, black and white. Fifteen multiplied by. The figures whitened in his mind unsolved: displeased, he let them fade. The shiny link packed with forcemeat, fed his gaze and he breathed in tranquilly the lukewarm breath of cooked spicy pig's blood.

A kidney oozed bloodgouts on the willow-patterned dish: the last. He stood near the nextdoor girl at the counter. Would she buy it too, calling the items from a slip in her hand? Chapped: washing soda. And a pound and a half of sausages. His eyes rested on her vigorous hips. Strong pair of arms. Whacking a carpet on the clothesline. She does whack it, by George. The way her crooked skirt swings at each whack.

The ferretyed porkbutcher folded the sausage he had snipped off with blotchy fingers, sausagepink.

Sound meat there: like a stallfed heifer. He took a page up from the pile of cut sheets: the model farm at Kinnereth on the lakeshore of Tiberias. I thought he was. Farmhouse, wall round it, blurred cattle cropping. He held the page from him: interesting: read it nearer, the title, the blurred cropping cattle, the page rustling. A young white heifer. Those mornings in the cattle market, the beasts lowing in their pens, flop and fall of dung, the bdeeders in hobnailed boots trudging through the litter, slapping a palm on a meaty hindquarter, there's a prime one, unpeeled switches in their hands. He held the page aslant patiently, bending his senses and his will, his soft subject gaze at rest. The crooked skirt swinging whack by whack by whack.

The porkbutcher snapped two sheets from the pile, wrapped up her sausages and made a red grimace.

—Now, my miss, he said.

She tendered a coin, smiling boldly, holding her thick wrist out.

—Thank you my miss. And one shilling threepence change. For you, please?

Mr. Bloom pointed quickly. To catch up and walk behind her if she went slowly, behind her moving hams. Hurry up, damn it. She stood outside the shop in sunlight and turned lazily to the right. He sighed down his nose: they never understand. Soda chapped hands. Crusted toenails too. Brown scapulars in tatters, defending her both ways. The sting of disregard glowed to weak pleasure within his breast. For another: a constable off duty cuddled her in Eccles' Lane.

—Threepence, please.

His hand accepted the moist tender gland and slid it into a sidepocket. Then it fetched up three coins from his trousers' pocket and laid them on the rubber prickles. They lay, were read quickly and quickly slid, disc by disc, into the till.

—Thank you, sir. Another time.

A speck of eager fire from foxeyes thanked him. He withdrew his gaze after an instant. No: better not: another time.

—Good morning, he said, moving away.

—Good morning, sir.

No sign. Gone. What matter?

He walked back along Dorset street, reading gravely. Agen-dath Netaim: planters' company. You pay eighty marks, and they

plant a dunam of land for you with olives, oranges, almonds or citrons. Olives cheaper: oranges need artificial irrigation. Every year you get a sending of the crop. Your name entered for life as owned in the book of the union. Can pay ten down and the balance in yearly instalments. Bleibtreustrasse 34 Berlin, W. 15.

Nothing doing. Still an idea behind it.

He looked at the cattle, blurred in silver heat. Silvered powdered olivetrees. Quiet long days: pruning, ripening. Olives are packed in jars, eh? I have a few left from Andrews. Molly spitting them out. Knows the taste of them now. Oranges in tissue paper packed in crates. Citrons too. Wonder is poor Citrin still alive in saint Kevin's parade. And Mastiansky with the old cither. pleasant evenings we had then. Molly in Citrin's basketchair. Nice to hold, cool waxen fruit, hold in the hand, lift it to the nostrils and smell the perfume. Like that heavy sweet, wild perfume. Always the same, year after year. They fetched high prices too, Moisel told me. Arbutus place: Pleasants street: pleasant old times. Must be without a flaw, he said. Coming all that way: Spain, Gibraltar, Mediterranean, the Levant. Crates lined up on the quayside at Jaffa, chap ticking them off in a book, navvies handling them in soiled dungarees.

A cloud began to cover the sun slowly, wholly. Grey. Far.

No, not like that. A barren land, bare waste. Vulcanic lake, the dead sea: no fish, weedless, sunk deep in the earth. No wind could lift those waves, grey metal, poisonous foggy waters. Brimstone they called it raining down: the cities of the plain: Sodom, Gommorah, Edom. All dead names. A dead sea in a dead land, grey and old. Old now. It bore the oldest, the first race. A bent hag crossed from Cassidy's, clutching a naggin bottle by the neck. The oldest people. Wandered far away over all the earth, multiplying, dying, being born everything. It lay there now. Now it could bear no more. Dead: an old woman's: the grey sunken belly of the world.

Desolation.

Grey horror seared his flesh. Folding the page into his pocket he turned into Eccles' Street, hurrying homeward. Cold oils slid along his veins, chilling his blood: age crusting him with a salt cloak. Well, I am here now. Blotchy brown brick houses. Number seven still unlet. Why is that? Valuation is only twenty-eight.

Towers, Battersby, North, MacArthur: parlour windows plastered with bills. Plasters on a sore eye. To smell the gentle smoke of tea, fume of the pan, sizzling butter. Be near her ample bedwarmed flesh. Yet, yes.

Quick warm sunlight came running from Berkeley Road, swiftly, in slim sandals, along the brightening footpath. Runs, she runs to meet me, a girl with gold hair on the wind.

Two letters and a card lay on the hall floor. He stooped and gathered them. Mrs. Marion Bloom. His quickened heart slowed at once. Bold hand, Mrs. Marion . . .

—Poldy!

Entering the bedroom he halfclosed his eyes and walked through warm yellow twilight towards her tousled head.

—Who are the letters for?

He looked at them. Mullinger, Milly.

—A letter for me from Milly, he said carefully, and a crad to you. And a letter for you.

He laid her card and letter on the twill bedspread near the curve of her knees.

—Do you want the blind up?

Letting the blind up by gentle tugs halfway his backward eye saw her glance at the letter and tuck it under her pillow.

—That do? he asked, turning.

She was reading the card, propped on her elbow.

—She got the things, she said.

He waited till she had laid the card aside and curled herself back slowly with a snug sigh.

—Hurry up with that tea, she said. I'm parched.

—The kettle is boiling, he said.

But he delayed to clear the chair: her striped petticoat, tossed soiled linen: and lifted all in an armful on to the foot of the bed.

As he went down the kitchen stairs she called:

—Poldy!

—What?

—Scald the teapot.

Boiling sure enough: a plume of steam from the spout. He scalded and rinsed out the teapot and put in four full spoons of tea, tilting the kettle then to let water flow in. Having set it to draw he took off the kettle, crushed the pan flat on the live coals and

watched the lump of butter slide and melt. While he unwrapped the kidney the cat mewed hungrily against him. He let the blood-smearred paper fall to her and dropped the kidney amid the sizzling butter sauce. Pepper. He sprinkled it through his fingers, ringwise, from the chipped eggcup.

Then he slit open his letter, glancing down the page and over. Thanks: new tam: Mr. Coghlan: lough Owel picnic: young student: Blazes Boylan's seaside girls.

The tea was drawn. He filled his own moustache cup, sham crown Derby, smiling. Silly Milly's birthday gift. Only nine she was then. No, wait: eight. I gave her the necklace she broke. He smiled, pouring.

*O, Milly Bloom, you are my darling.*

*You are my looking glass from night to morning.*

*I'd rather have you without a jarthing*

*Than Katey Keogh with her ass and garden.*

Poor old professor Goodwin. Dreadful old case. Still he was a courteous old chap. Oldfashioned way he used to bow Molly off the platform. And the little mirror in his silk hat. The night Milly brought it into the parlour. O, look what I found in professor Goodwin's hat! All we laughed. Pert little piece she was.

He prodded a fork into the kidney and slapped it over: then fitted the teapot on the tray. Its hump bumped as he took it up. Everything on it? Bread and butter; four; sugar, spoon, her cream. Yes. He carried it upstairs, his thumb hooked in the teapot handle.

Nudging the door open with his knee he carried the tray in and set it on the chair by the bedhead.

—What a time you were? she said.

She set the brasses jingling as she raised herself briskly, an elbow on the pillow. He looked calmly down on her bulk and between her large soft bubs, sloping within her nightdress like a she-goat's udder. The warmth of her couched body rose on the air, mingling with the fragrance of the tea she poured.

A strip of torn envelope peeped from under the dimpled pillow. In the act of going he stayed to straighten the bedspread.

—Who was the letter from? he asked.

Bold hand. Marion.

—O, Boylan, she said. He's bringing the programme.

—What are you singing?

—*Là ci darem* with J. C. Doyle, she said, and *Love's Old Sweet Song*.

Her full lips, drinking, smiled. Rather stale smell that incense leaves next day.

—Would you like the window open a little?

She doubled a slice of bread into her mouth, asking:

—What time is the funeral?

—Eleven, I think, he answered. I didn't see the paper.

Following the pointing of her finger he took up a leg of her soiled drawers from the bed. No. Then, a twisted grey garter looped round a stocking: rumpled, shiny sole.

—No: that book.

Other stocking. Her petticoat.

—It must have fell down, she said.

He felt here and there. *Voglio e non vorrei*. Wonder if she pronounces that right: *voglio*. Not in bed. Must have slid down. He stooped and lifted the valance. The book, fallen, sprawled against the bulge of the orangekeyed chamberpot.

—Show here, she said. I put a mark in it. There's a word I wanted to ask you.

She swallowed a draught of tea and, having wiped her fingertips smartly on the blanket, began to search the text with the hairpin till she reached the word.

—Met him what? he asked.

—Here, she said. What does that mean?

He leaned downward and read near her polished thumbnail.

—Metempsychosis?

—Yes. What's that?

—Metempsychosis, he said, frowning. It's Greek: from the Greek. That means the transmigration of souls.

—O, rocks! she said. Tell us in plain words.

He smiled, glancing askance at her mocking eyes. The same young eyes. The first night after the charade at Dolphin's Barn. He turned over the smudged pages. *Ruby*: a tale of circus life. That we live after death. Our souls. That a man's soul after he dies, Dignam's soul . . .

—Did you finish it? he asked.

—Yes, she said. There's nothing smutty in it. Is she in love

with the first fellow all the time?

—Never read it. Do you want another?

—Yes. Get another of Paul de Kock's. Nice name he has.

She poured more tea into her cup, watching it flow sideways.

Reincarnation: that's the word.

—Some people believe, he said, that we go on living in another body after death, that we lived before. They call it reincarnation. That we all lived before on the earth thousands of years ago or some other planet. They say we have forgotten it. Some say they remember their past lives.

The sluggish cream wound curdling spirals through her tea. Better remind her of the word: metempsychosis. An example would be better. An example?

*The Bath of the Nymph* over the bed. Given away with the easter number of *Photo Bits*: splendid masterpiece in art colours. Tea before you put milk in. Not unlike her with her hair down: slimmer. Three and six I gave for the frame. She said it would look nice over the bed. Naked nymphs: Greece: and for instance all the people that lived then.

He turned the pages back.

—Metempsychosis, he said, is what the ancient Greeks called it. They used to believe you could be changed into an animal or a tree, for instance. What they called nymphs for example.

Her spoon ceased to stir up the sugar. She gazed straight before her, inhaling through her arched nostrils.

—There's a smell of burn, she said. Did you leave anything on the fire?

—The kidney? he cried suddenly.

He fitted the book roughly into his inner pocket and hurried out towards the smell, stepping hastily down the stairs with a flurried stork's legs. Pungent smoke shot up in an angry jet from a side of the pan. By prodding a prong of the fork under the kidney he detached it and turned it over on its back. Only a little burned. He tossed it off the pan on to a plate and let the scanty brown gravy trickle over it.

Cup of tea now. He sat down, cut and buttered a slice of the loaf. He shore away the burnt flesh and flung it to the cat. Then he put a forkful into his mouth, chewing with discernment the toothsome pliant meat. Done to a turn. A mouthful of tea. Then he

cut many dies of bread, sopped one in the gravy and put it in his mouth. What was that about some young student and a picnic? He creased out the letter at his side, reading it slowly as he chewed, sopping another die of bread in the gravy and raising it to his mouth.

Dearest Papli :

Thanks ever so much for the lovely birthday present. It suits me splendid. Everyone says I'm quite the belle in my new tam. I got mummy's lovely box of cerams and am writing. They are lovely. I am getting on swimming in the photo business now. Mr. Coghlan took one of me and Mrs. will send when developed. We did great biz yesterday. Fair day and all the beef to the heels were in. We are going to lough Owel on Monday with a few friends to make a scrap picnic. Give my love to mummy and to yourself a big kiss and thanks. I hear them at the piano downstairs. There is to be concert in the Greville Armson Saturady. There is a young student comes here some evenings named Bannon his cousins or something are swells; he sings Boylan's (I was on the pop of writing Blazes Boylan's) song about those seaside girls. Tell him silly Milly sends my best respects. Byby again and lots of love.

Your fond daughter  
Milly

P. S. Excuse bad writing, am in hurry.

Fifteen yesterday. Curious, fifteenth of the month too. Her first birthday away from home. Separation. Remember the morning she was born, running to knock up Mrs. Thornton in Denzille street. Jolly old woman. Lots of babies she must have-helped into the world. She knew from the first poor little Rudy wouldn't live. Well, God is good, sir. She knew at once. He would be eleven now if he had lived.

His vacant face stared pitying at the postscript. Excuse bad writing. Hurry. Piano downstairs. He sopped other dies of bread in the gravy and ate piece after piece of kidney. Twelve and six a week. Not much. Still, she might do worse. Musichall stage. Young student. He drank a draught of cold tea to wash down his meal. Then he read the letter again: twice.

O well: she knows how to mind herself. But if not? No, nothing had happened. Of course it might. Wait in any case till it did. A wild piece of goods. Her slim legs running up the staircase. Destiny. Ripening now. Vain: very.

He smiled with troubled affection at the kitchen window. Day I caught her in the street pinching her cheeks to make them red. On the *Erin's King* that day round the Kish. Damned old tub pitching about. Not a bit funky. Her pale blue scarf loose in the wind with her hair.

*All dimpled cheeks and curls,  
Your head it simply swirls.*

Seaside girls. Torn envelope. Hands stuck in his trousers' pockets, singing. Swirls, he says. Pier with lamps, summer evening, band.

*Those girls, those girls,  
Those lovely seaside girls.*

Milly too. Young kisses: the first. Far away now past. Mrs. Marion. Reading lying back now, counting the strands of her hair.

A soft qualm, regret, flowed down his backbone, increasing. Will happen, yes. Prevent. Useless: can't move. Girl's sweet light lips. Will happen too. He felt the flowing qualm spread over him. Useless to move now. Lips kissed, kissing, kissed. Full gluey woman's lips.

Better where she is down there: away. Might take a trip down there. August bank holiday, only five and six return. Six weeks off however. Might work a press pass. Or through M'Coy.

The cat, having cleaned all her fur, returned to the meatstained paper, nosed at it and stalked to the door. She looked back at him, mewing. Wants to go out. Let her wait.

He felt heavy, full: then a gentle loosening. He stood up. The cat mewed to him.

—Miaow! he said in answer. Wait till I'm ready.

Heaviness: hot day coming. Too much trouble to fag up the stairs to the landing.

In the table drawer he found an old number of *Titbits*. He folded it under his armpit, went to the door and opened it. The cat went up in soft bounds. Ah, wanted to go upstairs, curl up in

a ball on the bed.

Listening, he heard her voice:

—Come, come, pussy. Come.

He went out into the garden: stood to listen towards the next garden. No sound. Perhaps hanging clothes out to dry. Fine morning.

He bent down to regard a lean file of spearmint growing by the wall. Want to manure the whole place over, scabby soil. A coat of liver of sulphur. All soil like that without dung. Loam, what is this that is? The hens in the next garden; their droppings are very good I heard. Best of all though are the cattle, specially when they are fed on those oilcakes. Mulch of dung. Reclaim the whole place. Grow peas in that corner there. Lettuce. Always have fresh greens then.

He walked on. Where is my hat, by the way? Must have put it back on the peg. Funny I don't remember that. Picking up the letters. Drago's shoppbell ringing. Queer I was just thinking that moment. Black brillantined hair over his collar. Just had a wash and brush up. Wonder have I time for a bath this morning.

Deep voice that fellow Dlugacz has. Agendath what is it? Now, my miss. **Enthusiast.**

Something new and easy. Our prize titbit. *Matcham's Masterstroke*. Written by Mr. Philip Beaufoy, Playergoers' Club, London. Payment at the rate of one guinea a column has been made to the writer. Three and a half. Three pounds three. Three pounds, thirteen and six.

Life might be so. It did not move or touch him but it was something quick and neat. He read on. Neat certainly. Matcham often thinks of the masterstroke by which he won the laughing witch who now. Hand in hand. Smart. He glanced back through what he had read and envied kindly Mr. Beaufoy who had written it and received payment of three pounds, thirteen and six.

Might manage a sketch. . . Time I used to try jotting down on my cuff what she said dressing. Biting her nether lip hooking the placket of her skirt. Timing her. 9.15. Did Roberts pay you yet? 9.20. What had Gretta Conroy on? 9.23. What possessed me to buy this comb? 9.24. I'm swelled after that cabbage. A speck of dust on the patent leather of her boot.

Rubbing smartly in turn each welt against her stockinged calf. Morning after the bazaar dance when May's band played Ponchielli's dance of the hours. Explain that: morning hours, noon, then evening coming on, then night hours. Washing her teeth. That was the first night. Is that Boylan well off? He has money. Why? I noticed he had a good rich smell off his breath dancing. No use humming then. Allude to it. Strange kind of music that last night. The mirror was in shadow. She rubbed her handglass briskly on her woolen vest against her full wagging bub. Peering into. Lines in her eyes. It wouldn't pan out somehow.

Evening hours, girls in grey gauze. Night hours then, black with daggers and eyemasks. Poetical idea; pink, then golden, then grey, then black. Still, true to life also. Day: then the night.

In the bright light he eyed carefully his black trousers: the ends, the knees, the houghs of the knees. What time is the funeral? Better find out in the paper.

A creak and a dark whirr in the air high up. The bells of George's church. They tolled the hour: loud dark iron.

*Heigho! Heigho!*  
*Heigho! Heigho!*  
*Heigho! Heigho!*

Quarter to. There again: the overtone following through the air. A third.  
 Poor Dignam!

*(to be continued)*

## THE READER CRITIC

### The Hoax of the "Spectrics"

"Upon the poetic horizon a year ago suddenly appeared a new band of versifiers. Critics and poets went wild over the Spectrics, who first made public their work in a book called *Spectra*, which purported to contain the works of the three founders, Anne Knish, an Hungarian girl; Elijah Hay, a 'briefless barrister'; and Emmanuel Morgan, an American painter, . . . . It is announced that 'Anne Knish' is Arthur Davison Ficke, 'Elijah Hay' Marjorie Allen Seifert, and 'Emanuel Morgan' Witter Bynner." (*Detroit News*.)

[Early last June the Spectrics sent in a fat bunch of poems to the *Little Review*—(unsolicited). One poem, Opus 96, by E. Morgan, appeared in our July number. The others were returned with an Andersonian note. Poor M. C. A. was so taken by storm that she "published with eclat" in the same issue an ecstatic eulogy of the "new school":

Banish  
Anne Knish  
Set the dog on  
Emanuel Morgan.

And to show how such "artist-editors" as Ezra Pound were completely astounded by the new "virile" school, we quote from a letter written August 10, 1917:

"Morgan's 'spectric' business is a little late. People intending to be 'schools' should have 'done it first'.

"Or rather they should base their school on something having to do with their art, not on a vague aesthetic theory. His manifesto advances no proposition affecting his own medium, i. e., words, rhythm, etc., only some twaddle about ultra-violets. Jejune. There is no difference between his free verse and any other free verse.

"After all Imagisme had three definite propositions about *writing*, and also a few 'don'ts'. And it differed from the neo-celtic-twilightists, etc., who preceded it. Morgan is only another Imagist imitator with a different preface from Amy's."

I confess to a deep ignorance of the nature of the hoax. If a man changes his name and writes better stuff, why does that make the public so ridiculous? Why not stick to the name and pray for more power to it?

There is a certain occult society that can deduce your psychic name from your horoscope: all you have to do then is to discard your Christian name and the world is yours! I can't do much for names, myself: a frog by any other name can hop as far and no farther.—*jh.*]

## What Joyce Is Up Against

*S. S. B., Chicago:*

Really now: Joyce! what does he think he is doing? What do you think he is doing? I swear I've read his "Ulysses" and haven't found out yet what it's about, who is who or where. Each month he's worse than the last. I consider myself fairly intelligent. I have read more than most. There are some few things I expect of a writer. One of them is coherence. Joyce will have to change his style if he wants to get on. Very few have the time or patience to struggle with his impressionistic stuff—to get nothing out of it even then.

[You consider yourself an intelligent, "well-read" person. Did it ever occur to you to read anything on the nature of writers? If it should you might help to remove from the mind of the reading public—Whitman's great audience—some of the superstition of its importance to the writer; some of its superstition of being able to put any compulsion upon an artist. All compulsion exists within the artist. It would take too long to discuss this fully here. The only concern of the artist is to try in one short lifetime to meet these inner compulsions. He has no concern with audiences and their demands.—*jh.*]

## Missed Opportunities

*X. Y. Z., New York:*

I haven't seen the *Little Review* lately but am of course hopeful, always. Somehow you folks had the opportunity missed by *Poetry*, the *New Republic*, the *Dial* (new edition), the *Seven Arts*, et al., but you missed it by laying too much stress on the foreign trademark. Your English or rather, British, crowd are good stuff, but they don't span the universe. The *Little Review* could stand a little catholicism.

[This is a very typical letter. It comes from all kinds of people,—from men like the writer who is anxious about American art, and from the plain man cherishing his vices of provincialism. On the other hand there have been enough people of education and vigour of mind to back our

faith in an aim to establish some sort of intellectual communication between America, England and France.

We have had no dream as yet of spanning the universe. Our interest and intent the past year has been to span the Atlantic, to end America's intellectual isolation. We published the *Little Review* for three years, giving almost all our space to more or less interesting experiments by American writers and to some achievements. Our books show the same balance of support and criticism as for the present concern.

It is a slow and wearing process, trying to establish a magazine of the arts in America. Others have failed even when heavily endowed. We have tried to do a double task on faith and with spirit. We have given over almost the entire space for one year to our foreign contributors. We think we have established some sort of audience for contemporary British and French work.

Our correspondent says we had the opportunity missed by the *New Republic*, the *Dial*, the *Seven Arts*, et al. We are not aware that these journals have had the opportunity to do what we have done. He says that we have missed some mysterious opportunity by publishing in one year some of the best poems of William Butler Yeats, the best of James Joyce, of Hueffer, of T. S. Eliot, etc.; by introducing many new men: not neglecting America. We have brought out a complete number in French and have given reproduction of modern drawings. With our aim as a premise I can't see what we have missed,—except our meals.—*Jh.*]

## B E N H E C H T

*E. P., London:*

Ben Hecht is an asset. Hard reading and a bit heavy, in the April number, but the man who can write "Philosophy—the profound and perspiring elimination of adjectives from life", "Night, the great adjective of dark," and other sentences in his stuff, has the root of the matter in him. He is trying to come to grips. Also, when he gets out of his head the idea that he must suit the *Smart Set* public, and recalls the fact that *Mau-passant* does not exaggerate, he can write *contes*.

## J A M E S J O Y C E

*R. McM., Los Angeles:*

You are a firm believer in cerise abnormal art, I take it. Has art then no elasticity, no tolerance, no humor, If Joyce is an artist put him beside

Turgenev, Chekhov, Goethe . . . Even in decadency—anaemic, palely diseased,—how do you stack up beside even poor Oscar Wilde, Beaudelaire, possibly Swinburne? They had intellect added to their art ears. I'd like to hear convincing justification of Joyce other than mere statement that "his work is art". I should be reluctant to say "this is art" of anything until time has proved its staying power. The human mind and perception is so finite and insular, why be so sure you and your group, small, select, and exotically interesting, are absolutely correct? We have with us in the world other than Joyce, Lewis, etc. Rolland (*Jean Christophe*), Barbusse (*Under Fire* — much overrated, by the way), Nexo and many who have virility, intellect, philosophy and art,—not sexually perverted. The prostitute who paints an already beautiful body may have added unnatural charm, but why call it art? Justify some of Joyce's obscene commonplaces taken from life neither for power nor beauty nor for any reason but to arrest attention, cheap Bowery vileness.

[Yes, I am a believer in "cerise abnormal art." Why all this effort to bring shame upon cerise? Colour is a vital necessity in the organization of the universe, as vital and necessary as form. The artist has recognized and used both as means of expression.

They are difficult words—normal and abnormal; they may be used with many turns. I believe in abnormal art because Art is abnormal: at least up to the present it hasn't been a normal occupation of normal men. All activities that are not art activities might as easily seem sub-normal to the artist. Where do we get?

If only some of your reluctance to call a thing art might stay with you in discussing artists, how becoming . . . If you were reluctant to call Wilde, Beaudelaire and Swinburne so many "cerise" adjectives . . .

You seem to want some justification of our position in classifying work as Art before time has proved its staying powers. We do not belong to that part of humanity whose life in its first half is directed by its parents and grandparents, and in its second half by its children and grandchildren. If an engineer builds a bridge across a river a group of other skilled engineers would probably be able to tell whether it were a bridge or merely a decoration in the air, without leaving the matter to time and chance. Crudely, it is something like this with Art. Time has made some asinine mistakes: in the galleries of Europe, time, represented by town councils, has collected some wierd specimens—on a more or less "tag-you're-it" basis.

It is impossible for Joyce to be obscene. He is too concentrated on his work. He is too religious about life. You perhaps think yourself pure-minded: everything should then be pure to you. If you are not you can not put what

you are not upon Joyce. The other day a young woman said to me: "Tell me about this 'to the pure all is pure'. I suspect them both". I suspect all who find either purity or obscenity in Art.

How could any one begin to discuss Joyce except with a person who has an intense grip on modern thought? The earth slimes with a slightly-informed protoplasm called humanity: informed with a few instincts. Some few have become aware of cerebral irradiations. Fewer attain active cerebration. The artist has always known that outside or beyond or beneath or before both these lie irradiations, psychic or x or n-th, and has tried to describe and record them. Joyce has perfected a technique which eliminates description. He conceives and records.—*Jh.*

## The Emolument

"Poetry" said the American female, "consists of beautiful sentiments expressed in a lofty and flowery language." For this revelation of perspicacity she received the sum of fifty dollars from a committee containing Ed. Markhäm, G. E. Woodbury, Flo. Wilkinson, Ridgley Torrence, Edith W. Matthison, and Robt. Frost. They had been convinced of this all along.

*(Mais, Robert, qu'est ce que tu fais dans cette galère?)*

## A Refreshing Reaction

*L. N. J., California:*

Congratulations on the getting out of a mighty fascinating magazine. Some of the things therein I simply can't take—like castor oil; but that's my own fault, and maybe my loss. Anyhow I am enjoying Ford Hueffer's series very much indeed; and I thought Ben Hecht's "Fragments" more than lovely. Keep battering at the conservatives; we need such counter balances as the *Little Review*.

## Tragedy

O that I might have  
Married you! I like the way  
You say "Good morning."

*Ernest Hunt.*

## Love—Chemical Relationship

UN ENFANT FRANCAIS: MARCEL (A FUTURIST)  
 EIN DEUTSCHES KIND: ELSE (A FUTURE FUTURIST)  
 POPLARS—SUN—A CLAIHIGHWAY.

The poplars whispered THINE DREAMS Marcel!  
 They laughed—they turned themselves—they turned themselves  
 TO turn themselves—they giggled—they blabbered like thine-self—they smiled!  
 they smiled WITH the sun—OVER the sun—  
 BECAUSE OF the sun—with the same french lighthearted sensual playful  
 MORBID smile like thineself—Marcel!

Poplars thou lovedst and straight highways with the smell of poplars which is  
 like leather as fine—like morocco leather in thine nostrils—And thine nostrils  
 are of glass!

Thou seest the smell uprise to the brain!

Sensual thine eyes became—slanting—closed themselves!

Thine smile turned pain—died—  
 Then thou diedst!

Thereafter thou becamest like glass.

The poplars and the sun turned glass—they did not torture thee any more!

Everything now is glass—motionless!

THAT WAS IT THOU DISCOVERDST—AND WHICH IS GIVEN TO THEE  
 AFTER THINE DEATH—MARCEL!

Yet BEFORE thou lovedst the straight yellow highways—the whirring poplars  
 —the fat color of clay—and thou lovedst it beyond measure!

THEREFORE THOU HADST TO KILL THINESLF—IT KILLED THEE!

Thou now livest motionless in a mirror!

Everything is a mirage in thee—thine world is glass—glassy!  
 Glassy are thine ears—thine hands—thine feet and thine face.  
 Of glass are the poplars and the sun.

Unity—Einklang—harmony—Zweifellosigkeit!  
Thou art reurrected—hast won—lived—art dead!  
BUT I LOVE THEE LIKE BEFORE. BECAUSE I AM FAT YELLOW  
CLAY!  
THEREFORE I LOVE THAT VERY THIN GLASS WITH ITS COLOR-  
CHANGE; BLUE—YELLOW—PURPLE PINK.  
SO long must I love it until I myself will become glass and everything around  
me glassy.  
Then art thou I! I do not need thee any more—!  
So BEAUTIFUL will I be like thou thineself art,  
Thou standest beside me—and art NOTHING beside me!  
Yet today I still must love mine LOVE—!  
I must bleed—weep—laugh—ere I turn to glass and the world around me glassy!  
*Else, Baroness von Freytag-Loringhoven*

## S i x t e e n

The pellucid gilded lake  
where, into a lap of golden blood  
the pavonin feathers of fishes droop,  
lies over the maroon, sybaritic horizon.

There were ultra-neons blowing across dirty gardens,  
like nectar drifting over papyrus:  
parallelisms of papier-mache monolithics.  
And all around arose the ovoviviparous neophytes  
with monomania:  
the monogenesis, monsignore.

The gaunt stoutness of a spectral macrocosm  
diffuses symbolic ignorance upon the corollating genesis:  
smothering the proem of hot ova  
with an excess of rainbows.  
The boy constructed beotian apologues  
to dilute a sincere aphrodisiac.  
Youths of sixteen are mollusks.

*R. Reiss.*

## A Monolingual Fan

*E. Hamilton, Chicago:*

I have been an enthusiastic reader of the *Little Review* for two years or more. Although observing its gradual retrogradation I have been expectant, hoping that it would come back to its old high standards. But alas! I have given up. The audacity of publishing Pound's study of French poets, in French, is ridiculous beside being inconsiderate of non-French-speaking readers.

Mary Garden and Art seem to have become a fetish with you. Art! Art! Art! Why all the babbling about Art? Give us more Art and less talk about it!

The perfection of art is to conceal art. It seems a pity that such a splendid periodical should be allowed to so deteriorate!

## Literary Circle

*Elizabeth Longfellow Siddons, Cassville, New York:*

I have wanted for a long time to congratulate you on the great work your magazine is doing for the cause of real art in America. As Secretary of the Ocumseh Literary Circle I have been commissioned by the members, upon unanimous vote at the last meeting, to tell you that of all the magazines which have been gone through by our reading circle in the past year the *Little Review* has been deemed the most worthy of praise and commendation for the very high merit of its content and also for the excellent work it is doing.

In our reading circle which meets every week we have discussed the most advanced literary magazines regularly and had papers presented on them by each member. Syracuse now has a large bookstore where we can get the very latest thing in literature when we go to town. The sentiment of the circle has been unanimously throughout that the *Little Review* is unqualifiedly right in saying that America needs a great artistic awakening. Though we are only a small part of this great country, we have felt the dead weight of ignorance of the fine and beautiful things in life and especially the lack of some medium to convey to us some of the deeper things that the great artists and writers of Europe are doing. Probably not one person in three, possibly not one in four, out here knows anything at all of the work of Romain Rolland, undoubtedly one of the greatest writers of this century in

France. And what a long way we have yet to go from him to the greater masters with whom you are beginning to make us acquainted every month in your *Little Review*.

We have had this brought home to us, oh so forcibly, by the brilliant things Mr. Pound has said about the reading public in this country. I cannot tell you, though I would like to, how much we enjoy the things Mr. Pound has so cleverly said about artistic America in the *Little Review*. We are grateful to him and to the *Little Review*.

### About Newsstand Sales

*The Little Review* is not for sale on all the newsstands. Newsdealers are not particularly interested in displaying a magazine which makes no bids for popularity, and our means in distribution to casual readers are therefore somewhat limited.

Many readers have placed standing orders with their newsagents, in order to insure as many copies as they may want every month. This is the next thing to subscribing.

## NOTES

This is called an American number not because its contributors are Americans (most of them are not), but because they are all at present living and working in America. It is offered as a resumé of the current work of a representative group, but to be fully representative it should include also such poets as Robert Frost, Mina Loy, Marianna Moore. Owing to various delays in the post, etc., these may appear in another number.

## I

I am responsible for this issue.

It was made with no compromise to Margaret Anderson and Ezra Pound.

It is not a revolt against our "foreign all-star cast". It is not a "return to our former ways". It is not a jury-free experiment. It is not an effort to find more Art. It is simply a review of work being done in America by writers who are called artists.

We have been attacked since the beginning for our "personal judgments". My belief in personal judgments is unimpaired. I am not discrediting them by presenting an issue free from such judgments. The contributions in this issue are those selected by their writers to represent them. Art is its own freedom. There can always be argument as to whether a work of art is of first or second degree, but none as to whether or not it is Art.

Comments are solicited.—*jh.*

## II

If a man writes me that he encloses a poem which he thinks I will find worth printing, if only as a study in blank verse, because, for various reasons, he has written very good blank verse, etc., etc., I am practically sure that his poem will not be "interesting". By this I mean that it will not have a first interest, as contrasted with what I call the second interest that attaches to all "nice" work, all excellent work, all that is "well-done", etc., etc.

For instance, on page 38 there is a poem with the line "her round eyes become wet and protrude like an overfull inkstand". This is excellent. But the poem does not stand as a thing of first interest. It is this very definite dividing line that serves me with my definition of the artist. It is because I believe intensely in it that Alfred Kremborg thinks I am a bad editor. It is for this reason that I think I am a good one.

I believe the world offers sufficient boredom. I see no reason, while I retain consciousness, to assist in the process of multiplying them.

This is merely to voice my protest against the present number which in several instances, to me, falls to "second interests,"—or below.—*M. C. A.*

## Glossary

jh

From time to time a clamour goes up from our readers: "Tell us something about the men who appear in the Little Review."

This month we have tried to do something about it. Our notes on the front pages however will not answer such questions as these: "I am writing an article on Ezra Pound. If he is an American why does he live in London? Is he nearing middle-age? Has he close-cropped black hair and a keen spare bony face?" "Do you know Amy Lowell? What is she like?" "Does Margaret Anderson look like a suffragette?" "Are Ben Hecht and H. L. Mencken the same person?" . . . Perhaps it is a natural curiosity, when you drink good wine, to wonder what the grapes were like.

I shall attempt a glossary:

*Anderson, Sherwood:* Like some portrait done with a palette knife. Dark hair falling over dark eyes. Mellowness and strength. Wide yellow trench-scarf; tweeds. A laugh dark and rich like earth just turned up by the plow. He is not Margaret Anderson's brother, we are sorry to say.

*Anderson, Margaret:* If suffragettes looked like Margaret Anderson I doubt if there would ever have been suffragettes: or politics.

*Hecht, Ben:* Ben Hecht is Ben Hecht, strange to say, in spite of the efforts of some newspapers to change him into Mr. Mencken. Young, with the curbed vigour of a Blake drawing. Handsome. A pale green face. "... But my great desire is to cut loose. There is no one who can write as I can if I unleash my vocabulary, but alas there will always be things just as important as mere beauty to trip me . . . Don't think of me across Joyce and Lewis. Stevie Crane rather, Gautier, Huysmans, a bit of Louys, De Gourmont, and a peculiar hate that I think is original . . . Don't expect any character drawing. I loathe character drawing. Its so damned wearily simple".

*Lowell, Amy:* "An American Mandarin" some one has called her. Rather more occidental: vast and arrogant: carved arrogance in the nose and drawn in the mouth. In mien and movement the favored of self, the multitude, and of fortune. A Roman emperor exiled in time and place and spirit.

*Pound, Ezra:* Our friend asking about Ezra Pound has more nearly described Carl Sandburg. Ezra: young: St George and the Dragon: aureola of hair.

*Solon, Israel:* Solon would be very much bothered if I should mention his brain power or his ability to "talk". Only one of the Russians should draw him.

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This volume will be unique in the literary history of America.

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## COMPLAINTS

### Your Complaint

Before complaining that your magazine has not arrived please remember the War

Freight congestion  
Government control of railroads

### Our Complaint

If our subscribers would send us notice of changes of address it would help us to keep our youth, and also save further congestion of the mail service.

Do not expect your postoffice to forward your magazine. Any forwarding of second-class matter is a re-mailing and requires postage..

EGMONT H. ARENS, who keeps the Washington Spare Bookshop at Seventeen West Eighth Street, New York, announces that he will send free to anybody his Catalogue of "BOOKS THAT ARE LITERATURE" containing a List of Best Titles in Russian Literature, Poetry, Drama, Psychoanalysis, Sex, Essays and Modern Fiction. Your mail order for any Book obtainable in New York will be filled immediately. Be sure to visit him when you are in town.

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