

113

THE LITTLE REVIEW

September-December, 1920

A MAGAZINE OF THE ARTS

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We have not elected to make the *Little Review* into a bi-monthly or a quarterly, but the hazards and exigencies of running an Art magazine without capital have forced us to bring out combined issues for the past months.

Publication has been further complicated by our arrest on October fourth: Sumner vs. Joyce. Trial, December thirteenth.

Mr. John Quinn has taken the case for Mr. Joyce. We will give a full report of the trial in the *Little Review*.

All subscriptions will be extended to cover twelve numbers.

Beginning with the January number the price of the *Little Review* will be advanced to 40 cents per copy. The subscription price after that date will be increased to \$4.00 a year. Subscribers may renew in advance of the expiration of their subscriptions and obtain the present rate.

REMEMBER

The *Little Review* was the first magazine to reassure Europe as to America, and the first to give America the tang of Europe.

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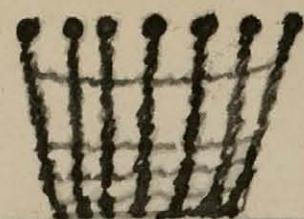
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HAVE
JOYFUL
WIVES
OF
MORNING
AND

THE LITTLE REVIEW

Art and the Law

by jb

THE heavy farce and sad futility of trying a creative work in a court of law appalls me. Was there ever a judge qualified to judge even the simplest psychic outburst? How then a work of Art? Has any man not a nincompoop ever been heard by a jury of his peers?

In a physical world laws have been made to preserve physical order. Laws cannot reach, nor have power over, any other realm. Art is and always has been the supreme Order. Because of this it is the only activity of man that has an eternal quality. Works of Art are the only permanent sign that man has existed. What legal genius to bring Law against Order!

The society for which Mr. Sumner is agent, I am told, was founded to protect the public from corruption. When asked *what public?* its defenders spring to the rock on which America was founded: the cream-puff of sentimentality, and answer chivalrously "Our young girls." So the mind of the young girl rules this country? In it rests the safety, progress and lustre of a nation. One might have guessed it. . . . but—why is she given such representatives? I recall a photograph of the United States Senators, a galaxy

of noble manhood that could only have been assembled from far-flung country stores where it had spat and gossiped and stolen prunes.

The present case is rather ironical. We are being prosecuted for printing the thoughts in a young girl's mind. Her thoughts and actions and the meditations which they produced in the mind of the sensitive Mr. Bloom. If the young girl corrupts, can she also be corrupted? Mr. Joyce's young girl is an innocent, simple, childish girl who tends children . . . she hasn't had the advantage of the dances, cabarets, motor trips open to the young girls of this more pure and free country.

If there is anything I really fear it is the mind of the young girl.

I do not understand Obscenity; I have never studied it nor had it, but I know that it must be a terrible and peculiar menace to the United States. I know that there is an expensive department maintained in Washington with a chief and fifty assistants to prevent its spread—and in and for New York we have the Sumner vigilanti.

To a mind somewhat used to life Mr. Joyce's chapter seems to be a record of the simplest, most unpreventable, most unfocused sex thoughts possible in a rightly-constructed, unashamed human being. Mr. Joyce is not teaching early Egyptian perversions nor inventing new ones. Girls lean back everywhere, showing lace and silk stockings; wear low cut sleeveless gowns, breathless bathing suits; men think thoughts and have emotions about these things everywhere—seldom as delicately and imaginatively as Mr. Bloom—and no one is corrupted. Can merely reading about the thoughts he thinks corrupt a man when his thoughts do not? All power to the artist, but this is not his function.

It was the poet, the artist, who discovered love, created the lover, made sex everything that it is beyond a function. It is the Mr. Sumners who have made it an obscenity. It is a little too obvious to discuss the inevitable result of damming up a force as unholy and terrific as the reproductive force with nothing more powerful than silence, black looks, and censure.

"Our young girls" grow up conscious of being possessed, as by a devil, with some urge which they are told is shameful, dangerous and obscene. They try to be "pure" with no other incantations than a few "obstetric mutterings."

Mr. Sumner seems a decent enough chap . . . serious and colourless and worn as if he had spent his life resenting the emotions. A 100 per cent. American who believes that denial, resentment and silence about all things pertaining to sex produce uprightness.

Only in a nation ignorant of the power of Art . . . insensitive and unambitious to the need and appreciation of Art . . . could such habit of mind obtain. Art is the only thing that produces life, extends life—I am speaking beyond physically or mentally. A people without the experience of the Art influence can bring forth nothing but a humanity that bears the stamp of a loveless race. Facsimile women and stereotyped men—a humanity without distinction or design, indicating no more the creative touch than if they were assembled parts.

A beautiful Russian woman said to me recently, "How dangerous and horrible to fall in love with an American man! One could never tell which one it was—they are all the same."

There are still those people who are not outraged by the mention of natural facts who will ask "what is the necessity to discuss them?" But that is not a question to ask about a work of Art. The only question relevant at all to "Ulysses" is—Is it a work of Art? The men best capable of judging have pronounced it a work of the first rank. Anyone with a brain would hesitate to question the necessity in an artist to create, or his ability to choose the right subject matter. Anyone who has read "Exiles," "The Portrait," and "Ulysses" from the beginning, could not rush in with talk of obscenity. No man has been more crucified on his sensibilities than James Joyce.

An Obvious Statement
(for the millionth time)

by Margaret Anderson

MR. SUMNER is a representative intelligence (I will say later what value I put upon the "representative"),—a serious, sincere man, very much interested in proving his conviction that James Joyce is filthy to read and contaminating to those who read him.

My first point is that Mr. Sumner is operating in realms in which it can be proved that he cannot function intelligently, legitimately, or with any relation to the question which *should* be up for discussion in the court.

That question is the relation of the artist—the great writer—to the public.

First, the artist has no responsibility to the public whatever; but the public should be conscious of its responsibility to him, being mysteriously and eternally in his debt.

Second, the position of the great artist is impregnable. You can no more destroy him than you can create him. You can no more limit his expression, patronizingly suggest that his genius present itself in channels personally pleasing to you, than you can eat the stars.

I should begin my (quite unnecessary!) defense of James Joyce with this statement: I know practically everything that will be

said in court, both by the prosecution and the defense. I disagree with practically everything that will be said by both.

I do not admit that the issue is debatable.

I state clearly that the (quite unnecessary!) defense of beauty is the only issue involved.

James Joyce has never written anything, and will never be able to write anything, that is not beautiful. So that we come to the question of beauty in the Art sense,—that is, to the science of aesthetics, the touchstone which establishes whether any given piece of writing, painting, music, sculpture, is a work of Art or merely an effort in that direction by a man who, however he may wish or work, has not been born an artist.

You will say this brings us to an impasse; that we now arrive at that point where two autocracies of opinion can be established—one which says "This is Art" and the other which says "It is not." And you will tell me that one is quite as likely to be right as the other,—and that therefore every man is thrown back upon his personal taste as a criterion, etc.

I answer: *Autocracy? It is entirely a matter of autocracy of opinion. And the autocracy that matters, that can prove itself, as against that which cannot, is the only thing we are concerned with in this discussion.* It is the only thing to be considered in any Art discussion, but the last that ever is considered. Why is this? Because it never occurs to the Mr. Sumners of the world that Art is a highly specialized activity to which they must bring something beyond mere knowledge. *They are content to approach even without knowledge.* If Mr. Sumner were asked to judge pearls, for instance, he wouldn't dream of expressing an opinion unless he really knew how a good pearl must feel to the touch, how it must weigh, what color it must be. If he were asked to buy a string of corals for a connoisseur he wouldn't undertake the commission unless he knew that Japanese corals are more "beautiful" than Italian corals, and that he couldn't buy an acceptable string for less than \$3,000. In short, unless he were a connoisseur he wouldn't be doing these things.

In Art (and this is the crux of the whole business) *one must*

judge with a touchstone beyond even the capacity of the connoisseur. It is not the taste, the judgment of connoisseurs that has established what are the great works of Art in the world. It is the perception of the great artists themselves,—the judgment of the masters.

In beginning to talk of this kind of perception, of *who are the masters*, it is necessary to begin with the fundamentals of aesthetics. *In aesthetics it can be established;*

First, that to a work of Art you must bring aesthetic judgment, not moral, personal, nor even technical judgment. It is not the human feelings that produce this kind of judgment. It is a capacity for art emotion, as distinguished from human emotion, that produces it.

Second, that only certain kinds of people are capable of art emotion (aesthetic emotion). They are the artist himself and the critic whose capacity for appreciation proves itself by an equal capacity to create.

In an old race of people, like the Hindoos, where the artist is protected from the assault of the philistine by as definite a caste system as exists in all other phases of Hindu life, the kind of thing that will happen to us in a United States court could not take place. That civilization is founded on the autocratic recognition of certain values,—the artist as the highest manifestation of life; the critic who recognizes him; the philosopher who explains him. An autocracy—the recognition of the valuable as against the less valuable,—is the only sound basis for life. Anything else is shameful. Anything else means that the exceptional people must suffer with the average people,—from the average people. This is the ethics of the western world. Nearly everyone believes this to be inevitable,—even desirable. Mr. Sumner believes it. He has quoted to me a remark of Victor Hugo's to the effect that personal freedom extends

just to that point where it does not interfere with the personal freedom of another. I have said to him "Mr. Sumner, that is an inepetitude. There is no *thinking* in that kind of remark." I don't know just where Victor Hugo makes this banal and curiously unthoughtful statement. Perhaps he makes it only in connection with physical freedom,—in which case it is not entirely senseless. But when a good mind begins to reflect on the subject of the more subtle freedoms, what does it say? *First of all, that there is no such thing as freedom. There is only interdependence. And of the little freedoms that can be attained or respected, in this great maize of the interdependence of all life, let us respect those of the superior people rather than of the inferior people. It is far more important that a great artist's freedom to write as he pleases be respected than that Mr. Sumner's freedom to suppress what he does not know to be a work of Art be respected.*

Why is there no such autocracy in this country?—why is there no caste feeling which makes a man humble before what he does not understand—before what he does not know that he does not know—rather than confident that he has some special capacity to deal with it? It is because in America every human being, no matter what his training, his business, his qualifications, *makes some mysterious identification of himself with the artist.* He says "I love the better things of life, I go to concerts and art galleries, I couldn't live without these things"—and that is supposed to endow him with some creative participation. I can't tell you how many people have said to me: "I don't know anything about Art, I couldn't write a poem or compose a piece of music to save my life, but I know what I like, I have a very good critical sense, and I *feel* the way the artist does." They mean that they eat Art, live on it,—go to hear good music in order to drown in the emotions it gives them. In America, where the emotional life has been allowed so few direct outlets, this is what happens everywhere. But if this is the way the majority of humanity acts, it is not the way the artist acts. And the thing that will puzzle me to the end of time is this: You can tell a man who knows a great deal about insurance, for instance, that he doesn't know enough mechanical engineering to build a bridge, and he doesn't feel insulted.

But if you tell a plumber, or an engineer, a business man, a lawyer, a scholar, a club woman, a debutante, that they are not artists, not creators in this special sense, they take it as the deepest insult. Of course, I suppose this shouldn't exasperate me. I should take it all as the deepest tribute a man can pay to that mysterious phenomenon, the artist, with whom he thus identifies his own highest instincts. Well, I wouldn't be exasperated; I could look upon it all as a rather charming foolishness, if it weren't for the prosecution of that human being whom all mankind in its best moments is trying to impersonate.

This at least begins the argument. Next month I shall report all the blatant ineptitudes of the court proceedings and answer them simply, obviously, and patiently,—unless I shall have succumbed in the meantime to the general sense of devastating futility which is really the only good sense one can hope to preserve in these contentions.

To close, I shall quote some passages on the theory that "Beauty is a state," from Ananda Coomaraswamy's "Dance of Siva" (published by the Sunwise Turn, New York). The italics are my own.

"It is very generally held that natural objects such as human beings, animals or landscapes, and artificial objects such as factories, textiles or works of intentional art, can be classified as beautiful or ugly. And yet no general principle of classification has ever been found: and that which seems to be beautiful to one is described as ugly to another. . . . Take, for example, the human type: every race, and to some extent, every individual, has an unique ideal. Nor can we hope for a final agreement. We cannot expect the European to prefer the Mongolian features, nor the Mongolian the European. Of course, it is very easy for each to maintain the absolute value of his own taste and to speak of other types as ugly. . . . In like manner the various sects maintain the absolute value of their own ethics. But it is clear that such claims are nothing more than statements of preju-

dice, for who is to decide which racial ideal or which morality is 'best'? *It is a little too easy to decide that our own is best; we are at the most entitled to believe it the best for us.*

"It is the same with works of art. Different artists are inspired by different objects; what is attractive and stimulating to one is depressing and unattractive to another, and the choice also varies from race to race and epoch to epoch. As to the appreciation of such works, it is the same; for men in general admire only such works as by education or temperament they are predisposed to admire. *To enter into the spirit of an unfamiliar art demands a greater effort than most are willing to make. . . . There are many who never yet felt the beauty of Egyptian sculpture or Chinese or Indian painting or music. That they have the hardihood to deny their beauty, however, proves nothing.*

"And yet there remain philosophers firmly convinced that an absolute Beauty (*rasa*) exists. . . . It is also widely held that the true critic (*rasika*) is able to decide which works of art are beautiful (*rasavant*) and which are not. . . . It remains then, to resolve the seeming contradictions. This is only to be accomplished by the use of more exact terminology. So far I have spoken of 'beauty' without defining my meaning, and have used one word to express a multiplicity of ideas. But we do not mean the same thing when we speak of a beautiful girl and a beautiful poem; it will be still more obvious that we mean two different things if we speak of beautiful weather and a beautiful picture. In point of fact, the conception of beauty and the adjective 'beautiful' belong exclusively to aesthetic and should only be used in aesthetic judgment. We seldom make any such judgments when we speak of natural objects as beautiful; we generally mean that such objects as we call beautiful are

congenial to us, practically or ethically. Too often we pretend to judge a work of art in the same way, calling it beautiful if it represents some form or activity of which we heartily approve, or if it attracts us by the tenderness or gaiety of its colour, the sweetness of its sounds or the charm of its movement. But when we thus pass judgment on the dance in accordance with our sympathetic attitude toward the dancer's charm or skill, or the meaning of the dance, we ought not to use the language of pure aesthetic. Only when we judge a work of art aesthetically may we speak of the presence or absence of beauty, we may call the work *rasavant* or otherwise; but when we judge it from the standpoint of activity, practical or ethical, we ought to use a corresponding terminology, calling the picture, song or actor 'lovely,' that is to say lovable, or otherwise, the action 'noble,' the colour 'brilliant,' the gesture 'graceful,' or otherwise, and so forth. And it will be seen that in doing this we are not really judging the work of art as such, but only the material and the separate parts of which it is made, the activities they represent, or the feelings they represent. . . .

"We should only speak of a work of art as good or bad with reference to its aesthetic quality; only the subject and the material of the work are entangled in relativity. In other words, to say that a work of art is more or less beautiful or *rasavant*, is to define the extent to which it is a work of art, rather than a mere illustration. However important the element of sympathetic magic in such a work may be, however important its practical applications, it is not in these that its beauty consists.

"What then, is Beauty, what is *rasa* . . . what is this sole quality which the most dissimilar works of art possess in common. Let us recall the history of a work of art. There is (1) an aesthetic intuition on the part of the original artist,—the poet or creator; then (2) the internal expression of this intuition,—the true creation or vision of

beauty, (3) the indication of this by external signs (language) for the purpose of communication,—the technical activity; and finally (4) the resulting stimulation of the critic or *rasika* to reproduction of the original intuition, or to some approximation to it.

“The source of the original intuition may, as we have seen, be any aspect of life whatever. To one creator the scales of a fish suggest a rhythmical design, another is moved by certain landscapes, a third elects to speak of hovels, a fourth to sing of palaces, a fifth may express the idea that all things are enlinked, enlaced and enamoured in terms of the General Dance, or he may express the same idea equally vividly by saying that ‘not a sparrow falls to the ground without our Father’s knowledge.’ Every artist discovers beauty and every critic finds it again when he tastes of the same experience through the medium of the external signs. But where is this beauty? We have seen that it cannot be said to exist in certain things and not in others. It may then be claimed that beauty exists everywhere, and this I do not deny, though I prefer the clearer statement that it may be discovered anywhere. If it could be said to exist everywhere in a matrial and intrinsic sense, we could pursue it with our cameras and scales, after the fashion of the experimental psychologists; but if we did so, we should only achieve a certain acquaintance with average taste—we should not discover a means of distinguishing forms that are beautiful from forms that are ugly. *Beauty can never thus be measured, for it does not exist apart from the artist himself, and the rasika who enters into his experience.*

“The true critic (*rasika*) perceives the beauty of which the artist has exhibited the signs. It is not necessary that the critic should appreciate the artist’s meaning—every work of art is a *kamadhenu* yielding many meanings—for

he knows without reasoning whether or not the work is beautiful, before the mind begins to question what it is 'about.' *Hindu writers say that the capacity to feel beauty (to taste rasa) cannot be acquired by study, but is the reward of merit gained in a past life; for many good men and would-be historians of art have never perceived it.* The poet is born, not made; but so also is the rasika, whose genius differs in degree, not in kind, from that of the original artist. . . .

"The critic, as soon as he becomes an exponent, has to prove his case; and he cannot do this by any process of argument, but only by creating a new work of art, the criticism. His audience, catching the gleam at second hand—but still the same gleam, for there is only one—*has then the opportunity to approach the original work a second time, more reverently.*"



DRAWING. BY CHARLES DE MUTH.

The Bomb Thrower

by Ben Hecht

MEN and women swathed in streets and buildings; factories, avenues, houses and traffic winding them mummy fashion. He stood pressed against the wall of a skyscraper. Hatless, unshaven, thin-lipped and with the eyes of a frightened girl, he stood watching the people in the streets.

Their movement on the sidewalk in front of him was like the play of shadows. He might lose himself in these shadows. His legs inside their soggy trousers quivered pleasantly.

He raised his eyes toward the window-pitted altitudes. A patch of sky lay neatly balanced between the roof lines of the street. The curious smile of a man saying "yes" without knowing what it means loosened his lips.

He must look at people. Men were moving about in the city hunting him. They would come soon and take him away. In the meantime he must fill his eyes with the sight of people, of stone pavements, of doorways and plate glass windows lettered with gold and porcelain. These things constituted freedom.

Curves of people, blur and drip of people; why did they seem different now? They were slaves and masters—murderous blood-sucking rich and sweating back-broken poor. There was this tableau in the crowd; a strong lined terrible cartoon was in the crowd. But his eyes or his mind would not clear. He stared in vain.

The people were like rain on the sidewalk. He watched them vanish in gusts before him. He felt frightened at their vagueness. Round and round them was the smoke of chimnies, the noise of traffic and swirl of buildings. They were wound deep. Legs moved under the swathing. Faces wrapped in tons of stone, in miles of steel, drifted blindly. Life seemed lost within an effigy.

He removed a cigarette from his trouser pocket and lighted it, staring at the little pyramid of flame that danced at the end of his

nose. Eventually the men who were hunting him would come to this corner. They would see him against the skyscraper—hatless, unshaved, smoking a cigarette. He told himself these things, taking pride in their lucidity. Then his lips loosened in the smile again.

No one was hunting the people on the sidewalk. And yet they hurried running this way and that, darting under cars, in and out of doorways. While he who was being hunted stood motionless. Men were worming their way through the layers of the city like bewildered maggots wandering over a mummy case, hunting him. When they found him they would become suddenly large. They would take him by the wrists, twisting them sharply, and hold him among them at the curbing while a crowd gathered and a wagon, clanging vividly, came charging out of the traffic.

He came back to himself. He must deny himself the simplicity of fear. If he stepped into the crowd he would begin to run. He would run, knocking people over, jumping in and out among cars and wagons. His legs quivered pleasantly at the thought and the cigarette dried to his lips. It might be better than standing as he was, with unfocused thoughts nauseating his brain. Yet he held himself from running, his unwashed hands flattened against the cool stone of the skyscraper and his fear like the soul of a stranger scurried about in his body.

His thought became a dream that twisted itself before his eyes, addressing him with sudden intimate voices. He felt the city like a great dice box shaking about him. Men and women rolled and rattled out of it into the streets. Standing against the skyscraper he could observe the combinations—the changing hieroglyphs of dots. Now the city shook out combinations of yellow, blue and lavender hats; luscious curves of women and doubled fists of men swinging against the black angles of legs; faces that seemed like a soiled unraveling bandage and arrangements of wood and steel that were continually turning corners. And now it shook out the sound of laughter and the shriek of horns.

The intimate voices said to him there was no meaning to life. He had once been mistaken or perhaps insane. Now he was a man recovered from a delirium of mania and finding himself weak and calm in a sunny place. The things that had peopled his mania be-

came a distant part of the dream before his eyes, an impossible and persisting yesterday. He watched them. There was the high hammering purpose of ideals that had been in his brain. There was the clear lust that had animated him. He had been moving all his life in the light of this lust. It had played like a searchlight before him, a searchlight on a tableau. Masters and slaves—exploiting, intolerable tyrants with red faces and definitely-shaped hearts; and humanity crucified in factories and slums. These things had been plain yesterday. Now they were far away and outside of him in a dream.

As he filled his eyes with the sight of people the impossible and persistent yesterday drifted continually before him as if it no longer belonged to the world. The light of faith that had supported this yesterday had drained itself out of him. He saw himself stealing about through streets with a thing under his coat, entering a crowded building and casually hiding the thing under a long stone bench on which people were sitting. A few moments later amazing things were happening. Windows fell into the street. Walls flew through the air. The crowded building into which he had carried the thing became a confusion of stone and bricks.

He watched the yesterday again and saw himself standing on a corner with the noise of explosion still in his ears. It had remained in his ears as he walked away. He sought now to recapture it. But a silence remained. The explosion had been a noise heard by someone else. The yesterday in which it had occurred had been a yesterday inhabited by someone else.

From his position pressed against the wall of the skyscraper he, the man who had carried the things under his coat, looked upon a world in which he had never lived before. The tableau and the patterns of yesterday were shuffled together and vanished. The philosophy by which he had read into its heart was vanished. Thought had become a fantastic shuffle of words, a flood of ink and a flood of sound that broke against the movement of crowds and vanished.

The city stared down at him with its geometrical cloud of windows. The streets wound themselves around him and the zigzag tumble of his dice played about his feet. Men were prowling through the city hunting him, peering into alley ways, ringing door bells,

searching rooms, questioning scores who had merely known his name. They would find him flattened against the wall of the skyscraper smoking a cigarette.

He thought idly of the things he had planned to say with his capture. But they were things of another world—masters and slaves, dignity of murder, blasting a hole in the fat and purblind consciousness of the public through which it might see the vision of wrongs and crucifixions. The words of the thoughts he had prepared in the world that no longer existed lost themselves in the dream before his eyes.

He stared about him. There was something other hunting him than the police. A vision hunted him, demanding of him new words to give it life. But he could only think with his eyes. With his eyes he stared at the vision that had no meaning in his thought—women swaying under colored dresses, hips jerking as they moved; men with faces lowered, arms swinging as they moved; women whose faces were like lavender corpses—vividly dead things, painted, smeared with layers of powder; women with stiffened faces whose cheeks were hardened into tinsel; faces with sores showing blue and pink through a broken enamel; faces cherubically curved with lips that smiled and large, iridescent eyes that gleamed with impudence; faces like brooding gestures; old faces—men without teeth and women whose jaws quivered and whose eyes shed water; faces twisted out of human guise; faces like little whiskered dogs, cunning, sodden, deformed into vicious grimaces and stamped with enigmatic despairs and enigmatic elations; faces of youth—dull, empty, clear-eyed like little freshets of water. The vision of faces swept by him like the babble of a strange language. Over them were colours of hair, oily and rusted colours, blooming with purple, black, red, green and yellow hats. They bobbed by him—faces, hair and hats making queer lithographic masks running before his eyes.

He watched them with an intensity that made him dizzy. Hats of men like a stretch of crazily-slanted tiny roofs fled before him and remained always present. Lean-handled buildings swelling like great clubs at the top, cars clanging and crawling, and the flutter of windows like a swarm of transfixed locusts, passed into his eyes and left his thought blank. There was no meaning to be read in them.

They were a vision for eyes alone. Life hunted the people in the street, pursuing them through the windings of pavements and corridors; an insensate life, like the bay of a galloping hound. Men and women in a churn, men and women rolling and rattling out of a dice box. There was no other pattern or tableau.

With the shortened cigarette warming his lips, he remained against the wall of the skyscraper. His shoulders had become hunched like those of a man stricken with cold. He seemed to have withered inside his clothes so that the movements of his body, visible at his collarless neck and wrists, were like the rattle of a dead nut inside its shell. His coat and trousers hung from him like garments heavy with rain, giving him a soggy, voluminous exterior. The corkscrew bone of his neck slanted punily like a soft candle out of the grimy socket of his collar. His head had fallen forward as if he were dozing.

It was twilight and the signs over the sidewalks popped into vision with freshly-kindled lights. Names and slogans spelled themselves against the thin darkness. Commodities, luxuries, trades, food, drink novelties and schemes of finance jutted their illuminated scrawls over the pavements, stretching in fantastic unrelation down the sides of the street. Under them the faces danced. Raising his eyes he looked again at the window-pitted altitudes now shot with discs of yellow. The patch of sky that had lain neatly balanced above them had withdrawn, leaving behind a devouring dark.

He would not be able to talk to the police as he had planned. The men who were hunting him would come soon and drag him away from the wall of the skyscraper. His cigarette was long finished. He searched idly for another. He began to mumble to himself. Where was everybody going? Everywhere in the world they were moving like this. He alone wasn't moving. He was not in the hunt. He had been mistaken or perhaps insane. There was no tableau but a hunt, a running of faces and hats; a running of legs and bodies and jerking hips.

A hand plucked at his elbow. His body became silent. A thought hurried from him like a frightened little dog. The street revolved into a blur of hats and windows. His legs inside their trousers rattled about. Moments later he recalled having heard a

voice speaking sharply to him to move on. He remembered having been jerked by the elbow into the midst of the throng on the sidewalk. Move on! Then they were still hunting him. No one had found him. People shot by. The pleasant quivering of his legs attracted his attention. They were moving as if springs were shooting them upward. They were mounting something. And his arms were floating happily. He was running.

Down the street he ran, a hatless, unshaven figure in flapping trousers. His body jumped up and down and his legs moved as if they were being blown along. In and out, in and out, past yawning yellows of theatres and restaurants, past faces that vanished like unfinished words. His mind was at peace. The nausea was drained out of it. He was flying. Over cars and under wagons, down curbs and up little hills of bodies. Men were hunting him, streaming after him with the gallop and bay of hounds. He opened his mouth and let out the wildness of his heart.

a Francis Poulencé

*Bibi-la-Bibiste**

(*Roman*)

par les

Soeurs X...

*The author (infant of I should think about eighteen, at any rate can't be over twenty) has managed to satirize french religious instruction, french scientific instruction, Brioux and three schools of modern art with remarkable economy of means. The book is a chef d'oeuvre,—it has all the virtues required by the academicians—absolute clarity, absolute form, beginning, middle, end.—E. P.

*Que celui d'entre vous qui est sans péché
lui jette le première pierre.—(Jean—viii, 7)*

CHAPITRE PREMIER

Enfance

Sa naissance fut semblable à celle des autres enfants.

C'est pourquoi on la nomma Bibi-la-Bibiste.

(Ceci fut l'enfance de Bibi-la-Bibiste)

CHAPITRE DEUXIEME

Adolescence

Le sang rouge coulait
dans ses artères; le sang
noir coulait dans ses
veines. (1)

(Telle fut l'adolescence
de Bibi-la-Bibiste.)

(1) Cf. Caustier; *Anatomie et physiologie animale et végétale.*

CHAPITRE TROISIEME

Amour

A seize ans, elle travaillait dans un atelier.

— Aïe! mon nez me démange s'écria-t-elle.

— C'est un vieux qui t'aime, répondirent ses compagnes, interrompant leur chanson.

Une violente émotion la saisit. Son cœur fit volte-face dans sa poitrine.

(Telles furent les amours de Bibi-la-Bibiste.)

CHAPITRE QUATRIEME

Deception

Elle sortit.

Dans la rue populeuse, les vieux messieurs passaient, nombreux. Bibi-la-Bibiste les examinait de son regard anxieux. Mais aucun ne répondit à son appel. Un seul lui lança un coup d'œil enflammé, et il était jeune!

Ne voulant pas s'opposer aux dessiens mystérieux de la Fatalité (1), Bibi-la-Bibiste poursuivit son chemin.

(Et ceci fut la déception de Bibi-la-Bibiste.)

(1) Nous aurions mis "Providence" si le Roman avait été destiné à "La Croix."

CHAPITRE CINQUIEME

Rideau

Dans un lit d'hôpital
s'éteignit Bibi-la-Bibiste.
Comme Marie sa patronne,
comme Jehanne d'Arc,
elle était vierge. Mais sa
fiche portait la mention
"Syphilitique."

O puissance magique
d'un regard amoureux!

(Et ceci est le dernier et
le plus tragique chapitre du
roman de Bibi-la-Bibiste.)

*Cet Ouvrage a été tiré—Cinquante exemplaires
sur Simili Japon, numérotés de 1 à 50*



MASK. BY HERMAN ROSSE.
(Third Starveling, for Andreyev's "King Hunger")

The Robin's House

by Djuna Barnes

IN a stately decaying mansion, on the lower end of the Avenue, lived a woman by the name of Nelly Grissard.

Two heavy rocks stood on either side of the brown stone steps, looking out toward the park; and in the back garden a fountain, having poured out its soul for many a year, still poured, murmuring over the stomachs of the three cherubim supporting its massive basin.

Nelly Grissard was fat and lively to the point of excess. She never let a waxed floor pass under her without proving herself light of foot. Every ounce of Nelly Grissard was on the jump. Her fingers tapped, her feet fluttered, her bosom heaved; her entire diaphragm swelled with little creakings of whale-bone, lace and taffeta.

She wore feathery things about the throat, had a liking for deep burgundy silks, and wore six petticoats for the "joy of discovering that I'm not so fat as they say." She stained her good square teeth with tobacco, and cut her hair in a bang.

Nelly Grissard was fond of saying: "I'm more French than human." Her late husband had been French; had dragged his nationality about with him with the melancholy of a man who had half-dropped his cloak and that cloak his life, and in the end, having wrapped it tightly about him, had departed as a Frenchman should.

There had been many "periods" in Nelly Grissard's life, a Russian, a Greek, and those privileged to look through her key-hole said even a Chinese.

She believed in "intuition" but it was always first-hand intuition; she learned geography by a strict system of love affairs—never two men from the same part of the country.

She also liked receiving "spirit messages"—they kept her in touch with international emotion—she kept many irons in the fire and not the least of them was the "spiritual" iron.

Then she had what she called a "healing touch"—she could

take away headaches, and she could tell by one pass of her hand if the bump on that particular head was a bump of genius or of avarice—or if (and she used to shudder, closing her eyes and withdrawing her hand with a slow, poised and expectant manner) it was the bump of the senses.

Nelly was, in other words, dangerously careful of her sentimentalism. No one but a sentimental woman would have called her great roomy mansion "The Robin's House," no one but a sentimentalist could possibly have lived through so many days and nights of saying "yes" breathlessly, or could have risen so often from her bed with such a magnificent and knowing air.

No one looking through the gratings of the basement window would have guessed at the fermenting mind of Nelly Grissard. Here well-starched domestics rustled about laying cool fingers on cool fowls and frosted bottles. The cook, it is true, was a little untidy, he would come and stand in the entry, when spring was approaching, and look over the head of Nelly Grissard's old nurse, who sat in a wheel-chair all day, her feeble hands crossed over a discarded rug of the favorite burgundy color, staring away with half-melted eyes into the everlasting fountain, while below the cook's steaming face, on a hairy chest, rose and fell a faded holy amulet.

Sometimes the world paused to see Nelly Grissard pounce down the steps, one after another, and with a final swift and high gesture take her magnificent legs out for a drive, the coachman cracking his whip, the braided ribbons dancing at the horses' ears.

And that was about all—no, if one cared to notice, a man, in the early forties, who passed every afternoon just at four, swinging a heavy black cane.

This man was Nicholas Golwein—half Tartar, half Jew.

There was something dark, evil and obscure about Nicholas Golwein, and something bending, kindly, compassionate. Yet he was a very Jew by nature. He rode little, danced less, but smoked great self-reassuring cigars, and could out-ponder the average fidgety American by hours.

He had travelled, he had lived as the "Romans lived," and had sent many a hot-eyed girl back across the fields with something to forget or remember, according to her nature.

This man had been Nelly Grissard's lover at the most depraved period of Nelly's life. At that moment when she was coloring her drinking water green, and living on ox liver and "testina en broda," Nicholas Golwein had turned her collar back, and kissed her on that intimate portion of the throat where it has just left daylight, yet has not barely passed into the shadow of the breast.

To be sure Nelly Grissard had been depraved at an exceedingly early age, if depravity is understood to be the ability to enjoy what others shudder at, and to shudder at what others enjoy.

Nelly Grissard dreamed "absolutely honestly"—stress on the absolutely—when it was all the fashion to dream obscurely,—she could sustain the conversation just long enough not to be annoyingly brilliant, she loved to talk of ancient crimes, drawing her stomach in, and bending her fingers slightly, just slightly, but also just enough to make the guests shiver a little and think how she really should have been born in the time of the Cenci. And during the craze for Gauguin she was careful to mention that she had passed over the same South Sea roads, but where Gauguin had walked she had been carried by two astonished donkeys.

She had been "kind" to Nicholas Golwein just long enough to make the racial melancholy blossom into a rank tall weed. He loved beautiful things, and she possessed them. He had become used to her, had "forgiven" her much (for those who had to forgive at all had to forgive Nelly in a large way), and the fact that she was too fluid to need one person's forgiveness long drove him into slow bitterness and despair.

The fact that "her days were on her," and that she did not feel the usual woman's fear of age and dissolution, nay, that she even saw new measures to take, and a fertility that only can come of a decaying mind, drove him almost into insanity.

When the Autumn came, and the leaves were falling from the trees, as nature grew hot and the last flames of the season licked high among the branches, Nicholas Golwein's cheeks burned with a dull red, and he turned his eyes down.

Life did not exist for Nicholas Golwein as a matter of day and after day—it was flung at him from time to time as a cloak is flung a flunkey, and this made him proud, morose, silent.

Was it not somehow indecent that, after his forgiveness and understanding, there should be the understanding and forgiveness of another?

There was undoubtedly something cruel about Nelly Grissard's love; she took at random, and Nicholas Golwein had been the most random, perhaps, of all. The others, before him, had all been of her own class—the first had even married her, and when she finally drove him to the knife's edge had left her a fair fortune. Nicholas Golwein had always earned his own living, he was an artist and lived as artists live. Then Nelly came—and went—and after him she had again taken one of her own kind, a wealthy Norwegian—Nord, a friend of Nicholas.

Sometimes now Nicholas Golwein would go off into the country, trying to forget, trying to curb the tastes that Nelly's love had nourished. He nosed out small towns, but he always came hurriedly back, smelling of sassafrass, the dull penetrating odor of grass, contact with trees, half-tamed animals.

The country made him think of Schubert's Unfinished Symphony—he would start running—running seemed a way to complete all that was sketchy and incomplete about nature, music, love.

"Would I recognize God if I saw him?" the joy of thinking such thoughts was not everyman's, and this cheered him.

Sometimes he would go to see Nord; he was not above visiting Nelly's lover—in fact there was that between them.

He had fancied death lately. There was a tremendously sterile quality about Nicholas Golwein's fancies, they were the fancies of a race, and not of a man.

He discussed death with Nord—before the end there is something pleasant in a talk of a means to an end, and Nord had the coldness that makes death strong.

"I can hate," he would say, watching Nord out of the corner of his eye; "Nelly can't, she's too provincial—"

"Yes, there's truth in that. Nelly's good to herself—what more is there?"

"There's understanding," he meant compassion, and his eyes filled. "Does she ever speak of me?"

It was begining to rain. Large drops struck softly against

the café window and thinning out ran down upon the sill.

"Oh yes."

"And she says?"

"Why are you never satisfied with what you have, Nicholas?"

Nicholas Golwein turned red. "One dish of cream and the cat should lick his paws into eternity. I suppose one would learn how she felt, if she feels at all, if one died."

"Why, yes, I suppose so."

They looked at each other, Nicholas Golwein in a furtive manner, moving his lips around his cigar—Nord absently, smiling a little, "Yes, that would amuse her."

"What?" Nicholas Golwein paused in his smoking and let his hot eyes rest on Nord.

"Well, if you can manage it—"

Nicholas Golwein made a gesture, shaking his cuff-links like a harness—"I can manage it" he said, wondering what Nord was thinking.

"Of course it's rather disgusting," Nord said.

"I know, I know I should go out like a gentleman, but there's more in me than the gentleman, there's something that understands meanness, a Jew can only love and be intimate with the thing that's a little abnormal, and so I love what's low and treacherous and cunning, because there's nobility and uneasiness in it for me—well," he flung out his arms—"If you were to say to Nell, he hung himself in the small hours, with a sheet—what then? Everything she had ever said to me, been to me, will change for her—she won't be able to read those French journals in the same way, she won't be able to swallow water as she has always swallowed it. I know, you'll say there's nature and do you know what I'll answer: that I have a contempt for animals—just because they do not have to include Nelly Grissard's whims in their means to a living conduct—well listen, I've made up my mind to something"—he became calm all of a sudden and looked Nord directly in the face.

"Well?"

"I shall follow you up the stairs, stand behind the door, and you shall say just these words 'Nicholas has hung himself'."

"And then what?"

B-6

"That's all, that's quite sufficient—then I shall know everything. Nord stood up, letting Nicholas open the café door for him.

"You don't object?" Nicholas Golwein murmured.

Nord laughed a cold, insulting laugh. "It will amuse her—"

Nicholas nodded, "Yes, we've held the coarse essentials between our teeth like good dogs—" he said, trying to be insulting in turn, but it only sounded pathetic, sentimental.

.

Without a word passing between them, on the following day, they went up the stairs of Nelly Gissard's house, together. The door into the inner room was ajar, and Nicholas crept in behind this, seating himself on a little table.

He heard Nord greet Nelly, and Nelly's voice answering—"Ah dear"—he listened no further for a moment, his mind went back, and he seemed to himself to be peaceful and happy all at once. "A binding up of old sores" he thought, a oneness with what was good and simple—with everything that evil had not contorted.

"Religion," he thought to himself, resting his chin on his hands—thinking what religion had meant to all men at all times, but to no man in his most need. "Religion is a design for pain—that's it." Then he thought, that, like all art, must be fundamentally against God—God had made his own plans—well, of that later—

Nelly had just said something—there had been a death-like silence, then her cry, but he had forgotten to listen to what it was that had passed. He changed hands on his cane. "There is someone in heaven" he found his mind saying. The rising of this feeling was pleasant—it seemed to come from the very centre of his being. "There's someone in heaven—who?" he asked himself, "who?" but there was no possible answer that was not blasphemy.

"Jews do not kill themselves—"

Nelly's voice. He smiled—there was someone in heaven, but no one here. "I'm coming" he murmured to himself—and felt a sensuous giving away in the promise.

His eyes filled. What was good in death had been used up long ago—now it was only dull repetition—death had gone beyond the need of death.

Funnily enough he thought of Nelly as she was that evening

when she had something to forgive. He had pulled her toward him by one end of a burgundy ribbon, "Forgive, forgive," and she had been kind enough not to raise him, not to kiss him, saying "I forgive"—she just stood there showing her tobacco-stained teeth in a strong laugh, "Judas eliminated." He put his hand to his mouth, "I have been *There*," and *There* seemed like a place where no one had ever been. How cruel, how monstrous!

Someone was running around the room, heavy, ponderous. "She always prided herself on her lightness of foot," and here she was running like a trapped animal, making little cries "By the neck!"—strange words, horrifying—unreal—

"To be a little meaner than the others, a little more crafty"—well, he had accomplished that too.

Someone must be leaning on the couch, it groaned. That took him back to Boulogne, he had loved a girl once in Boulogne, and once in the dark they had fallen, it was like falling through the sky, through the stars, finding that the stars were not only one layer thick, but that there were many layers, millions of layers, a thickness to them, and a depth—then the floor—that was like a final promise of something sordid, but lasting—firm.

Sounds rose from the streets, automobiles going up town, horses' hoofs, a cycle siren, that must be a child, long drawn out, and piercing—yes, only a child would hold on to a sound like that.

"Life is life," Nelly had just said, firmly, decisively. After all he had done this well—he had never been able to think of death long, but now he had thought of it, made it pretty real—he remembered sparrows, for some unknown reason, and this worried him.

"The line of the hips, simply Renoir over again—"

They were on the familiar subject of art.

The sounds in the room twittered about him like wings in a close garden, where there is neither night nor day. "There is a power in death, even the thought of death, that is very terrible and very beautiful—" His cane slipped, and struck the floor.

"What was that?" the voice of Nelly Grissard was high, excited, startled—

"A joke."

Nicholas Golwein suddenly walked into the room.

"A joke," he said and looked at them both, smiling.

Nelly Grissard, who was on her knees, and who was holding Nord's shoe in one hand, stared at him. It seemed that she must have been about to kiss Nord's foot.

Nicholas Golwein bowed, a magnificent bow, and was about to go.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself" Nelly Grissard cried, angrily, and got to her feet.

He began to stammer: "I—I am leaving town—I wanted to pay my respects—"

"Well, go along with you—"

Nicholas Golwein went out, shutting the door carefully behind him.



Lions' Jaws
by *Mina Loy*

O FAR away on the Benign Peninsular
That automatic fancier of lyrical birds
Danriel Gabrunzi
with melodious magnolia
perfumes his mis-en-scene
where impotent neurotics
wince at the dusk

The national arch-angel
 loved
 several countesses
 in a bath full of tuberose
 soothed by the orchestra
 at the 'Hotel Majestic Palace'

. the sobbing
 from the psycho-pathic wards
 of his abandoned harem
 purveys amusement for 'High Life'

The comet conquerer
 showers upon continental libraries
 translated stars
 accusations of the alcove
 where
 with a pomaded complaisance
 he trims rococco liasons
 . . . a tooth-tattoo of an Elvira
 into a Maria's flesh

And every noon
 bare virgins riding alabaster donkeys
 receive Danriel Gabrunzio
 from the Adriatic
 in a golden bath-towel
 signed with the zodiac
 in pink chenille

* * * *

Defiance of old idolatries
 inspires new schools

.
 Danriel Gabrunzio's compatriots
 concoct new courtships
 to intrigue

the myriad-fleshed Mistress
of "the Celebrated"

The antique envious thunder
of Latin littérateurs
rivaling Gabrunzio's satiety
burst in a manifesto
notifying women's wombs
of Man's immediate agamogenesis
. . . . Insurance
of his spiritual integrity
against the carnivorous courtesan
. . . . Manifesto
of the flabbergast movement
hurled by the leader Raminetti
to crash upon the audacious lightening
of Gabrunzio's fashions in lechery
. . . and wheedle its inevitable way
to the "excepted" woman's heart
her cautious pride
extorting betrayal
of Woman wholesale
to warrant her surrender
with a sense of . . . Victory

Raminetti
cracked the whip of the circus-master
astride a prismatic locomotive
ramping the tottering platform
of the Arts
of which this conjuring commercial traveller
imported some novelties from
Paris in his pocket
souvenirs for his disciples
to flaunt
at his dynamic carnival

The erudite Bapini

experimenting
 in auto-hypnotic God-head
 an a mountain
 rolls off as Raminetti's plastic velocity
 explodes his crust
 of library dust
 and hurrying threatening nakedness
 to a vermillion ambush
 in flabbergastism
 . . . he kisses Raminetti
 full on his oratory
 in the arena
 rather fancying Himself
 in the awesome proportions
 of an eclectic mother-in-law
 to a raw menage.

Thus academically chaperoned
 the flabbergasts
 blaze from obscurity
 to deny their creed in cosy corners
 to every feminine opportunity
 and Raminetti
 anxious to get a move on this beating-Gabrunzio-business
 possesses the women of two generations
 except a few
 who jump the train at the next station . . .
 . . . while the competitive Bapini
 publishes a pretty comment
 involving woman in the plumber's art
 and advertises
 his ugliness as an excellent aphrodisiac

* * * *

Shall manoeuvres in the new manner
 pass unremarked?

. . .
 These amusing men

discover in their mail
duplicate petitions
to be the lurid mother of "their" flabbergast child
from Nima Lyo, alias Anim Yol, alias
Imna Oly
(secret service buffoon to the Woman's Cause)

While flabbergastism boils over
and Ram: and Bap:
avoid each other's sounds
This Duplex-Conquest
claims a "sort of success"
for the Gabrunzio resisters.

Envoi

Raminetti gets short sentences
for obstructing public thoroughfares
Bapini is popular in "Vanity Fair"
As for Imna Oly
I agree with Mrs. Krar Standing Hail
She is not quite a lady.

Riding the sunset
DANRIEL GABRUNZIO
corrects
the lewd precocity
of Raminetti and Bapini
with his sonorous violation of Fiume
and drops his eye
into the fatal lap
of Italy.

Southern Women

by Stephen Hudson

I PAUSED a moment at the corner and looked down the line of acacia trees. Their leaves were rustling, rhythmically it struck me, very softly. One, two, three, it would be about the fifth tree, there were three steps. If she were sitting there, I might be passing and stop to speak. If not, well, if not . . . I could see the white mass of the Capitol, faint voices reached me, singing. It was a steaming hot night. I took out my handkerchief and wiped my forehead, glad I remembered to scent it. My breath came irregularly, something between the lower part of my chest and my throat fell and rose, alternately opening and blocking the channel. It was very absurd that I couldn't stop it. I could stop it by turning round and walking the other way. But I wanted to see her tremendously, to hear her voice, breathe her air. Annabel. Annabel and Mary Lee. Hadn't I read . . .? I got as far as the third tree and stopped again, looking. It was light still, beastly light. And the party on the stoop to my right were watching me. Somebody laughed. I sweated, took out my handkerchief again, crossed the street nonchalantly. I walked on very slowly. They were both there and a man. Spurr! What a piece of luck.

"Come right up, Mr. Lane, won't yew. Mr. Spurr. Mr. Lane from London. Yewer from London, Mr. Lane, aren't yew? Isn't it haat? Gee,—where's my fan, Jack? Come an' sett raaght here, Mister Lane. Now, altogether. Away down South in Dixie land."

She waved her hand, Spurr picked two or three times at the strings, the three joined in, she smiled down on me. Fancy it's being as easy as that. Jessie, Emma Joe, Frank Fogg, Burton Trent. Up and down the steps, some with cushions, some without. I kept my seat below Annabel, it was twilight, her gold slipper was on my step, the tip very near my leg, it was under my leg. "We'll hang John Brown on a sour apple tree." The little toes moved up and down in time to the singing.

It was dusk. Spurr and Mary Lee had disappeared. Singing ceased. Someone proposed the drugstore and ice cream soda. We trailed along in couples. We were alone. How d'yew like Nashville, Mr. Lane? So that's the soft Southern voice. It is soft. She wore a light veil round her blondined hair, curved her head down and looked up. I had known no girls. Ought I to try . . . too soon . . . Nashville is fascinating . . . she knows that word, they use it a lot. D'yew mean that? D'yew like the gurls . . . How can you ask, how could one, how could I, . . . Now, Mister Lane, but isn't he just sweet . . . How's Nancy Bright? D'yew know, I knew Nancy Bright when I was ever so little . . . sweet she waas . . . and to think she's your ant . . . Pressure on my arm. I hold hers close. She bends her head down and up again and smiles, lovely teeth in the moonlight. We all meet at the corner drugstore with its soda fountain and man in white jacket to tend it. What's yours? Isn't that just lovelly? Goodbyes at the door, Frank Fogg has organised a party to drive to the Gap tomorrow. Won't that be lovelly?

We walk back as before, we linger at a side avenue, how far can I go? There seems to be nothing to say. What do the others talk about? I continue to press her arm, we reach the steps; tomorrow at eleven. Won't it be lovelly? The downward bend of the head. Goodnight, Mister Lane.

Are they all looks, these Southern women? What does one say to them? And if I say No, it is as though I said Yes. There is, then, no meaning in words for them. She bends her head, she shows her teeth, her legs. What would I say if I were older and knew all about women everywhere? Where is my fear of tonight? Where is my caring of tonight? Left at the drug-store in the ice-cream soda.

My steps led me to the Capitol. A group of negroes singing under the moon. Must have been there for hours, for I heard their voices faintly all the evening. How well they sing in chorus, here and there a banjo, a concertina. At the end of the half circle, a large woman with a coloured handkerchief on her shoulders looks at me meaningly. I sit on the parapet near her, looking back at her.

Carry me back to ole Tennessee, the voices drone out into the still night in perfect rythm. She moves away slowly. I can see her standing in the shadows. None of them seems to notice. I follow her. She walks on, faster now. She leaves the main streets and turns up a narrow one, lighted rarely. She stops and waits for me.

"Yewse cummin' with me, honey?"

I nod.

A shack of a house. I forbade her to light the lamp. She cast her garment from her. I bade her stand where the moonlight could search and expose the beauty of her body half in shadow. I made her stand there and drank in the beauty of her bronze body. I gave her five dollars to stand there for five minutes and then I went my way.

Tomorrow I shall drive with Annabel and she will say,
"Isn't Nashville lovelly, Mr. Lane?"

Poems

by *Else von Freytag-Loringhoven*

Appalling Heart

CITY stir—wind on eardrum—
dancewind: herbstained—
flowerstained—silken—rustling—
tripping—swishing—frolicking—
courtesing—careening—brushing—
flowing—lying down—bending—
teasing—kissing: treearms—grass—
limbs—lips.

City stir on eardrum—.

In night lonely

peers—:

moon—riding!

pale—with beauty aghast—

too exalted to share!

in space blue—rides she away from mine chest—

illumined strangely—

appalling sister!

Herbstained—flowerstained—

shellscented—seafaring—

foresthunting—junglewise—

desert gazing—

rides heart from chest—

lashing with beauty—

afleet—

across chimney—

tinfoil river

to meet

another's dark heart!

Bless mine feet!

Blast

TAKE spoon—scapel—
 Scrape brains clear from you—
 how it hurts to be void!

blast flew
 over twin hillocks
 emeroyd.
 singeing—seering satanic stink—
 flew—blew—
 blushroses!
 barren grew—
 to you—
 annoyed
 protruding
 sharp:
 pointed pyramids
 silence—drums—
 —sphinx—
 I smother—
 pranked mother—
 from stark things!!
 stark kings in rockchamber
 mockeye set amber
 within mine chest!!!
 to rest—
 no!
 ripple—glide—quiver:
 Nile
 river!
 overflow!
 hillocks inundated
 abated
 blush
 blushroses!
 on twin hillocks
 smaragd isle!
 awhile—awhile—!

Moonstone

LAKE—palegreen—shrouded—
skylake—clouded—shrouded—
yearning—blackblue—
sickness of heart—
pomgranate hue—
sickness of longing—
—! you!

In cloud—nay—ach—shroud—
nay—ach—shroud—!
of—breast—
sickness of longing
gulps
pomegranate hue
from heart in chest—
palegreen lake in chest!
— you!

Heart

(Dance of Shiva)

AROUND me hovers presence that thou art,
secretly atmosphere draws cloudy—dense—
perfume athwart mine cheekbone swings intense—
smile on mine lip—
I kiss thee—
with mine heart!

Ja—with mine heart—
that can perform fine tricks
since it is housed with wizzardry and art—!
soul—how enchanted art thou—
by such heart! !

Ho!—lover far—

Cathedral

WHY didst thou go away from me?
 Say—why?
 art not enslaved by balmy wizzardry
 out of mine jewelled eye?
 not by mine lips—so softly passionate—
 so passionately soft
 with harnessed strength—
 in bridled strain—
 musk—amber—myrrh and francincense—
 gold—damask—ivory—
 mine gothic cathedrál—
 is that upbuild in vain
 for thee—?
 the whom I shall desire—
 to pray?
 art nor thou worshipper nor devotee?

Thus stand I desolate—
 priest to mine tarnished self—
 light tapers stately—upon jadeworsted shelf—
 not to decay,

Is It?

IT is—is it—?
 heart white sheet!
 kiss it
 flame beat!
 in chest midst
 print teeth
 bite— — —
 this green
 ponderous night.

Gihirda's Dance

NOSE straight
smile flower
unfolding in sun of love.

Petals: large—sweet
overwhelming cinnamon-scented—almond—sandal—rose-carmine—
tuberose
cheekpale in ray of moon torch
ghosts—with strength of ghosts—enticing as passion in graveyard of
flesh dead—
—alive— —
remembering.

Hands cupped in greed of tissues parched—
owner's wolfheart—!
devotion simple as child's suckled—
eyes of god drink out of tankard
of palm mine face's palegold champagne.

Whereas now thine polar-bear's sinister ivorywhite mouth black—
black lips cruel tender pluck
purple black in face white—

Tremble—?

not weep—!

I—thou.

Tombstone—lie I beneath
weight—passionate weight—
pallor—!

not life shall call

from stoneheaviness'

encompassing weight.

Eyes of god drain from veins cinnamonscented rosedisks carmine:
to blend—

thou—I.

No move—!

from mine thine cheek not part
dual rock—on Nile—rigid:

sough!
 Heart stripped—men approach—
 tinkling rhythm—bells—howling—
 draft—eternity—
 silence of void—carsplitting—
 movement—
 dance—
 Gihirda's dance.

Das Finstere Meer
 (*an Vater*)

WIR fuhren am finstern Strande
 Der Himmel hing wolken schwer
 Die Wellen rollten zum Lande

Und rannen zurück in das Meer
 Gurgelnd brach sich das Wasser
 Am Tang und am Muschelsaum
 Die Muscheln schimmerten blasser
 Als Kirchenblüten am Baum
 Durchdringe und leise klagend
 Schrillte der Möve schrei
 Ueber die Wellen jagend
 Fegte sie blitzend vorbei.

Meine verschüttete Seele
 Möchte schreien wie sie
 In ihrer heiseren Kehle
 Pfiff des Orkans melodie.

Warum meines Herzens Gedanken
 Mögt ihr nicht blitzen wie sie
 O warum trämen und kranken
 Mit dem Feind am Knie.

THE LITTLE REVIEW

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Discussion

The "Others" Anthology

by John Rodker

OTHERS," after various phases, has now achieved a second anthology which appears to have settled into that steady poetical jog-trot, the "townsman's guide to nature," known as Georgian poetry. It is therefore not unfitting that Conrad Aiken should start this plump ball rolling with a "Conversation: Undertones" which is part Hueffer's "To all the Dead," part Eliot's "Portrait of a Lady," but in form so incredibly faded, so emasculated (must the *Athenaeum* now set the tone of "Others"),

while the rare words, the mock poetical images, the detritus of every poet that has ever been, are worked into an owl's pellet. If Mr. Aiken had control of his emotion, if he had clearness, if his borrowed images were not continually ruined by manhandling, the "Portrait of One Dead" would be a fine poem. Something it undoubtedly has, but his smooth metres are such as lull the reader into an unquestioning acquiescence.

"Your words were walls which suddenly froze round her
Your words were windows—large enough for moonlight."

—how thin all this is, yet how exquisitely it has the colour of poetry:—

"or through windy corridors of darkening end."

whatever that may mean.

Carnevali's feelings are as yet too personal for them to get across.

When are we to have done with this eternal cinema which is what most America poetry now seems to be. Surely *Scribner's* is the place for H. L. Davis anyhow.

Donald Evans has the magnificent soul of a poet—could he only write!

"In which room shall it be tonight—darling?
His eyes swept the broad facade, the windows
Tier upon tier and his lips were regnant:
In every room, my beloved!"

Frost out of Georgian Poetry is now in "Others." His stuff is at any rate *felt*, he has a reserve worth expressing, but why it should be poetry—God knows! Masters still influences.

Giovanitti is also too much occupied by a myriad influences to be able to sustain his prison biography.

Gould calls the snowflakes "oblivious white nuns." He also calls the night a "vast unlighted church." My God! !

Marsden Hartley's cinematographics are abominable. The paltriest film has more guts. All these folks seem to think poetry is a

polite after dinner amusement like musical chairs. (Perhaps it is in America.)

Orrick Johns's cinema play "Kysen" is at least in colours and has beauty and he has *made* images.

Fenton Johnson is spoonrivering with a vengeance. More blood, less guts; but why must every American wagon be hitched to a star. In "Tired" the worst lines, apart from their irrelevance, are:

Pluck the stars out of the heavens. The stars
mark our destiny. The stars marked my destiny.

Kreymborg's poetry is still a succession of afterthoughts. With Vachel Lindsay's "Daniel Jazz" it is obvious that "Others" has now made up its mind to find a "place in the sun." And indeed it is time Kreymborg had a competence. A community should be satisfied when it has got all it can out of the first thirty years of a man's life. After that it should give him what he most wants—money, fame, leisure, women, etc.

Haniel Long's students are good little vignettes—but they would have been equally good in prose and perhaps not then so rich in anti-climaxes.

When he looms in the rear of the room
like a peak in the Andes

the lines following:—

but how would you like to teach
a peak in the Andes

are indubitably a mistake. Number 5, 6, 15 are good vignettes.

Mina Loy appears to be the only poet in this bag who is really preoccupied with that curious object THE SOUL. It is painful to notice that since the last "Others" she appears to have lost grip. Nor is she less guilty in the matter of "that little afterthought" than her confrères. Her effort is however very much more distinguished.

The same is true of Marianne Moore, whose really very rich pyramids are, I now think, a quite sufficient justification, though bits of the plaster are sadly trivial.

my soul shall
 never
 be cut into
 by a wooden spear.

"The Fish" is the best poem in the anthology because it has been felt more and worked at more; by a more original mind.

Lola Ridge! ! !

Sanborn: a description of a fight and is it believable without one *seen* adjective—one illuminating phrase. Simply a pastiche of every sporting description speeded up.

M. A. Seiffert and Evelyn Scott! ! !

Wallace Stevens's new poems do not interest me as much as his last, but the "Exposition of the Contents of a Cab" is by its closeness and formality a model for all the inventories in this book.

Williams's "Herbarium" seems to me uninteresting. It is a detailed inventory of various herbs, but they are in no way linked to life. I would condemn him to silence when he is not writing poems like "Spring-Strains" which is, for a variety of reasons, the best American poem I know.

It would seem then that the most difficult thing for a Georgian poet is to say something when he has nothing to say. There is certainly a distinct falling off in the quality of the "Others." True, most anthologies behave similarly.

John Rodker's Frog
 by *Mina Loy*

"WHERE did I hear of two smooth frogs
 clasped among rushes
 in love and death" . . .

Where indeed! But perhaps to be loved like a frog is the best way to be loved by Mr. Rodker, so after all the lady addressed on

*"I'd have loved you as you deserved had we been frogs." *Hymns, by John Rodker. The Ovid Press.*

page 24 of "Hymns"* probably got all she deserved.

And here in the *Little Review* we have Rodker playing frog to America—no wonder he is impressed by Donald Evans "In every room, my beloved!"—and a little jealously wishes he could *only* write—no fun being beaten at both games.

On the other hand had he his way with Marsden Hartley he would put guts into "film," and even demands guts of Spoonriver . . . but why must every American wagon be hitched to Mr. Rodker's guts?

From Orrick Johns he takes his "least" in colours, from Fenton Johnson "the worst lines apart from their irrelevance."

He objects to Carlos Williams shouting while he writes "Herbariums"—my! we have good ears in England,—while he cannot understand how the end of a corridor should look dark; his eyes being less efficient than his ears; cinematographs tire him.

Our cousinly critic is most solicitous of Mr. Kreymborg's comfort during middle age, but Mr. Kreymborg committed a nasty little sex suicide when he "would be" . . . "a woman big with gentle yielding"; he suggests a posthumous antidote, state provision of what he most wants—money, fame, leisure, women—never mind what the women want . . . well, most of them must content themselves with exclamation marks, according to Mr. Rodker.

From the frog to . . . "The Fish" . . . is the best poem in the Anthology," and "the most difficult thing for a Georgian poet is to say something when he has nothing to say"—more difficult by far for American to say nothing, when there is so much to be said.

Note. For information on the love of frogs the reader may purchase Margaret Sanger's book, which will help boost the Birth Control Movement, aiming to suppress the only indulgence of frogs.

Thomas Vaughan
by *Mary Butts*

I MUST apologize to Mr. Foster Damon for my neglect to answer his letter in the April number on my review of the works of Thomas Vaughan which appeared in March, but I have been out of England for some months, and only lately received my copies.

I found in Vaughan's works (to whose study I had come with great anticipation) a vice which seems inherent in so much mystical writing and which has nothing to do with contemporary fashions of expression or fears of censorship, but which comes from a want of quality in the intelligence. Significant expressions of truth are clear in statement, they are not misleading, vague, or tiresome. This clarity is the common factor in science, contemplation, and art. The first chapter out of St. John's gospel, and the "Origin of Species" are linked by it. When one considers the nature of the mystic's research is it too much to demand the same precision?

Professional mystics however will have their mysticism a mystery, one result of which is that the "uninitiate" gives it up, the man in some stage of "initiation" knows enough to resent the half deception.

As to the fear of persecution which Mr. Damon thinks might influence Vaughan's successors today—I can only say that as good men as he have faced it, and that any profound knowledge of reality usually makes its possessor not only confident, and indifferent to its results in the world, but capable of stating it under an adequate formula.

I defy any one who reads Vaughan not to be reminded of the penny worth of bread and the intolerable deal of sack.

William Carlos Williams' "Kora in Hell"
by *Else von Freytag-Loringheven*

(See page 59)

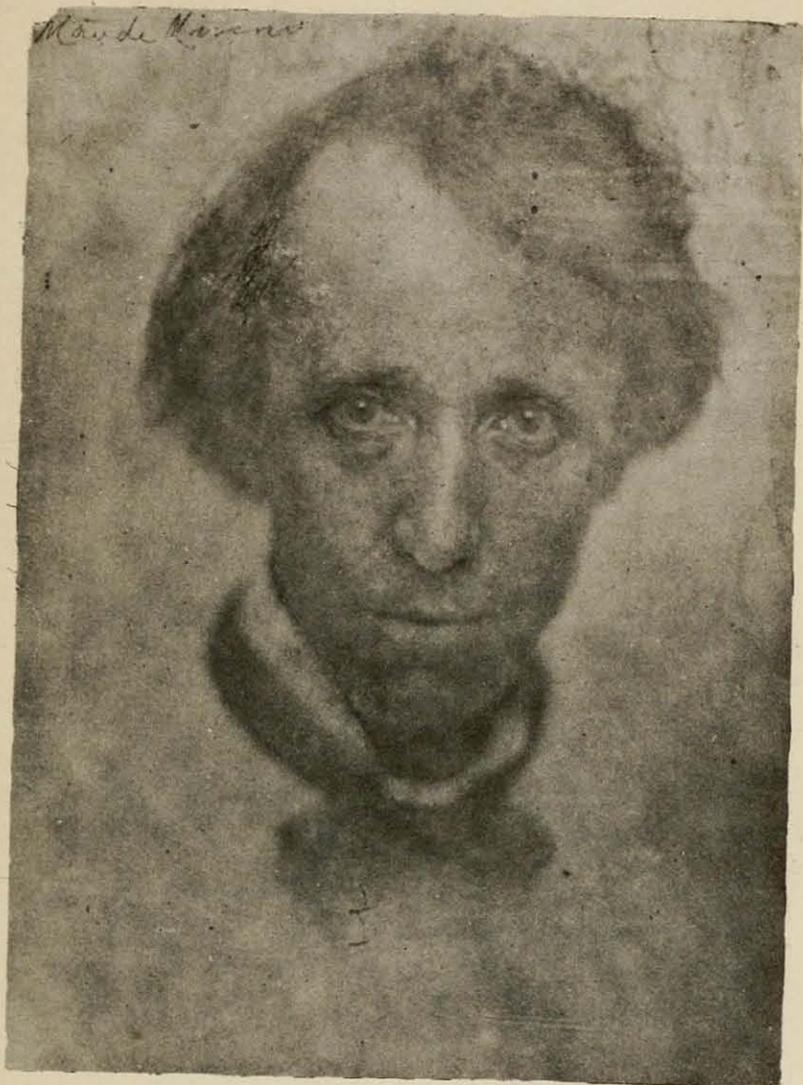
The following five pages were originally given over to a very interesting review of William Carlos Williams's new book, "Kore in Hell", by Else von Freytag-Loringhoven. The article, one of the most intelligent pieces of criticism that has ever come to us was nevertheless marred for me, by certain redundancies of thinking that destroyed the power and piquancy of the whole. With great skill (or so I thought) my editorial insight accomplished the necessary revisions. But the author disagreed with me so violently that we agreed to omit the article until next month, when it will appear in its original form.

The policy of the LITTLE REVIEW has always been : a free stage for the artist. There are moments when I believe this to be an uninteresting policy.—M. C. A.

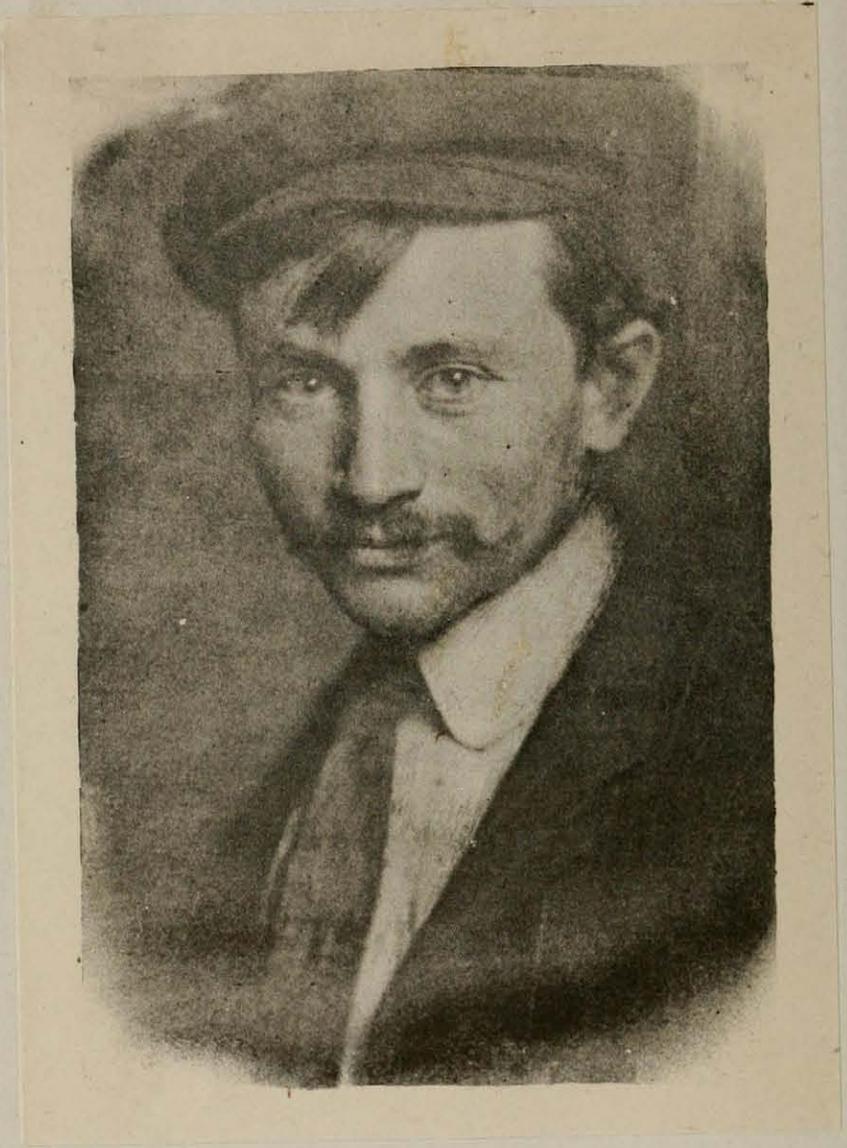
*A Note on Minns**by Hart Crane*

An ignorance of the professional, technical "elements" of photography, it seems to me, should very slightly, if at all, invalidate one's claim to the appreciation of such work as that of H. W. Minns. In his case, my appreciation can begin only where the fundamental pedagogics of the camera leave off,—at the point where the craftsman merges into the artist,—where the creative element becomes distinct. Some combination of eye and sympathy and hand are subtly responsible for the quality in his work. His "arrangements" are not the empty, obvious contortions of so many modern photographers. He plainly could not content himself with that. There is, in his faces, the urge of an ethical curiosity and sympathy as strongly evident as in the novels of Henry James. Undoubtedly his portraits are deeper, more vivid, than the daily repetitions of his sitters in their mirrors give back to any but themselves, but this is only to mention again the creative element that gives to his portraits such a sense of dramatic revelations.

Mr. Minns has often exhibited in Europe, and has received extensive recognition at Dresden, Vienna, and Copenhagen exhibitions. He began taking pictures when he was considerably beyond thirty, and has since spent some twenty years working in the rather limited and unresponsive locality of Akron, Ohio.



HERVEY MINNS



PHOTOGRAPH BY HERVEY MINNS



PHOTOGRAPH BY HERVEY MINNS

ANNOUNCEMENT

The *Little Review* has secured a remarkable novel by Mary Butts, "Ashe of Rings," which will begin serially in the January number.

Other Books

by John Rodker

Poemes Juifs. Andre Spire. Edition of L'Eventail.

Geneva.

THESE hard, matter of fact poems, so real, so jewishly real, so unlike M. Aragon's poetical poems, have one hundred per cent efficiency and are terrible in their strength. For the jew who has suffered, who finds that despite his age-old instincts he has nevertheless assimilated himself to the nation of his adoption—must live in it scorning its excesses; unable to comprehend them or their devotion to a heaven and hell and mean self interest,—what fate could be harder, what exile more intorlerable?

The jew lies like a rye grain buried in fat and bursting wheat ears. For a time as he sees how completely he has swallowed the

habits of the wheat ear, its exquisite intonations, its passion to get outside itself in a wild pursuit of objets-d'arts, he may even persuade himself that he is "one of them." Yet always he must see himself eventually nameless, an eternal Schlemihl.

This is the burden of M. Spire's book. This static body in the midst of flux, a static body that would like to flow too but cannot.

"Je venais de mon rude pays de sel, d'oölithe, de fer
ou la rivière empoisonnée de soude" * * *

If you think "art is the whole caboose" you will find these poems artless. But I think of M. Spire as a very good poet with a capacity for feeling; for suffering which would have done credit to Walt Whitman.

La Connaissance. Paris. 2 fr. 50. June and July

BOTH numbers contain a series of letters by Stendhal dated 1873. The July number has an amusing study "Alba ou les parturitions d'une jeune malthusienne." For the rest it is a very well informed little journal with quite the best sentiments.

THE *Dial* for August has an appalling, an abominable, an inconceivable "London" letter from Mr. Shanks full of the damnation of faint praise which begins: "It is told that the late Mr. Joseph Chamberlain" . . .

Its translations from Rimbaud though unsigned are superb. I would give much to know who was responsible for them:

ILLUMINATIONS (IV)

In the wood is a bird, its song stops you and makes you blush.

There is a clock which does not strike.

There is a gully with a nest of white animals.

There is a cathedral that descends and a lake that climbs,

There is a little carriage, abandoned in the shrubbery, or that comes down the path, running, beribboned.

There is a troop of little comedians in costume, seen in the road across the edge of the wood.

Finally, when you are hungry and thirsty, there is somebody who chases you away.

Mr. Hueffer is entertaining on the subject of the ungenuousness of Mr. Wells.

Feu de joie, Louis Aragon. Au Sans Pareil. 3 fr. 50.

THESE remarkably mature poems by a prominent Dadaïste are eminently reasonable, so much so that this book seems to me quite the most interesting contemporary French work I have seen. Poetry—dead in France since Verlaine (dead then you may perhaps say), with only the exception of Apollinaire and de Gourmont—appears to be looking up. Certainly “Soifs de l’ouest” is astonishingly good. Part metrically and part in its subject matter this poem is interestingly like Mr. Eliot’s preludes.

“Dans ce bar dont la porte
 Sans cesse bat au vent
 une affiche écarlate
 Vante un autre savon
 Dansez dansez ma chère
 nous avons des banjos,

Oh
 qui me donnera seulement à macher
 les chewing-gums inutiles
 qui parfument très doucement
 l’haleine des filles des villes

Epices dans l’alcool mesuré par les pailles
 et menthes sans raison barbouillant les liqueurs

il est des amours sans douceurs
dans les docks sans poissons où la barmaid
défaillit.

"Pour demain" is a most charming poem. Many influences are of course discernible in his work:—Corbière, Rimbaud, Apollinaire, Baudelaire, but this is as it should be since M. Aragon is young, and the important thing is that it should have been a natural task that led him to them. Nobody ever claimed a corner in ideas.

"Secousse" is a good poem. "Vie de Jean Baptiste A" has these impressive lines:

La premier arrive au fond du corridor
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 MORT
une ombre au milieu du soleil dort c'est l'œil

From images like "Tu gardes l'allure!
Du papier glacé

and

"Mais le voix Non
Sur un ton de lave

it is obvious that we are here in contact with a very good mind indeed. "Lever" is a long poem, perhaps not altogether sustained, but sufficiently important to induce one to await M. Aragon's future work with anxiety.

"The City Curious" by Jean de Bosschere.

Heineman 12-6

THIS sinister little story and its equally sinister decorations is another of those books for children which grown-ups buy for their own delectation. Yet an imaginative child will like this somewhat ornate story of a people composed of slabs of cake and whose aliment is entirely jams and syrups. Unlike Alice in Won-

B-7

derland, which is eminently reasonable if a little extravagant, this story has no roots in reality. It is certainly not the behaviour of one's grown-ups gone suddenly good.

At any rate M. de Bosschère makes his curious vision absorbingly interesting and one rushes through the book for the denouement as in a detective story.

"The Despoiler, who was always afraid that Some One would find out that he was only made of Cardboard, never slept in public," is the most extraordinary of these characters and the drawing of the despoiler asleep in a tall attic with a blanket nailed across the windows is terrifying. M. de Bosschère is certainly the most accomplished artist engaged in illustrating books, and his special sense of the decorative quality of black and white and his purity of line are a great pleasure. The colour reproductions are rather dirty and give but a vague idea of the gaiety of his colour and his delicious sense of decoration.

"*The Sackbut.*" London. Monthly 10s. Nos 1-5

THE *Sackbut* is an addition to London's musical papers—if they exist; and we welcome the asperity of its opinions and the violence of its correspondence. It is trying to do for music what the *Little Review* does for literature, and boosts chiefly Bernard van Dieren, Kaikoshru Sorabji, and in passing Delius. Its recent passage with Mr. Ernest Newman was a model of this kind of thing, though Mr. Gray would have been less amusing had he not quoted in every line of his truly ponderous onslaughts enough great names to supply the whole of the Comtist calendar.

The *Sackbut's* literature is supplied by Robert Nichols and Mr. Arthur Symons, whom we are surprised to find is still writing. The results can be imagined. The text of the *Sackbut* is enlivened by actual examples of its musical standards, and the series of concerts which it intends to give in order to bring its readers up to the editorial mark promises to be interesting.

*Essentials**by Robert McAlmon*

ASK "jh" too whether one must be "strange," "compelling," "original" at all costs, or whether it is well to be these only when you mark an advance, or at least grant value equal to the "old." There is a disease "modern traditionalism" that has little to do with art, or life. A "modern" who counts, is surprisingly like a "classic" in scope of comprehension, and neither of them deal with the dry chaff of words, manner, and form, until they have some content in which they themselves have faith to put into form, via words and manner.

Art is essential? If life is. You can take your pick of which is the bigger thing—life, art, religion, science. If art is essential, it is so because of the live significance of it. A James Branch Cabell, Anatole France, type of erudition-wrought writing, with re juggled philosophies and theories that come from reading rather than from contact, physical and mentally perceptive, is deadly, but it does have some degree of "understanding" within it. A D. H. Lawrence sullen bull intensity without the clarity of intelligence, or the area, is rather bad too. But both these mentioned things are "genuine" to the conviction of their producers. One of them believes in life through literature; the other believes in the white incandescence of the luminous spore-like germ, or some such thing. Tell me, will you, how many of your lesser contributors have that much genuine quality?

An artist's prime occupation is with life. Art is his outlet. One does not become an artist by going into the arts. One has some perception, some interpretation, some essential record that one must leave. What has Djuna Barnes, or Bodenheim, or Malcolm Cowley, or Witter Bynner, Ben Hecht, Mark Turbyfill, and a few others to leave? Omit their names from their work,—all that any of them has ever done, compiled in a book,—and who would recognize it as theirs? They produce neither conscious, accidental, nor perverse art. Cowley, and the poor overdone family cat, slur at respectability, the tenacles of houses;—if these things meant something to him more than a mannerism, aped from some artist who has made

them a part of a whole, their over-usage by "moderns" would not matter. It is deemed essential to be subtly satirical over respectability, over repressed sexuality, over many things called "modern." Sterne, Rabelais—innumerable ancients did it better than the pseudos.

A piece of writing should be criticised upon its own basis, but few of the mentioned people give their writing any basis of its own. They swim under a sea of influences—Rodker, doing the Rimbaud thing fifty years too late, and he many years too old to put "belief" into it. Men such as Pound, with crisp minds worshipping at the shrine of LaFogues and Rimbaud, who were simply precocious examples of the "malaise de la jeunesse" and interesting or ingratiating for that reason rather than for art. Art deals with life. Form is something to worry about for the artist, but not the other fellow's form. Joyce is not "modern" in form, but "Joyce." Followers on are procreating mechanics. The impact of experience, environment, realized perception—not literary-gained knowledge—and a will to say something about it produces literature, which is valuable if the producer finds his own form,—valuable both for perception, and for form. What the artist needs first is the faith of his own ego, and the conviction of its knowing, and feeling, so that into form he can put some quivering protoplasm that men of comprehension can look at and not card index.

Freud speaks of the "sexual impulse." Is there such a thing! A voluptuous impulse, yes, which desires not contact with another sex, but satisfaction, and which consequently seeks for it at many destinations en route to the marriage bed which all good Christians declare is the ultimate. And the roots of the voluptuous impulse are a desire for a justification—an art, a religion, a love, a science—and there is no justification but an individual's faith in his own ego,—his vision of the universe as himself transcended and multiplied, with his ego a thing he can be quite detached and abstract about,—a shrine before which he can call nations, politicians, gods and undertakers, and say "worship." But if he doesn't worship himself what boots it?

I haven't *form*; neither have I an aped structure. Christ knows I'm no artist—perhaps en route. I don't know, can't care, must write any way, nothing else I want to do and I have energy and conceptions. Every now and then in some little thing I achieve "form."

Then somehow I'm satisfied, and don't care about sending it in—both because I know it to be complete, and because I know it is a lesser "form" that doesn't indicate much to me.

Do you know any "modern" critic, you "jh," Eliot, or anybody else who would be capable of writing in the abstract a philosophy of art of comprehension comparable to Taine's, or of Remy de Gourmont's, with "modern" understanding,—O yes indeed, but we must insist, with equal scope,—however different the texture. Or do we know much about even our individual philosophies of art today. Doesn't the *Little Review* "chance it" frequently on,—say on some simple being—such as the man who wrote the bloody spittle in the bowl story, for instance? Pourquoi moi, I am agnostic. I know of only two writers in whom I can believe—of course I make no stringent effort to "keep up"—but Hardy, and Joyce, with Conrad and Hudson, at least know what they want to do. Hardy has a conviction in some kind of unity of futility in existence; Joyce has insight into people. Conrad I have read but slightly, and Hudson—I don't know. I liked his "Purple Land" and "Green Mansions"—well he's had space enough. I've nothing to say about him.

The million things I say are attempts at location. You declare you have yours. I ask questions to ascertain your conviction. I only know one person who has his "location" and it isn't mine. I don't write to write, but because I hate, or adore, or don't know what to do about life to such an extent that I can't end it, unsolved. The whole damned process is a frame-up—you're caught going and coming, and at both ends, for every realized impulse.

Hasn't the race been "civilized," such as the word has come to mean, for enough generations, for it to be rather absurd to talk about "primal" impulses, and want to go back to the primitive, naive, child-mind form sort of thing? Isn't a complex man, emotionally, spiritually, intellectually, quite a "natural" manifestation. There have been so many of them from bible times on down?

The Russian Dadaists
by L. Lozowick

AMERICA has its Else von Freytag Loringhoven, France its Tristan Tzara, and Russia its Alexander Krutchenich. The Russian Dadaists—or, as they call themselves, Ego-Futurists, Cubo-Futurists, etc.—have been writing longer than their analogues in America and France.

And they are tremendously serious. They spin elaborate theories. They lambast the opposition. They are aggressively immodest. "I, Igor Severianin—Genius."

Here is a "great dramatic poem" by Vasili Gniedov, written in a language of his own creation. I translate it faithfully:

Celyatavilyutchi'mochaiodrobi
sitchakaipoolsmilyaet'gadai
osnach'novelikaiustiuzosami
odnazamotinoitcheprakom
oostiyeostipomyeshasidit
izviloizdo'mkipo-oyanyetyaleek
ivot'nasookoopolojoistookaikosma
to
Zavivai Zavivapronosoiyaiyainemo
yi
Stoyispognetzalyejoot'nasay—chdoo
pi
Ovojpgdyerosloyimoreplavosiva.

They are contemptuous of language as a means to communicate ideas. For their self expression they want to create a medium endowed with color, taste, sound.

Here is a poem of Alexander Krutchenich, the most formidable theorist of the new movement. The poem is, in his own opinion, greater than all of Pushkin.

dir boor shtchill
oobyeshthoor

skoom
vi so boo
rlez

Krutchenich has written a series of critical articles on the literature of Russia. It is an amazing collection. His keen analysis and withering satire are inimitable. From Pushkin to Dostoevsky, from Tolstoy to Sologub, all popular idols are brought before the seat of judgment, subjected to a rigorous cross-examination, and ruthlessly condemned to the block.

A bit of admonition from his pen:

"Cast Pushkin, Dostoevsky, Tolstoy, etc., from the ship of the Present and let them not contaminate the air!"

I wonder how many Pushkins and Tolstoys of other lands should be made to join the Russians in the happy consummation?

E. Robert Schmitz
by *Margaret Anderson*

R. SCHMITZ' playing of the piano is probably the most interesting to be heard in America today,—scientifically the most interesting. This is not to disparage its extremely musical content (one never hears Debussy, for instance, played with more "fulness" or colour); but Mr. Schmitz's experiments in sound, in a very specialized modern technique, engage one's intellectual interest to a point that overshadows other aspects. Only a deep personal magic in the performer prevents this overshadowing, and this Mr. Schmitz does not possess. Harold Bauer, who commands a lesser range of tonal possibilities than Mr. Schmitz, holds his audience with a surer spell. It is entirely a matter of personal capacity—of how particularly one sees life and how consciously one can record the particularity. I am not interested in any of the conventional criticism of Mr. Schmitz. Why should a man who plays the music of his own generation be classified as "modern," and the question of his possible inefficiency in regard to the "old masters" be discussed from one end of the foolish country to another? Such criticism is as pointless as the praise given to a man like Richard Buhlig,—who plays with no significance because he plays with none of the vibrations of

his own age. Mr. Schmitz plays Bach and Beethoven and Chopin with as much distinction and resourcefulness as he plays Ravel and Debussy. All a man can play is—himself.

Mr. Schmitz will give another recital in Aeolian Hall on December 17.

Marguerite D'Alvarez

by Margaret Anderson

IN talking of Marguerite D'Alvarez one must talk much of personal magic. Mme. D'Alvarez is just beginning a series of concerts in this country that will undoubtedly establish her as one of the greatest contraltos of the age—a reputation she already enjoys in London and other parts of the world. Of course Americans are most skeptical, at first, of personal magic. It took them years to acclaim Mary Garden. And, once acclaimed, their recognition is as nauseating as their failure to recognize. They never recognize essential quality. I really much prefer to hear them saying that Mary Garden "can't sing," that she is a conceited freak, a blatant showman, than to hear them saying that she is a wonderful actress who gives them the sensation of "shooting up and down in an elevator."

Mme. D'Alvarez is a great artist. She not only has one of the most magnificent voices in the world; she has an intellect which is preoccupied with discovering and creating new beauty rather than, like most singers, satisfied with reproducing that already stated. The artist in a man very often finds the man a discordant environment, and expression is thereby tainted and limited. But the artist in Mme. D'Alvarez finds in the woman a rich, established, cultural environment, both of race and of personal civilization. This combination doesn't produce a democratic art; it produces a splendour and lavishness which at the same time remain imperial and formal.

Her first recital of the season will be given in Aeolian Hall on November 30. There will be a second one in January, and others still unannounced.



DRAWING. BY CHARLES DE MUTH.

Study

by Arthur Winthrop

TAKING his usual morning walk after a hearty breakfast, Anthony Brewer knew himself a fortunate man. He walked idly, leisurely soaking up the sunlight, the crisp wind, the bitter smell of privet; his eye delighted with their sombre greens and bright patches of viridian.

The outlines of the houses reminded him of the village where his boyhood was spent; the low eaves jostled staid Georgian exteriors. One house was called "The Antlers"; it had a skull and antlers over the lintel.

The broad opulent privet hedges pleased him most. It was on one of these he saw the piece of string which was to be his ruin. It was plaited, and for some minutes intimation of terror made him contemplate it. This in itself he felt was remarkable since he was of strong will and decided action. Then concluding that to be so undecided was more than childish he picked it up.

It was at this moment that there woke in him an impersonal feeling of inimical forces. From very far down in his memory the association "plaited string" said "Be careful." He remembered then quite simply and without effort that in certain places it was customary to untie every knot in the house in order to facilitate child-birth.

He felt that he was on the tack but had not quite got what he wanted. Then he remembered that string was often plaited as a charm: an incantation was made over it and the string thrown away. The curse would then alight on whoever untied the knot. He was faintly amused. It was a sparkling autumn morning. He had only to be aware of the exhilaration of blood racing in his body to feel how absurd was all superstition. Automatically and with only a faint reluctance he pulled out the string. Immediately it stuck fast. He tried the other end with the same result. Again it unravelled for a

moment and stuck fast. He carefully undid the knot, saying to himself, "throw it away, you've still time," but all the time his fingers were working away at it. Suddenly the string was unravelled and hung from his finger. He said to himself, "You've done it now," and felt oppressed.

The morning had lost its headiness and he walked back quietly. He thought of childbed—that was impossible. A hideous and obscene thought flashed then through his brain—some victim of insomnia. Some unfortunate who lived in anguished anticipation of a night which would bring no relief. That night which though all the world found repose must be for him a continual grinding of his brain about his life's follies, absurdities, crimes. Was this the curse then that Brewer had brought upon himself?—of all curses the most terrible. Those occasional nights when he could not sleep had been more full of terror for him than anything in his life. How he had tossed from side to side, hugged his pillow in agony, with what tears and good resolutions waited for the dawn. And now whenever he feared he might not sleep it took him hours to drop off. Already he saw a sleepless night. The morning seemed suddenly cold. He hurried home.

His wife, all atremble, met him on the doorstep. A strange cat had got into the cellar. It had stared at her with fierce yellow eyes. Now it would not move. The inspector had called to see the meter and the cat had leapt at him. The inspector had been cross and scolded her for not telling him. Perhaps it had rabies. She had heard of such things.

Brewer began to feel he was seeing prodigies—lions in the street, headless ghosts, blood dripping from the sky. He was sure now that he had released some principle of evil.

His brother-in-law came to dinner and smoked all the cigarettes and seized the best arm chair. This always happened, but tonight it appeared to have a malign intention.

Feeling she must get the matter over, his wife, as they undressed, confessed that the strange cat had so upset the maid that his Spodtreen was smashed beyond hope of rivetting. This convinced him that he had adopted another's curse.

From this day he went into a decline. He became superstitious,

He carefully avoided the joints of paving stones, always went once round every lamppost, and before putting down any object ran his finger round the circumference seven times.

Every annoyance was put down to that unfortunate morning. Finally two bills could not arrive by the same post without upsetting him beyond all measure.

His back bent, his fingers grew corpse cold, and long pale hairs grew on the joints, the hair of his head fell out. Life was too much for him.

Garden Abstract

by Hart Crane

THE apple on its bough is her desire—
Shining suspension, mimic of the sun.
The bough has caught her breath up, and her voice,
Dumbly articulate in the slant and rise
Of branch on branch above her, blurs her eyes.
She is prisoner of the tree and its green fingers.

And so she comes to dream herself the tree,
The wind possessing her—weaving her young veins,
Holding her to the sky and its quick blue,
Drowning the fever of her hands in sunlight.
She has no memory, nor fear, nor hope
Beyond the grass and shadows at her feet,

Bergamasque

by Carlo Linati

To Ezra Pound

*Votre âme est un paysage choisi
Que vout charmants masques et bergamasques . . .*

—Paul Verlaine.

HOW tenderly, that April morning, we looked at the little maid who knelt in the sun, planting a small primrose garden, that she sprinkled with water of the Brembo!

The sunlight was so clear among the poplar trees whose buds spread heavy wine smell. A big washer-woman was bustling about. The rustic limbs delineated themselves upon the green so majestically that you whispered: "The spirit of Titian is wandering in the air."

Venetian suavity and lombradic vigour. Bergamasque! The carpacesco portico of the farmhouse, harlequinesque women, the broken line of the hills and the golden light scattered upon the landscape, dreaming in the dawn and so silent.

But you, fantastic creature, sought the bank-side. You would be pleased to discover a bank to this beautiful river upon which you could run in some airy dance, in sight of the turbulent stream, like a child to kiss from time to time!

We reached, at last, the canal.

You sat upon the parapet; I, undressed, threw myself into the torrent.

Plunged in the heart of the waters that leapt down from the mills and factories of the mountain above, I felt the energy of my country becoming spirit and flesh in my heart. Supine, I sang an old lombard song, stirring up the rocky echoes: then swam along the bank with a fellow snake, like some primordial triton.

I got up and came toward you (you so frightened!) and we took our lunch together, the swallows flying over us.

The evening took us by surprise in Bergamo Alta. Along the lanes the tinkers were finishing the friezes upon their pails, and the old women folded up in their shawls, hurried to the red-lit altars. What a good charcuterie smell walked about for all the Borgo! Antique-dealers sat down drowsily on the threshold of the shops: stout men with galgaresque faces sat by the inn windows playing at cards, brawling, drinking, with oaths.

How agreeable to stroll about among the lanes behind the Duomo. Quiet luminous orchards, carved portals, mocking masques upon the arches of the windows. But, arriving at the walls of Santa Grata, how beautiful the lombard plain, its rich immensity, and, below, the flaring scintillation of the river, delicate scimitar lying across the land.

Ulysses
by *James Foyce*
Episode XIV

DESHIL Holles Eamus, Deshil Holles Eamus, Deshil Holles Eamus. - Send us, bright one, light one, Horhorn, quickening and wombfruit. Send us, bright one light one, Horhorn, quickening and wombfruit. Send us bright one light one, Horhorn, quickening and wombfruit.

Hoopsa, boyaboy, hoopsa! Hoopsa, boyaboy, hoopsa! Hoopsa, boyaboy, hoopsa!

Universally that person's acumen is esteemed very little perceptive concerning whatsoever matters are being held as most profitably by mortals with sapience endowed to be studied who is ignorant of that which the most in doctrine erudite and certainly by reason of that in them high mind's ornament deserving of veneration constantly maintain when by general consent they affirm that other circumstances being equal by no exterior splendour is the prosperity of a nation more efficaciously asserted than by the measure of how far forward may have progressed the tribute of its solicitude for that proliferent continuance which of evils the original if it be absent when fortunately present constitutes the certain sign of omnipollent nature's incorrupted benediction. For who is there who anything of some significance has apprehended but is conscious that that exterior splendour may be the surface of a downward tending lutulent reality or on the contrary anyone so is there inilluminated as not to perceive that as no nature's boon can contend against the county of increase so it behooves every most just citizen to become the exhortator and admonisher of his semblables and to tremble lest what had in the past been by the nation excellently commenced might be in the future not with similar excellence accomplished if an invercund habit shall have gradually traduced the honourable by ancestors transmitted customs to that

thither of profundity that that one was audacious excessively who would have the hardihood to rise affirming that no more odious offence can for anyone be than to oblivious neglect to consign that evangel simultaneously command and promise which on all mortals with prophecy of abundance or with diminution's menace that exalted of reiteratedly procreating function ever irrevocably enjoined?

It is not why therefore we shall wonder if, as the best historians relate, among the Celts, who nothing that was not in its nature admirable admired the art of medicine shall have been highly honored. Not to speak of hostels, leperyards, sweating chambers, plaguegraves, their greatest doctors, the O'Shiels, the O'Hickeys, the O'Lees, have sedulously set down the divers methods by which the sick and the relapsed found again health whether the malady had been the trembling withering or loose boyconnell flux. Certainly in every public work which in it anything of gravity contains preparation should be with importance commensurate and therefore a plan was by them adopted (whether by having preconsidered or as the maturation of experience it is difficult in being said which the discrepant opinions of subsequent inquirers are not up to the present congrued to render manifest) whereby maternity was so far from accident possibility removed that whatever care the patient in that allhardest of woman hour chiefly required and not solely for the copiously opulent but also for her who not being sufficiently moneyed scarcely and often not even scarcely could subsist valiantly and for an inconsiderable emolument was provided.

To her nothing already then and thenceforward was anyway able to be molestful for this chiefly felt all citizens except with proliferent mothers prosperity at all not to can be, and as they had received eternity gods mortals generation to befit them her beholding, when the case was so having itself, parturient in vehicle thereward carrying desire immense among all one another was impelling on of her to be received into that domicile. O thing of prudent nation not merely in being seen but also even in being related worthy of being praised that they her by anticipation went seeing mother, that she by them suddenly to be about to be cherished had been begun she felt!

Before born babe bliss had. Within womb won he worship. Whatever in that one case done commodiously done was. A couch

by midwives attended with wholesome food reposeful cleanest swaddles as though forthbringing were now done and by wise foresight set: but to this no less of what drugs there is need and surgical implements which are pertaining to her case not omitting aspect of all very distracting spectacles in various latitudes by our terrestrial orb offered together with images, divine and human, the cogitation of which by sejunct females is to tumescence conducive or eases issue in the high sunbright wellbuilt fair home of mothers when, ostensibly far gone and reproductitive, it is come by her thereto to lie in, her term up.

Some man that wayfaring was stood by housedoor at night's oncoming. Of Israel's folk was that man that on earth wandering far had fared. Stark ruth of man his errand that him lone led till that house.

Of that house A. Horne is lord. Seventy beds keeps he there teeming mothers are wont that they lie for to thole and bring forth bairns hale so God's angel to Mary quoth. Watchers they there walk, white sisters in ward sleepless. Smarts they still sickness soothing: in twelve moon thrice an hundred. Truest bedthanes they twain are, for Horne holding wariest ward.

In ward wary the watcher hearing come that man mild-hearted eft rising with swire ywimpled to him her gate wide undid. Lo, levin leaping lightens in eyebling Ireland's westward welkin! Full she dread that God the Wrecker all mankind would fordo with water for his evil sins. Christ's rood made she on breastbone and him drew that he would rather infare under her thatch. That man her will wotting worthful went in Horne's house.

Loth to irk in Horne's hall hat holding the seeker stood. On her stow he ere was living with dear wife and lovesome daughter that then over land and seafloor nine years had long outwandered. Once her in townhithe meeting he to her bow had not doffed. Her to forgive now he craved with good ground of her allowed that that of him swiftseen face, hers, so young then had looked. Light swift her eyes kindled, bloom of blushes his word winning.

As her eyes then ongot his weeds swart therefor sorrow she feared. Glad after she was that ere adread was. Her he asked if O'Hare Doctor tidings sent from far coast and she with grameful

sigh him answered that O'Hare Doctor in heaven was. Sad was the man that word to hear that him so heavied in bowels ruthful. All she there told him, ruing death for friend so young, algate sore unwilling God's rightwiseness to withsay. She said that he had a fair sweet death through God His goodness with masspriest to be shriven, holy housel and sick men's oil to his limbs. The man then right earnest asked the nun of which death the dead man was died and the nun answered him and said that he was died in Mona island through bellycrab three year agone come Yule and she prayed to God the Allruthful to have his dear soul in his undeathliness. He heard her sad words, in held hat sad staring. So stood they there both awhile in wanhope, sorrowing one with other.

Therefore, everyman, look to that last end that is thy death and the dust that gripeth on every man that is born of woman for as he came naked forth of his mother's womb so naked shall he wend him at the last for to go as he came.

The man that was come into the house then spoke to the nursing-woman and he asked her how it fared with the woman that lay there in childbed. The nursingwoman answered him and said that that woman was in throes now full three days and that it would be a hard birth unneth to bear but that now in a little it would be. She said that she had seen many births of women but never was none so hard as was that woman's birth. Then she set it forth all to him that time was had lived high that house. The man hearkened to her words for he felt with wonder women's woe in the travail that they have of motherhood and he wondered to look on her face that was a young face for any man to see but yet was she left after long years a handmaid. Nine twelve bloodflows chiding her childless.

And whiles they spake the door of the castle was opened and there nighed them a mickle noise as of many that sat there at meat. And there came against the place as they stood a young learning knight yclept Dixon. And the traveller Leopold was couth to him sithen it had happed that they had ado each with other in the house of misericord where this learning knight lay by cause the traveller Leopold came there to be healed for he was sore wounded in his breast by a spear wherewith a horrible and dreadful dragon was

smitten him for which he did to make a salve of volatile salt and chrism as much as he might suffice. And he said now that he should go into that castle for to make merry with them that were there. And the traveller Leopold said that he should go otherwhither for he was a man of cautels and a subtle. Also the lady was of his avis and reprevd the learning knight though she trowed well that the traveller had said thing that was false for his subtility. But the learning knight would not hear say nay nor do her mandement he have him in aught contrarious to his list and he said how it was a marvelous castle. And the traveller Leopold went into the castle for to rest him for a space being sore of limb after many marches environing in divers lands and sometime venery.

And in the castle was set a board that was of the birchwood of Finlandy and it was upheld by four dwarfmen of that country but they durst not move more for enchantment. And on this board were frightful swords and knives that are made in a great cavern by swinking demons out of white flames that they fix in the horns of buffalos and stags that there abound marvellously. And there were vessels that are wrought by magic out of seasand and the air by a warlock with his breath that he blaes into them like to bubbles. And full fair cheer and rich was on the board that no wight could devise a fuller ne richer. And there was a vat of silver that was moved by craft to open in the which lay strange fishes withouten heads though misbelieving men nie that this be possible thing without they see it nathless they are so. And these fishes lie in an oily water brought there from Portugal land because of the fatness that therein is like to the juices of the olive press. And also it was a marvel to see in that castle how by magic they make a compost out of fecund wheat kidneys out of Chaldee that by aid of certain angry spirits that they do into it swells up wondrously like to a vast mountain. And they teach the serpents there to entwine themselves up on long sticks out of the ground and of the scales of these serpents they brew out a brewage like to mead.

And the learning knight let pour for the traveller a draught and halp thereto the while all they that were there drank every each. And the traveller Leopold did up his beaver for to pleasure him and took apertly somewhat in amity for he never drank no manner of

mead and anon full privily he voided the more part in his neighbour glass and his neighbour nist not of his wile. And he sat down in that castle with them for to rest him there awhile. Thanked be Almighty God.

This meanwhile this good sister stood by the door and begged them at the reverence of Jesu our alther liege Lord to leave their wassailing for there was above one quick with child a gentle dame, whose time hied fast. Sir Leopold heard on the upfloor cry on high and he wondered what cry that it was whether of child or woman and I marvel, said he, that it be not come or now. Meseems it dureth overlong. And he was ware and saw a franklin that hight Lenehan an that side the table that was older than any of the tother and for that they both were knights virtuous in the one emprise and eke by cause that he was elder he spoke to him full gently. But, said he, or it be long too she will bring forth by God His bounty and have joy for she hath waited marvellous long. And the franklin that had drunken said, Expecting each moment to be her next. Also he took the cup that stood tofore him for him needed never done asking nor desiring of him to drink and, Now drink, said he, fully delectably, and he quaffed as far as he might to their both's health for he was a passing good man of his lustiness. And Sir Leopold that was the goodliest guest that ever sat in scholar's hall and that was the meekest man and the kindest that ever laid husbandly hand under hen and that was the very knight of the world one that ever did minion service to lady gentle pledged him courtly in the cup. Woman's woe with wonder pondering.

Now let us speak of that fellowship that was there to the intent to be drunken an they might. There was a sort of scholars along either side the board, that is to wit, Dixon yclept junior of Saint Mary Merciable's with other his fellows Lynch and Madden., scholars of medicine, and the franklin that hight Lenehan and one from Alba Longa, one Crotthers, and young Stephen that had mien of a frere that was at head of the board and Costello that men clepen Punch Costello all long of a mastery of him erewhile gested (and of all them, reserved young Stephen, he was the most drunken that demanded still of more mead) and beside the meek Sir Leopold. But on young Malachi they waited for that he promised to have come

and such as intended to no goodness said how he had broke his avow. And Sir Leopold sat with them for he bore fast friendship to Sir Simon and to this his son young Stephen and for that his langour becalmed him there after longest wanderings insomuch as they feasted him for that time in the honourablest manner. Ruth red him, love led on with will to wander, loth to leave.

For they were right witty scholars. And he heard their aresouns each gen other as touching birth and righteousness, young Madden maintaining that put such case it were heard the wife to die (for so it had fallen out a matter of some year agone with a woman of Eblana in Horne's house that now was trepassed out of this world and the self night next before her death all leeches and pothecaries had taken counsel of her case). And they said farther she should live because in the beginning they said the woman should bring forth in pain and wherefore they that were of this imagination affirmed how young Madden had said truth for he had conscience to let her die. And not few and of these was young Lynch were in doubt that the world was now right evil governed as it was never other howbeit the mean people believed it otherwise but the law nor his judges did provide no remedy. This was scant said but all cried with one acclaim the wife should live and the babe to die. And they waxed hot upon that head what with argument and what for their drinking but the franklin Lenehan was prompt to pour them ale so that at the least way mirth might not lack. Then young Madden showed all the whole affair and when he said how that she was dead and how for holy religion sake her goodman husband would not let her death whereby they were all wondrous grieved. To whom young Stephen had these words following, Murmur, sirs, is eke oft among lay folk. Both babe and parent now glorify their Maker, the one in limbo gloom, the other in purge fire. But what of those Godpossibled souls that we nightly impossibilise? For, sirs, he said, our lust is brief. We are means to those small creatures within us and nature has other ends than we. Then said Dixon junior to Punch Costello wist he what ends. But he had overmuch drunken and the best word he could have of him was that he would ever dishonest a woman whoso she were or wife or maid or leman if it so fortun'd him to be delivered of his spleen of lustihead. Whereas Crotthers of Alba

Longa sang young Malachi's praise of that beast the unicorn how once in the millennium he cometh by his horn the other all this while pricked forward with their jibes wherewith they did malice him, witnessing all and several by Saint Cuculus his engines that he was able to do any manner of thing that lay in man to do. There at laughed they all right jocundly only young Stephen and sir Leopold which never durst laugh too open by reason of a strange humour which he would not betray and also for that he rued for her that bare whoso she might be or wheresoever. Then spoke young Stephen orgulous of mother Church that would cast him out of her bosom, of law of canons, of bigness wrought by wind of seeds of brightness or by potency of vampires mouth to mouth or, as Virgilius saith, by the influence of the occident or peradventure in her bath according to the opinions of Averroes and Moses Maimonides. He said also how at the end of the second month a human soul was infused and how in all our holy mother foldeth ever souls for God's greater glory whereas that earthly mother which was but a dam to bring forth beastly should die by canon for so saith he that holdeth the fisherman's seal, even that blessed Peter on which rock was holy church for all ages founded. All they bachelors then asked of sir Leopold would he in like case so jeopard her person as risk life to save life. A wariness of mind he would answer as fitted all and, laying hand to jaw, he said dissembling that as it was informed him and agreeing also with his experience of so seldom seen an accident it was good for that Mother Church belike at one blow had birth and death pence and in such sort deliverly he scaped their questions. That is truth, said Dixon, and, or I err, a pregnant word: Which hearing young Stephen was a marvellous glad man and he averred that he who stealeth from the poor lendeth to the Lord for he was of a wild manner when he was drunken and that he was now in that taking it appeared eftsoons.

But sir Leopold was passing grave maugre his word by cause he still had pity of the terror causing shrieking of shrill women in their labour and as he was minded of his good lady Marion that had borne him an only manchild which on his eleventh day on live had died and no man of art could save so dark is destiny. And she

was wondrous stricken of heart for that evil hap and for his burial did him on a fair corselet of lamb's wool, the flower of the flock, lest he might perish utterly and lie akeled (for it was then about the midst of the winter) and now sir Leopold that had of his body no manchild for an heir looked upon him his friend's son and was shut up in sorrow for his forepassed happiness and as sad as he was that him failed a son of such gentle courage (for all accounted him of real parts) so grieved he also in no less measure for young Stephen for that he lived riotously with those wastrels and murdered his goods with whores.

About that present time young Stephen filled all cups that stood empty so as there remained but little if the prudenter had not shadowed their approach from him that still plied it very busily who, praying for the intentions of the sovereign pontiff, he gave them for a pledge the vicar of Christ which also as he said is vicar of Bray. Now drink we, quod he, of this mazer and quaff ye this mead which is not indeed parcel of my body but my soul's bodiment. Leave ye fraction of bread to them that live by bread alone. Be not afeard neither for any want for this will comfort more than the other will dismay. See ye here. And he showed them glistening coins of the tribute and goldsmiths' notes the worth of two pound nineteen shillings that he had he said for a song which he writ. They all admired to see the foresaid riches in such dearth of money as was herebefore. His words were then these as followeth: Know all men, he said, time's ruins build eternity's mansions. What means this? Desire's wind blasts the thorn tree but after it becomes from a bramblebush to be a rose upon the rood of time. Mark me now. In woman's womb word is made flesh but in the spirit of the maker all flesh that passes becomes the word that shall not pass away. This is the post-creation. *Omnis caro ad te veniet*. No question but her name is puissant who aventried the dear course of our Agenbuyer, Healer and Herd, our mighty mother and mother most venerable and Bernardus saith aptly that she hath an *omnipotentiam deiparae supplicem*, that is to wit, an almightiness of petition because she is the second Eve and she won us, saith Augustine too, whereas that other, our grandam, which we are linked up with by successive anastomosis of navelcords sold us by all lock, stock and barrel for a penny pippin. But here is

the matter now. Or she knew him, that second I say, and was but creature of her creature, *vergine madre figlia di tuo figlio* or she knew him not and then stands she in the one denial or ignorancy with Peter Piscator who lives in the house that Jack built and with Joseph the Joiner patron of the happy demise of all unhappy marriages *parceque M. Leo Taxil nous a dit que qui l'avait mise dans cette fichue position c'était le sacre pigeon, ventre de Dieu! Entweder* transsubstantiality *oder* consubstantiality but in no case subsubstantiality. And all cried out upon it for a very scurvy word. A pregnancy without joy, he said, a birth without pangs, a body without belmish, a belly without bigness. Let the lewd with faith and fervour worship. With will will we withstand, withsay.

Hereupon Punch Costello dinged with his fist upon the board and would sing a bawdy catch *Staboo Stabella* about a wench that was put in pod of a jolly swashbuckler in Almany which he did now attack: *The first three months she was not well, Staboo*, when here nurse Quigley from the door angerly bid them hist ye should shame you nor was it meet as she remembered them being her mind was to have all orderly against lord Andrew came as she was jealous that no turmoil might shorten the honour of her guard. It was an ancient and a sad matron of a sedate look and christian walking, in habit dun beseming her megrins and wrinkled visage, nor did her hortative want of it effect for incontinently Punch Costello was of them all embraided and they reclaimed him with civil rudeness some and with menace of blandishments others whiles all chode with him, a murrain seize the dolt, what a devil he would be at, thou chuff, thou puny, thou got in the peasestraw, thou chitterling, thou dykedropt, thou abortion thou, to shut up his drunken drool out of that like a curse of God ape, the good sir Leopold that had for his cognisance the flower of quietmargerain gentle, advising also the time's occasion as most sacred and most worthy to be most sacred. In Horne's house rest should reign.

To be short this passage was scarce by when Master Dixon of Mary's in Eccles, goodly grinning, asked young Stephen what was the reason why he had not cided to take friar's vows and he answered him obedience in the womb, chastity in the tomb but involuntary

poverty all his days. Master Lenehan at this made return that he had heard of those nefarious deeds and how, as he heard hereof counted, he had besmirched the lily virtue of a confiding female which was corruption of minors and they all intershowed it too, waxing merry and toasting to his fathership. But he said very entirely it was clean contrary to their suppose for he was the eternal son and ever virgin. Thereat mirth grew in them the more and they rehearsed to him his curious rite of wedlock for the disrobing and deflowering of spouses, she to be in guise of white and saffron, her groom in white and grain, with burning of nard and tapers, on a bridebed while clerks sung kyries and the anthem *Ut novetur sexus omnis corporis mysterium* till she was there unmaided. He gave them then a much admirable hymen minim by those delicate poets Master John Fletcher and Master Francis Beaumont that is in their *Maid's Tragedy* that was writ for a like twining of lovers: *To bed, to bed*, was the burden of it to be played with accompanable concent upon the virginals. Well met they were, said Master Dixon, but, harkee, better were they named Beau Mont and Lecher for, by my troth, of such a mingling much might come. Young Stephen said indeed to his best remembrance they had but the one doxy between them and she of the stews to make shift with in delights amorous for life ran very high in those days and the custom of the country approved with it. Greater love than this, he said, no man hath that a man lay down his wife for his friend. Go thou and do likewise. Thus, or words to that effect, saith Zarathustra, sometime regious professor of French letters to the university of Oxtail nor breathed there ever that man to whom mankind was more beholden. Bring a stranger within thy tower it will go hard but thou wilt have the secondbest bed. *Orate, fratres, pro memetipso*. And all the people shall say, Amen. Remember, Erin, thy generations and they days of old, how thou settedst little by me and by my word and broughtest in a stranger to my gates to commit fornication in my sight and to wax fat and kick like Jeshurum. Therefore hast thou sinned against the light and hast made me, thy lord to be the slave of servants. Return, return, Clan Milly: forget me not, O Milesian. Why hast thou done this abomination before me that thou didst spurn me for a merchant of jalap and didst deny

me to the Roman and the Indian of dark speech with whom thy daughters did lie luxuriously? Look forth now, my people, upon the land of behest, even from Horeb and from Nebo and from Pisgah and from the Horns of Hatten unto a land flowing with milk and money. But thou hast suckled me with a bitter milk: my moon and my sun thou hast quenched for ever. And thou hast left me alone for ever in the dark ways of my bitterness: and with a kiss of ashes hast thou kissed my mouth. This tenebrosity of the interior, he proceeded to say hath not been illumined by the wit of the septuagint nor as much as mentioned for the Orient from on high. Which brake hell's gates visited a darkness that was foraneous. Assuefaction minorates atrocities and Hamlet his father showeth the prince no blister of combustion. The adiphane in the moon of life is an Egypt's plague which in the nights of prenatality and postmortemity is their most proper *ubi* and *quomodo*. And as the ends and ultimates of all things accords in some mean and measure with their inceptions and originals, that same multiplicit concordance which leads forth growth from birth accomplishing by a retrogressive metamorphosis that minishing and ablation towards the final which is agreeable unto nature so is it with our subsolar being. The aged sisters draw us into life: we wail, batten, sport, slip, clasp, sunder, dwindle, die: over us dead they bend. First saved from water of old Nile, among bulrushes, a bed of fasciated wattles; at last the cavity of a mountain, an occulted sepulchre amid the conclamation of the hillcat and the ossifrage. And as no man knows the ubicity of his tumulus nor to what processes we shall thereby be ushered nor whether to Tophet or to Edenville in the like way is all hidden when we would backward see from what region of remoteness the whatness of our whoness hath fetched his whenceness.

(to be continued)

The Reader Critic

Overheard at an Amy Lowell Lecture

"Amy Lowell has the drummer method of letting you in on poetry, hasn't she? I haven't ever written any, but now I've heard her I think I shall. . . . If she didn't have so much ease, there would still be ease enough, wouldn't there?"

Loyalty

A Champion

Of course you see the *Dial*? Why in the name of literature do they start a magazine at this date and follow directly in your footsteps? Can't they do any pioneering of their own? I have followed your progress for the past five years and I am very loyal to your little journal. This loyalty may prejudice me to the extent of considering the *Dial's* policy a literary breach.

[Yes, we have had this called to our attention many times. The *Dial's* contents page often reads like our letter-head; but we don't mind, and they seem to like it. There is room in America for any number of efforts of this kind. And it is especially fitting, now that we have prohibition, to have a de-alcoholized version of the *Little Review*.—jh.]

The World Moves

(from the London Times)

In some such fashion as this do we seek to define the element which distinguishes the work of several young writers, among whom Mr. James Joyce is the most notable, from that of their predecessors. It attempts to come closer to life, and to preserve more sincerely and exactly what interests and moves them by discarding most of the conventions which are commonly observed by the novelists. Let us record the atoms as they fall upon the mind in the order in which they fall, let us trace the pattern, however disconnected and incoherent in appearance, which each sight or incident scores upon the consciousness. Let us not take it for granted that life exists more in what is commonly thought big than in what is commonly

thought small. Any one who has read "The Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man" or what promises to be a far more interesting work, "Ulysses," now appearing in the Little Review, will have hazarded some theory of this nature as to Mr. Joyce's intention. On our part it is hazarded rather than affirmed; but whatever the exact intention there can be no question but that it is of the utmost sincerity and that the result, difficult or unpleasant as we may judge it, is undeniably distinct. In contrast to those whom we have called materialists Mr. Joyce is spiritual; concerned at all costs to reveal the flickerings of that innermost flame which flashes its myriad messages through the brain, he disregards with complete courage whatever seems to him adventitious, though it be probability or coherence or any other of the handrails to which we cling for support when we set our imaginations free. Faced, as in the Cemetery scene, by so much that, in its restless scintillations, in its irrelevance, its flashes of deep significance succeeded by incoherent inanities, seems to be life itself, we have to fumble rather awkwardly if we want to say what else we wish; and for what reason a work of such originality yet fails to compare, for we must take high examples, with "Youth" or "Jude the Obscure." It fails, one might say simply, because of the comparative poverty of the writer's mind. But it is possible to press a little further and wonder whether we may not refer our sense of being in a bright and yet somehow strictly confined apartment rather than at large beneath the sky to some limitation imposed by the method as well as by the mind. Is it due to the method that we feel neither jovial nor magnanimous, but centred in a self which in spite of its tremor of susceptibility never reaches out or embraces or comprehends what is outside and beyond? Does the emphasis laid perhaps didactically upon indecency contribute to this effect of the angular and isolated? Or is it merely that in any effort of such courage the faults as well as the virtues are left naked to the view? In any case we need not attribute too much importance to the method. Any method is right, every method is right, that expresses what we wish to express. This one has the merit of giving closer shape to what we were prepared to call life itself; did not the reading of "Ulysses" suggest how much of life is excluded and ignored, and did it not come with a shock to open "Tristram Shandy" and even "Pendennis," and be by them convinced that there are other aspects of life, and larger ones into the bargain?

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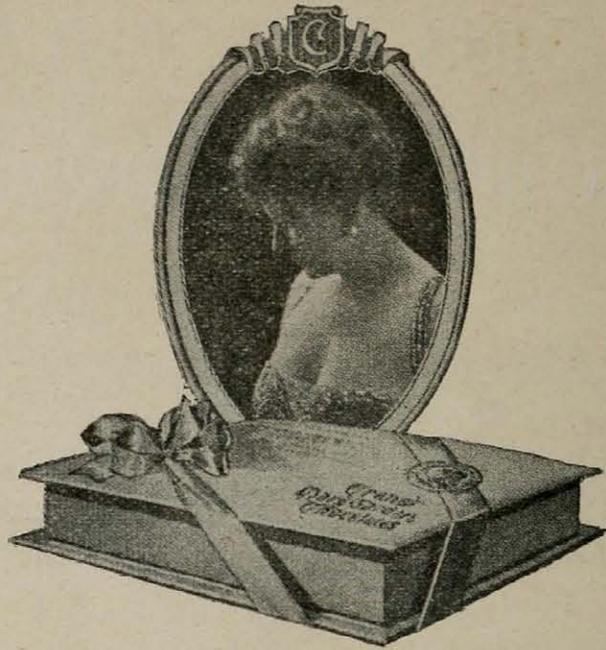
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