

# THE LITTLE REVIEW

Literature      Drama      Music      Art

MARGARET C. ANDERSON

EDITOR

Dec - JANUARY, 1917

The Great Emotional Mind

Chinoiseries

And—

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*Eunice Tietjens*

*jh.*

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The Reader Critic

*Retold from the German*

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We had hoped to publish the prize poem in this issue, after having arranged to do so for the last four months. But the poems are stuck fast with one of the judges, from whom it has been impossible to extract a verdict.

We promise it definitely for February.

This issue will be officially known as the December-January. (The usual excuse, explanation, and regret.)

The February issue will contain the most inspired article ever written about Mary Garden, and will have a deep-purple label in her honor.

# M.A.C.

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# THE LITTLE REVIEW

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## The Great Emotional Mind

MARGARET C. ANDERSON

EVERY one talks about Art when he wants to be interesting. Whether he knows anything about it or not makes no difference. You can tell a man that unless he's an expert in interstate railway regulation he mustn't argue with a man who is. That sounds sensible to him and he will defer to the expert. But if you tell him that he mustn't argue with an artist, not being one himself, he considers your remark insulting.

Some people condemn artists and their ways; some praise their work and condemn their ways; some imitate their ways and patronize their work; some believe in their work and discredit the whole scale of values on which alone such work could be built. The latter seem to be the most numerous in these days, and they are the most exasperating. But all of them together act the same way when it comes to talking about Art. If the artist disagrees with them they are sure he is in the wrong, and if in their eloquence they have tried to make him out a fool it's difficult to understand their rage when the artist says, "Very well, you are not an artist, why should we be expected to agree?" You can tell a man that he knows nothing about philology or philosophy or metaphysics or comparative religions or science or

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plumbing or gardening, and he will confess that he doesn't. As for aesthetics, he can't deny fast enough any connection with such a subject, as though it were something beneath his character. But the moment Art is mentioned the thing seems to have become personal, and you realize from his angry or injured air that not to know about Art is a sin instead of a lack, a thing one can be blamed for, a matter not to be compared to an incapacity for metaphysics or plumbing, for some mysterious reason.

This is the great emotional mind, holding itself proudly above the much-maligned lay mind but really only articulating the beloved theories of them both. The lay mind says: "I don't know anything about Art but I know what I like." The emotional mind says: "I am capable of being moved profoundly, and what moves me is Art." Here are the articles of its faith—every one of them as untrue as education can make them. It believes:

That beauty is loveliness.

That beauty is art.

That truth is art.

That truth is beauty, beauty truth.

That taste is art.

That reproduction is art.

That technique is form.

That style is form.

That "significant form" is an unstable quantity. (They say: "What is beautiful to you is ugly to me. Therefore, what is art to you is not art to me. Therefore, how can you say what is art?")

That there is no distinction between feelings and imagination.

That an emotional experience is the same as an aesthetic experience.

That the fundamental impulse behind art is the search for truth.

That art can be gauged by meaning.

That the capacity to suffer intensely makes art.

That the artist is the interpreter of life.

That the artist paints life as he sees it.

That the artist mirrors the problems of his age.

That art springs from the fever and turmoil of life.

That art is a medium for expressing life.

That art is a criticism of life.

That art is a justification of life.

That art is the release from and the compensation for pain.

That the ideal of the arts is the expression of the human spirit.



That art ministers to our desires.

That the function of art is to make the race happier.

That art will free man from lies and superstitions.

That art is to dissipate reality.

That the social vision implies the creative vision.

That man's organic necessity to listen to music or be thrilled by poetry is identical with the art impulse.

That to live fully is the requisite of art.

That intellect is the motive power in creation.

That philosophy, which directs or explains, has some relation to art, which makes or reveals.

That special insight implies creative power.

That special knowledge means special intelligence.

That one must experience to know.

That facts or fancies belong to art.

That a poetic temperament makes a poet.

That to act with great feeling and passion is to be a great actor.

That to "be Mary Garden in every role she does" is to be a bad actress.

That "the books we read and reread" are those that stand the test of literature.

That the artist escapes from life into beauty.

That this "escape" is a falsification of life.

That criticism should be sincere and unprejudiced.

That artist and genius are identical terms.

Finally, that art is the expression of the whole man, as even Mr. Willard Huntington Wright and *The Seven Arts* believe. It is not. It is the expression of the thing that man brings into the world with him. His life is the expression of the whole man. His art is the carefully-selected expression of his personality.

## Chinoiseries

EUNICE TIETJENS

### Crepuscule

Like the patter of rain on the crisp leaves of autumn are the tiny footfalls  
of the fox-maidens.

## Festival of Dragon Boats

On the fifth day of the fifth month the statesman Kūh Yuen drowned himself in the River Mih-lo.

Since then twenty-three centuries have passed, and the mountains wear away.

Yet every year, on the fifth day of the fifth month, the great Dragon Boats, gay with flags and gongs, search diligently in the streams of the Empire for the body of Kūh Yuen.

## Kang Yi

When Kang Yi had been long dead the Empress decreed upon him posthumous decapitation, so that he walks forever disgraced among the shades.

## The Dream

When he had tasted in a dream of the Ten Courts of Purgatory, Dr. Tsêng was humbled in spirit and passed his life in piety among the foothills.



## Poetics

While two ladies of the Imperial harem held before him a screen of pink silk, and a P'in Concubine knelt with his ink-slab, Li Po, who was very drunk, wrote an impassioned poem to the moon.

## The Son of Heaven

Like this frail and melancholy rain is the memory of the Emperor Kuang-Hsu, and of his sufferings at the hand of Yehonala.

Yet under heaven was there found no one to avenge him.

Now he has mounted the Dragon and has visited the Nine Springs. His betrayer sits upon the Dragon Throne.

Yet among the shades may he not take comfort from the presence of his Pearl Concubine?

## Yin and Yang

At the Hour of the Horse avoid raising a roof tree, for by the trampling of his hoofs it may be beaten down;

And at the Hour of the cunning Rat go not near a soothsayer, for by his prescience he may mislead the oracle, and the hopes of the inquirer come to naught.

## And—

jh.

*A Decadent Art!*

WE have had grand opera in Chicago for several weeks. I am going to write here of grand opera, not of singing classes.

Grand opera, like a great hand whose fingers are the different arts, is trying to give us what the closed hand holds. Galli-Curci has undone the critics for adjectives of praise, has fulfilled the hopes of managers, and filled the Auditorium with the sleep-walking public. We have had Muratore with his beautiful voice and his treacle personality. We have had efficient and awful Wagnerian singers. We have had satisfaction in our opera. And now comes Mary Garden, so surcharged with life that she sends a thrill of it before her—Mary Garden who outsings the composer in her feeling, who outpaints the painter in her acting, who outsculps the sculptor with her body. Mary Garden gives us grand opera; she gives what the closed hand holds.

And so the fight will begin again and the old favorite record will be put on all the cheap human talking machines: "Of course Mary Garden can't sing, but she can act."

Grand opera by its very character is outside such simple criticism as this; it is outside all talk of voice production or singing off key or distracting the conductor. There is a measurable value in the component parts of any art, but the test that cannot be analyzed lies in the unity of these parts. This unity is the principle of Art. But grand opera is a composite of the arts, and the true test for it should lie in the unity of the employed arts, not in weighing any part of any one art. People will rave for days if Mary Garden fails in a note, although the aesthetic and emotional experience of the whole was unmarred; but the same people will never be disturbed if Galli-Curci moves about the stage like a lost cloak-model and breaks up the picture of the whole illusion by holding her body in positions not possible in human awkwardness; and is so intent on breathing that she almost forgets to attend to Juliet's funeral. So long as she sings according to a fixed standard she need go no further than a moving-



picture screen. And Mary must be decried, though her performance hold in color like a tapestry and move in rhythm like a frieze.

When anything is as far from life as sung dialogue it must have a different treatment than either pure song or pure drama. Decoration should be the design for opera: a libretto that is a dramatic poem, music working itself out in a decoration for the poem, scenery a design of the matter and feeling of the libretto, and actors that can point the design not in the realistic day-life manner of the drama but with decorative acting. With this we might have great grand opera. One thing we have now: the great decorative actress and singer, Mary Garden.

Mary Garden is the biggest thing on our horizon today. To think that flesh could be so intelligent! She gives as generously of her undraped body as a Rodin statue; and the audience gives her back their applause, grudgingly, not knowing the great art of her. To put Rodin into inspired motion, but to do more than that even—! In the next issue I shall try to write of all she does,—Mary Garden.

"This Cyprian  
She is a million, million changing things.  
She brings more joy than any god; she brings  
More pain. I cannot judge her. May it be  
An hour of mercy when she looks on me."

"What Is Art?"

WHEN Tagore first gave his lecture on Art in Chicago I was not here, and all I could read about it or find out about it by asking was that it was anti-Tolstoyan. But I got the whole truth of it in a sentence when I asked a pupil of Tagore's, a young artist, "What does Mr. Tagore say in his lecture on Art?"

"What does he say? Oh, he just says what it is, this Art."

Every layman in this country who finds it necessary to establish himself a critic of Art and artists should hear that lecture and try to understand it, if only in parts. But I suppose they wouldn't accept Tagore's word for it because he doesn't take them in on the ground floor, in the manner of *The Seven Arts*, for instance.

I can't quote directly, as the lecture is not yet published, but he has said all the things that one longs to say oneself. He defines the artist as



one who says to the world: "I see you where you are what I am." Art is the most personal thing in the world. Man reveals himself and not his objects in Art. Matter and manner find their harmonics in our personality. The artist does not particularize through peculiarity, which is the discord of the unique, but through the personality, which is its harmony. Art is man's answer to the "Supreme Person." Art is personal and beyond science. So, too, is beauty. Beauty is not a fact but an expression. "Facts are like wine-cups that carry it." To all the confusion and misconceptions about beauty in Art he answers: The creation of beauty is not the object of Art. Beauty in Art has merely been an instrument and not its complete and ultimate significance. And to those who demand teaching or utility in Art there is this answer: The stage of pure utility is like a state of heat which is dark. When it surpasses itself it becomes white heat and then it is expressive; and when man thwarts his desire for delight, wanting to make it into good or into knowledge, it loses its bloom and healthiness.

Taking up the old controversy of Art for Art's sake, the fact that the phrase has fallen into disrepute is a sign of the return of the ideals of the puritanic age when enjoyment as an end in itself was held to be sinful. The idea of Art for Art's sake had its origin in a surplusage of life, not in asceticism or decadence. When our personality is at its flood-tide with love or other emotion it longs to express itself for the sake of expression, and we forget the claims of usefulness and the thrift of necessity.

After all the fighting and arguing one has to do up and down the world over what is Art, and Art for Art's sake, one comes from this lecture feeling: "He leadeth me beside the still waters; he maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he restoreth my soul."

### *Little Theatre Atrocities*

LAST month the Chicago Little Theatre strayed down into the Playhouse with *Mrs. Warren's Profession*. I won't say anything about the acting, nor even of Mrs. Warren and her Oak Park vulgarity—Mrs. Warren of London, Brussels, Budapest! But I can't let the scenery go by without a protest.

There is a subtle but definite sense of analogy of line which goes through all the arts. It is obvious in acting and painting. Why shouldn't it be sought in decoration when decoration is dependent upon words? Bernard Shaw has perhaps but one line—the straight horizontal line. He cuts through clear and straight—a cross-section of life. He brings people and



all their relations out upon this broad flat plane. That's Shaw. I didn't mind that the text of *Mrs. Warren* called for period architecture; it was the insistence on the long perpendicular line that maddened me. And the color! There, too, was a chance for line. But—well, who can tell how bad the performance was with the futile effort of the denying horizontal lines of the play against the asserting perpendicular lines of the scenery?

### Moore and More

I HAVE been reading Frank Harris in *Pearson's* on George Moore's *The Brook Kerith*. What Mr. Harris really does is to jump on George Moore for not writing a history of the life of Christ—the sociology, biology, and geology of Jerusalem.

Only in books of information and science does the writer have to submerge his personality and let the facts have first place. But Mr. Moore thought he was making a work of art, and here no one will deny the first right to the personality of the artist. Mr. Harris cavils about types, landscapes, customs, etc.

Almost the only presentation of Christ outside the Bible has been in painting. Have those painters "defiled our most sacred spiritual possessions" who, from the day when Florence knelt in her streets before Cimabue's Madonna, have painted every incident in the life of Christ and of the Holy Family in every setting from an Italian pasture to a Medici palace, using Italian types, Italian dress, Italian gestures? Has the great El Grece defiled the Christian religion because he painted Spanish Christs and saints in tomb-damp colors? Did Michael Angelo dethrone God because in his *Creation* he painted him with beard and flowing robe on his own authority? And the Germans and the Dutch? They must have been all leagued together to "misrepresent through ignorance," according to such critics as Mr. Harris. But who can say that they have not raised the tradition to a height the old Jews dared not dream?

"A. E."

THERE is a great interest in America just now over A. E.—poet, painter, mystical teacher, labor leader, economist, and editor. There are lectures by Colum, reviews of his books, studies of his life, a revival of the reading of George Moore's *Salve* where he is portrayed with such love, and in



January we are to have an exhibition of his paintings brought from Ireland by a Chicago woman at her own expense and loaned to the Art Institute. To my knowledge only once before have any of A. E.'s paintings been seen in Chicago. There were two with the "Cubists."

The coming exhibitions will have pictures in several manners: a group of wood interiors where gay young things sport—the trees human and the girls wild; joyous sea pictures with cockle-gatherers and bathers; and one frankly symbolic. One is called *Dove-Grey Sands: The Face of Brooding Love in the Sky*. I love most those close-toned ones in which he has seemed to paint the very spirit of the air to create his subject—a painted intuition of mood. Most painters do no more than paint the nature of the atmosphere to give the mood of their subjects. There seems to be in all A. E.'s painting a sense of a living divine soul in all things that make up the universe, and their unity with the soul of man.

#### *Fritz Kreisler; Pianist*

KREISLER came and played the piano—accompanying a young Russian baritone, de Warlich. It was a lesson for all pianists and accompanists; but of course they were not there. Very few were there, so excited are people in Chicago over music.

It was good to see how Kreisler subdued the strength of his own personality and the sound of the piano and let the boy sing. But he did more than that: he subdued the authority of a great violinist and let the piano play.

It would have made you glad to see how he came to the instrument. He reached out as if he were drawing it to him; with hands and feet at once he seemed to swing it into place.

#### *H. M. for Art; H—L for Artists*

AT a recent exhibition in the Art Institute a committee granted honorable mention to Stanislaw Szukalski, the young Polish sculptor, and it is told that he tore up the H. M. before their faces. He would undoubtedly have thrown back the thousand-dollar prize to them.

Well, who of them all is able to give him place? Better be free of their praise for his work if he cannot be free of their criticism for his personality. The newspapers take it up and call him the eccentric young sculptor. A citizen may be eccentric—so eccentric that his fellows may



shut him up in an asylum; but that's a game among themselves. How on earth can a sculptor be eccentric? It's a waste of terms. One who creates as indirectly as through Art must always seem eccentric to society; but he is not eccentric to life: he creates as an artist: he exists as an artist.

*Paint and Personality*

THE new Arts Club opened its galleries with an exhibition of Sargent and Dearth—just wild enough contrast for great interest: Sargent resting back on old methods, expressing himself only in his subjects; Dearth vitalizing his method with feeling and creating a manner full of life-stuff to express himself in his peculiar subjects.

Next came an exhibition of Henri, Bellows, and Sloan—a matter of men, not of manner.

The courtesy with which Mr. Henri treats all his subjects stamps his technique and his color with that final necessary thing. In Mr. Bellows the organization stands the test, but Bellows seems to be wanting. Mr. Sloan, with his humpy line, makes one feel a soul that has never blown out like an unfurled scroll.

*Frederic Stuck!*

THERE is an unintentional explanation in the German pronunciation of Mr. Stock's name as to why the Orchestra programs never "move on" with new music or with much variation of the old.

**"Huppdiwupp"**

HE lived on the side of a mountain near a dark pine forest. His house was built of great pine logs and the cracks were so well plastered with clay that the wind could never blow in. When it blew very hard the little house laughed and sent the smoke gaily up the chimney which had once been a stove pipe. There was only one room in the house, with one window, but the sun loved the little room and shone in always when the day was at its height.

Friedel lived here almost alone, for his father was dead and his mother washed clothes for strangers. With the money she earned every day she

*\*Retold from the German.*



bought bread and a little butter for her boy, and every year trousers or a coat; but she could not earn enough to send Friedel to school. This gave him no sorrow, and that they were so poor had no meaning for him. In the summer he grazed his goat on the mountain-side—a willful goat who always sought his feed where it was steepest and always ran away; but Friedel knew that at last he would come back and so he sat quietly by the brook which sprang zig-zag down the mountain and through the thickets of slender pines. The pines tried to catch the water but they were not quick enough; and the little stream leaped down to a great city which lay not far away in the valley. As it dashed over the bare feet of the little boy it said, "Come, little Friedel, run with me, run with me and help turn the great water-wheel of the mill."

"I'm not so stupid as that," answered Friedel. "I wouldn't get a penny for it. But you will wash away a few shovels of yellow clay for me, won't you?"

Out of the clay he made all kinds of curious things: Meckerbart, his goat, and Hans, the miller's boy, who always let him ride on his donkey; or even the donkey himself. And as he worked he thought of nothing but his work; he saw nothing, heard nothing—not even the blackbird singing like a flute.

So it was in the summer. But when winter came Friedel sat in the room on a chair which he had made himself, and in the stove crackled the fir-wood which he had gathered. At his feet lay Miez, the cat, who was so old and lazy that she could scarcely make her spinning-sound. When the clouds would allow it the sun looked in through the window and wondered over the boy who carved such lovely things. He carved with a knife which had belonged to his father—a knife so sharp that he could have cut both hair and beard with it.

It was the day before Christmas and Friedel was working on a Wonder-Beautiful horse which held one foreleg lifted and threw back his head proudly. One would not be surprised to hear him neigh the next moment. With three feet he stood upon a smooth board on which were wheels so that he could run. He had no saddle but there was a bridle, a narrow strip of brown leather. As the sun went down Friedel's work was finished and his eyes shone with joy. "Now will I ride out, old Miez," he said; "will you come with me?"

"No," said the cat, "it is too cold outside for me and this evening it will snow; then I couldn't find my way back home again when you fall off your steed."



"Do you really think I shall fall off?"

"Of course," muttered the cat; "you have no claws: with what will you hold fast?"

Then the mother came home from work and said, "Lay your knife away, Friedel. Holy Evening is here, when one must not whittle and carve or the great Mountain Chopper will come and carry you off."

"No, mother, when it grows dark two little angels will very softly open heaven's door, which is there where the sun is gone down, and the Christ-child will ride down to earth on a silver white horse and visit the good children."

"Yes," said the woman, and turned away to light some pine chips; then she opened the cupboard and placed bread and butter upon the table. Friedel said very thoughtfully, "Why doesn't he come to us? I have always been good!"

But the mother sunk her eyes and whispered, "Because we are too poor. The Christ-child comes only to people who have money and we have none."

"But that's a shame," said the little fellow. And when his mother heard that she began to cry bitterly. Friedel ran to her, put his head in her lap and said, "I have a big horse called Eolpdiwupp which I will sell. I shall get much money for him, and then the Christ-child will come."

When he had said this he took his horse and went out of the room; his mother, crying softly, did not watch after him; and then, because she was so very tired, she closed her eyes and sank into a deep sleep.

The little boy opened the door very gently, put his horse outside, got upon it and cried, "Hü!" But the horse didn't understand: he was still too young; and besides he had a hard head and would not run.

"If I only had a whip!" said Friedel; and because he had none he dismounted and dragged his steed by the bridle behind him.

When the sun had gone down there rose slowly a great cloud mountain, but the greater part of the sky was still clear. There the dear moon wandered. She shone brightly but she was no longer full, for she had given of her light to the young stars as she rose over them. In return they let her cling to them a little, for it is no small thing to walk there above much higher than the highest church tower and not grow dizzy. In all the air a solemn silence ruled; the dark pines stood motionless; they held their breath, as though they waited for a king to pass. But the earth trembled softly; she was freezing and she longed for a soft white covering in which she might wrap herself to sleep. At first the little boy froze too, but soon



he grew warm from running and his heart beat fast with the desire to sell his precious horse. As he trotted along he met a fox.

"Where are you going, Friedel?"

"To sell my horse. Will you have him? I hear that you are a rich man and eat roast goose every day. You should not go on foot."

"Of course not," said the fox. "But I see what you hold there is a white horse. I prefer to ride my own red-brown one."

"Oh well, pardon," said Friedel, and went on. Soon he came upon a raven who wore a heavy black coat and called out in a deep voice: "Trot, trot!"

"Yes," answered Friedel, "but he won't trot, and alas, I have no whip. But tell me, won't you buy my horse?"

"I don't want it," croaked the raven, very much hurt. "I have wings and can fly."

"That's different," said Friedel, "I didn't know that."

A little farther on he came upon a sparrow and he asked again: "Master Greyhead, you have so much to do on the streets, won't you buy my horse?"

"Yes, if it were only summer," said the sparrow, "I could make good use of him; now in winter and it very difficult to get enough food together for my own span of horses. But we will go down into the city: there it's easy to get rid of a horse like this any day. See how it shines out there with her thousand lights. Come, I will guide you. I must visit a few courtyards which are under my care." Friedel was glad in his heart, for where could he have found a better guide or one who knew the world so well?

The street sloped down rapidly. The sparrow and Friedel stepped along lightly, the horse close upon their heels. "Now you may see how well he can run, if he only will," said Friedel; and Master Greyhead said very calmly: "One must have much patience with such unreasonable animals."

They went past the water-mill; the great wheel had made a holiday and was standing still, so the brook had nothing to do and called out to Friedel:

"Go back home, go back home;  
It is cold here outside;  
Flowers are gone to bed,  
Frogs sleep deep in the mud,  
Bats hang in the corners,  
Cuckoos sing no more,



Behind the mountain waits the wind—  
Back home, go back, dear child!"

"Hear what he's trying to make you believe," said the sparrow. "You mustn't give heed to him; he is one who is always coming down. He who would rise in the world must have no fears."

The boy intended to remember this good advice but as he saw the brightly-lighted windows of the miller's house he thought: "Now they sit within by the warm stove having Christmas."

It was not long before they were in the city. There stood high houses, crowded so close together that the street could scarcely pass through, and the little fellow was afraid. Sometimes his mother had taken him with her to the city, but that had always been in bright day. He had never wanted to wander about the streets alone; he would rather be where the leaves rustled and the birds sang. Now all the windows were bright and behind the polished panes stood the loveliest things. Along the footpaths hurried many people, all carrying packages and bundles under their arms. Fortunately there were no more wagons, so Friedel chose the street. But even there he was not safe. First a fat woman crossed over the way; she carried on either side a great pack, puffed like an old steam engine, and gave him such a shove that he fell to the ground—and his horse too. But he stood up quickly and helped Huppdwupp to his feet. "One mustn't make anything of that," said the sparrow; "that happens every day. But there come some dangerous fellows; we must pass them very cautiously."

But this didn't happen. Three street urchins came along who could see more with one eye than ten men with two. The first two seized Friedel by the jacket and the third planted himself impudently in front of the boy and said: "You wooden-shoe fellow, are you taking your horse to the blacksmith? You can get it done cheaper here; we'll shoe him for nothing."

"That's not necessary," said Friedel, "I wish to sell him." Then the three shouted and the boldest one began to talk again: "Listen, you, you can't sell your horse; we won't have it. Give it to me and I won't tell that you stole it." And then he reached out for the bridle and tried to snatch away from the boy the only thing that he owned. Then the sparrow whispered: "Take off your wooden shoe and give him one on the head." Friedel thought this good advice and followed it. There began a great battle, and even though there were three of the others they lacked a weapon and got many blows. Perhaps it might have gone badly with the boy at the end, but like thunder and lightning a man came between them. He had



a polished helmet on his head and a sword at his side; under his nose he wore an enormous mustache which always trembled as though in fear of the frightful words that flew past it. He shouted: "Separate, you boys! keep the peace or I'll pepper and salt your backs! Who started this?"

"He!" cried the three, as one mouth.

"No, they!" peeped the sparrow; but no one heard him.

"You see, Watch Master, he still has his wooden shoe in his hand," said the boldest one; "he attacked us with that."

"Be silent!" thundered the man, "we'll get the right of this. You, put on your shoe, and tell me what you want here in the street with the horse."

"He has stolen the horse," said one of the boys.

"No," said Friedel, very boldly and clearly, "the horse belongs to me; I made it myself."

The man couldn't well believe that and said: "That's very suspicious. Follow me, we'll soon find out."

So Friedel had to follow him and the bad boys exulted. They gave a howl of joy and started after; but he with the helmet motioned toward his sword and they gladly ran away.

The man stalked ahead while Friedel, the sparrow, and Huppdwupp followed as fast as their legs would carry them. The poor little fellow was very disheartened and thought it a bad adventure. But the sparrow whispered to him: "This is nothing; I can manage it." At the next corner he gave Friedel a sign and they swung to the right, unnoticed, while the man of law went straight ahead, seeing nothing, intent only on his own steps.

"That's the way to manage such people," said the sparrow. "You must never follow their orders if you wish to be a clever fellow. But wait! Here we are at the right place. In this old house lives a merchant who deals in cats and dogs, donkeys and horses. Take a look; his window is full of them. Go in and try your luck."

The small boy opened the door, went into the shop, and asked the merchant: "Here is my horse Huppdwupp. I want very much to sell him. Will you take him?"

"Why not?" said the merchant. "What does he cost?"

"A thousand thaler."

"That's too dear for me," said the merchant, and made a very thoughtful face. "Just look, my horses are much handsomer than yours and even then much cheaper than a thousand thaler."

"Yes," said Friedel, "I believe that. But your horses are dead and



mine is alive. I should know, I made it myself. But tell me, what will you give me?"

"Half a pfennig."

"That's much too little," said the boy and went quickly out the door. Huppdwupp sprang over the threshold, as enraged as he. Little Greyhead was much annoyed when he heard the story and peeped very distinctly: "Such a common fellow! It's a pity I didn't go in with you, so that I could have given him a piece of my mind. But wait! See that strange fellow coming there? Notice how his spider legs bend under him. His body is so thin that he throws no shadow, and his face looks as though it were plastered with copper money. Ask him, he is surely a horseman. I tell you the best horse deals are always made in the street."

Friedel waited until the man came up and then said, very shyly: "Dear Sir, won't you buy my little horse? My mother and I have no money." But the man merely said, "Beggar!" and passed on, leaving the three not knowing what to do.

"Don't cry," said the sparrow, who recovered quickest; "that's the way with people. I know them from my grain deals."

"I'm not crying," said Friedel bravely, but he was as sad at heart as a horse who has won a race and waits in vain for his rider to pat his neck. "I shall stay no longer in the city, and I shall have nothing more to do with these people. I know very well what I must do. Tell me, Master Greyhead, have you already seen the Christ-child this evening?"

"To be sure. I see him every year. Today he came riding in from the door of the East and he will go out again at the West door. If you wish to speak with him we must hurry and reach the bench by the spring where he will surely pass."

And now the three went together out of the city. There was no one to be seen and Friedel's wooden shoes made klapp, klapp on the hard frozen road. He pulled his fur cap down over his ears, because he was so cold, and thrust his hands into his trousers pockets. "Shall I lend you my handkerchief, Master Greyhead?" he asked. "Out of it you can make some stockings for your bare legs."

But the sparrow laughed. "Never mind; even in winter my feet are quite comfortable. Now look about you—this is the place. Sit down on the bench and rest, but take care not to go to sleep. Meanwhile I'll watch and tell you when the Christ-child comes."

The little fellow sat down, and the sky grew darker and darker. The stars put out their lights and the moon disappeared. Then it seemed to



Friedel that the world grew stiller, and he himself grew wearier, and soon there came fluttering down through the air, very softly, thousands and thousands of butterflies. They settled on the bare branches of the trees, and when there was no more room there they sank down on the road and the ground, covering the whole earth. "They have woven a white cloth," said the sparrow; "that is really too bad. But what can one do? The Christ-child has given away his horse and stockings and shoes and must not walk on the bare ground. See, there he comes."

Great heavens, Friedel had fallen asleep. But he had to open his eyes again. He saw a shimmering light coming nearer and nearer. Then Friedel stood up and walking was so easy for him, so wonderfully easy, that he moved toward the light. At last came an angel's child with long hair and a blue robe, with nothing in his hands, who went with bare feet and stepped so lightly that not a trace of him remained in the snow. All the light which Friedel had seen came from his two eyes, and about his mouth played a smile as though the Mother Maria had just kissed his lips.

"Are you the Christ-child?" asked Friedel.

"Yes," answered he, and looked so long at Friedel that a strange warmth ran through the boy's whole body.

Then the little fellow took heart and asked fervently: "Dear Christ-child, people will have nothing to do with me and no one sees my need. Buy my little horse Huppdiwupp. I have carved him with my own hand. You cannot go back to heaven on foot. You can pay me what you will."

"Oh," said the Christ-child, "I have no money."

Friedel was astonished: "No money? And yet you bring such lovely things to the children? Every year you've gone to the rich miller; of course you have never known where we poor people live."

"Yes, little boy," said the Christ-child and smiled so strangely. "How that comes to be I cannot say. And then you are not poor."

"But mother says so."

"Give me your hand. Did you carve that beautiful horse with this hand?"

"Yes."

"There is a gift in your hand," said the Christ-child, "which a rich man cannot buy for a whole sack of gold," and he stroked his hand and blessed him. But Friedel was not content and pleaded: "Haven't you one more nut in your pocket or at least a fig or a cake?"

Then the Christ-child said sadly: "I really didn't think of you and I have given everything away. But if you will lend your little horse Hupp-



diwupp to me then you shall see a lovelier Christmas tree than any child on earth has owned tonight."

Friedel was satisfied. The Christ-child seated himself on the horse, took the little boy in his arms, and before them, between the ears of the horse, Master Greyhead perched himself. And now it was wonderful to see how the horse grew larger and larger. It was as if wings grew to him, and he rose slowly up and left the earth beneath. It snowed no more, the sky had become clear again, and the stars gleamed like diamonds in the dark hair of a queen. And as they kept rising steadily higher and higher the heart of the boy rose too. It was wide with joy, but it was strange that he could not feel it beating. His body was so light that he felt he could jump to the stars; he could not feel when his foot touched the neck of the horse. But he thought no more of this for he was so happy: his own work was bearing him up to the highest places. Far below he saw meadows and forests which shone whitely up; there, too, were the mountains and the cliffs stretching up like giants and yet unable to reach him. From the distance the bells toned very softly—as if their clappers were wound round with velvet. They were calling to Holy Festival. Friedel flew higher and higher and the earth grew as small as the wheel of the water-mill, and even smaller. Finally they went past the moon who was polishing her lamp which had almost gone out. She nodded to Friedel very kindly: "Bravo! You'll soon be able to fly yourself!"

And then they came into heaven, a place so splendid that one cannot tell of it. There stood a great palace of transparent blue crystal; in it was a hall with walls of white marble and a table which gleamed like a single diamond. Upon this table was a green pine tree and on it hung a thousand stars: five hundred of them burned with a quiet light, the other five hundred glittered and flamed like children of the sun.

"Is it not lordly, Master Sparrow?" asked the boy.

The other answered: "Yes, but a full cherry-tree with the fruit showing dark red through the green—I do not know but what I should prefer that."

Then the Christ-child led them to the table, for under the pine tree, in a very simple arm chair, sat the dear God. He was stone old but he looked about him as kindly as a father looks at his children. Upon his left knee he rocked a little angel who sang.

"Ah, dear God," said Friedel very shyly, "now that I am up here I should like so much to see my father again."



"I believe he is not here," said the Christ-child. "He has gone to another place because he scolded and beat your mother."

"Oh," said Friedel, "that doesn't make any difference. Mother has often beaten me, but I love her just the same."

"That's very different," said the Christ-child, and the dear God smiled a very little. Friedel was near to tears but he took heart and said: "See, dear God, I have brought a beautiful horse with me. His name is Huppd-wupp. He is without, before the door, for it is too slippery for him in here, as he has no iron hoofs. But he is no common horse. He has brought us all up to heaven. The people would not buy my horse. They did not know what he was worth. The Christ-child has no money, so you take it and give me for him what I beg you."

And as Friedel finished the dear God set the little angel on the floor and it tripped away. Then he stretched out his right hand and drew the little boy toward him; and Friedel knew that he was to receive his wish.

At ten o'clock a lusty fellow knocked at the window of Friedel's mother. "Wash Margaret, get up! It's I, the miller's Hans. I found your youngster down below by the fountain almost frozen to ice."

How frightened the mother was! But she rubbed her little boy with snow and he grew slowly warm again. She held him the whole night through and kept saying, "My poor boy! My poor boy!"

But Friedel stammered, sleepy and snow-drunk: "I am not poor. I can make the Christ-child out of snow-white stone and he will shine like the sun."

The poor woman did not know what to say but she clasped her child with both arms to keep him warm; for outside the wind had risen and was slashing the roof.

Finally they both fell asleep, mother and son; and at their right stood Need and at their left stood Sorrow, watching over them. For these are the angels of the poor, and whom they lift up they make the Conquerors.



## The Reader Critic

### "Mutable Emotions"

*Alan Adair, Fovant Camp:*

Yesterday your paper came to me, sent forward from my home. For the last four months it has come to me through change of camp and bullets, the delays of censorship, and the uncertainties of civil and military posts. And each time it has provoked me, and tonight, as I read it in the flickering obscurity of my hut, it provokes me excessively. For I am a soldier and my life is the immemorial life of soldiers. That is to say it is the life of a barbarian; of an antique legionary; of a serf of the Middle Age; of those that fought before the Arts were born of leisure and the life of cities. I am a soldier and live according to the ancient lore of camps: incessant occupation and equally unceasing tedium; recurring orgies of physical exertion prolonged to the verge of utter exhaustion; an inexorable discipline that is with classic exactness termed blind; the constant and elementary hardships of animal existence experienced in forms unmitigated by any of the devices of civilization; above all, a complete and almost splendid intellectual vacuity, a complete and almost splendid indifference to the customary enthusiasms and inclinations of a life outside the armies: these are the chief elements that shape the life of a soldier on active service and these are the influences amongst which, throughout Europe, the men of my years are coming to maturity. That is why you provoke me, and your paper provokes me, and your contributors all provoke me when there is talk of the Arts. Our experiences are alien to each other; and Art is so completely a matter for man's inner soul, for that inner soul wherein distil to essence the labors, sufferings and lusts of a man's life and from which the deepest elements of individual character take form and color. As your quotation from de Gourmont puts it, there is a difference in our sensibility; and that difference lies in this: that we in Europe are soldiers. The other influences that separate us in sympathy are negligible, and spring solely from our different opportunities of acquaintance with the cults and works of contemporary schools and artists. But the military influence has turned the city of Art to a tower of Babel. We who are soldiers no longer understand the tongues that Art once spoke to us. The old language of unrest, of delicate eclecticism, of an indecision of taste that hungers by turn for the remotely archaic and the fantastically modern, is become unintelligible to us who amid the discipline and adventures of arms are learning new values for all the sacraments of life.

In a Phillistine world, where money was a god indecently obtruded and death a presence solicitously hidden, it was well enough to seek among the Arts for spells to dissipate reality. With life secure in our hands and without imperative



desires in our hearts, it was reasonable, to find in contemplation of the creations of man's love of beauty, a satisfaction of the many dissatisfactions of the spirit. But when a man has seen death, very clear and huge, straddling the way, and learned to think patiently of the final extinction; lost many friends; met fear in twenty shapes, and in the light of an unhopd-for morning felt the fresh, unshattered joy of living, the Arts, if they do not lose influence, do at least change in the significance that they have for his soul.

They become not a means for satisfying the inexpressible and vacillating impulses of the spirit, but a means of satisfying the desires of a whole man. To have lived and survived as a soldier teaches a man the worth of his life; and life is desire. To live fully is to desire much and to have found means for the satisfaction of one's desires. Art as you speak of it, as you advertise for it, is not a thing to minister to the desires of a man. It is a coloring matter to conceal an anaemia of the spirit, a way of spinning dainty webs across the void of a purposeless existence. At the best it is an echo for awakening the senses to the mysteries and subtleties of life, but without power to interpret them into action. I suspect, it is merely a device to avoid boredom. But for us, with lives still in hazard, the world holds too many desirable things for our souls to feel need of an art of this kind.

Art for us is no longer a means for the evocation of emotion; a magic net cast over all the nude and undesirable body of life. We are too full of lusts for such an art. We are done with "the brooding East", with the Tagores; with the Ajanta caves; with the dun yellows and faded crimsons of Hindustan. We know ourselves again to be of the European tradition: the tradition of men who think and act. Our art must serve life. Which is to say it must serve our wills and desires. For we desire multitudinous things: loves, travels and insurrections. We have lived too long as mud in the hands of chance and a military system. Every fibre of body and soul is athirst. We desire women, horses and dogs, and wines. We desire adventures that are adventures of the spirit and not solely a hazard of blood and health. We desire a society reshaped and to be concerned in that inflaming and organization of the people that alone can precipitate so vast a change. We are ready to turn again to our old purposes: to that large movement that will control the fate of all existing polities and is called Syndicalism, the new Unionism, Industrial Unionism, Anarchy as latitude or language alters; to our intentions in Ireland, Catalonia, or among the broken nations of the Slavs; to the fantastic keenness of a sculpture and a painting become militant and seeking ever further into the reality of man's consciousness and semblance.

But we return to these enthusiasms disciplined by unaccustomed rigors. We have learned to live directly; to think clearly, to act and have no doubts. Henceforward, for us Art will be a thing of clear outlines, simplicity, and practical purpose. It must administer to our desires. It must be part of our will: that is of our philosophy and lust. It must be evangelist. It must carry a sword in its cloak. We shall have no use for the Imagist telling three lines of the passage of some faint tremor of joy or repugnance. Nor shall we applaud the Vorticist poet jerking in angular words a cinematograph picture across the mind. We want a verse with



blood in it. We want verse in a hundred manners—aphrodisiac or insurrectionary, mournful, obscene, or profound. Only we want a verse that is not trivial and is not cold. Similarly we want plays and essays and tales. But we want a drama that is less a drama of discussion than one of action, essays that are shaped to a purpose, stories that show life untruly, venomous, unfair, eloquent tales that inflame, that espouse and condemn. We want an art inspired by a love of action. We want an art that is the evocation of sustained and coherent desire. We want an art astir with the conscious movement of a soul that wills; an art of purposes and lusts. For we have ventured our lives and received them back invigorated by danger: we have learned in hardships the value of desire and through endurance have discovered how contemptible is an art of delicate and unsure pleasures, of dilettantism, of varied, sterile, and mutable emotions.

And such is the Art of your contributors and such the definition of Art that even the blank pages of your paper imply.

[This is so beautiful an expression of the typical confusions about Art that I scarcely know where to begin to answer it.

In the first place, you say that the life of war is an artificial life—a Philistine world. Then why talk about wanting Art in such a world? Art and Philistinism have never mixed.

In the second place, why did you need to go to war to learn to live directly, to think clearly, to act and have no doubts? The artist never has life secure in his hands; he always has an imperative desire in his heart; and he is always "seeing death, very clear and huge, straddling the way," always "thinking of the final extinction," always "losing many friends, meeting fear in twenty shapes, and feeling the fresh unshattered joy of living." If going to war did these things to you, then you simply confess that it took war to "quicken" you: but the artist is born "quickened." And now that you wish to react against something, after the quickening, you complain that Art will not receive your reaction. Why on earth do you insist on going to Art for all those things you want? If you want blood and lust, go on fighting. If you want meat, eat meat: don't try to eat Art. Who ever imagined that Art administers to men's desires? When Bernhardt acts for the French soldiers, are they "too full of lusts for such an Art," or does she change her immortal Art to meet their desires for "women, horses and dogs, and wine"?

You say that Art for you is *no longer* a means for the evocation of emotion. Remember that the evocation of emotion has *never* been a test of Art, any more than Art has been "a magic net cast over all the nude and undesirable body of life" or "a spell to dissipate reality." Life serves life; Art doesn't do that. Art will never be part of *your* will: it is the artist's will. Your philosophy and lust can be served by the claims of philosophy and lust. What you call your Art-need will be served by Art; but only when you have fulfilled your part of the bargain: since you are not a creator your will must go toward appreciation—or, first, toward the capacity for appreciation.—M. C. A.]



## Growing Pains

Stephan Böcklin, Denver:

I did enjoy the Greek sketches by Richard Aldington. Some of them are very beautiful: the first, fourth, and sixteenth especially so. I am glad that a few of our writers are beginning to see the capacities of what Baudelaire calls "poetic prose."

And there is one article, *Paderewski and Tagore*, which gave me much pleasure. It is an excellent study in contrasts. A score or so of such impressions would be well worth publishing in a more permanent form.

The rest of this issue left me cold—if I may be pardoned for possessing standards as exacting as, if somewhat different from, yours. But this is only saying that nine-tenths of what passes as "art" in America leaves me cold: and on this I suspect you would heartily agree with me.

I should dearly love to open a discussion with you on "art". Your views, as you expressed them here, interested me greatly, and also tantalized me. I had the feeling that you were eternally trying to catch a flame between your hands—a flame that eternally eluded you—or burned you into silence. You left me wondering whether there was any value in trying to perform this feat: and as I have already told you, I felt that you were nearest to "understanding" art when you *were* burned into silence.

As for me, I have no "views" at all. Sometimes I write something—a line, a phrase, that seems made to live forever. For lack of any other word I call the result "art". But I do not know *why* it is "art", and I am a little afraid that if I try to find out I shall lose the gift, such as it is. It is something like the Medusa-head: one cannot look upon it direct without being frozen into stone—or, what is worse, into dogma.

You are very fond of the word "miracle". Your highest praise for anything is to say of it, "It has the miracle". But tell me: is it not in the very nature of a miracle that we cannot tell in what way or how it will come about—let alone trying to determine within what fixed conditions it *ought* to come about? Perhaps I am mistaken, but it has seemed to me that you have, in your magazine, frequently taken the stand that this "miracle" has certain fixed qualities, which must be recognized by all. And my own personal feeling is that there are as many kinds of miracles as there are faiths: and that every faith whatsoever can produce a "miracle" which is anything but art—is, indeed, the rankest form of fanaticism or superstition—to the holders of an opposite belief.

You understand, of course, that I am not speaking *ex cathedra*: I so much dislike to "make a circle" around my ideas: especially when it is a question of things as little understood as the reasons for our belief in immortality—or in beauty . . . . We seek the beautiful when our sense of the tragic in life becomes too keen, too poignant, too unendurable: we wish to *escape* from this bitter and sardonic realization, to falsify it somehow, to invest it with qualities that have no existence beyond our own minds. And the result—each after his own fashion—is beauty.



But "art"? Well: one might say that this ceaseless falsification of life through the escape into Beauty becomes Art when it compels all men—or all those men who act as the interpreters of life—to look upon reality and to see there, as though it had always been there, awaiting our attention through the ages, just that one particular type of Beauty. "How strange that we could not see it before!" men will cry, after some great artist has performed a "miracle" through his passionate sensitivity to the spirit of Tragedy . . . And so, we rediscover the meaning of Art . . .

But I said that I had no "views"—and I immediately give myself the lie. I have views—one must, I suppose, when one deeply believes in anything. Let my genuine interest in your efforts to find a needle in this haystack of American culture-philistinism serve me as a partial buffer against your impatience with my ideas.

[What do you mean by Beauty?—the idea that education puts upon the minds of people, meaning lovely, pleasing to the senses and the emotions? That isn't Art; it is not necessarily a feature but may be an "instrument" of Art. What of real Beauty, which surpasses the spirit of joy or tragedy? It may be "too keen, too poignant, too unendurable" for the mind; but the soul claims it always. The artist does not falsify or interpret life: he *creates* with joy!—even if the joy in the creating is the surplus of his agony.—j. h.]

## The Blindness of the Social Vision

Louis Puteklis, Cambridge, Mass.:

When I looked on the empty pages of your September issue, two important questions arose, along with many minor ones. Not having the time to go into details I will ask one question: What is *your* definition of art?

You say: "Art for Art's sake"; that is only a phrase. But in this world people have different understandings of art: what is beautiful for one is ugly for another. What is praised by the capitalist class with its religious atmosphere is despised by the proletarian class with its progressive atheism. What is a picture of an angel to an atheist? Such a product of an artist's imagination, which perpetuates religious humbug, is to be condemned without hesitation. What is a poem about the Virgin worth to a class-conscious worker if his own daughter or sister is slaving in the sweat shop, is ever in all kinds of danger and temptations under this glorious capitalistic system? So we cannot say "Art for Art's sake," until we know what is meant by Art.

Moreover, nobody fell down from heaven a master artist. We shall teach and train them *with patience*, and not with . . . "scolding" . . .

Why is there no encouraging editorial on Art? Thirteen empty pages and not a word from the pen of the Art-sick Editor? Why was not the whole magazine a blank, or is only half of it to be devoted to art? What was the idea, for Art's sake, in printing the frivolous caricatures of the Editor? Her ways of spending her leisure moments have scarcely enough of the universal to stimulate the artistic na-



ture of the readers. I am glad, of course, that she has fudge for breakfast, but I am sorry for the thousands that go without bread. Hunger does not produce art nor does upbraiding . . .

In looking over the pictures I should judge that in comparison with others the Editor must be placed among the fortunate ones; the unhappiness she lays claim to must come from within her own nature.

Again, for whom is *The Little Review* published? For artists only, or for all people? I must admit that since I have known *The Little Review*—for more than a year—it has not always been artistic; many articles have been artificial only (for the simple reason that there are not enough real artists in the country to support such a venture). And as for the general run of readers, they want stories, that, whether artistic or not, have the ring of real life in them.

There can be no art without social vision, and without definite ideas—progressive or retrogressive. If *The Little Review* takes both of the ways, it can satisfy no class of readers. *Art has ever been the handmaid of oppression and superstition, even more than of progress: the church, by music, architecture, oratory, and pictures has held the minds of men enthralled.* It is sad to think how artists in the past have used their energies to perpetuate dreamy imaginations, things non-existent. It is painful to see the artists doing the same thing now.

The free human intellect must and will develop the most beautiful art there has ever been, but not for Art's sake,—*for truth's sake and for humanity's sake.* And if *The Little Review* will take one of the ways, let her take the progressive one. I appeal to the Editor's Art-sick heart to make more definite her policy; to look less on the empty form and more on the animating *truth* which agrees with reality and life.

Life is short. Don't call on the artists already in the grave, but encourage the genius that lives now and may soon disappear without a chance of development and self-expression. Be sincere and please don't pose. Don't put Art in a frame and don't "frame-up" artists.

[What is this you're telling us about Art? The greatest and freest human *intellects* in the past have never created Art. Intellectuals do not have aesthetic experiences. (You might as well ask a gas-engine to run a human being instead of that indefinable force called life.) The dreamers, the ones of imagination, have the whole vision—the outside and the inside, and the vision of the two working together with all things. Why do you want to limit them to one—the social vision? You say that Art has always been the handmaiden of oppression and superstition, that the Church has used all forms of Art to hold men to it. True. Let me salute the far-seeing and mighty wisdom of the Catholic Church that has so recognized the power of Art. If you who are trying to extend the social vision could learn that one lesson, what a strength you could add unto yourselves:—the only strength.

You say "Look less on the empty form and more on the animating truth which agrees with reality and life." Form is the only thing that remains forever: truth changes every day; form gives a thing its truth in Art and in life. Even the great social movement will have no truth until it has Form.

And for whom is *The Little Review* published? God knows.—j. h.]



"Sue Golden":

## So This Is Art!

### MURINE AND KOKA-KOLA

#### I.

#### The Lamp

Darkness enveloped us. I led her under a street-lamp of wrought iron from which hung suspended a round white moon which shone upon her unreal beauty. She turned her hurt eyes away from the hard light, and rested them upon an electric sign overhead which, flashing in and out, read:

"Don't tell your age. Murine your eyes."

Sign, if you are a lie, you must be broken. But if you tell the truth, you may increase the ecstasy of our manufactured passion.

#### II.

#### The Jar

This is a common jar set in the druggist's window to attract attention. It is without design, filled with a burning red liquid, flashing iridescent lights from concealed depths. Near it is another jar filled with a bright green liquid which leaps like fire whenever the light from a passing automobile falls upon it.

My soul is like the red jar, burning within itself; yours is like the green one, attracted by each passing fancy.

#### III.

#### After the Orgy

It is morning; the revellers of last night have departed; the music of the phonograph and the voices of the cabaret singers are silent now. In the pale light of morning, frayed wisps of paper float up and down the street; from the brass handle of the saloon door a drenched veil is hanging; on the floor of the automobile lie scattered hair-pins. Ah, frail hair-pins, ah, tender vaii, how slight you are beside my grief!

Silence and pale dawn, and empty emptiness. Ah, the last silence and the last heart-ache, and the last nickel, and the last green pickle lying on the last cold plate on the last free-lunch counter in the world! How sad it all is!

[Yes, how sad it all is that some minds have to jeer everything in the world, from Helen's beauty to Bernhardt's "wooden leg."—*jh.*]



## The Iliad of America

*Daphne Carr, Columbia, Missouri:*

The first number of *Blast* had among its veins of gold ore and volcanic deposit a certain precious spot: "American Art When It Appears Will be Immense."

That is the way I feel about Sherwood Anderson's Art as revealed in his first novel, *Windy McPherson's Son*. Here is the beginning of our story telling art, primitive, to be sure, coarse, but a-quiver with that life whose pulsing reality we are forever eager to touch, to know.

Sherwood's hero is the typically primitive hero—a brother to Aggamemnon and Charlemagne, the born leader, the maker of destinies. But Sam McPherson's background is not the helmet plumes of the knights or the nodding heads of the Council of Elders. He is of our time, of our own middle West, with our well-known background of nodding corn tassels and steer-fattening farmers, with our stinking, deafening Chicago for a battleground. For he fights, furiously, and, like Achilles, for the love of fighting, but not, like Achilles, with the lives of men, but with their potential lives—foodstuffs—with their time, and their peace of mind, their happiness, their everything—summed up in money. And, for the love of the fight he wins. And then, because he is a white American with twenty centuries of Christianity behind him and not a pagan Aggamemnon to be satisfied with the mere winning, he turns aside from his victory and goes seeking an ideal.

So there is our hero, the forever worshiped König-man. But Sam McPherson is not the glorious part of the book, or the reason that our grandchildren, and probably our great-great grandchildren will still keep *Windy McPherson's Son* as living words.

Sherwood Anderson has dredged up from the mud of our prairies the same appalling rhythm of life that Æschylus found in the stone of the Acropolis. And even as Æschylus built his rhythm in cedar-wood and overlaid it with ivory and gold and polished marble and carved it and set it with jewels balancing his ornaments to the nicety of a hair, and so finished his symphony to please the blue and white spirit of Hellas, so Sherwood Anderson has taken his discovery, re-built its same rhythmic proportions and scooping up grey gravel and sand and concrete rocks from his own prairie has built his symphony. Will we see the wonder of its form in spite of its grey surface? Can we feel the force, the genuineness of Sherwood's discovery? Can we see the bareness of American reality and yet shut our eyes to that reality?

"Oh, then this Anderson is a realist", you say. "We're getting tired of them."

No, he is not a realist. He does not cypher as the realists do, adding and subtracting cause and effects to reach a hypothetical absolute. Sherwood Anderson is a primitive, reflecting the immense movements of the life about him.

Yes, he is cinematagraphic.

He is the American epic, just appeared.



[I read clear through your spasm about Sherwood Anderson and wondered what was the matter with you until I came upon "He is cinematographic." Then I saw you knew what you were talking about. You've got them all in, too—it's as good as a Griffith show: Agamemnon, Charlemagne, Achilles, Æschylus, etc.—jh.]

[*Windy McPherson's Son* will never be "living words" for any age because it was done before Sherwood Anderson had learned to write. In some of his short stories, done quite recently, he has achieved that organization known as Form. But *Windy McPherson* is as devoid of Form, and consequently of Art, as any of Theodore Dreiser's catalogues. It stands as a faithful record of life, touched even with imagination, but quite untouched by that quality which makes a good story literature. As Rebecca West would say: it is simply another book coming out of America teaching the great lesson of style.—M. C. A.]

## Information

Charles F. Roth, New York:

That *Paderewski* and *Tagore* in the November issue was a delight. But to be exact violin strings are not made of catgut, but of sheep sinews and skins. Can't you hear the bleat of the sheep—the baah of the tender lamb at times? Can you imagine that such music as Kreisler or Maud Powell draw forth could come from a cat? No! But from a lamb. Ah yes!

### STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912.

OF THE LITTLE REVIEW, published monthly at Chicago, Ill., for October 1st, 1916.

State of Illinois, County of Cook—ss.,

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared C. A. Zwaska, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of THE LITTLE REVIEW, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, Margaret C. Anderson, Fine Arts Building; Editor, Margaret C. Anderson, Fine Arts Building; Managing editor, Margaret C. Anderson, Fine Arts Building; Business manager, C. A. Zwaska, Fine Arts Building.

2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.)

Margaret C. Anderson, Fine Arts Building.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state). None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustee, held stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities as so stated by her.

MARGARET C. ANDERSON.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 16th day of November, 1916.

MITCHELL DAWSON, Notary Public.  
(My commission expires December 20, 1917.)

(SEAL)



# THE EGOIST

## An Individualist Review

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LINGUAL PSYCHOLOGY: THE SCIENCE OF SIGNS: a series of subtle and illuminating articles working out a new conception of the function of philosophic inquiry—by Miss Dora Marsden (started in July number).

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DIALOGUES OF FONTENELLE, translated by Mr. Ezra Pound (started in May number).

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Poem by young English and American poets, mostly belonging to the Imagist group.

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