APRIL, 1917

I, Mary MacLane
The War
Isadora Duncan's Misfortune
James Joyce
The Verse Libre Contest:
  Sea Poppies
  Images of Friendship
  Stream
  Flower and Foam
  The Master
  Autumn
  Once More—the Road
  Lovescape
  Victory
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  November Afternoon

Book Store Announcement
“Surprise”!
The Reader Critic

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WHEN I heard that there was to be a new Mary MacLane book I was full of excitement, remembering vaguely her first book. "What has the world done to you?" I thought as I went rapidly and curiously through the pages. I came upon parts that made me more excited. Has she made poetry—has she made literature? Then I read it through properly from first to last.

It seems to me that Mary MacLane's Diary of Human Days is the best answer in the world to all those people who hold that to express yourself completely and sincerely is to have to created Art. Mary MacLane says: "So I write this book of Me—my Soul, my Heart, my sentient Body, my magic Mind: their potentialities and contradictions."

Aside from the story, which is a sort of Spoon River of thoughts, emotions, rebellions, unconventionalities, humor, the writing of those parts which promised to be poetry in the whole became a too-pretty prettiness, a kind of Ladies' Home Journalness. There is a way some maiden ladies hold a brush when painting still-life—we call it Spencerian. . . . But what makes me the most weary is the tape-worm words: Feel-of-my-Fingers, my Boredom-of-the-Moment, etc., etc.

It is an amusing book. It is an unhappy book, and it is surprising in all kinds of ways. It is chiefly surprising because it is not the contradictions

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that contradict: it is the potentialities, the affirmations. Whatever she af­firms in the letter—that she is artist, pagan, radical, outlaw, humorist,—she denies in the spirit. She is really a rather set little conservative with a Presbyterian conscience. She is an interesting and entertaining neurasthenic. Her book is surprisingly ungrown, surprisingly commonplace. It is sur­prisingly not a surprise.

She makes much talk of her old soul “worn by long cycles of time”; she names herself an artist—a double title to a universal consciousness; and then proceeds to analyze toward a universal consciousness. She lovingly cherishes her free analytical mind and then in chapters like “I am someway the Lesbian woman” and “I am not Respectable nor Refined nor in Good Taste” she refutes her free analytical mind in the best manner of the “good non-analytic creatures.” I cannot find the interest to a free mind, to any thinking mind, in questioning the refinement of the natural feelings induced by a shower bath in the solitude of a mountain gorge. A grown mind does not consider whether it is unrefined to be natural or expect that it ought to feel “timorous, sexless, or hygenic” under such circumstances. A grown mind does not question the integrity of its emotions.

I, Mary MacLane is good fun to read and there is enough charm in its abrupt realism to make up for its cloying fancifulness. It is annoying and exasperating—annoying because it makes you feel sorry for Mary MacLane and exasperating because it makes you wish you could help her clear up the design a bit. It is too personal. It is an intrusion. The artist reveals not how he lives but how he Exists, not his objects but himself. And if he chooses himself as his object, as Mary MacLane has done, he has not made his task any different or less difficult. It is as foolish to talk about the artist as the man as to talk about Art as life. Whether an artist tells out his whole soul in a single verse or in great creations through a long life time, or only exists fully and no one has known how he passed one of his “human days”, what he has created will tell forever how he Existed. It is never what life does to the artist; it is what the artist does to life.

Mary MacLane has created nothing. She has given us an anatomical drawing of her life, has wistfully told her story with some imagination, some beauty of phrase, some poetical conceptions, with honesty, sincerity, with the humor of a martyr. The newspapers will take it up; it will be praised and jeered and quoted by wits and half-wits; moral fossils will refuse to sell it and others to read it; Lady Writers will say “she has made a contribution to literature.” She has made a contribution, but it would seem rather to the sexual theory.
It is the edge of a somber July night in this Butte, Montana. The sky is overcast. The nearer mountains are gray, melancholy. And at this point I meet me face to face. I am Mary MacLane: of no importance to the wide bright world and dearly and damnably important to me. Face to face I look at me with some hatred with despair and with great intentness. I put me in a crucible of my own making and set it in the flaming triunal Inferno of my mind. And I assay thus: I am rare - I am in some ways exquisite. I am pagan within and without. I am vain and shallow and false. I am a specialized being, deeply myself. I am of woman-sex and most things that go with that, with some other points. I am dynamic but devastated, laid waste in spirit. I'm like a leopard and I'm like a poet and I'm like a religieuse and I'm like an outlaw. I have a potent weird sense of humor - a caving and a demoralizing grace. I have brain, cerebration - not powerful but fine and of a remarkable quality. I am scornful-tempered and I am brave. I am slender in body and someway fragile and firm fleshed and sweet. I am oddly a poet and a strange complex liar and a spiritual vagabond. I am strong, individual in my falseness: wavering, faint, fanciful in my truth. I am eternally self conscious but sincere in it. I am ultra-modern, very old fashioned: savagely incongruous. I am young, but not very young. I am wistful. I am infamous. In brief, I am a human being.
The War

Margaret C. Anderson

[We will probably be suppressed for this.]
Isadore Duncan's Misfortune

Margaret C. Anderson

IT is impossible to write about the art of Isadora Duncan. She has no connection with that mysterious phenomenon.

Now, please, all you people who put us down as aesthetes or shallow cultists or youth rebelling for the sake of sensation, or tiresome upholders of art "principles," or sapless supporters of art as a "hole and corner" affair—please for a moment, just listen. If you get enraged with the censorship of the vicious Mr. Sumner every one knows it is not because you wish to flaunt your theories of good literature to the heavens for the want of something better to do. Very well. Grant me the same sincerity. And grant me also another thing: that I may possibly have something true to say.

I have waited five years to see Isadora Duncan. I went to the Metropolitan expecting to see the Dionysian, "the feet of the Centaur trampling the stage," etc. I expected inspiration in a form that you are lucky enough to experience a very few times in your life. Everybody had talked to me this way about Isadora Duncan; every poet, painter, sculptor and musician, every radical I know, had said, "She has real greatness." Well, this is what I saw:

Isadora Duncan ran jumped and skipped and stamped and swooned about the stage, dragging with her a body that was never meant to move in rhythmic line, turning music into stories of war and religion, illustrating the stories with obvious gesticulations toward the heavens or maudlin manouverings towards the grave, using the same gestures for the sweetness of Schubert as for the sacraments of César Franck, moving always inside the music, never dominating it, never even controlling it, never holding or pushing it to an authentic end. In all my life I have never felt such disappointment or such a weary knowledge of the public's predilection for what is truly bad. It didn't occur to me to conceal these ideas. I tried to explain what was wrong. I used Isadora Duncan as the best example I knew of the differentiation between the artist and the pseudo-artist. I tried to show how her conception of Art was identical with only one other conception in the world: the dream of the adolescent brain: that to feel greatly is to make Art and to put your passion and your anguish into expression is to create. Isadora felt a great deal. She shook her head and arms in such a fury of feeling that she appeared to be strangling; and when there was no way of reaching a further intensification she shook her whole
body in a kind of spasm of human inability to bear the grief of the world. And every move was a futile and pitiable one because never once did her body become that mould through which a design is to shape its course and flow into its ultimate form. If the music made a wide swinging curve she made a cramped sudden curve; if it made a descending line she interpreted that, for some mysterious reason, by reverently clutching her abdomen and looking to God.

"Oh," they say, "you are talking about technique."

No, no, no! I am not talking about technique. I am almost never talking technique.

Yvette Guilbert has so little voice that she couldn't sustain the singing of a single song through with beauty—as we commonly speak of beauty. Yet every time she moves her hand or turns her bird-like head or throws that voice into the creation of her design she shows herself an artist in the one real sense of the word. Is that a matter of technique? Cezanne studied light until he was able to paint objects as though they were reflected in a kind of eternal light. Is that merely technique? Harold Bauer studied sound until he has made the technique of the older pianists sound not like an end, nor even like a means to an end, but merely like a lack of full vision. What do you call that? James Joyce writes a novel in which a new kind of literary architecture is achieved not by his following of but by his departure from what has been established as the technique of good writing. What do you call that?

"Well, then," says Mr. John Cowper Powys, when we argue all this, "you are at fault. Whenever you allow any theory of art to interfere with your enjoyment you are doing a silly thing." But why should it occur to you that I am doing that? Is it the obtrudance of an obstinate art theory that makes you acclaim the poetry of Byron quite second-rate poetry compared to that of Shelley or Keats? You would not say that your esoteric art principles interfered with your enjoyment of Mr. Kipling, but that Mr. Kipling interfered with your enjoyment of what might have been his art. Isadora herself interferes with the possibility of any aesthetic experience out of her dancing. What she does is to inspire the mob with the only kind of feeling the mob is ever inspired with. If you were much moved by what she suggested to you—"the trampling feet of the Centaur, the look in her face as though she could drink blood"—why not realize that you can feel those things, if you feel like it, in the performance of the cheapest amateur.

Almost no expression of the arts is too decadent to give you such reactions. But that is no criterion of Art. In fact the more of those feelings
you have the more you will know that what you are viewing is not Art. Because in the presence of the latter you feel almost nothing, you imagine nothing, you are like a being in vacuuo, "your mind in that mysterious instant Shelley likened beautifully to a fading coal." So you are talking only of what Isadora made you feel, not what Isadora made. And the best—perhaps the only—test for Art is that your emotion is focused on the forms in the picture, not sidetracked to what those forms suggest to you or inform you of—as in descriptive painting or any other bad expression. Clive Bell has said all this and said it more than lucidly. Why should I be repeating it? You all believe it, and all your shrines are built to this one miracle.

So you must not insist to us that Isadora Duncan is an artist. This generation can't be fed on any such stuff. We are tired of that kind of loose valuation. We all know and share the debt the world owes Isadora Duncan, and which the Russian Ballet acknowledged and put to a use she herself could not do. But you should not force us into a position where it positively takes courage to stand up for those values which you yourselves believe in. Isadora Duncan, as you will know after seeing her once, is a woman of small intelligence, a monument of undirected adolescent vision, an ingrained sentimentalist. The spectacle of her dancing draped in an American flag is bad enough; but her unconsciousness of how emotion must be transmuted through a significant medium is to me far more sad.

A soft liquid joy flowed through the words where the soft loud vowels hurtled noiselessly and fell away, lapping and flowing back and ever shaking the white bells of their waves in mute chime and mute peal and soft swooning cry; and he felt that the augury he had sought in the wheeling darting birds and in the pale space of sky above him had come forth from his heart like a bird from a turret quietly and swiftly.

Darkness was falling. A trembling joy, lambent as a faint light, played like a fairy host around him. But why? Her passage through the darkening air or the verse with its black vowels and its opening sound, rich and lutelike?—From James Joyce's "Portrait of the Artist As A Young Man".
I suppose Mr. Joyce had some idea in mind when he gave his book the title of A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man. But the critics seem to want it their own way and say, "Mr. Joyce paints the Irishman as he really is." . . . Irishman, doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief, I suppose. Francis Hackett says it "reveals the inevitable malaise of serious youth." Why then doesn't this inevitable malaise of all our serious youth end inevitably like this: the call "to create proudly out of the freedom and power of his soul, a living thing, new and soaring, and beautiful, impalpable, imperishable."

H. G. Wells assures us that the youth of his country need not suffer such tortures of adolescence because of England's more common-sense treatment of the sex question. And all the time Mr. Joyce was talking about the artist of any land, not the youth of England or any other country. In this country there is only God to thank that the young artist does not go entirely mad over one and all of its institutions. In our country the young artists could suffer tortures far beyond anything suffered by Stephen, over the utter emptiness of the place. But he will always suffer. He will always be "a naked runner lost in a storm of spears."

There is too much geography of the body in this education of ours. You can talk about or write about or paint or sculpt some parts of the body but others must be treated like the Bad Lands. You can write about what you see that you don't like, what you touch, taste, or hear; but you can't write about what you smell; if you do you are accused of using nasty words. I could say a lot more about the geography of the body, and how its influence goes all the way through until the censor makes a geography for your mind and soul. But I want to talk about nasty words. The result of this education is that we have all the nasty words in the world in our language. How often a European or an Oriental will say: "Oh, to us it is something very nice—beautiful; but to you it would not be nice; it is much different in English." When they told James Joyce he had words like that in his book he must have been as surprised as a painter would be if he were told that some of his colors were immoral.

His story is told the way a person in a sick room sharply remembers all the over-felt impressions and experiences of a time of fever; until the story

itself catches the fever and becomes a thing of more definite, closer-known, keener-felt consciousness—and of a restless oblivion of self-consciousness.

jh.

This James Joyce book is the most beautiful piece of writing and the most creative piece of prose anywhere to be seen on the horizon to-day. It is consciously a work of Art in a way that Jean-Christophe made no effort to be; it is such head and shoulders above Jacob Stahl or Gilbert Cannan's Mendel that one must realize those books as very good novels and this as something quite more than that. It can be spoken of in terms that apply to Pelle the Conqueror, but only in this way: each is a work of Art and therefore not to be talked of as lesser or greater; but while Pelle is made of language as it has been used the Portrait is made of language as it will come to be used. There is no doubt that we will have novels before long written without even as much of the conventional structure of language as Mr. Joyce has adhered to—a new kind of "dimension in language" which is being felt in many places and which George Soule has illustrated beautifully in an article in The New Republic.

But that isn't the most important thing. The interest in Pelle is in the way its stories are told. The interest in the Portrait is in the way its aesthetic content is presented.

For instance, these fragments:

He thought his face must be white because it felt so cool. He could not get out the answer for the sum but it did not matter. White roses and red roses: those were beautiful colours to think of. And the cards for first place and third place were beautiful colours too: pink and cream and lavender. Lavender and cream and pink roses were beautiful to think of. Perhaps a wild rose might be like those colours and he remembered the song about the wild rose blossoms on the little green place. But you could not have a green rose. But perhaps somewhere in the world you could.

The corridors were darkly lit and the chapel was darkly lit. Soon all would be dark and sleeping. There was cold night air in the chapel and the marbles were the colour the sea was at night. It was cold and dark under the seawall beside his father's house.
There was a cold night smell in the chapel. But it was a holy smell. It was not like the smell of the old peasants who knelt at the back of the chapel at Sunday mass. That was a smell of air and rain and turf and corduroy. But they were very holy peasants. It would be lovely to sleep for one night in that cottage before the fire of smoking turf, in the dark lit by the fire, in the warm dark, breathing the smell of the peasants, air and rain and turf and corduroy.

The altar was heaped with fragrant masses of white flowers: and in the morning light the pale flames of the candles among the white flowers were clear and silent as his own soul.

The air of the late March evening made clear their flight, their dark quivering bodies flung clearly against the sky as against a limp hung cloth of smoky tenuous blue.

He watched their flight; bird after bird: a dark flash, a swerve, a flutter of wings. He tried to count them before all their darting quivering bodies passed: Six, ten, eleven: and wondered were they odd or even in number. Twelve, thirteen: for two came wheeling down from the upper sky. They were flying high and low but ever round and round in straight and curving lines and ever flying from left to right, circling about a temple of air.

He listened to the cries: like the squeak of mice behind the wainscot: a shrill twofold note. But the notes were long and shrill and whirring: unlike the cry of vermin, falling a third or a fourth and trilled as the flying beaks clove the air. Their cry as shrill and clear and fine and falling like threads of silken light unwound from whirring spools.

A soft liquid joy like the noise of many waters flowed over his memory and he felt in his heart the soft peace of silent spaces of fading tenuous sky above the waters, of oceanic silence, of swallows flying through the seadusk over the flowing waters.

M. C. A.
The Vers Libre Contest

At last after many months the prize contest has been decided. I know very little about prize contests, but I imagine that there has never been one in the history of poetry which could boast so many really bad poems. Personally I think there are not more than four or five with any suggestion of poetry in them: the rest are either involuntarily humorous, like the one printed at the end, or pompously anacronistic like the one which asks: "Shall I with frantic hands unloose the cord that binds me to this life?"

The judges were Eunice Tietjens, Helen Hoyt, and William Carlos Williams. They came to no unanimous decision as to which two poems were the best, and the only two they voted for mutually are those printed below. Sea Poppies turned out to be by H. D., and Images of Friendship by Maxwell Bodenheim. (The former had not yet been published in H. D.'s book).

Sea Poppies
H. D.

Amber husk
fluted with gold,
fruit on the sand
marked with a rich grain,
treasure
spilled near the shrub-pines
to bleach on the boulders:
your stalk has caught root
among wet pebbles
and drift flung by the sea
and grated shells,
and slit conch-shells.

Beautiful, wide-spread,
fire upon leaf,
what meadow yields
so fragrant a leaf
as your bright leaf?
Grey drooping-shouldered bushes scrape the edges
Of bending swirls of yellow-white flowers.
So do my thoughts meet the wind-scattered color of you.

The green shadowed trance of the water
Is splintered to little white-tasseled awakenings
By the beat of long black oars.
So do your words cut the massed smoothness of thoughts of you.

Split, brown-blue clouds press into each other
Over hills dressed in mute, clinging haze.
So do my thoughts slowly form over the draped mystery of you.

The two prizes of $25 each go therefore to H. D. and Mr. Bodenheim.
But it may be interesting to print some of the others. For instance, not
a single judge mentioned the following:

Stream

Richard Aldington

I.

Pebbles, that gleam dully,
white, faint ochre, drab green:
mosaic under pale sliding water.

II.

Foam;
mobile crests leaping, sinking:
thin fingers grasping round cold rocks.
III.
Pines, white ash-trees,
black-thorns, winter grass,
mirrored trembling in you, O vagrant,
bending away from you and towards you:
hesitating, importunate lovers.

IV.
Small blue waves straining to meet,
ever touching, always elusive:
mocking, half-virginal lips.

Eunice Tietjens mentioned *Flower* and *Foam* with this qualification: "Provided Richard Aldington wrote them. Otherwise not. My point is that if he wrote them they are authentic as well as lovely, but if he did not so flagrant an imitator ought not to be encouraged—even if he is a successful copyist."

**Flower**

Edward J. O'Brien

Here by the pastures of Hybla
Dreameth in azure stillness Daphne, a maiden.
Her throat was softer than light and honey-haunted.

**Foam**

Here by the foaming sky with cloud-capped horses,
I, a maiden, lie by the windy ocean,
Dreaming of quiet waters
Guarded by willows.

Dr. Williams's first choice was *The Master*, "for the reason that it has most imaginative charm while possessing at the same time a fairly even unity of rhythm, a simple straight forward diction and a very subtle depth of thought. The image is progressively developed to a fine and natural conclusion with great simplicity and restraint, without waste of materia, without redundancy of any kind."
What or where is the subtle depth of thought? Almost every kind of person in the world has had this thought: it is not even a poetic thought. And what is there in the treatment to make it poetry?

The Master

Jeanne D’Orge

In the dusk a child sits playing
Five-finger exercises
Up and down, down and up
Jagged notes and even,
Down and up, up and down
Interminably.
About him all unseen
In the folds of the shadows
Stand the great shades
Listening with exquisite attention
As to a master.

Helen Hoylt mentioned the following:

Autumn Ballet

Charles Wharton Stork

Oh dancers in yellow!—
Tall, saffron-garmented poplars with arms uplifted,
Slender-limbed beeches
Draped in a modester russet,
Chestnuts, walnuts and sassafrasses,
And ruffle-skirted maples—
Why do ye stand at pause?
When will the music begin
For you, oh dancers in yellow?

Dr. Williams’s fourth choice is a poem of Charles Ashleigh’s which he describes as “a spirited and well-constructed defiance.” I think it is a very trite effort—one of those loose though rather happy expressions of mood that has no more to do with art than a man’s exclamation that he means to tramp in the woods on a bright spring day.
Once More—The Road
Charles Ashleigh

The printed page
Whispers vainly
In my memory.

The locomotive howls!

Limping philosophies
Murmur weakly
And then are silenced
By the laughter of wanderers.

The sadness of creeds
Dies
Under tramps' ribaldry.

And my road-thirst,
Avid and aching,
Conquers the muttering
Of puling scholarship.

Let my heart blossom in journeying;
And my maw be well stuffed
With delectable incident!

Eunice Tietjens would have been willing to give Lovescape a prize if either of the other judges had chosen it, but they did not. And in spite of its cadenced mounting and falling—which is an attribute of technique, not necessarily of art—it remains merely a slight puff of poetic feeling, not a good poem.

Lovescape
Adolf Wolff

Sky
Deep blue sky
Clouds
Thin clouds
Drifting drifting
Grass
Soft cool grass
Breeze
Soft warm breeze
Hands pressing
Mouths mingling
Love
Passion
Ecstacy
Faintness
Calm
Resting
Sky
Deep blue sky
Clouds
Thin clouds
Drifting drifting.

Helen Hoyt chose the two following for the prizes. Now I hope these judges will not get provoked with me or feel that I am being personal or any of the other things that one is usually accused of when one is most impersonally talking his "cause." I am simply overflowing with criticism of their valuations and I must speak it out. These two poems are pretty awful, I think. Where are the winged words that make poetry something beyond thoughts or ideas of emotions?

Victory
Sarah Bard Field
When we were lifted high on the crest of the wave
And Passion made you oblivious,
I reached above you for a star
And caught it.
When we sank deep into the trough of the wave
And satisfied desire over-flooded you,
I reached below you for a pearl
And possessed it.
You have nothing left from that night
But a memory, chained to yourself.
I have something left from that night
That will one day fill his eyes with star-dust,
Measuring the heavens,
And tangle his feet in sea-weed,
Searching the Ocean.
Because of that night
A thought stirs in you.
It will grow weaker with Time
It will be dead when you are dead.
Because of that night,
A child stirs in me.
He will grow stronger with Time
He will plant pansies on our graves
When we are dead.

Art Is Born

Miriam van Waters

My leisure has flowered: a new thing has come into my hands,
Time has come. I possess time as though it were a thing.
I lie still in the scented grass and the hours come into my hands.
They float up as little balloons float from the hands of children,—
Like golden, silken spheres sailing high into the air,
One by one they mount slow and as fragile as dreams.
The hours from my hands go up like kites,—
I hold their slender thread,
I move it faintly and they sway,
Rocking in the clear blue of the sky.
They do not return to me, but very gently they vanish.
Somewhere,
While I hold their silken, slender thread in my hands.

My leisure has come sharp, like a crystal:
It glows and is pointed,
The poignancy of weapons has come into my leisure.
I possess time as though it were a thing.
The hours come into my hands like spears—
Flashing crystal spars of light
That is winged.
I seize them as they come to me.
I throw the weight of my body
Into my stroke and boldly
I hurl them into space,—into the heart of my enemy.
The Stillness who lurks there in the depths of the dark.

Dr. Williams says of *The Flower-Smeller*: "It might have been a very fine thing indeed had the author known how to come to a conclusion properly. Parts of this poem have more promise than anything in the whole batch of manuscript." It is, obviously, better. But it isn't a gem by any means; it belongs rather with those almost fine things that make you impatient because they didn't turn out to be gems.

**The Flower Smeller**

*L. R. Bonham*

Bubbles, mist and visions
colored shapes winging against the sky
a sip from a brown Venetian glass.

Meseems
gauze drops are pulled upwards
and confetti flung into the past.
A fairy queen in a crystal coach
opens the door, she beckons,
the painted crest looks familiar.

Six little men with sticks
pass by, one taller than the rest
laughs and points at
a junkheap of keepsakes.
Distant music in the park
you and I at the bay window,
gossipping neighbors, a cool breeze,
old second hand furniture, ice cream and moonlight
all painted as in one stroke.
Spirals of smoke, crushed tissue paper,  
colored ribbons and black masks,  
floor sweepings after a ball—  
I twirl a flower between thumb and index  
I feel golden dust on the tip of my nose—  
a futile occupation  
yet something has happened.

And this one, which was among Helen Hoyt's choices, belongs also in the exasperatingly "somehow good" school.

**November Afternoon**  
*Marjorie Allen Seiffert*

Upon our heads  
The oak-leaves fall  
Like silent benedictions  
Closing autumn's gorgeous ritual,  
And we  
Upborne by warship  
Lift our eyes to the altar of distant hills.

**Beloved**  
How can I know  
What gods are yours,  
How can I guess the visions of your spirit,  
Or hear  
The silent prayers your heart has said—

Only by this I feel  
Your gods akin to mine,  
That when our lips have met  
On this last golden autumn afternoon  
They have confessed  
In silence  
Our kisses were less precious than our dreams.

**To-day**  
Our passion drowned in beauty
We turn away our faces toward the hills
Where purple haze, like incense,
Spreads its veil.

Here, I think, are two very interesting ones, the first of which Dr. Williams considers worthy of special mention—"the image evoked is charmingly successful." The authors are respectively Fritz Peters and his brother, Thomas Willing Peters.

The wind blows hard
No bird is there
And the smoke is drowning in the lake.

(Dictionary at the age of two years and ten months.)

When it rains it makes beautiful colors
It makes red and blue and white
And red and blue stripes on the water
And the pier goes out to get the sky.

(Dictionary at the age of three years and eight months.)

The following four were not mentioned by any of the judges, but in my judgment they are better than many of the "honorable mentions."

The Soldiers
Horace Holley

Whom I long since had known,
Long since forgotten;
Who cast their names behind them like a dream,
Like stagnant water spitting
Their tasteless souls away;
These are the soldiers,
The nameless, the changelings,
Monstrous with slow tormenting Number,
Pestilent with unremitting Machine.

Soldiers . . .
These are they whom I suspected, guilty and glorious,
Crouching in my own thought's background,
Released by the whirlwind of fate
To move as winds that scream about the Pole,
As darkness of sea-depths,
As meeting of ice and flame.
Priests of the mystic sensual death,
When shall they return?
When shall they return, broken, from Hell?

The fuse of a thousand years has burned:
*Lord, quicken the groping hands of to-morrow!*

**The Assault**

*John Cournos*

You come—
black of wing,
black of beak,
flock on flock—
ravenous, cawing.

Your cries—arrows—
shrill, clamorous, strident,
pierce the heart.

O wounded reverie
on still water,
white in faint mist,
you spurt red drops.

O white swan,
shape of magnificent sadness,
spread out your wings,
flutter white through the air,
disperse the black—the raucous.
Girl of Jade and Ivory

Mitchell Dawson

Thru the dark arches of many nights
Your voice has led me,
Groping.
Across the echoing pavements
Of the nights that stretch before me
And past the niches
Where grotesque doubts
Mock me for seeking,
I shall follow
The impalpable strands of your voice—
Like thread fine-spun from melted pearls
Drawn singing
Thru the darkness,
Until at last I shall find you
In a deep hollow of that immeasurable rock
From which all nights are hewn;
And your eyes will bind me forever
While your long white fingers caress me.
I shall not heed the waiting days
As they gutter and die out.

The South

Witter Bynner

O the true difference!—
The sun at last
Gilds me again
And my face is no more a white stalk of celery
But a golden mango
And the foot-tracked mud of my heart
Is sunk deep down
In the blue waters and purified with a scouring
Of coral.
Cranes carry peace to the east and the west
And joy stands clear by the mangroves,
A torch,
A flamingo.
This last one may be printed as a sample of the rest of the contest, and speaks for itself. It came with a little note saying “I hope it may win one of the prizes in the contest, being original free verse and very patriotic.”

A Mother’s Sacrifice

The day has come, beloved son—
When duty’s call resound,
Your father fought, and laurels won
He firmly held the ground.
Now honor calls you to be true,
To the dear flag, red-white-and blue
Long may it wave o’er land and sea—
Thou sweet land of liberty.

I thank the God who gave to me,
So true, so brave a son—
Who on the field prefers to be,
Until the battle’s won.
The God on high alone doth know,
The torture and the nag—
In sacrificing all I own,
To help protect the flag.

Fare-well dear boy of loyalty,
To country and to home—
God will reward you royally,
Wherever you may roam.
And when the war is o’er—Oh joy,
How proud I then shall be—
To find my darling soldier boy,
Come home unscathed to me.
Announcement

We are going to have a book store in connection with The Little Review.

This is not merely a plan to sell you books through a kind of mail order system, which we tried once before and which did not work out very well, but a regular book shop in the large front room of our office where you can sit by a fire and choose your books and perhaps even drink a cup of tea during your selection.

It will be a beautiful shop to look at and it will have all the books you will want; or if you are the kind of person who wants books nobody else wants, we can guarantee to get them for you within half a day.

Also we can supply mail orders promptly to any of our subscribers. By handling this part of the business directly we will avoid all the confusion and delays inherent in our former arrangement.

We want to open our shop by May 1 if possible, and the next issue will contain the complete announcement.

We cannot take any orders until that date, but if you will deluge us with your patronage after that time we will be eternally grateful.

"THE LITTLE REVIEW,"
31 West 14th Street,
New York City.
The "surprise" I promised in the last issue is this: Ezra Pound is to become Foreign Editor of "The Little Review."

This means that he and T. S. Eliot will have an American organ (horrible phrase) in which they can appear regularly once a month, where James Joyce can appear when he likes, and where Wyndham Lewis can appear if he comes back from the war. Also it means two or three other names of the "young blood" who will contribute from time to time, and altogether the most stunning plan that any magazine has had the good fortune to announce for a long, long time.

It means that a great deal of the most creative work of modern London and Paris will be published in these pages. So that by getting "The Little Review" and "The Egoist" you will be in touch with the two most important radical organs of contemporary literature.

It all goes into effect with the May issue, and I can promise that it will not be "delayed on account of the war," because the copy is already here ready for the printer.

Now will all you subscribers help to bring in as many new subscriptions as possible right away, and will all of you whose subscriptions are overdue renew quickly, and will any of you who are overburdened with money contribute a little toward our next issue? It is so terribly hard to get started in a new city, though everything will go so much better once we are fully started here. And though I have been looking for a printer who would do our work for nothing, or even for a small amount,—incredible as it may sound, I have not yet found him.
The only trouble with the last number of *The Little Review* is that there is not enough Bauer in it. Why drag in Mary?

**Note**

_H., Cleveland:_

I believe you have largely proved your contention that you are producing a magazine which has an understanding of what Art is by the splendid recognition you award Mary Garden. Clarity, in comprehending her, has been too frightfully rare.

**To “jh”**

_Louise Gebhard Cann, Seattle:_

I must love any one who can write as you write! Even if I were a revengful soul I should be quite disarmed by your full-skinned satin prose-ecstasy. It is as seductive as the rice-eating women of Nippon. Such beauty brings tears to my eyes and I bend over it insatiately as over a flower whose perfume tortures me with too much delight and eludes the tentacles of my analysis. I could have written like that once; but the indifference of editors and publishers has taken the bloom off my expression. My enthusiasms have turned cosmic. I love life’s bitterness; I love my critics. I love the grotesqueness that I used to abhor; and nothing is hideous. The sensuous airs of the world I have passed by. They are there but in them I taste aloes and I hear cacophany. My zest is of clangors, the strident battles of the intellect and the spirit, juiceless acrid food whose sweetness comes only after long crushing. The implacable witch-forces of life have put a spell upon me! I live through my own superabundance of being, not through the abundance of others; amid my friends I am a strong hermit. And so your luscious “Mary Garden” is my yesterday. I love it as I love those sunny fruits of my past.

I want to say, too, how much I enjoyed Amy Lowell’s poem in this number and how glad I am that you give us Richard Aldington. The more I read of Amy Lowell the more she conquers me. She does not give me ecstasy; she stabs me with wonder. She transfixes me with her polished swords, gem-hilted, cold, glittering. I stare amazed as at a comet. Aldington lifts me to the torment of too much bliss. I fear the spell he puts upon me; I approach each new piece of his with reluctance, trying to avert a devastating possession of my being. Then bravely I read and my head swims. His aftermood is a long delicious intoxication, a deep rich dream of a Hellas that never was.
New York subscriber:

How we have looked forward to seeing Isadora Duncan dance! I was glad to see you advertise her in that first splendid New York edition of yours. I went to see her, of course. But—! It's because I wonder if any people felt the way I did the night of March 6 at the Metropolitan that I am writing you...

I was grateful, of course, for the César-Franck—what human movements will express this, I wondered. A dark blue empty stage. I have seen darkness attempted on the stage before,—but the shadow thrown by the orchestra light made this floor a blacker black—and a light lit up a crouching figure. Redemption, a fragment from a César-Franck symphony. This was only the first—I was willing to wait. Then Ave Maria and the figure was standing with a too-brilliant glare accentuating something that was not beautiful. The music goes on; the figure assumes some rather striking statuesque poses: arms uplifted, one arm uplifted, head thrown back—that too-glaring light again. She turns, the line of her thigh and leg heavy—the modern sculptors have taught us to believe it good. Then a Giotto figure she seemed; a minute later Mrs. Flyn coming up from her wash-tub in the basement; a chord from the orchestra and the Statue of Liberty is before us. Encore; and Botticelli's nymph hastens to Venus: she bows and a wilted Easter Lily bud which never knew full blossom is before us.

Tschaikowsky Pathétique: adagio, to an empty stage; scherzo, and—!! I wonder how many yards of cloth in that drop, are there two, or is it the lights that changed the color? This woman's thigh is atrocious! Those must be real flowers she is using to scatter about; good pose there as the curtains fall,—nice line from ankle to shoulder; but that costume! Encore, and flowers. She trips in like a soubrette, the one whose place in the chorus is assured forever because she knows the manager. Second encore,—posing for the public with an uplifted white rose—this the great dancer!

But, with the strains of the Marseillaise she appeared from the rear, right, in scarlet. And that part of the audience who claims France by birthright rose, as also did the other part, by the assumed insolence of pretense which says each man has two countries: the states and France! Well, the audience rose and Isadora (we're feeling chummy by this time) pointed! At the finish of the air—which surmounted all despite the figure on the stage—she disclosed what we suspected was there: an American flag! And the orchestra played Star Spangled Banner and she kissed the flag, and the audience sang; and after "Bravos" she "danced" the Marseillaise again and the audience shrieked; and the orchestra played America off key and swung to Star Spangled Banner again and she unwound the flag from off her and danced the thing they were playing,—in that costume of dark red she had worn when she danced the Call to Battle and the Lamentations Following Triumph of the Pathétique; and trampling on the red which was France, waving the flag which was the U. S. A., in the costume representing Poland—she pointed! And because she had pointed skyward earthward and batalward, all in the course of one evening, we left, saying: "Well, we have seen Isadora Duncan dance!"
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