

# THE LITTLE REVIEW

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A MAGAZINE OF THE ARTS

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MAKING NO COMPROMISE WITH THE PUBLIC TASTE

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Devoted chiefly to Ezra Pound . . .

# THE LITTLE REVIEW

THE MAGAZINE THAT IS READ BY THOSE  
WHO WRITE THE OTHERS

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NOVEMBER, 1918

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# THE LITTLE REVIEW

Vol. V.

NOVEMBER, 1918

No. 7

## NINE POEMS

Ezra Pound

### Cantus Planus

The black panther lies under his rose tree  
And the fawns come to sniff at his sides:

Evoc, Evoc, Evoc Baccho O  
ZAGREUS, *Zagreus*, *Zagreus*,

The black panther lies under his rose tree.

Hesper adest. Hesper adest. Hesper  
adest.

### Chanson Arabe

I have shaken with love half the night.

The winter rain falls in the street.

She is but half my age;

Whither, whither am I going?

I have shaken with love half the night.

She is but half my age.

Whither, whither am I going?

### Dawn on the Mountain

Peach flowers turn the dew crimson,

Green willows melt in the mist,

The servant will not sweep up the fallen petals,

And the nightingales

Persist in their singing.

*Omakitsu*

## Wine

Dew, clear as gilt jewels, hangs under the garden grass-blades.  
 Swift is the year, swift is the coming cold season,  
 Life swift as the dart of a bird :

Wine, wine, wine for a hundred autumns,  
 And then on wine, no wine, and no wine.

*Rihaku*

## Φαροποιεια

## I.

## ROSE WHITE, YELLOW, SILVER

The swirl of light follows me through the square,  
 The smoke of incense  
 Mounts from the four horns of my bed-posts,  
 The water-jet of gold light bears us up through the ceilings,  
 Lapped in the gold-coloured flame I descend through the aether.  
 The silver ball forms in my hand,  
 It falls and rolls at your feet.

## II.

## SALTUS

The swirling sphere has opened  
 and you are caught up to the skies,  
 You are englobed in my sapphire.

Io! Io!

You have perceived the blades of the flame  
 The flutter of sharp-edged sandals

The folding and lapping brightness  
 Has held in the air before you.

You have perceived the leaves of the flame.

## III

## CONCAVA VALLIS

The wire-like bands of colour involute  
    mount from my fingers,  
I have wrapped the wind round your shoulders  
And the molten metal of your shoulders  
    bends into the turn of the wind,

AOI!

The whirling tissue of light  
    is woven and grows solid beneath us;  
The sea-clear sapphire of air, the sea-dark clarity,  
    stretches both sea-cliff and ocean.

## Glamour and Indigo\*

*A Canzon from the Provencal of "En Ar. Dan'el"*

## I

Sweet cries and cracks  
    and lays and chants inflected  
By auzels who, in their latin belikes,  
Chirme each to each, even as you and I  
Pipe toward those girls on whom our thoughts attract;  
Are but more cause that I, whose overweening  
Search is toward the Noblest, set in cluster  
Lines where no word cracks wry, no rhyme breaks gauges.

## II

No culs de sacs  
    nor false ways me diflected  
When first I pierced her fort within its dykes,  
Hers, for whom my hungry insistency  
Passes the gnaw whereby was Vivien wracked;  
Day-long I stretch, all times, like a bird preening,  
And yawn for her, who hath o'er others thrust her  
As high as true joy is o'er ire and rages.



## VII

The slimy jacks

                    with adders' tongues bisected,  
I fear no whit, nor have; and if these tykes  
Have led Galicia's king to villeiny —  
His cousin in pilgrimage hath he attacked —  
We know — Raymon the count's son — my meaning  
Stands without screen. The royal filibuster  
Redeems not honour till he unbar the cages.

## C o d a

I should have seen it, but I was on such affair,  
Seeing the true king crowned, here in Estampa.

---

\*Foot-note: I had not intended to print this translation or any other of the complete set of Daniel's canzos apart from their Provençal originals, in a separate booklet. But as the full Mss., an affair scholastic rather than artistic, yet of interest to serious students of the craft, appears to be spurlos verschwindet, along with the Clark's Press, of Cleveland Ohio (fate not unique with Mss. sent to America) I make sure of this much of the work before leaving my papers for an indefinite period. I find my spare copies of the remaining translations rather too overscored to be much use to anyone but myself, but could probably duplicate the printer's copy with time.

Vivien. strophe II. "nebotz-Sain Guillem" is an allusion to the romance "Enfances Vivien". Longus is the centurion in the Crucifixion legend, political allusions in the last strophes need to be regarded as an integral part of the canzo.

The passages containing

"E quel remir contral lums de la lampa" and

"Ges rams floritz

de floretas envoutas

Cui fan tremblar auzelhon ab lurs becs

Non es plus frescs, per qu'ieu no vol Roam . . .

should help explain Dante's partiality for Arnaut Daniel as expressed in the treatise "De Vulgari Eloquio".

Lavaud notes the historical allusions as follows:

Lord of the Gallicians, Ferdinand second king of Galicia.

## Upon the Harps of Judea

The noble sentiments  
Which fill the form of this unbearable Jew  
(four ft. 9 in. by 3 ft.)

Overflow into his countenance  
and out of his countenance  
and into his gestures  
and into his carriage  
to the devastation of everyone;

The Chinese gentleman and his heroically red-haired mistress  
Shrink as he claims former acquaintance.  
He exudes benevolence upon the timidly smirking daughter,  
and upon the occidental and wounded Tommy of an inferior class,  
Whom the timidly smirking daughter has captivated;

The second and younger semite  
slides to a second table.

The round and elder semite  
relapses into sulks and rotundity.  
He rises. And pokes his bald head  
into the retired younger semite's steaming dishes.  
Such are the effects of benevolence.

*In ripis Babiloniis, in ripis Babiloniis*  
*In ripis Babiloniis, planga-a-a-a-avimus.*

---

1157-88. son of Berangere, sister of Raimon Berengar (vide Dante: quattro figlie ebbe R. B.) IVth of Aragon, count of Bracelona whose second son was lieutenant in Provence from 1168.

King at Etamps, Philippe August, crowned May 29, 1180, at the age of 16. Might well set date of Arnaut's birth as early as 1150.



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**MR. VILLERANT'S MORNING OUTBURST****( F o u r L e t t e r s )**

My dear Imogene:

You ask me to "save him from the mire that sickens him". Really!! I am tired of these operatic contortions. Est-ce qu'on exige la chasteté d'un homme vers sa quarantaine! Why mire? Why "sickens him"? There are plenty of quite nice young ladies; a little too sentimental perhaps; too religious; too bourgeois and domestic. They read you letters from sister Alice in the convent at Wicklow; above their atrociously belaced beds you are stared at by the photo-enlargement of the darling child; you are let in for the emotions of maternity; you are introduced to styles of furnishing which you hoped you had escaped once and for all when you escaped from the life of cheap lodgings; or you land a grade or two higher and are let in for reminiscence of the appalling dullness of some blasted suburban watering place when they had to stay there with their late husband (old army). Or once in the rarest of whiles you find affection and a temperament.

But why this animal should scribble to you about mire, and deck himself in the blatencies of repentance . . . . ajh!!

If he would pick his company and then inebriate, instead of inebriating and then picking his company! In short if he weren't a dog-dasted fool, and likely to be a bore in all companies; if he weren't too full of sloth mental and physical to aspire to amateurs; if he would study the rudiments of physiognomy and make some sort of selection, SELECTION, my dear Imogene, which is even easier, even more practicable in acquaintances of the moment than in relationships inherited from one's family . . . . etc . . . . and let us have done with him.

In matters of this sort, as in all other human relations, a man takes his own mire with him, or his own disinfectants, or even his own free-air and sea-scape if he have a fortunate disposition.

True they are sometimes fussy when they think they are being imperious; this is the first mark of vulgarity, but it is a characteristic of all stupid women, and often triumphs over breeding. It is perhaps as common amid palatial surroundings as it is among the ambiguous.

Sincerely yours,

W. V.

## II.

No, My dear Caroline:

Russians!! Am I never to hear the last of these Russians! I have shut up the esteemed and estimable William, and now you take up the pillows.

The Russian (large R., definite article, Artzibasheff, Bustikosseff, Slobingobski, Spititoutski and Co. Amalgated, communitated, etc.), "The Russian" my dear Caroline, is nothing but the western European with his conning-tower, or his top-layer, or his upper-story, or his control-board removed. As neither the governed Frenchman, nor Englishman (undermined by sentimentality, but still sailing in ballast), nor the automatic American barge about in this rudderless fashion, one makes comparisons with the Russian "élan", Russian "vigour" etc.

Civilized man, *any* civilized man who has a normal lining to his stomach, may become Russian for the price of a little mixed alcohol, or of, perhaps, a good deal of mixed alcohol, but it is a matter of shillings, not a matter of dynamic attainment.

Once, and perhaps only once, have I been drunk enough to feel like a Russian. Try it, my dearest young lady, try it. Try it and clear the mind, free your life from this obsession of Russians (if Lenin and Co., have not freed you).

What are we told about Russians: vast humanity, brotherly love, above all, vast tolerance. All for a job lot of bottles. Note the attention to detail. In Russian fiction, in Dostoevsky, and in the next drunk you see brushing a non-extant crumb from the imaginary crease in his waist-coat. Precisely! Vast attention to detail, always detail uncorrelated with anything else. The drunk sits in his little clearing, he is enclosed by a vast penumbra of shadows, a penumbra of things dimly seen, he has infinite concern with some object still within optical focus. (Vide Dostoevsky).

He has moments of phenomenal energy. At times his stride increases, he turns a corner with marvellous exactness of angle, and hits the wall six steps later. He tries to lift the policeman. He is filled with the blessings and beamings of tolerance.

I, my dear Caroline, a person dour enough in this climate, have observed myself mellow and human, I have observed myself practicing fellowship, mingling with the products of democracy. In

my normal West-European condition I cannot talk to the English "lower-classes". I can converse with French peasants and workmen, I can play *bocchi* in the back-yard of a Trattoria, but with the English of "different station" I am at loss for a subject. But Russian I am filled with invention. I will, by gad, I will pass myself off for a Frenchman. I do it triumphantly, liquor perhaps shielding my accent, I translate into broken English. The Tommy next to me in the "Tube" is returning to Amiens in the morning, we are full of mutual recognitions, I am his noble, his affectionate ally. He kisses me on both cheeks at departing. I present him with my last shilling. I had three-ha'pence in the morning, but these details are but pay no attention to that in our conversations."

I have fathomed the Russians.

Yours eternally,

Walter Villerant.

### III

Hepsibah!

I decline to write of religion. Christianity as we understand it", i. e., as it is presented to our gaze in the "occident", has reduced itself to one principle:

"Thou shalt attend to thy neighbour's business in preference to thy own."

It is upon this basis that the churches are organized, it is upon this basis that they flourish, (bar one old established conspirator's club which exploits a more complicated scenic arrangement). They equally blame themselves on the victimized Galilean. Against all of which I have no defence save the eleventh chapter of the Lun-Yu, the 25th section:

Tseu-lou, Tsheng-sie, Yan-yeou, and Kong-si-hoa were seated beside the Philosopher, who said "I am older than you are but pay no attention to that in our conversations."

He continued, "we sit apart and in solitude, we are unrecognized, but if someone should recognize you, what would you do about it?"

Tseu-lou replied lightly but respectfully, "Let us imagine a kingdom of ten thousand war-chariots, stuffed in between other kingdoms, let them be full of levies, let the first kingdom suffer death and famine should your friend (Little Tseu-lou) be set in power, he would put things right in less

then three years, the people would put on their courage."

The philosopher smiled at these words. And said,

"And you Thseng-sie?"

Thseng replied respectfully, "Let us imagine a province of sixty or seventy *li*, or even of fifty to sixty *li*, put me in charge of it and in less than three years the people will have enough, and I will put the instruction in rites and in music in charge of an exceptional man."

"And you Yan?" said the Master.

"I am not sure I could do these things, I should much rather study. I should be happy in wearing the cobalt robes of an acolyte in the great ceremonies at the Temple of Ancestors, or in the public processions."

"And you Si-hoa?" said the Philosopher.

The last pupil picked a few odd chords on his viol, but the sounds continued echoing in the bowl of it. He put it aside and rose, and then respectfully, "My opinion is entirely different from any among my companions." The Philosopher answered "Who forbids you to express it? Here each one may say what he likes."

Si-hoa continued, "The spring being passed over and my spring clothes put in the chest, and wearing the bonnet de virilité \*, with five or six men and a half dozen young chaps, I should like to go to the old swimming hole on the Y (near Kou village), and feel the wind in that country where they offer rain-sacrifice in the summer; and sing a little, and make a few tunes, and then go back to my homestead."

The philosopher sighed, and added, "I am rather of Si-hoa's opinion."

Three disciples took leave but Thseng-sie (presumably the Rodyheaver, or potential Xtn convert of the company) remained and asked after an interval "What should one think of the speeches of these three disciples?"

Kung-fu-tseu said "Each one has expressed his own temperament. That is the end of the matter."

Yours,

*Walter Villerant.*

And damn the occident anyhow!

---

\*Kuan, cap which boy receives from his father upon his coming or age.

## IV

My dear Imogene:

You! complain to me about Joyce's language. I will not bother to answer, I will point merely to a recent article on Joyce in *The Future* (an English periodical, not to be confused with *Die Zukunft*). The author says, and I think with reason, that wherever Joyce has made use of lice, or dung, or other disgusting unpleasantness he has done so with the intention, and with, as a considerable artist, the result of heightening some effect of beauty, or twisting tighter some other intensity.

The metal finish alarms people. They will no more endure Joyce's hardness than they will Pound's sterilized surgery. The decayed-lily verbiage which the Wilde school scattered over the decadence is much more to the popular taste. Vomit, carefully labled "Beauty", is still in the literary market, and much sought after in the provinces. I am not throwing that into contrast with Joyce's novels.

I have a much finer question, and one which I probably waste in sending you. It is of the contrast between Gautier and Beaudelaire, so we are well up beyond the Wilde level.

I take it that art rises in some measure in proportion to its inimitability, even its untranslability. And I have never yet found Gautier in English; nor do I see any ready means of saying

Le squelette était invisible  
 Au temps heureux de l'art paien;  
 L'Homme, sous la forme sensible, etc.

in English.

"The skeleton was invisible in the happy era of pagan art", is felicitous, it is better than "happy time" or "happy days"; "era" has come to as I write this, after years of thought on the matter. But I am not ready to translate Gautier into English.

Beaudelaire had, we presume, a "message". He had also a function in the French verse of his time. The poetic language had grown stiff, even Gautier is less miraculous if one consider the tradition of French eighteenth century writing, the neatness of Bernard, (whom Voltaire addresses as "Gentile . . . dont la muse feconde, doit faire encore delices" . . . ) ; the tone of

Si tu ne peux vivre  
 Sans un Apollon,

C'est Anacreon,  
 Ami, qu'il faut suivre.  
 Apprends à monter  
 Ta galante lyre:  
 Si tu veux chanter,  
 Que Bacchus t'inspire  
 Le tendre délire  
 Qui, cher à Thémire,  
 S'en fait écouter.

had probably constricted French poetry, and there was doubtless need of some new shaggy influx.

But the Beaudelairian "vigour" seems to me now too facile a mechanism. Any decayed cabbage, cast upon any pale satin sofa will give one a sense of contrast. I am not saying that Beaudelaire is nothing but cabbages cast upon satin sofas, but merely that in many poems one "unpleasant" element is no more inevitable than another, and that for a great many of his words and lines other words and lines might be substituted; and that he can be translated very roughly without losing any of his quality.

The stuff looks more vigorous than it is . . . . . As indeed bad graphic art often looks more skillful than it is . . . . .

Passons . . .

*Villerant.*

P. S. Bad Beaudelaire in English has come from trying to do him in a lilies and clematis vocabulary, fitter for Alfred de Musset.

## TWO POEMS

Andre Spire

Saint-Moritz

Ouvrier, ouvrier,  
J'étais, je pense, un naïf jeune homme,  
Quand je trahis ma classe pour la tienne.  
Mais notre amour ne dura guère.  
Nous nous sentions si mal à l'aise ensemble.  
Tu nu comprenais pas mon besoin de loisirs,  
Ni mon besoin de livres;  
Moi, je trouvais ta vie si douloureuse  
Que je ne comprenais pas comment tu pouvais rire,  
Et ma pitié t'agacait.

Travail fiévreux, plaisirs rapides,  
Thès, bavardages, musées, concerts,  
Métaphysique, Bergsonisme, et conversation de mes amis,  
Paris a de quoi occuper son homme.  
Mais je n'arrivais pas, camarade,  
A te chasser de ma pensée.  
Tu étais collé à mon âme

Je me suis enfui chez tes maîtres  
Assemblés dans ces palais monstrueux.

Ils sont ici, venus des quatre coins du monde,  
Bien portants ou malades, déprimés, excités,  
Princes, marchands, juges, soldats, banquiers,  
Les hommes durs nourris par le travail des autres;  
Et leurs femmes, sous le ciel saphir,  
Glissent, dans leurs "sweaters" éclatants,  
Comme d'insolentes fleurs méridionales.

Et tout leur appartient ici.  
Tout un peuple, gens et bêtes, leur est asservi,

Et la neige, et le givre, et les fluides et les pentes,  
 Et, sur le lac gelé, transformé en Longchamp,  
 Les traîneaux qui s'élancent,  
 Et les bobsleighs qui volent sur la glace des "runs".

Ça et là, un petit monument indique, à vrai dire,  
 Qu'un gentleman, à ces jeux là perdit sa vie.  
 Mais y peut on penser, quand on sait que, demain,  
 Toutes les boutiquières de ce nombril du monde  
 Pendront à leur vitrine les traits de votre face,  
 Ou qu'on rentre des courses  
 Etendu, accoudé, avec des jeunes filles,  
 Sur les longs coussins des bobsleighs, solennels  
 Comme le chaste lit des noces Aldobrandines,  
 Le bonnet, la poitrine recouverte d'insignes,  
 Dans la douceur d'un soir havane et grenadine.

Maintenant, ouvrier,  
 Regardons nous en face,  
 Non en amis génés, . . .  
 En adversaires loyaux.

Tu sais bien que j'aurai le coeur de te combattre,  
 Si, jamais, tu touchais aux choses que j'aime,  
 Puisque j'ai retrouvé chez des hommes de ma classe  
 Ce que j'avais été chercher chez toi, dans ma jeunesse,  
 Ton mépris de la mort, ta naïveté.

*St. Moritz février 1914.*

## Bl a m o n t

Quand j'allais en vacances  
 A Blamont-en-Lorraine  
 Le coq me réveillait,  
 Le coq dans le soleil,  
 Les poules dans les corbeilles  
 Du jardin de ma grand'mère  
 Où y avait-t-un lilas, un figuier et un tuya.



Quand le troupeau rentrait  
Agneaux suivant leurs mères,  
Je pensais à la laine  
Où mes deux mains plongeaient  
Aux rues qu'ils animaient,  
Du pays de ma grand'mère  
Où y avait-t-un lilas, un figuier et un tuya.

Quant j'allais à l'étable  
Où le veau roux tétait,  
Je pensais aux prairies  
Où bientôt il brouterait,  
Aux seaux blancs et au lait  
Du pays de ma grand'mère  
Où y avait-t-un lilas, un figuier et un tuya.

Lorsque j'allais en plaine  
Voir les boeufs labourer,  
Les boeufs rouges, les boeufs beiges  
Qui me semblaient éternels,  
Je pensais aux épis  
Du pays de ma grand'mère  
Où y avait-t-un lilas, un figuier et un tuya.

La maison est à bas,  
Le pays est par terre,  
Les laboureurs tués;  
J'essaye de chanter  
Chanter comme naguère;  
Mais je ne peux penser  
Qu'au couteau, qu'au boucher;

Mais je ne peux penser  
Qu'aux couteaux, aux bouchers  
Du pays de ma grand'mère.  
Aux moutons égorgés  
Aux méchants, au cimetière  
Du pays de ma grand'mère  
Où y avait-t-un lilas, un figuier et un tuya.

20 Aout 1918.

## H. D's CHORUSES FROM EURIPIDES

E. P.

Setting out in a purely quixotic attempt to learn something about English literature, and in the present instance something about English versions of the "classics" — an attempt which can only win me the greater detestation from the elder generation of American writers and publishing houses who have never heard of the classics and who are therefore annoyed when one mentions them; and from the younger generation who have heard of these things but do not wish to be reminded of them; and in particular from professors who think the classics are their private ice-box, and who resent the intrusion of "mere men of letters" thereinto: — plunging however into these ancient sources of deliverance from small tyranny, it is born in upon me that H. D's "Choruses from Iphegenia in Aulis" are worth more praise than I have yet got round to giving them; all the more if one compare them with the signal botch which the usually very intelligent Robt. Browning made when he attempted the Agamemnon of Aeschylus; not that I am convinced one can approach the Greek drama via Euripides, or that the isolated choruses form a fair avenue of approach in themselves, or are likely to be of proportionate interest taken alone.

But if, via Homer and Aeschylus one have contracted an interest in the Atreidae, H. D's choruses should be a great relief from other windy and verbose translators.

Also she has spared us the celebrated cocoa outburst

MAKARES OI METRIAS THEOU  
META TE SOPHROSUNAS METE  
SXON LEKTRON APHRODITAS,

(reader will pardon this transalphabetisation, but bitter experience has led me to suspect that the man who prints this magazine has no hellenic font at his elbow). The French commentator gives it:

"Heureux ceux qui dans un chaste hymen usent modérément des plaisirs de Vénus."

One cannot help sympathising with Aristophanes, and I do not offer H. D's choruses as any untempered incense to Euripides, or

---

as an offset for Mrs. Browning's remarks. I can not tell how much interest they will stir, or have stirred, of themselves as poems isolated, but certainly the first, second, third, fourth and ninth strophes of the first chorus, and the brief second chorus, as H. D. has given them, are enough to make anyone with an interest in Greek drama in English wish that more of it were available in this form.

## I

## CHORUS OF THE WOMEN OF CHALKIS

## I

I **CROSSED** sand-hills.

I stand among the sea-drift before Aulis.

I crossed Euripos' strait—

Foam hissed after my boat.

I left Chalkis,

My city and the rock-ledges.

Arethusa twists among the boulders,

Increases—cuts into the surf.

I come to see the battle-line

And the ships rowed here

By these spirits—

The Greeks are but half-man.

Golden Menelaos

And Agamemnon of proud birth

Direct the thousand ships.

They have cut pine-trees

For their oars.

They have gathered the ships for one purpose:

Helen shall return.

There are clumps of marsh-reed

And spear-grass about the strait.

Paris the herdsman passed through them

When he took Helen—Aphrodite's gift.

For he had judged the goddess

More beautiful than Hera.  
Pallas was no longer radiant  
As the three stood  
Among the fresh-shallows of the strait.

## 2

I crept through the woods  
Between the altars:  
Artemis haunts the place.  
Shame, scarlet, fresh-opened—a flower,  
Strikes across my face.  
And sudden—light upon shields,  
Low huts—the armed Greeks,  
Circles of horses.

I have longed for this.  
I have seen Ajax.  
I have known Protesilaos  
And that other Ajax—Salamis' light  
They counted ivory-discs.  
They moved them—they laughed  
They were seated together  
On the sand-ridges.

I have seen Palamed,  
Child of Poseidon's child:  
Diomed, radiant discobolus:  
Divine Merion, a war-god,  
Starling to men:  
Island Odysseos from the sea-rocks:  
And Nireos, most beautiful  
Of beautiful Greeks.

## 3

A flash—  
Achilles passed across the beach.  
(He is the seawoman's child  
Chiron instructed.)

Achilles had strapped the wind  
About his ankles,  
He brushed rocks  
The waves had flung.  
He ran in armour.  
He led the four-yoked chariot  
He had challenged to the foot-race.  
Emelos steered  
And touched each horse with pointed goad

I saw the horses:  
Each beautiful head was clamped with gold.

Silver streaked the centre horses.  
They were fastened to the pole.  
The outriders swayed to the road-stead.  
Colour spread up from ankle and steel-hoof.  
Bronze flashed.

And Achilles, set with brass,  
Bent forward,  
Level with the chariot-rail.

4

If a god should stand here  
He could not speak  
At the sight of ships  
Circled with ships.

This beauty is too much  
For any woman.  
It is burnt across my eyes.

The line is an ivory-horn.  
The Myrmidons in fifty quivering ships  
Are stationed on the right.

These are Achilles' ships.  
On the prow of each

A goddess sheds gold:  
Sea-spirits are cut in tires of gold.

I have heard all this.  
I have looked too  
Upon this people of ships.  
You could never count the Greek sails  
Nor the flat keels of the foreign boats.

I have heard—  
I myself have seen the floating ships  
And nothing will ever be the same —  
The shouts,  
The harrowing voices within the house.  
I stand apart with an army:  
My mind is graven with ships.

*Second Chorus*

Paris came to Ida.  
He grew to slim height  
Among the silver-hoofed beasts.  
Strange notes made his flute  
A Phrygian pipe  
He caught all Olympos  
In his bent reeds.  
While his great beasts  
Cropped the grass,  
The goddesses held the contest  
Which sent him among the Greeks.  
He came before Helen's house.  
He stood on the ivory steps.  
He looked upon Helen and brought  
Desire to the eyes  
That looked back—

The Greeks have snatched up their spears.  
They have pointed the helms of their ships  
Toward the bulwarks of Troy

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## TARIFF AND COPYRIGHT

Ezra Pound

"IF WE don't get to know these people" (i.e. English, French, Italian, our allies) "better, this war is a *failure*."

These words were addressed to me by George Russel in the office of the United States Department of Public Information, London, and they are the finest words spoken by any American official since the death of Abraham Lincoln.

Among the present hinderances to communication two at least are utterly needless; the first, America's demoded and mediaeval import duty on books, an atavism which the city of Paris had dispensed with in the sixteenth century, and the elimination of which aided in no small degree to keep Paris a centre of civilization ;

The second hindrance is the red tape and insecurity of the copyright regulations.

Of these two, the first is America's sole affair, at least she alone can rectify the present stupidity.

The second calls for reciprocal intelligence and reciprocal action between England and America.

The tariff on books should be removed because it is an hindrance to international communciation, serious at any time, and doubly serious now when we are trying to understand France and England more intimately.

This question of tariff on books should be wholly dissociated from the question of tariffs on anything else. Books have an im-material as well as a material component, and because of this im-material component they should circulate free from needless impediment. They should not be hindered in migration *even* for the sake of slight material gain.

George Haven Putnam has buried his argument of the case in his excellent volumes on "Books and their Makers during the Middle Ages". The question has been confused by the Free Trade Association, or a body of some such title, who have entangled it in their anti-protection campaign.

The tariff on books is specially noxious in the case of technical works and of important serious work of small circulation which can not be classed as "technical", such works for example as H. A. Ren-

ner's "Life of Lope de Vega" or James Joyce's "Portrait of the Artist".

The government's income from import duty on serious literature is negligible. The sole result is to handicap American authors and to preserve a provincial tone in American literature to its invalidation.

The expression of thought is a process capable of improvements as complex and as important as the improvements of material mechanical processes.

The American writer hears of such improvements ten years late, and begins with that handicap.

For example the American novice begins to imitate a model ten years late, about the time when Europe has got tired of the fashion.

Also they get these crazes untempered, they get the outstanding quality unbalanced by surrounding factors.

Even in a period when English literature is weak, they do not know of this weakness in time and are not driven to investigating French work, as for example from 1870 to 1900 when France was in a period of unusual vigour.

The case does not rest on a personal opinion about particular dates, authors, influences.

In any science you would recognize that a man not aware of the last technical discoveries was at a disadvantage. So is the American author. The disadvantage is NOT compensated by his being "protected by a tariff."

In the arts the only thing worth a damn is the thing which does not need protection.

Until America can produce such work, her artists are merely injuring the public intelligence by circulating the second rate.

The serious worker is penalized. Some of the best American work has been published abroad and the American author penalized for trying to send it home.

(The present writer is no longer in a position personally to benefit by removal of the tariff as his work is now published in both countries, and his American publication for the present rather ahead of his English publication).

Serious literary work can not be regarded as a commerce or as manufacturing. For example my redaction of Fenollosa's work



on the Japanese Classical Drama costs twenty years work to Fenollosa and includes my skill acquired by ten years constant practice. No possible or at any rate no probable sales can compensate this at the rate of unskilled day labour or pay it a "living wage".

Should one be taxed on top of this? Taxed for wishing to share the result with a limited American public?

Dr. Rennert's work on Lope de Vega falls under the same category.

Serious works of realism, works which should serve as stimulæ and as models to young writers have their entry into America retarded, the young men in Bloomsbury gets ten years start of the young man in New York or Indianapolis. With the cost of living higher, with the chances of leisure less, with life brief as it is, ten years handicap is almost insurmountable.

I am in touch with promising young American writers, I have seen men with good natural equipment who never get their perceptions recorded in prose firm enough to last or to compete with European prose.

AT LEAST the first 3000 copies of ANY book of which there is no American edition should go in free.

After that there may be some question of favoring the printer at the expense of the public.

The country, any country, wants all the books it can get. ONLY cheap GOOD books can compete with cheap bad books.

It would even be a blessing if all the second-hand book shops in Charing Cross Road could be dumped in any American city.

You have now a sane law about the importation of works of art, painting and sculpture.

I think even in the case of cheap reprints like Dent's "Everyman" series there is much to be said for getting rid of the tariff. There are plenty of good classics which Dent does not reprint.

The general level of intelligence would be improved much more by an American firm's reprinting OTHER classics even if the volume cost ten cents more, than by advancing the cost of Dent classics ten cents to the poor man, and having American firms try to compete by a series of reprints of the SAME books.

If for example an American firm were running a DIFFERENT set of books in competition I should have two chances of getting a cheap issue of Golding's *Ovid*, or Gavin Douglas' *Virgil*, which now

I can not get save by sheer luck in finding a 1719 issue of one and a three dollar reprint of the other.

Only those who are FED UP with poor books hunt out the good ones.

Literature should compete by QUALITY not by cheapness.

Literature is more important than the printing trade. And the dual nature, intellectual and material, or books should wrench them out of the doctrinaire inclusion in a general discussion of economics.

The law of supply and demand does not COVER the matter.

In ANY CASE the NON-COMPETITIVE books should go in free, the first 3000 should go in free.

### C o p y r i g h t

It should be easier for a book to be copyright than for it to be not copyright.

It should be easier for a man to keep or keep the right to the work of his hands, *or of his brain*, than for another to steal it.

The present American copyright law is understood by few people and is of advantage neither to the public nor to the authors.

The copyright of any book printed *anywhere* should be and remain automatically the author's. The author should in return for thos protection place on file copies of his book at the national library, Washington, and in the municipal libraries of the four largest American cities.

Such placing on file of the work should dispose of any further dispute over the matter.

(I need hardly point out that said libraries would under this system acquire invaluable collections free of cost to the public).

Copyright from present date should be perpetual.

In my own case I wish to leave my royalties as a literary endowment; I should be able to do this with as much security as if I had acquired oil stock, or government bonds, instead of producing literature.

Secondly: the present law by which copyright expires permits dead authors to compete on unjust terms with living authors. Unscrupulous but well-meaning publishers, well serving the public, print dead authors more cheaply than living ones BECAUSE *they do not have to pay royalties*.

This is to the disadvantage of contemporary literature, to

the disadvantage of literary production. As America has less past literature than other countries it is particularly to American advantage that the living author should not fare at least as well as the dead one.

BUT the heirs of an author should be powerless to prevent the publication of his works or to extort excessive royalties.

If the heirs neglect to keep a man's work in print and at a price not greater than the price of his books during his life time, then unauthorized publishers should be at liberty to reprint said works, paying to heirs a royalty not more than 20% and not less than 10%.

BUT the protection of the author should not enable him to play dog in the manger.

IF having failed to have his works printed in America, or imported into America, or translated into American, an American publisher or translator apply to said author for permission to publish or translate a given work or works, and receive no answer within reasonable time, say six months, and if author do not give notice of intending other American publication (quite definitely stating where and when) within reasonable time, or designate some other translator as the authorized translator, then the first publisher or translator shall have the right to publish or translate any work, paying to the original author a royalty of not more than 20% and not less than 10% in the case of an English book published, and a royalty of not more than 10% and not less than 5% in the case of a foreign work translated. The original author shall have right at law to the minimum of these royalties.

But no unauthorized translation should inhibit the later publication of an authorized translation. Nevertheless an authorized translation appearing later should not in any way interfere with preceding translations save by fair and open competition in the market.

No perpetual copyright should come into effect without these safeguards. They are very important.

In addition: After a man's works have sold a certain number of copies, let us say 100,000, there should be no means of indefinitely preventing a very cheap reissue of his work, at let us say 25 cents a volume. Royalty on same payable at rate of 20% to author or heirs.

## MEMORABILIA

Ezra Pound

*"Patriotism in the arts consists in getting the best. It does not consist in a demand for the local product."*

—William Atheling (music critic)  
the "New Age", London.

THERE is still an American import duty on books. It is less than it was once. It is less than it was when the present author first began objecting to it, *but* it exists. It is not a war measure designed to increase revenue. It is part of an old obstructionism; part of an old hatred of intercommunication.

The world's immediate need is to annihilate the Prussian military tyranny. Other tyrannies and oppressions should follow said tyranny to the dung-heap. There are however plenty of people who are not working at the first job, nor in any way preparing for the second.

Kipling, at times a most execrable writer, has written  
"Transportation is civilization."

This fact *can not* be too widely recognized. It is *not yet* half recognized.

People still having unused leisure can occupy some of it developing an objection to impeding the inflow of enlightenment.

There should be no import tax on books (not even on bad ones, not even on Marie Corelli and Hall Caine). But above all there is no sense in and not even a printers profit derivable from, an import tax on books which have a sale of only a few thousand copies.

It is merely a pettifogging obstruction.

Someone has just given \$15,000,000 to Yale; professors in a nickle-plated "civilization" being more highly valued than men of letters; the parroting of accepted opinions being more valued than invention.

French resistance to the Prussian demonstrates the value of a national consciousness, of an intelligent national consciousness; this

comes only from clear thought, freely and clearly expressed. The French defence proves that literature *pays* a nation.

The stamina of France is due in part to Théophile Gautier, to the Académie de Goncourt; to the French care for art and letters.

France spends more on literature and art than either England or America, both the latter being much larger and richer countries.

The rates for unpopular work are higher in France. France spends in prizes, rewards, endowments, direct on the creators.

France recognizes the economy of permitting the special talent to apply itself to the special labour.

When will the American endower learn to knock off 2% of his endowings and settle that fraction on literature ? ? ? ?

When, indeed ? ? ? ?

Uterior motives in literature are *the* curse. The patron, the desire to please the patron, had become a plaguing ulterior motive. Sam. Johnson bashed it in the head, he led a dog's life and freed English authors from the domination of patrons.

The demand that the public shall agree with the author's utterance has become the curse of contemporary letters. It has got to be bashed on the head.

The authentic presentation of his subject is job enough for any author; very few have attained it.

The intelligent man must fight the dominant imbecilities of his time, whether they are "aristocratic" or "democratic", mono-tyrannic or demo-tyrannic.

The man who states the fact as he sees it is of more "value to the state" than the man who receives a salary for uttering a set programme (religious, economic, political or literary, or "educationla"). His value is proportionate to the clarity and precision of his statement; to the closeness of correspondence between his statement and fact.

There is a "body" called "The American Academy of Art and Letters".

What about it ?

There is also another "body" or periphery called "The American Institute of Art and Letters".

What about it ?

It can not be called a periosteum.

NOTES ON MUSIC, BOOKS, AND  
THE THEATRE

Margaret Anderson

*Alfred Cortot*

Cortot is one of the people who matters. He plays the piano better than almost any one. He plays like a poet, like a religieuse. He is a master of all the nuances of the piano, and he uses his mastery as an act of worship. His first recital in New York was the kind of thing you are willing to wait years to hear. I could easily fall into superlatives, so I will merely say: do not miss this man. He has the *schöne tiefe seele*.

*Harold Bauer*

I have written so much of my predilection for Harold Bauer's playing that I need not go into detail of his first recital of the season. It seems to me that he is playing "drier" this year,—I mean, like wine. His César Franck has never been so mellow. He and Cortot are so different that it might be interesting to discover their starting-points. It is as though Bauer said: "Life has taught me much, and I play of forgotten beauty"; and Cortot: "Life has taught me nothing and I play of that beauty which I cannot forget". It is to this particular type of what may be called "arrested development" that Cortot owes the complete lovelines of his music. His Chopin is heartbreaking. Bauer's Chopin is always without this induced and essential melancholy.

*Serge Prokofieff*

This pianist has been widely heralded as "the greatest composer of Russia", — I believe they have even reported that he makes Scriabine and Stravinsky sound pale and melodious. Mr. Prokofieff played an all-Russian program of his own music, to which he added some etudes of Scriabine and Rachmaninoff. He is not a pianist in any sense of the word. He plays as nearly all composers play, — with a large carelessness of sound and a complete disregard — no, a complete ignorance — of the registers of the piano keyboard. But what interested me was to discover

that he is not a composer either.

He has simply strung together a series of modern tendencies and moods, but underneath them there runs no indication of an essential feeling. When he began playing Scriabine the difference between great composition and that effort *which assembles but cannot compose* became too apparent: the kind of thing that embarrasses you and fills you with strange feelings of shame. The audience did not share my reactions, but gave him an ovation; and I have been afraid to look at the criticisms. I know what will be said of him: "he played with great fire and his own compositions were remarkable", etc. It will all be terribly untrue. If there is any interest in getting at the truth, this could be said: he plays the piano with the quality of a skilled rag-time performer and his own music is a sort of Francis Grierson hodge-podge à la mode.

### *Yvette Guilbert*

Yvette Guilbert is having a series of Thursday afternoons and Sunday nights at Maxime Elliott's Theatre. In some of her new songs she seems more inimitable than ever. She is of course incomparable and I have no new words with which to glorify her. I have just been reading her book, "How to Sing a Song" (Macmillan). It is nearly always a sad experience to hear what an artist has to say about his work. I am coming to think that there is just one unailing test of an artist's greatness: that he shall be completely uninteresting about general ideas. For instance, the kind of thing that fills up Mme. Guilbert's book: "Observation is the faculty of seeing men and things quickly and justly", or "the inventive power of an artist is Imagination", or "the soul is a compound of all our intellectual faculties", etc., etc. None of these remarks means anything, necessarily; if it does it means something to be dismissed before any interesting talk can be produced on the subject. But the book is so charming in its naiveté and so interesting in its specific expression that you will not want to miss it. Of course you will find Clayton Hamilton airing his usual ineptitudes in the preface, such as that "except in rare instances, like that of Keats, it may be assumed that nobody has anything to say till after he is thirty", etc. But you already know Mr. Hamilton's capacity for imbecilities: the thing that will puzzle you is how Mme. Guilbert can tolerate such boredom.

*"Can Grande's Castle"*

Amy Lowell's new book (Macmillan) shares this typical lack of cerebration, in its preface, but the poetry she has made is characteristically incisive and sensuous. I have never known a poet, it happens, who likes Amy Lowell's poetry. This is a subject worth speculation, but I can't go into it just now. I like nearly all the poetry Miss Lowell writes, — with the exception of her long New England narratives; but those I don't call poetry.

*Bertha Kalich*

Bertha Kalich is doing a Danish play called *"The Riddle: Woman"* with intelligence and beauty. The play is a drama with only two or three psychological flaws (a soothing minimum), and I use the word "beauty" with discrimination. Bertha Kalich must have brains: she is so good to look at. It is the kind of look that argues an idea of beauty, and it is the rarest kind of thing to find on the American stage. It is the only hint of the exotic that I know of on the stage in this country. Nazimova has nothing of it: nothing of this contained and rhythmic distinction. Kalich is tempered, suave, still, dark and strange. It is a pity that such an actress has to depend upon the commercial theatre.

*"The Living Corpse"*

Tolstoy's story has been made into a play called "Redemption" and John Barrymore is starring in it. I think Mr. Barrymore has some idea of himself as an interesting decadent, and he will probably treat the public to a series of plays in which he can figure as the conventional aesthete and incidentally preach the conventional ideal of the mob's relation to the individual. Since Mr. Barrymore knows none of the closer aspects of these questions his appearance in such plays will continue to thrill the infantile and bore the sophisticated. As it stands "Redemption" is a kind of disintegrated Broadway "show", serving Mr. Barrymore as a vehicle for breaking into Art; with its gypsies and its music and its home-made costumes it is as suggestive of Russian drama as college theatricals or a Streets of Cairo. Of course the fault is Tolstoy's too. Tolstoy has no compelling drama for us. We are interested in the human being who finds himself an exile in the world, but not if his exile depends upon a general imperception of himself and the rest of mankind; just as we are inter-



ested in a man and woman who find some psychological barrier in the way of their marriage, but not if that barrier depends upon the prospective mother-in-law's idea of the conventions. Etc., etc., etc.

*Mischa Levitiski*

The interesting thing about Levitiski's playing is that he demonstrates so clearly what it is to have everything except the thing that differentiates, and therefore the thing that counts.

*Eugene Berton*

A seventeen-year old baritone made his debut in Aeolian Hall last month and the critics were very enthusiastic but said the usual unspecific things. Eugene Berton is a real singer, by some token of racial inheritance. He is a Russian Jew and looks charmingly like a Japanese doll. To hear this little Oriental singing Debussy and Rimskey-Korsakov and Barthélemy with all the authority of a grand opera star is an amazing and amusing and delightful phenomenon.

## LIST OF BOOKS

### John Rodker

Mina Loy's poems in the new "*Others*" *Anthology*, (Knopf, \$1.50) are in sufficient quantity to enable one to estimate her actual significance. Certainly she is a poet, but her work remains only-very interesting. Between that and poetry that matters remains still a wide gulf. Her visualisation is original, often brilliant, but head-work is cold comfort and her capacity for feeling is rather a cold indignation of the sort that finds expression in tags like 'Honesty is the best policy'.

When lines like this occur however:

He for the blue and red of her  
The silent eyelids of her  
The shiny smile of her.

one feels that some day emotion of good quality may be welded to her present method. I think that neither she nor Marianne Moore

realize that as words grow away from monosyllables they lose WEIGHT and significance and what vague richness of sound is gained leads only to diffusion of theme and of directness. This leads, after elucidation of one of Miss Moore's poems, merely to the conviction that her brain must be very large and particularly spongy. Her pyramids contain no Pharaohs: eviscerated kittens rather.

Mina Loy's "Human Cylinders" is a good poem. Simplified it might be great. She has the "cosmic touch": that hitching-on which pulls a theme or a treatment together — this being incidentally where Miss Moore fails.

I quote from "Human Cylinders":

Where each extrudes, beyond the tangible  
 One thin pale trail of speculation  
 From among us we have sent out  
 Into the enervating dusk  
 One little whining beast  
 Whose longing  
 Is to shrink back into antediluvian burrows  
 And one elastic tentacle of intuition.

Certainly it is all over the place, but the stuff is there. It appears that any deep quantity of emotion in this anthology is left to the men. Cannell, whom I think extremely good ("The Coming of Night"); Eliot who is represented by the "Preludes" and "Rhapsody of a Windy Night" and Wallace Stevens whose "Night piece" printed long ago in *Others* remains in my memory.

The women other than those already mentioned are charming, though again, not so charming as the men; Stevens, Bodenheim, Johns, etc; they all have good brains except perhaps Mary Carolyn Davies.

"Jonah" by Aldous Huxley (printed privately) is witty and accomplished and contains some of the most finished poems produced in this country during the war. The French poems are only comparable with those of Mr. Eliot which appeared in this review. The Oxford Volunteers is a tour-de-force and I am sorry that the war will not allow me to quote it. "The Betrothal of Priapus" is an excellent poem worthy of his master Laforgue. "Jonah," "Behemoth," "Minoan," "Porcelain" are brilliant.

"*Al Que Quiere*" by William Carlos Williams (Four Seas Company) is the most important book which has come from among the Imagists. It cost a dollar and the publisher says that he does not give a damn whether you like it or not because he has "the profound satisfaction of publishing a book in which the poets of the future will dig for material as the poets of to-day dig in Whitman's *Leaves of Grass*. For once a publisher's notice contains some measure of truth. "Spring-strains" is a marvellous poem. All the poems are direct in treatment and confined as nearly as possible to the monosyllable. Every word has therefore WEIGHT, place and individual significance — there is no turgidity. It is a fallacy to assume that turgidity of emotion or of atmosphere must or even can be reproduced by obscurity of writing or implied in a web of onomatopoeic sound. Many of the poems are already known to me, but the consistency of his achievement was not apparent until they were collected in this book. It also clears up the "Improvisations" which appeared some time ago in this paper.

"*Poems of To-day* (Sidgwick and Jackson) for the use of children already familiar with the classics is a little presumptuous in imagining that such children will want to read Ada Smith, Margaret L. Woods, Newbolt etc., on England, Home and Beauty. There are however Sturge Moore and Yeats among them. The intelligent child will find its way. So will the stupid.

"*Wilderness Love Songs*" (Headley Brothers), by Mary Raleigh Richardson, has directness of treatment and a certain naiveté of expression. Unfortunately the view-point is vulgar and her directness mixed with usual poetic slush. A poem "The C. O. and the V. C." shows her sympathies are in the right place. Grammar frequently awful.

Ford Madox Hueffer's "On Heaven" is at last in volume form (John Lane). Unfortunately it is impossible to criticise a good poem. One just says that it is good and leaves it. The newer poems in this book are some of them equally good, although coherence is occasionally broken by sudden interpolation of a too personal set of symbols. His danger is, I think, a too easy and unre-served response to emotion. He ought to be a bad warrior since he wears no armour.

## An International Episode

*(Reprinted from "Poetry")*

Some of our readers have asked me what number of the *English Review* would contain my reply to Edgar Jepson's article of last May. Let me answer with the following correspondence:

*Mr. Austin Harrison, Editor of The English Review, to Miss Monroe, returning the latter's manuscript, "Mr. Jepson and United States Poetry":*

*Dear Miss Monroe:*

*I really think it is hardly necessary to enter into a controversy over Jepson's article. We are very full at this moment and I could not in any case find room now.*

*Miss Harriet Monroe to Mr. Austin Harrison:*

*My dear Mr. Harrison:*

*Your letter of July 9th, returning my comments on Mr. Jepson, reminds me of the Kaiser's reply to Belgium. You invade our province, quite uninvited and undesired, and kill off its most prominent citizens. Then, when I protest, you inform me that "it is hardly necessary to enter into a controversy."*

*It would have been more in accordance with the British tradition of fair play if this consideration had caused you to decline Mr. Jepson's egregiously caddish article.*

And so ends an international episode.

Or perhaps not quite ends. For the *Little Review*, now under the dictatorship of Ezra Pound, reprints a condensation of Mr. Jepson's article in its latest number, Mr. Pound stating in his footnote that the article was "ordered" by *Poetry* "and then rejected for its lack of flattery." Let us take the trouble to set Mr. Pound right: our letter to Mr. Jepson saying that we might wish to use his proposed "appreciation" of American poetry was not an "order," and our rejection of it was not due to its "lack of flattery," but to its cheap incompetence. By the reprint Mr. Pound freshens up, so to speak, the article's attack on *Poetry*, a magazine which, during the past six years, he has so amiably represented in London. Evidently this poet obeys the scrip-

tural injunction not to let his right hand know what his left hand is doing.

Perhaps Mr. Harrison was not without excuse in declining my article, for Mr. Jepson's was certainly not worth a controversy—the only wonder is that any editor, however insular, could consider it worth his space. Opinionating, however denunciatory, is not criticism. To call Mr. Frost's "Snow" "a maundering burble," or to dispose of "The Chinese Nightingale" as "harmless enough verse . . . inspired by "The Ingoldsby Legends" (which Mr. Lindsay had never heard of), or to dismiss with scorn Cloyd Head's closely woven "Grotesques" after reading "at random" four lines, proves nothing except that Mr. Jepson should apply to himself his condemnation of Edgar Lee Masters by admitting that he has "no poetic quality of any kind"—or critical either.

*Harriet Monroe.*

## The Episode Continued

jh

I suppose there are a lot of things to be said about the above and about a number of other things if one had the interest or the inclination.

Judging from the reverberations a great many people got excited over Mr. Jepson's article and a great many more suffer loudly and continually over Mr. Pound.

Miss Monroe is not the first to tell us that the *Little Review* is under the dictatorship of Pound. Our idea of having a foreign editor is not to sit in our New York office and mess up, censor, or throw out work sent to us by an editor in London. We have let Ezra Pound be our foreign editor in the only way we see it. We have let him be as foreign as he likes: foreign to taste, foreign to courtesy, foreign to our standards of Art. All because we believe in the fundamental idea back of our connection with Mr. Pound: the interest and value of an intellectual communication between Europe and America. If anyone can tell us of a more untiring, efficient, better-equipped poet to take over the foreign office let us hear from him.

I cannot understand how any one with enough intelligence to read the *Little Review* could have thought of Mr. Jepson's article as aesthetic criticism. Aesthetic criticism can only deal with work in which aesthetic activity is present. . . Mr. Jepson uses all the threadbare terminology of half-baked aesthetic criticism: "hammering out his idea", "the poet's vision of the world", "fine flower of the spirit" etc., to place work which he claims has no more to do with poetry than with "rat-catching". Why any confusion? Aesthetic criticism of rat-catching? Medical criticism of ship-building? Religious criticism of farming?

That Mr. Jepson reads Homer "beautifully" or discourses on Catallus can scarcely excuse the shallowness of such assertions as that the technical activity is the prime activity of Art, or his discussion of subject matter, voices, times or places as if these things had anything to do with the intuition of Beauty.

Of course I don't know what may have been Mr. Jepson's idea, but Pound calls his article criticism in a footnote. Cursing, endless repetitions of abuse of all outsiders, and a mutual advertising agency for themselves, seem to be a popular kind of in-door-sport of the literary lizards in London. They call it criticism.

Neither can I quite see literature reduced to a profession of the mind in just the way these men do it. Among other things I am thinking of the Henry James number with its legal smell: "Step into my office and I will tell you of Mr. James".

We believe in the ancient truth that real appreciation of the arts is in some degree related to creation and cannot be taught, learned, willed or filched; much less can it be hammered into people or put upon them by threats, jeers and revilings. Pound's animadversions of his own countrymen induce a sullen boredom and a greater inattention of the arts, while his "slurs" and "insults" of foreign races and nationalities living here arouse anger and bewilderment. I have had countless letters from Jews, Letts, Greeks, Finns, Irish, etc., protesting against Mr. Pound's ignorance and indiscrimination. I have answered that this is always true of mushroom nations: this fixed imperception of the qualities and culture of all other nations. And then there are some of us who come from races of ancient culture to whom Mr. Pound's ravings sound but the torturings of an inferiority complex.

. . . and all this has nothing to do with editing a magazine. Criticism, praise, contempt, commiseration, — there is not enough r.

sistance in the whole country for one grown human being. As long as Mr. Pound sends us work by Yeats, Joyce, Eliot, de Bosschere, — work bearing the stamp of originality and permanence — we have no complaint of him as an editor. If we are slightly jarred by his manner of asking for alms, or by any other personal manifestation, we can take care of that outside the magazine. We need no commiseration for our connection with Mr. Pound. We are not blind deficient children. All this again I say has nothing to do with editing a magazine of the arts. It is all very much only the outermost vibrations of discussions and replies.

I think I really started to write this because I scented an implied criticism of Chicago in Mr. Jepson's article. Every one gets jumpy over criticism for one cause or another: if not from mental timidity, from sentimentality. I reject all criticism of Chicago, sentimentally. I have seen some of the great cities of the world and many of the finer ones. I know Chicago to the skin and bone. And Chicago has a thrall.

I know it has an Art Institute which advertises Art and Commerce. It has electric-lighted statues in its parks and will be ruined forever by a "city beautiful" plan designed by some of its aunts of art. I know its "artistic" life is segregated to a few blocks on the Boulevard and can be easily avoided. Its artists live like refugees or work on newspapers. I know its blatancies, its swaggers, its displays, its timidities of approaching adolescence. Its people: infantile. I know all the other obvious, chronic things.

I know its glamour.

## Pounding Ezra

(*A Conversation . . . .*)

**T**HERE is about the writings of Ezra Pound the dubious charm of a graceful old maid. I find in him an elusive boredom. His poetry is an etiquette, his prose a less meticulous but not quite persuasive gesture. His whims are tired, his fancies keep falling asleep.

In essaying this sort of rigamarole judgment of Pound, I subscribe to no standards he may have violated nor nurse any tenets of which he may have fallen short. In fact my complaint against Ezra is that, having attracted me time and again with the promise of de-

lightful cerebral embraces, he is forever bidding me adieu with no more than a languid handshake—a suave, a fastidious, an irreproachable, but still a handshake. And thus I report now from no other inspiration than the petulence of one who, rushing forward to sin, remains to pray.

Perhaps Pound's place is, as others have fervently pointed out, in the literary politics of the day rather than in its literature. He may be an influence, the patriarch cod of the vers libre school or anything of the sort which it beguiles less fallible historians than myself to nominate him. My relations with his work, however, are entirely personal. I am unable to perceive any influence in it. The various rules for the writing of poetry which he has from time to time handed down from his fastidious Sinai, I have regarded always as the surviving and irrepressible capers of the pedagogue either Pound was in his youth or in a previous incarnation. Rules and don'ts are things more applicable to hotel bath rooms than to poetry. I do not understand how rules for the writing of poetry can possibly produce a poet. And without producing a poet other than himself I can see no credit in being an Influence.

That Pound has flushed covey upon covey of irritating imitators is too obvious for comment. I dismiss this political aspect of his work with the report, based entirely upon prejudice, that Pound to me has appeared always as some Pied Piper luring his swarm of literary rodents out of their conventional stables to their doom.

A man is an influence by what he does rather than by the facile explanations of how he happened to do it. Or—in the words of my grammar school copy book . . . . But the matter is dismissed.

I concern myself with the things Ezra Pound has written. Of these I have read only a book of poems called "Lustra", an indefinable volume called "Pavannes and Divisions" and four or five scattered essays, five or six scattered poems which may have been collected elsewhere. From this reading I have achieved the conviction that Pound's is a sane, clear visioned, cultured mind. I dislike calling people cultured but the man "knows" so hopelessly many more things than do I that the word comes naturally to my aid. My usual weapon for creatures who have had the leisure to assimilate more than I is the bloody and terrifying mace Academic. This, Pound is not. He has devoured the devil knows how many books but he has digested them. Perhaps he is too full—perhaps his languor is that of the bride rather than the old maid. Such distinction is, however, beside the



issue. The point is that nothing Pound has devoured has stuck in his throat to be spewed up as statistics with which to embarrass the young. The things that Pound has got out of esoteric volumes have made him merry rather than profound.

Of James Branch Cabell, a writer whom I cannot regard other than as professor, I once wrote . . . "the disillusion of a man who has read too much rather than lived too completely . . . A wistful librarian spying upon the world through the dust of ancient manuscripts."

For saying this I was solemnly spanked. Nevertheless I still believe it. Not so of Pound.

However, I am being betrayed by my natural admiration for the man into praise, which is not my intention. In order, nevertheless, to satisfy my little-exercised sense of justice, I will go on. Cultured Pound is, and more than that, sane and clear visioned. His reflections upon the art of others are based upon shrewd, definite understandings, and upon intuitions of taste more fluid and sensitive than those of Pollard, Mencken, Huneker, Ellis. By this I mean nothing more than that I agree with him. Although I was once pleased by "The Tidings Brought to Mary"—a play by Caudel under whose Catholic seat Ezra is continually exploding firecrackers.

In addition to his critical genius Pound has also ideas about life to which I subscribe. He is ready with a pensive razzberry for every variety of sham in the calender of the saints. The decay of the soul under religious morality inspires him to proper protest. And his irony is not the clumsy irony of Cabell who bids one look at the world from a perch amid the stars and see how little it is. Pound's irony is not the Teutonic shrug of "what will it all matter a hundred years from now?"

Also he is a decadent,—famous generality. I mean by this, however, that as an artist he is concerned with the color of a cat's eyes rather than with the animal's place in the social system. All this about Pound is what lures me to him with the promise of cerebral embrace. And yet I have just come away from another languid handshake: "Pavannes and Divisions."

What is it, then, wrong with Pound—for it does not occur to me to blame myself? I can answer this thing convincingly to myself.

There is no ecstasy in Pound. There is no tumult in him. Hell take the quibble about emotion—personal emotion—in art. I am not referring to that. I know of no lines or ideas that Pound has

ever plagiarized. And yet he has always about him the air of a mimic. His style appeals to me not as the cunning mask for ideas but as inflections borrowed, as posturings filched for a moment from a scholastic wardrobe trunk. He does not present to me a style—but a series of portrayals. Elsie Janis doing Bernhart, Eddie Foy and George Cohan . . .

Also, he writes like an "old master" looks—faded and impressive. He is too damned careful of his lamentable rules and regulations. He is timorous of disonances and strophes and rhythyms and what not. He launches his phrases with the nervous scrupulous air of one launching tiny ships upon too broad a sea.

His vocabulary shudders at itself and bids itself take heed—there are the entities and the verities and, God help him, the proprieties to observe. What makes the stylist? With my friend Mr. Wallace Smith I repeat, "I'll bite?"

I do not know what makes the stylist any more than I know what is art, and what, by the whiskers of all prophets, is not until I see a work of art itself. And then, beyond certain elementals, the matter, as like as not, depends upon the condition of my bowels and the color of the day.

"Pavannes and Divisions" is a composition to inspire respect and admiration. Its opening bit of irony and its chapter on De Gourmont particularly appealed to me. In them Pound successfully refutes most of what I can scrape up against him.

But the book is—to revert to my favorite habit of generalizing—a talented dancer handicapped by an aversion to rouge and legs more than ethereally thin. I do not intend to argue that rouge and a shapely leg make the stylist. I do not intend to argue anything.

"Remy de Gourmont," writes Pound, "has embedded his philosophy in a luxurious mist of the senses."

Were Pound writing of himself he might say, "Ezra Pound of Idaho has etched his philosophy upon a moonbeam."

Undoubtedly the faults that my prejudice for "luxurious mists of the senses" manages to find in Pound are the virtues of which he is most pleasantly conceited. Undoubtedly it may be said that the desire for stronger music and for madder wine argues a taste a bit coarsened. And yet, I cling to the stubborn disillusion of the yokel lured into the tent by the seductive lithographs without. To me Pound remains the exquisite showman minus a show.

I conclude full of ethical confusions. The whimsical canaille who police the arts with their yelps do not fancy Pound. To his immortal credit let it be shouted that they consider him a low and vulgar ass, a sort of filthy smart aleck. To his everlasting fame let it be heralded that in the eyes of the literary laws of his day Pound was a primping and obnoxious clown. I know of no greater praise for him than that the fraternity of half-witted hacks, diapered pundits and flatulent night-school wits who constitute the general run of newspaper editorial writers, book reviewers, and column conductors of the day, consider him as they do. I envy him his enemies. Billingsgate for Billingsgate, I know of no more agreeable pastime than "defending" Ezra against the redolent sutterings of the half dead.

It is for this reason that I assume an apologetic vagueness in talking of him as I have. It is a vagueness I do not actually feel.

### Major Robert Gregory\*

(*A Note of Appreciation from the "Observer", February 17, 1918.*)

#### W. B. Yeats

I have known no man accomplished in so many ways as Major Robert Gregory, who was killed in action a couple of weeks ago and buried by his fellow-airmen in the beautiful cemetery at Padua. His very accomplishment hid from many his genius. He had so many sides: painter, classical scholar, scholar in painting and in modern literature, boxer, horseman, airman — he had the Military Cross and the Legion d'Honneur — that some among his friends were not sure what his work would be. To me he will always remain a great painter in the immaturity of his youth, he himself the personification of handsome youth. I first came to understand his genius when, still almost a boy, he designed costumes and scenery for the Abbey Theatre. Working for a theatre that could only afford a few pounds for the staging of a play, he designed for

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\* *Editor's note: Since the publication of Mr. Yeats's poem on Robert Gregory which appeared in the September number we have received so many letters asking for particulars about Robert Gregory, and whether he was the son of Lady Gregory, that I feel we can do no better than to reprint this beautiful note of appreciation.*

Lady Gregory's *Kinkora* and her *Image* and for my *Shadowy Waters* and for Synge's *Deirdre of the Sorrows* — decorations which, obtaining their effect from the fewest possible lines and colours, had always the grave distinction of his own imagination. When he began to paint, accustomed to an older school of painting, I was long perplexed by what seemed to me neglect of detail. But in a few years I came to care for his paintings of the Clare coast, with his cloud shadows upon blue-grey stony hills, and for one painting of a not very different scenery by his friend, Innes, more than for any contemporary landscape painting. A man of letters may perhaps find in work such as this, or in old Chinese painting, in the woodcuts and etchings of Calvert and Palmer, in Blake's woodcuts to Thornton's *Virgil*, in the landscape background of Mr. Ricketts' "Wise and Foolish Virgins," something that he does not find in the great modern masters, and that he cares for deeply. Is it merely that these men share certain moods with great lyric poetry, with, let us say, the "Leach Gatherer" of Wordsworth; or that their moods, unlike those of men with more objective curiosity, are a part of the traditional expression of the soul? One always understood by something in his selection of line and of colour that he had read his Homer and his Virgil and his Dante; that they, while giving something of themselves, had freed him from easy tragedy and trivial comedy.

Though he often seemed led away from his work by some other gift, his attitude to life and art never lost intensity — he was never the amateur. I have noticed that men whose lives are to be an ever-growing absorption in subjective beauty — and I am not mainly remembering Calvert's philosophy of myth and his musical theory, or Verlaine's sensuality, or Shelley's politics — seek through some lesser gift, or through mere excitement, to strengthen that self which unites them to ordinary men. It is as though they hesitated before they plunged into the abyss. Major Gregory told Mr. Bernard Shaw, who visited him in France, that the months since he joined the army had been the happiest of his life. I think they brought him peace of mind, an escape from that shrinking, which I sometimes saw upon his face, before the growing absorption of his dream, the loneliness of his dream, as from his constant struggle to resist those other gifts that brought him ease and friendship. Leading his squadron in France or in Italy, mind and hand were at one, will and desire.

## The Disease of "American" "Criticism"

In turning over the pages of the bound volume of the *Little Review* 1917-18 my eye is caught by a phrase so symptomatic of the dry rot of American art-talk that I must needs dig it up and re-print it. The thing in itself is trifling. In my opening salutè I made certain remarks about English literature *during the last three years*. I named a precise and definite period of *three years*. No one but a matoid could have misunderstood the simple phrase "during the past three years". A child of seven would have been amply qualified to comprehend both the numerical adjective "*three*" and the substantive "*years*".

What happens. In the next number we find a letter to the *Little Review*, attacking my remarks in the May number. Excellent. Let us have free discussion. But note the method. My remarks about "three years" are translated into remarks about "recent times". "During recent times" so and so . . . .

That sloppiness is so utterly and absolutely symptomatic, — and damn the state of mind whereof it is symptomatic! — that I wish to focus some light upon it. It is a "trifle" but it is the sort of thing that *goes on all the time* and utterly vitiates nine tenths of artistic discussion.

There is not a serious and careful statement made by any careful critic of our decade (decade, *ten years*) but some soap-mouthed inaccuratist flies into a froth and writes pages, usually in corner columns and for pay, stating that the first critic has said something or other, superficially like, but actually different from what the first writer did actually say . . . This inexact statement he proceeds to call "absurd". It is his (the second critic's) proposition.

Men writing about art and letters, for cash, and in a hurry, are not expected to preserve the rules of intellectual honesty. They haven't time or energy to preserve anything. They make the excuse that they are "only journalists" and nothing else can be expected of them.

These excuses, poor as they are, do not apply to people writing unpaid letters, or to people pretending to care for the arts.

The term *fumiste* is not sufficiently used in our country.

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A technical Newspaper-man's paper has asked me to write an indictment of the American press. Perhaps I shall get round to it in

time.

It will not be an indictment of "News", which is I believe a process in which a certain amount of honesty can be employed.

It will be an indictment of the ignorance, carelessness, inaccuracy of practically every statement made concerning literature and the arts in practically every paper that pretends to treat of these subjects.

"Based on the supposition that the moon is thirty miles from St. Louis" . . . this sentence beginning an article would notify the reader that a "rag" was intended. But sentences of equal import have so long prefaced discussions of literature in both England and America that editors and readers alike have contracted the habit of treating the adjacent and following "copy" with seriousness and of according to it the "respect due to our elders".

It is the dance of foetid frivolity. The British Empire is no better off.

—E. P.

## THE READER CRITIC

### The Audience\*

"The use of articulate speech by human beings is inconsiderate", said the pig. "They should consider our capacity for comprehension. We can neither express ourselves in this fashion, nor can we comprehend the utterance of these humans". "O que le monde soit porcine!"

\*(Special dedication to E. Hamilton of Chicago).

## Comments

B. O. N., Chicago:

Won't you ask Ezra to go ahead and make some remarks that would be considered bright in the twentieth century?

## Jean de Bosschere

(to notice and to not)

Stanislaw Szukalski, Chicago:

When artist's work is executed in desire to reach expression with usual interpretation of forms it is not surprising to notice that

people of extreme texture of talents will be very often close to being same.

Like: works of Dürer, da Vinci, Holbein will in some instances appear unclassifiable as to style.

But if ! artist's work is of interpretative style, that is each form is translated by maker into art with his colouring of laughter, pity, sarcasm or English respect for respectable beauty, his work will be more dressed into style of surfaces, and in such moments it is not forgivable if he dresses his "likings" as "likings" of others are dressed; and so-

First page drawing of Jean de Bosschère—because of its execution of "forms" — is squeezed out in momentary influence of Frederick J. Waugh. And! absence of personality of drawing is proving only—that not always we can dance with feeling if shoed in not our own boots.

Second page drawing? same. It is Egyptianized: Klint (Vienesese artist—see *Die Kunst*).

This is not to notice about Bosschère.

Now! let us come close and listen to his laughers, pressing our ears to his stomach, for he holds them there, reboiling them into black tar which runs into veins that feed his shrieking pen.

This man goes not to circus. He stays with his friends and spends no money for admission . . . If I was flea and went among my brethren that is villaged somewhere between hips of elephant I would become artist and would draw my friends trying to humanize them so they may be more dignified.

It is easy to imitate Beardsley for real artist can not be imitated. Beardsley would be expressing himself if his "self" was long enough to reach very tip of drawing pen. But unfortunately is stopped about one inch from its end. He was "all pretense" and if sincerity broke through it was then when he was "absent". Artist who does not feel his very tip of—let us say brush, pen, pencil, or so—is not one who wants or is able to "give",—he only cares to "receive" and he easily can be imitated.

As for first two drawings I care not to notice them, and as to last two remaining I have tremblance of enthusiastic appreciation.

When artist "gives" and is present on his very end of tip he will get breathless respond. He forces his audience to "give" appreciation.

Ay! but you gave beautifully! Bosschère!

## Breakfast Resume

*Marsden Hartley, Taos, New Mexico:*

I sit with tea and toast, and honey made from flowers in New Mexico. There is an abundance of sweet peas in the flavour. Before me rests the optically distressing green of the *Little Review*. I have laid the others away. In the presence of this exceptionally colourful country there is too much of superficial Chinese in the neurotic cerise, egotistic green, feline orange, and neurasthenic citron. What is inside happily changes the tone somewhat for the eye at least, and helps tea and toast and honey along. In the Yeats poem we have an unsuspected letdown, excepting for a line or two. I for one was looking for a work of art with the name Yeats, in the latest stages of the fullness of that poet. It is hardly to be found here. Comes the "Western School" of Edgar Jepson; Why western, with Frost in, and Sandburg out? Frost is in no way western. It is nevertheless a worthy tearing down of idols, and much of what Jepson says is true and ought to be good for those men who are considered. The examples cited are hardly the best of these men, Masters or Frost. I am one who does not care for the American language in its present stage and yet I think Jepson stretches points in spots. I think English as it stands is good enough for poets of sincerity to adhere to, and for those who are fond of words. It seems a pity to use words at all where there is not a real admiration for them. There are fine things in the poets Jepson chooses to flay, and yet I think something is to be said against the liberties they take. Lindsay has certainly been anxious lest the world should overlook the drum and the megaphone.

I personally do not like jingle, and Lindsay is bent double with jingle. If Jepson knew the yankee and his country, and he may know it better than the yankee himself, he would, I think, find much in roost to commend for its sincerity at least. His quality of "muttering to himself", "mulling over an idea" as it is sometimes called, is so essentially yankee in the New England sense that it is this if nothing else which makes him interesting. He has put New England down in a way that no one else has done.

Robinson and Gould are New England also, but they are another pole. These two latter are more specifically Maine, and Gould is more Maine than anybody. Music is probably the thing that



counts after all in poetry, and there is frequently not much of music in Masters or Sandburg, and some wonder if it is good prose also.

Jepson's appreciation of T. S. Eliot is hardly borne out by the poems that follow him in the *Little Review*, though we do know that T. S. E. has done far better things. These in hand will hardly bear out Jepson either for fine Americanism, or for fine construction. We shall not expect T. S. E. to live long on them. When I hit upon the word "polyphiloprogenitive" as a first word and the whole line of a poem, I am at a loss for the feeling of music, as well as the beauty in the word. Then the avalanche that follows! I have to give the teapot another twist to keep my eye from skewing shut. "Paraclete", "pustular", "piaculative", "epicene", "polymath", all in one little poem. I feel as if lemon juice were running through the optical nerve, down the marrow of my spine. I feel all "puckered" with p's, and p is not so handsome as to have run with such eagerness to it. I get little jerks to my morning sensibility, and feel sorry for the piece that has to support so much iron work for the thin tracery that surmounts it. I had a similar shock in the July neurasthenic citron number from the phrase "poluploisbius twitter" in one of the dissertations of E. P. I have no dictionary of this size in the desert, and yet I thought I saw a procession of *Dynosaurus* and *Ichthyosaurus* monsters and the whole line of mastodons coming up over the canyons and the sagebrush when my eye fell on that arrangement. I recovered from my fright, only to take to cover again with Mr. Eliot. Our Americans abroad are certainly formidable in their intelligence. I am wanting to think however that erudition is one thing, the dictionary another, and poetry different from either of them. I suffer for "Little lamb who made thee, dost thou know who made thee" in the presence of the Pound-Eliot phraseology. Poetry may be the place for private excursions into the oddities of language, little journies into the lairs of little known animals, but it does not seem to me the place for the rattling of so much tin. Bronze is still good enough for the common ear.

Yeats and Eliot then give us the drop in this number. An essay by Yeats on Lionel Johnson, Singe, Pollfoxen, "our Sidney and our perfect man, soldier, scholar, horseman he" etc., would it seems to me have been a happier medium. Perhaps the instinct for song will prove more than diligence at Webster or the Oxford

categories, in the case of the Eliot-Pound method. It is not as good as Browning.

Again, possibly those whose blissful ignorance along their "yokel" road sets them smiling too wilfully, should in all humility genuflect and make the sign of the cross upon their crassly stupid foreheads with thanksgiving, for the rich bestowals of American manna from an English heaven. Pound makes us wonder with his incessantly tedious schoolmaster whippings. Naughty boy, my countryman, not to know so much! A little intellectual "penitente" might be good for him also. Maybe he has suffered enough already, in which case I could urge no more pain. I should be humblest and proudest of all, for Pound once asked me to write for the *Egoist* an elaboration of a preface I write for one of my exhibitions. I appreciate this still and hope one day to rise to the distinction. Pound has stated himself clearly further over in the issue on the value of savantism and literacy. Critics should of necessity know more because they have more to profess. I congratulate E. P. on knowing a genuine lot. There is a something outside of books so engaging however, that many haven't time for the life of the printed page, enticing as it is. Life is such a game, that there are many who can't get down to culture.

In "Senility" Sherwood Anderson shows himself to be a fine artist, in the conte drolatique. Wallace Gould the Maine poet called him once the real successor of Maupassant, which sounds at least possible. I did not feel the same power in "Marching Men". Maybe Anderson is not master of the historical canvas, and after all what difference does it make? Pound gives my feeling on Szukalski. It is for me a sheet out of *Jugend*. He will never be seen by the side of Gaudier Brzeska or Aubrey Beardsley. It is too far a cry from Dürer's "Meancholy" and the exquisite irony of Beardsley to the illustrations of Szukalski. It is belated, and all art overdue is certain to be sad.

Ben Hecht's "Decay." Joyce is Joyce always, light, witty and playfully incisive. What are "soft bubbling alleys"? "Ulcerous shadows" is certainly more painfully vivid in Hecht. What may soft bubbling alleys bubble with, beer, laughter, or fornication or just plain simple human life. Hecht is for me too much steaming stench. I feel my feet clogged with offal from dejected alleys. I like good country mud. I am running in my mind to the Tower

of Silence in India where vultures sit preening a bored wing, with parched and clotted beaks waiting for the dumping of fresh carcasses from the world's death houses. He has an avid eye for dejection and the accompanying miseries. He is certainly a lover of dripping sweat, and the other smelly characteristics of the flesh.

Flesh with air around it smells often like summer fragrance, but in a hot tenement I want the wind from the lake. I would suspect Hecht of too much "human sympathy", or may be there is not enough. Howling children, fierce-eyed pregnant women, and the stench of illiterate skin are a form of art I suppose; I would leave them any minute for a circus parade or the pageantry of an afternoon on the Boulevard. A walk on Picadilly, the Boulevard des Italiens, or Fifth Avenue would give me an irony of a more delectable sort. Photography of microscopic slides are interesting. A cancer has beautiful floral arrangements in it under the glass, and the tracery of tuberculosis is exquisite. It is the removed sense of pattern that makes their portrayal more attractive. It all sounds like a tour through the chamber of horrors of Chicago, and from its reviewers it seems to be little else than a smelting furnace, a hog market, and a slum. The picture of grime is not enspiriting, and yet Hecht is masculine, and has hold of what he sees at least. I am too near the smells of the alley in Hecht. I prefer the odours of animals, for they are at least musky. A skunk contributes a piercing and even fragrant reality to your evening airs of summer, and it is as native as the monotone of the whip-poor-will on the roof-tree. I would welcome the barnyard as more within my endurance.

I would say "heavy" a little also with E. P., after going from Hecht across to Joyce and Hueffer. These men have a touch such as beaten metal shows; Joyce will outlive his present method if he has not already. It has its limitations like any other scientific formula in literature.

I should like to ask a little thing. What is the matter with the typesetters of the *Little Review*? So many misprints and omissions that it makes the reading very restless. In two pages, eight misprints and omissions. Either bad linotype keyboard work, or bad hand work. As to E. P.'s habitual flaying of America, even those who understand him best can consider repetitions no more or less than boring and fatiguing. What with Jepson's "plopp-eyed yokel", "fat-headed ruck", and E. P.'s critical insistence,

we might be a lot of groundhogs out before shadowtime. It is playful but not true. Mr. Jepson can, if he has not already, hear very respectable English, in the east more I must confess, and far enough from Boston not to care. Even Boston, among the bores of the world's cities, can show a thing or two for clear style in conversation among fisherman, truckmen, and like types, or what he might call the eastern equivalent of "yokel". Nasal is surely the American disease, but it is not the national culture. Born of English parents among the yankees of Maine, I have experience in some good examples of English among such as farmers, both as to diction and pronunciation. I cannot say much for the westerner as yet, as I did not know them as well.

### The Henry James Number

*H. W. H., Canton, Illinois:*

The Henry James number is a masterly job of reviewing: flawed just once where Mr. Pound pauses to dribble hydrophobic froth of the Anglican blood-lust with which he is infected.

*Mrs. L. K., Brooklyn, New York:*

The Henry James number is a great eye-opener to me. I never knew there was so much in the man. I recall reading him thirty or so years ago,—a few things that came out in Harper's, I believe. I remember wondering why he paid so much attention to things of little or no importance. Further than that he seemed only to be showing me intricate patterns that were difficult to follow. I have so much to learn, you see.

### Genesis, or, the first book in the Bible\* ("Subject to authority")

The sacred author of this work complied with the ideas acceptable to his era: It was almost necessary: without this ondescention he would not have been understood. There remain for us merely a few reflections on the physics of these remote times. As for the theology of the book: we respect it, we believe it most firmly, we would not risk the faintest touch to its surface.

"In the beginning God created heaven and earth". That is the

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\* *Translated from an eighteenth-century author.*

way they translate it, yet there is scarcely anyone so ignorant as not to know that the original reads "the gods created heaven and earth". Which reading conforms to the Phœnician idea that God employed lesser divinities to untangle chaos. The Phœnicians had been long established when the Hebrews broke into some few provinces of their land. It was quite natural that these latter should have learned their language and borrowed their ideas of the cosmos.

Did the ancient Phœnician philosophers in "the time of Moses" know enough to regard the earth as a point in relation to the multitude of globes which God has placed in infinity? The very ancient and false idea that heaven was made for the earth has nearly always prevailed among ignorant peoples. It is rather as if God had created many mountains and one grain of sand: the mountains would have been made for the sand. It is scarcely possible that such good navigators as the Phœnicians should not have had a few decent astronomers, but the old prejudices were quite strong, and were gently handled by the author of Genesis, who wrote to teach us God's ways and not to instruct us in physics.

"The earth was all *tohu bohu* and void, darkness was over the face of the deep, the spirit of God was borne on the waters".

"*Tohu bohu*" means precisely chaos, disorder. The earth was not yet formed as it is at present. Matter existed, the divine power had only to straighten things out. The "spirit of God" is literally the "breath or "wind" which stirred up the waters. This idea is found in fragments of the Phœnician author Sanchoniathon. The Phœnicians, like all the other peoples of antiquity, believed matter eternal. There is not one author of all those times who ever said that one could make something of nothing. Even in the Bible there is no passage which claims that matter was made out of nothing, not but what this creation from nothing is true, but its verity was unknown to the carnal Jews.

Men have been always divided on the eternity of the world, but never on the eternity of matter.

*De nihilo nihilum*, "*Gigni et in nihilum nil posse reverti*," writes Persius, and all antiquity shared this opinion. God said "Let there be light," and there was light, and he saw that the light was good, and he divided the light from darkness, and he called the light *day* and the darkness *night*, and this was the evening and the morning of the first day. And God also said that the firmament, etc., the second

day . . . saw that it was good."

Let us begin by seeing whether the bishop of Avranches Huet, Leclerc etc., are right, against those who claim that this is a sublime piece of eloquence.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Jewish author lumps in the light with the other objects of creation; he uses the same turn of phrase, "saw that it was good". The sublime should lift itself above the average. Light is no better treated than anything else in this passage. It was another respected opinion that light did not come from the sun. Men saw it spread through the air before sunrise and after sunset; they thought the sun served merely to reinforce it. The author of Genesis conforms to popular error: he has the sun and moon made four days after the light. It is unlikely that there was a morning and evening before the sun came into being, but the inspired author bows to the vague and stupid prejudice of his nation. It seems probable that God was not attempting to educate the Jews in philosophy or cosmogeny. He could lift their spirits straight into truth, *but he preferred* to descend to their level. One can not repeat this answer too often.

The separation of the light from the darkness is not part of another physical theory; it seems that night and day were mixed up like two kinds of grain, and that they were sifted out of each other. It is sufficiently well established that darkness is nothing but the deprivation of light, and that there is light only in so far as our eyes receive the sensation, but no one had thought of this at that time.

The idea of the firmament is also of respectable antiquity. People imagined the skies very solid, because the same set of things always happened there. The skies circulated over our heads, they must therefore be very strong. The means of calculating how many exhalations of the earth and how many seas would be needed to keep the clouds full of water? There was then no Halley to write out the equations. There were tanks of water in heaven. These tanks were held up on a good steady dome; but one could see through the dome; it must have been made out of crystal. In order that the water could be poured over the earth there had to be doors, sluices, cata-racts which could be opened, turned on. Such was the current astronomy, *and* one was writing for Jews; it was quite necessary to take up their silly ideas, which they had borrowed from other peoples only a little less stupid.

"God made two great lights, one to preside over the day, the other the night, and he made also the stars".

True this shows the same continuous ignorance of nature. The Jews did not know that the moonlight is merely reflection. The author speaks of the stars as luminous points, which they look like, although they are at times suns with planets swinging about them. But holy spirit harmonized with the mind of the time. If he had said that the sun is a million times as large as the earth, and the moon fifty times smaller, no one would have understood him. They appear to be two stars of sizes not very unequal.

"God said also: let us make man in our image, let him rule over the fishes etc."

What did the Jews mean by "in our image"? They meant, like all antiquity.

*Finxit in effigiem moderantum cuncta deorum.* One can not make "images" save of bodies. No nation imagined a bodiless god, and it is impossible to picture him as such. One might indeed say "god is nothing of anything we know", but then one would not have any idea what he is. The Jews constantly believed god corporal, as did all the rest of the nations. All the first fathers of the church also believed god corporal, until they had swallowed Plato's ideas, or rather until the lights of Christianity had grown purer.

"He created them male and female".

If God or the secondary gods created man male and female in their resemblance, it would seem that the Jews believed God and the Gods were male and female. One searches to see whether the author meant to say that man was at the start ambisexual or if he means that God made Adam and Eve the same day. The most natural interpretation would be that god made Adam and Eve at the same time, but this is absolutely contradicted by the formation of woman from the rib, a long time after the first seven days.

"And he rested the seventh day".

The Phoenicians, Caldeans, and Indians say that God made the world in six periods, which Zoroaster calls the six gahambars, so celebrated among Persians.

It is incontestable that all these people had a theogeny long before the Jews got to Horeb and Sinai, and before they could have had writers. Several savants think it likely that the allegory of the six days is imitated from the six periods. God might have permit-

ted great nations to have this idea before he inspired the Jews, just as he had permitted other people to discover the arts before the Jews had attained any.

"The place of delight shall be a river which waters a garden, and from it shall flow four rivers, Phison . . . Gehon . . . etc. Tigris, Euphrates . . . ."

According to this version the terrestrial paradise would have contained about a third of Asia and Africa. The Euphrates and Tigris have their sources sixty miles apart in hideous mountains which do not look the least like a garden. The river which borders Ethiopia can be only the Nile, whose source is a little over a thousand miles from those of the Tigris and the Euphrates; and if Phison is the Phase, it is curious to start a Scythian river from the fount of a river of Africa. One must look further afield for the meaning of all these rivers. Every commentator makes his own Eden.

Some one has said that the Garden was like the gardens of Eden at Saana in Arabia Felix celebrated in antiquity, and that the parvenu Hebrews might have been an Arab tribe taking to themselves credit for the prettiest thing in the best canton of Arabia, as they have always taken to themselves the tradition of all the great peoples who enslaved them. But in any case they were led by the Lord.

"The Lord took man and set him in the midst of the garden, to tend it." It is all very well saying "tend it", "cultivate the garden", but it would have been very difficult for Adam to cultivate a garden 3000 miles long. Perhaps he had helpers. It is another chance for the commentators to exercise their gifts of divination. . . . as they do with the rivers.

"Eat not of the fruit of the knowledge of good and evil". It is difficult to think that there was a tree which taught good and evil; as there are pear trees and peach trees. One asks why God did not wish man to know good from evil. Would not the opposite wish (if one dare say so) appears more worthy of God, and much more needful to man? It seems to our poor reason that God might have ordered him to eat a good deal of this fruit, but one must submit one's reason and conclude that obedience to God is the proper course for us.

"If you eat of the fruit you shall die".

Yet Adam ate, and did not die in the least; they say he lived another nine centuries. Several "Fathers" have considered all this as an alle-



gory. Indeed one may say that other animals do not know that they die, but that man knows it through his reason. This reason is the tree of knowledge which makes him foresee his finish. This explanation may be more reasonable, but we do not dare to pronounce on it.

"The Lord said also: It is not good that man should be alone, let us make him an helpmate like to him." One expects that the Lord is going to give him a woman, but first he brings up all the beasts. This may be the transposition of some copyist.

"And the name which Adam gave to each animal is its real name." An animal's real name would be one which designated all the qualifications of its species, or at least the principal traits, but this does not exist in any language. There are certain imitative words, cock and cuckoo, and *alali* in greek, etc. Moreover if Adam had known the real names and therefore the properties of the animals, he must have already eaten of the tree of knowledge; or else it would seem that God need not have forbidden him the tree, since he already knew more than the Royal Society, or the Academy.

Observe that this is the first time Adam is named in Genesis. The first man according to the Brahmins was Adino, son of the earth. Adam and Eve mean the same thing in Phoenician, another indication that the holy spirit fell in with the received ideas.

"When Adam was asleep etc. . . . rib . . . made a woman." The Lord, in the preceding chapter, had already created them male and female; why should he take a rib out of the man to make a woman already existing? We are told that the author announces in one place what he explains in another. We are told that this allegory shows woman submitted to her husband. Many people have believed on the strength of these verses that men have one rib less than women, but this is an heresy (*vide Heresy, later*) and anatomy shows us that a woman is no better provided with ribs than her husband.

"Now the serpent was the most subtle of beasts." etc., "he said to the woman" etc.

There is nowhere the least mention of the devil or a devil. All is physical. The serpent was considered not only the subtlest of all beasts by all oriental nations; he was also believed immortal. The Chaldeans had a fable about a fight between god and a serpent; it is preserved by Pherecides. Origen cites it in his sixth book against Celsus. They carried snakes in the feasts of Bacchus. The Egyptians attributed a sort of divinity to the serpent, as Eusebius tells us

in his "Evangelical Preparations", book I., chapter X. In India and Arabia, and in China, the serpent was the symbol of life; the Chinese emperors before Moses wore the serpent sign on their breasts.

Eve is not surprised at the serpent's talking to her. Animals are always talking in the old stories; thus when Pilpai and Locman make animals talk no one is ever surprised.

All this tale seems physical and denuded of allegory. It even tells us the reason why the serpent who ramped before this now crawls on its belly, and why we always try to destroy it (at least so they say); precisely as we are told in all ancient metamorphoses why the crow, who was white, is now black, why the owl stays at home in the day time, etc. But the "Fathers" have believed it an allegory manifest and respectable, and it is safest to believe them.

"I will multiply your griefs and your pregnancies, ye shall bring forth children with grief, ye shall be beneath the power of the man and he shall rule over you." One asks why the multiplication of pregnancies is a punishment? It was on the contrary a very great blessing, and especially for the Jews. The pains of childbirth are alarming only for delicate women, those accustomed to work are brought to bed very easily, especially in hot climates. On the other hand animals sometimes suffer in littering and even die of it. As for the superiority of man over woman this is the quite natural result of his bodily and intellectual forces. The male organs are generally more capable of consecutive effort, more fit for manual and intellectual tasks. But when the woman has fist or wit stronger than those of her husband she rules the roost, and the man is submitted to woman. This is true, *but* before the original sin there may have been neither pain nor submission.

"God made them tunics of skin".

This passage proves very nicely that the Jews believed in a corporal god. A Rabbi named Eliezer has written that God covered Adam and Eve with the skin of the tempter serpent; Origen claims that the "tunic of skin" was a new flesh, a new body which god made for man, but one should have more respect for the text.

"And the Lord said 'Behold Adam, who is become like one of us' ". It seems that the Jews at first admired several gods. It is considerably more difficult to make out what they mean by the word God, *Eloim*. Several commentators state that this phrase "one of us" means the Trinity, but there is no question of the

**Trinity in the Bible. \***

The Trinity is a composed of several gods, it is also a triple god; the Jews never heard tell of a god in three persons. By these words "like unto us" it is probable that the Jews meant angels, Eloim. For this reason various rash men of learning have thought that the book was not written until a time when the jews had adopted a belief in inferior gods, but this view is condemned.\*

"The Lord set him outside the garden of delights, that he might dig in the earth." Yet some say that god had put him in the garden, in order that he might cultivate it. If gardener Adam merely became labourer Adam, he was not so much the worse off. This solution of the difficulty does not seem to us sufficiently serious. It would be better to say that God punished Adam's disobedience by banishing him from his birthplace.

Certain over-tenerious commentators say that the whole of the story refers to an idea once common to all men, (i.e.) that past times were better than present. People have always bragged of the past in order to run down the present. Men overburdened with work have imagined that pleasure is idleness, not having had wit enough to conceive that man is never worse off than when he has nothing to do. Men seeing themselves not infrequently miserable forged an idea of a time when all men were happy. It is as if they had said, once upon a time no tree withered, no beast fell sick, no animal devoured another, the spiders did not catch flies. Hence the ideal of the Golden Age, of the egg of Arimana, of the serpent who stole the secret of eternal life from the donkey, of the combat of Typhon and Osiris, of Ophionee and the gods, of Pandora's casket, and all these other old stories, sometime very ingenious and never, in the least way, instructive. *But* we should believe that the fables of other nations are imitation of Hebrew history, since we still have the Hebrew history and the history of other savage peoples is for the most part destroyed. Moreover the witnesses in favour of Genesis are quite irrefutable.

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\* *The reader will remember in Landor's Chinese dialogues, when the returned mandarin is telling the Emperor's children about England, there is one place where they burst into giggles "because they had been taught some arithmetic."*

\* *The reader is referred to our heading: "Subject to authority".*

"And he set before the garden of delight a cherubin with a turning and flaming sword to keep guard over the gateway to the tree of life." The word "kerub" means bullock. A bullock with a burning sword is an odd sight at a doorway. But the Jews have represented angels as bulls and as sparrow hawks, despite the prohibition to make graven images. Obviously they got these bulls and hawks from Egyptians who imitated all sorts of things, and who worshipped the bull as the symbol of agriculture and the hawk as the symbol of winds. Probably the tale is an allegory, a Jewish allegory, the kerub means "nature". A symbol made of a bull's head, a man's head and the hawk's wings.

"The Lord put his mark upon Cain."

"What a Lord!" say the incredulous. He accepts Abel's offering, rejects that of the elder brother, without giving any trace of a reason. The Lord provided the cause of the first brotherly enmity. This is a moral instruction, most truly, a lesson to be learned from all ancient fables, to wit, that scarcely had the race come into existence before one brother assassinated another, but what appears to the wise of this world, contrary to all justice, contrary to all the common sense principles, is that God has eternally damned the whole human race, and has slaughtered his own son, quite uselessly, for an apple, and that he has pardoned a fratricide. Did I say "pardoned"? He takes the criminal under his own protection. He declares that anyone who avenges the murder of Abel shall be punished with seven fold the punishment inflicted on Cain. He puts on him his sign as a safeguard. The impious call the story both execrable and absurd. It is the delirium of some unfortunate Israelite, who wrote these inept infamies in imitation of stories so abundant among the neighboring Syrians. This insensate Hebrew attributed his atrocious invention to Moses, at a time when nothing was rarer than books. Destiny which disposes of all things has preserved his work till our day; scoundrels have praised it, and idiots have believed. Thus say the horde of theists, who while adoring god, have been so rash as to condemn the Lord God of Israel, and who judge the actions of the Eternal Being by the rules of our imperfect ethics, and our erroneous justice. They admit a god but submit god to our laws. Let us guard against such temerity, and let us once again learn to respect what lies beyond our comprehension. Let us cry out "O Altitudo!" with all our strength.

"The Gods, Elohm, seeing that the daughters of men were fair, took for spouses those whom they choose." This flight of imagination is also common to all the nations. There is no race, except perhaps the Chinese, which has not recorded gods getting young girls with child. Corporeal gods come down to look at their domain, they see our young ladies and take the best for themselves; children produced in this way are better than other folks' children; thus Genesis does not omit to say that this commerce bred giants. Once again the book is key with vulgar opinion.

"And I will pour the water floods over the earth."

I would note here that St. Augustin (City of God, no. 8.) says "*Maximum illud diluvium graeca nec latina novit historia*". Neither Greek nor Latin history takes note of this very great flood. In truth they knew only Deucalion's and Ogyges' in Greece. These were regarded as universal in the fables collected by Ovid, but were totally unknown in Eastern Asia. St. Augustin is not in error when he says history makes no mention thereof.

"God said to Noah: I will make an agreement with you and with your seed after you, and with all the animals." God make an agreement with animals! The unbelievers will exclaim: "What a contract!" But if he make an alliance with man, why not with the animals? What nice feeling, there is something quite as divine in this sentiment as in the most metaphysical thought. Moreover animals feel better than most men think. It is apparently in virtue of this agreement that St. Francis of Assisi, the founder of the seraphic order, said to the grasshoppers, and hares, "Sing, sister hopper-grass, brouse brother rabbit." But what were the terms of the treaty? That all the animals should devour each other; that they should live on our flesh; and we on theirs; that after having eaten all we can we should exterminate all the rest, and that we should only omit the devouring of men strangled with our own hands. If there was any such pact it was presumably made with the devil.

Probably this passage is only intended to show that god is in equal degree master of all things that breathe. This pact could only have been a command; it is called "alliance" merely by an "extention of the word's meaning." One should not quibble over mere terminology, but worship the spirit, and go back to the time when they wrote this work which is scandal to the the weak, but quite edifying to the strong.

"And I will put my bow in the sky, and it shall be a sign of our pact." Note that the author does not say "I have put" but "I will put my bow", this shows that in common opinion the bow had not always existed. It is a phenomenon of necessity caused by the rain, and they give it as a supernatural manifestation that the world shall never more be covered with water. It is odd that they should choose a sign of rain as a promise that one shall not be drowned. But one may reply to this: when in danger of inundations we may be reassured by seeing a rainbow.

"Now the Lord went down to see the city which the children of Adam had builded, and he said, behold a people with only one speech. They have begun this and won't quit until it is finished. Let us go down and confound their language, so that no man may understand his neighbor". Note merely that the sacred author still conforms to vulgar opinion. He always speaks of God as of a man who informs himself of what is going on, who wants to see with his eyes what is being done on his estate, and who calls his people together to determine a course of action.

"And Abraham; having arrayed his people (they were of the 318), fell upon the five kings and slew them and pursued them even to Hoba on the left side of Damas." From the south side of the lake of Sodom to Damas is 24 leagues, and they still had to cross Liban and anti-Liban. Unbelievers exult over such tremendous exaggeration. But since the Lord favoured Abraham there is *no* exaggeration.

"And that evening two angels came into Sodom. etc." The history of the two angels whom the Sodomites wanted to ravish is perhaps the most extraordinary which antiquity has produced. But we must remember that all Asia believed in incubi and succubae demons, and that moreover these angels were creatures more perfect than man, and that they were probably much better looking, and lit more desires in a jaded, corrupt race than common men would have excited. Perhaps this part of the story is only a figure of rhetoric to express the horrible lewdness of Sodom and of Gomorrah. We offer this solution to savants with the most profound self-mistrust.

As for Lot who offered his two daughters to the Sodomites in lieu of the angels, and Lot's wife metamorphosed into the saline image, and all the rest of the story, what can one say of it? The ancient fable of Cinyra and Myrrha has some relation to Lot's in-

cest with his daughters, the adventure of Philemon and Baucis is not without its points of comparison with that of the two angels appearing to Lot and his wife. As for the pillar of salt, I do not know what it compares with, perhaps with the story of Orpheus and Eurydice?

A number of savants think with Newton and the learned Leclerc that the Pentateuch was written by Samuel when the Jews had learned reading and writing, and that all these tales are imitation of Syrian fable.

But is sufficient for us that it is all Holy Scripture; we therefore revere it without searching in it for anything that is not the work of the Holy Spirit. We should remember, at all times, that these times are not our times, and we should not fail to add our word to that of so many great men who have declared that the old testament is true history, and that everything invented by all the rest of the universe is mere fable.

Some savants have pretended that one should remove from the canonical books all incredible matters which might be a stumbling block to the feeble, but it is said that these savants were men of corrupt heart and that they ought to be burned, and that it is impossible to be an honest man unless you believe that the Sodomites desired to ravish the angels. This is the reasoning of a species of monster who wishes to rule over wits.

It is true that several celebrated church fathers have had the prudence to turn all these tales into allegory, like the Jews, and Philo in especial. Popes still more prudent desired to prevent the translation of these books into the everyday tongue, for fear men should be led to pass judgment on what was upheld for their adoration.

One ought surely to conclude that those who perfectly understand this work should tolerate those who do not understand it, for if these latter do not understand it, it is not their fault; also those who do not understand it should tolerate those who understand it most fully.

Savants, too full of their knowledge, have claimed that Moses could not possibly have written the book of Genesis. One of their reasons is that in the story of Abraham, the patriarch pays for his wife's funeral plot in coined money, and that the king of Gerare gives a thousand pieces of silver to Sarah when he returns her, after having stolen her for her beauty in the seventy-fifth

year of her age. They say that having consulted authorities they find that there was no coined money in those days. But it is quite clear that this is pure chicane on their part, since the Church has always believed most firmly that Moses did write the Pentateuch. They strengthen all the doubts raised by the disciples of Aben-Hesra and Baruch Spinoza. The physician Astruc, father-in-law of the controller-general Silhouette, in his book, now very rare, entitled "Conjectures on Genesis", adds new objections, unsolvable to human wisdom; but not to humble submissive piety. The savants dare to contradict every line, the simple revere every line. Guard against falling into the misfortune of trusting our human reason, be contrite in heart and in spirit.

"And Abraham said that Sarah was his sister, and the king of Gerare took her to him." We confess, as we have said in our essay on Abraham, that Sarah was then ninety years old; that she had already been kidnapped by one King of Egypt; and that a king of this same desert Gerare later kidnapped the wife of Abraham's son Isaac. We have also spoken of the servant Agar, by whom Abraham had a son, and of how Abraham treated them both. One knows what delight unbelievers take in these stories; with what supercilious smiles they consider them; how they set the story of Abimelech and this same wife of Abraham's (Sarah) whom he passed off as his sister, above the "1001 nights" and also that of another Abimelech in love with Rebecca, whom Isaac also passed off as his sister. One can not often reiterate that the fault of all these studious critics lies in their persistent endeavour to bring all these things into accord with our feeble reason and to judge ancient Arabs as they would judge the French court or the English.

"The soul of Sichern, son of King Hemor, cleaved to the soul of Dinah, and he charmed his sadness with her tender caresses, and he went to Hemor his father, and said unto him: Give me this woman for wife." Here the savants are even more refractory. What! a king's son marry a vagabond's daughter, Jacob her father loaded with presents! The king receives into his city these wandering robbers, called patriarchs; he has the incredible and incomprehensible kindness to get himself circumcised, he and his son, his court and his people, in order to condescend to the superstition of this little tribe which did not own a half league of land! And what reward do our holy patriarchs make him for such astonishing kind-



ness? They wait the day when the wound of circumcision ordinarily produces a fever. Then Simeon and Levi run throughout the city, daggers in hand; they massacre the king, the prince, his son, and all the inhabitants. The horror of this St. Bartholemew is only diminished by its impossibility. It is a shocking romance but it is obviously a ridiculous romance: It is impossible that two men could have killed a whole nation. One might suffer some inconvenience from one's excerpated foreskin, but one would defend oneself against two scoundrels, one would assemble, surround them, finish them off as they deserved.

But there is one more impossible statement : by an extract supputation of date, we find that Dinah, daughter of Jacob, was at this time no more than three years of age; even if one tries to accomodate the chronology, she could not have been more than five : it is this that causes complaint. People say: "What sort of a book is this? The book of a reprobate people, a book for so long unknown to all the earth, a book where right, reason and decent custom are outraged on every page, and which we have presented us as irrefutable. holy, dictated by God himself? Is it not an impiety to believe it? Is it not the dementia of cannibals to persecute sensible, modest men who do not believe it?

To which we reply: The Church says she believes it. Copyists may have introduced revolting absurdities into reverend stories. Only the Holy Church can be judge of such matters. The profane should be led by her wisdom. These absurdities, these pretended horrors do not affect the basis of our religion. Where would men be if the cult of virtue depended on what happened long ago to Sichem and little Dinah?

"Behold the Kings who reigned in the land of Edom, before the children of Israel had a king."

Behold another famous passage, another stone which doth hinder our feet. It is this passage which determined the great Newton, the pious and sage Samuel Clarke, the deeply philosophical Bolingbroke, the learned Leclere, the savant Frêret, and a great number of other scholars to argue that Moses could not have been the author of Genesis.

We do indeed confess that these words could only have been written at a time when the Jews had kings.

It is chiefly this verse which determined Astruc to upset the

whole book of Genesis, and to hypothecate memories on which the real author had drawn. His work is ingenious, exact, but rash. A council would scarcely have dared to undertake it. And to what end has it served, this ungrateful, dangerous work of this Astruc? To redouble the darkness which he set out to enlighten. This is ever the fruit of that tree of knowledge whereof we all wish to eat. Why should it be necessary that the fruits of the tree of ignorance should be more nourishing and more easy to manage?

But what matter to us, after all, whether this verse, or this chapter, was written by Moses, or by Samuel or by the priest from Samaria, or by Esdras, or by anyone else? In what way can our government, our laws, our fortunes, our morals, our well being, be tied up with the ignorant chiefs of an unfortunatè barbarous country, called Edom or Udumea, always peopled by thieves? Alas, these poor shirtless Arabs know nothing of our existence, they pillage caravans and eat barley bread, and we torment ourselves trying to find out whether there were kinglets in one canton of Arabia Petra before they appeared in the neighboring canton to the west of lake Sodom.

*O miseris hominum mentes! O pectora caeca!*

### “Ulysses”

James Joyce's “Ulysses” will be continued in the next number.

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OF THE LITTLE REVIEW, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for  
October 1, 1918

State of New York, County of New York—ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Margaret C. Anderson, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Publisher, Editor, Owner, Business Manager of THE LITTLE REVIEW, and that the following is, to the best of her 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, 24 W. Sixteenth St., New York; Editor, Margaret C. Anderson, 24 W. Sixteenth St., New York; Managing Editor, Margaret C. Anderson, 24 W. Sixteenth St., New York; Business Manager, Margaret C. Anderson, 24 W. Sixteenth St., New York.

2. That the owner is, Margaret C. Anderson.

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: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of 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 appear 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 trustees, hold 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 than as so stated by her.

MARGARET C. ANDERSON.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1918

M. RABINOWITZ, Notary Public

(My commission expires March 30, 1919)

The December will be an American number.

A Noh play, "The Song of the Dreaming Bones", by William Butler Yeats, will appear in the January number.

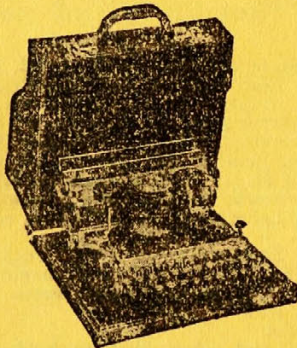
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