The Provincetown Players
Fourth New York Season
1919-1920

The Provincetown Players will present a new bill every five weeks during the coming season, each bill running for two weeks instead of one.

Membership subscription $5.00

It has erroneously been announced that the Provincetown Players produce only plays by their own members. The Director will gladly accept good plays from any source, regardless of membership.

*Opening Night Friday, October 31*

133 MacDougal Street
New York City
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DISCUSSION

Art and Wallace Gould*
by Marsden Hartley

If what I have seen written upon the subject of art in the editorial passages of the Little Review must be accepted either by ignorant or intelligent persons, then we must all give art the go-by. I am filled with envy for the originality or your opinions. I must decline to accept the dignity of "criticism" in view of what we have been so blessed with not only in the L. R. editorial passages but in every other type of art sheet. You are of all people the one to be accused of highbrow absurdities. On the subject of Gould, I intended only "some remarks". Remarks are nearly always superfluous as you yourself have convinced us.

I am the single person in existence who happens to know Gould all of his and my own artistic existence. He is, or rather was before he began to work for his own living, in the movies, a very excellent

* Referring to a discussion begun in the July number.
my room disappeared. To walk barefooted on the floor—going from my bed toward the window—was an odd sensation. It was like walking out of the window of a tall building into the sky, into the unknown.

The room I lived in at that time was in a building made of red brick, black with grime, and my windows looked down into the city. I suspect now that I was, for perhaps a year, what is called insane. I bought me a heavy coat and sometimes on winter nights threw open the windows and curled up in a large chair, wide awake until morning. I must be very strong. I have in fact heard that all insane people are strong. In the morning I was as rested as though I had slept and went off to my daily work of making a living with no feeling of fatigue.

An experience such as I am talking about having had cannot be successfully achieved if you are physically nervous as most Americans are and as I am most of the time. When I was very tired I was not happy in my room and sometimes felt so out of place that I went off to spend the night at a hotel. The thing to be aimed at was to become very quiet so that the mind appeared to run out of the body. A sense of floating was at times achieved. One’s mind reached out. It was at first like a small baby learning to crawl. Then later it was like a white bodied boy and ran over the roofs of houses. It comprehended the city of Chicago. It comprehended all cities.

There was a sense too of things in nature I had not known before. For one thing all women became pure. For the first time I found out that there cannot be such a thing as an impure man or woman. That was one of the first things my white boy mind discovered for me.

There was one woman I remember well. She lived in a room also painted grey. The point of the greyness of our two rooms was that the walls ceased to exist.

My white bodied mind ran over the tops of trees and into the house where the woman’s body sat in the grey stillness. Her mind had also run away into the night. I did not touch her body—fearing it would be cold, as I am sure my body was cold—sitting alone in the room in the house on the North Side in Chicago.

I am striving to give you a sense of infinite things that have happened to me as I am sure they have happened also to you. We do not commune thus together often enough. I am afraid, even as I begin to write, that my mood will not be strong or prolonged enough to carry me on to the things I want to speak of with a good
deal of attention to detail.

You will see at once that the room on the North Side in Chicago and my life there has for the moment returned to me very vividly. That is because it has no reality. There are other things of which I hope to write that are more definite but if I remain true to my desires nothing in this book will be very definite. The book is itself, as you have by this time no doubt suspected, an effort to escape out of the house and the room of my life, to visit you the reader indefinitely, to touch with my thoughts your lips, your hair, your body that I trust will remain as cold as the body of the woman my boy mind visited. I am like everyone else who has in reverence put pen to paper, impatient with the limitations of pen and paper. If your body becomes warm as you read on and into my testament my mind will become excited and all will be destroyed.

I was in that grey room a long time, looking out at the city of Chicago and thinking of Illinois and Iowa. My room faced south and west so my mind went in those directions. It even visited Kentucky and Missouri although it did not go farther south, into the cotton growing states or into the southwest, into Texas.

In the room my mind grew more vigorous than myself as expressed in my body. There is however nothing uncanny in all this. If you think there is you are mistaken. We are all so hurried and harried through life that we forget the possibilities of life and are but too prone to take short cuts into the supernatural. Not many of us get, even for a few months during a long life, into a quiet place where the needs of our bodies become hushed and secondary. I have sometimes seen old sick people I thought were doing the thing of which I speak, but I could not be sure of them. It is my own persistent notion that one needs to be well, to be healthy and strong to achieve the delights of insanity, to live in other words outside the husk of oneself.

It will be understood between us that I am a man with fat cheeks, neither handsome or very homely, of the medium height. I go about the middle-western part of America making a living, visiting towns, seeing people. I eat food in restaurants, go to dine sometimes in houses, meet occasionally notably men who have got up in the world. Once in a long time someone writes of me, saying I am a notable man.

I know that is a lie. I know well enough there never has been, cannot be such a thing as a notable man.

I am however determined—for a curious reason it is not worth
while to try to record—to attempt to reveal myself.

One of the motives back of my attempt—a somewhat obvious motive—is that I live in Chicago in a day when very little that is true concerning life comes to the surface. In a purely subconscious way I am a patriot. I live in a wide valley of cornfields and men and towns and strange jangling sounds, and in spite of the curious perversion of life here I have a feeling that the great basin of the Mississippi River, where I have always lived and moved about, is one day to be the seat of the culture of the universe. As I have talked with very few men from other places I have not found out whether they have or have not the same hallucination regarding their native lands. Anyway I have it regarding my own.

And I have another feeling. It seems to me that every man or woman who lives in my land in my time is as a seed planted. My mind has spent hours playing with that idea. I have elaborated it infinitely. The industrialism that has so crushed the spirits of the people of my day is, I say to myself, but the damp cold heavy earth lying over the seeds. We are in the winter of time. All seed must be planted and must lie in the damp and cold until warm days come.

I strike upon this seed motive now because I fancy it was born with the birth of my fanciful self. I cannot remember but I often tell myself it was born while I lived in the North Side room I have been talking to you about—the room you will have to make a special effort not to forget did not exist. I have a desire to make you sense me in that room and if you are to grow to care for me to make you care for me there, sitting wide awake on a winter night in my great coat and looking with blind eyes down into the heart of Mid-America.

I am sure I was a seed then and that you were a seed then and that we are both but seeds now. We are both buried deeply in life. We sometimes strive and strain, trying to escape our obvious fate. Vaguely also we try each to fertilize the spirits of the other.

It is unnecessary to try to carry the figure on but it is an almost sensual pleasure to me to think that perhaps I will fertilize your mind with my notion. That is my egotism. I think of you going along in Indianapolis or Chicago or Minneapolis thinking of the words I have put down. As the whole purpose of my writing is my own pleasure I will stop writing for the present and give myself over to the contemplation of you, for a moment and in a passing way, thinking the thought I have suggested to you.

(to be continued)
Caught still as Absalam,
Surely the air hangs
From the swayless cloud boughs,
Like hair of Absalam
Caught and hanging still.

From the imagined weight
Of spaces in a sky
Of mute chagrin, my thoughts
Hang like branch-clung hair
To trunks of silence swung,
With the choked soul weighing down
Into thick emptiness.
Christ! end this hanging death,
For endlessness hangs therefrom.

Invisibly branches break
From invisible trees —
The cloud woods where we rush,
Our eyes holding so much,
Which we must ride dim ages round
Ere the hands (we dream) can touch,
We ride, we ride, before the morning
The secret roots of the sun to tread,
And suddenly
We are lifted of all we know
And hang from implacable boughs.
MY DEAR,

I have learned that I cannot speak to you any more as to my temporal lover. If I tried you would force me into sentiment, and special pleading. I might appeal to your pity. We have not known each other very long, but I am assured that with you such a demand would be a piece of ill-breeding . . . . There is an image of you in my breast, and an image in the world. But truth does not lie in these presentments.

Let us suppose then that you have a Pattern-laid-up-in-Heaven waiting to touch my elbow as I write.

“Sir, you and I have loved, but that’s not it.
Sir, you and I must—”. I find it difficult to continue.

The business should be commonplace, but a bizarre streak seems to accompany my lapse into passion. It has been a freakish crucifixion—from a delicate approach, conventional as a harlequinade; for ten days we loved one another—as I thought with some quality of passion. You assumed my nature, I took on yours. The change of spiritual hats was no loss. No one knew. We were too sure to need confidents. There was no one to forbid. Our aptitude was perfect and our opportunity. Then one night we had arranged to meet, and you sent me a strange telegram. Two nights later you came in late to our little restaurant and said: “This won’t do. I smell burning.” Now I like fire. I looked at you and saw you were Wyndham Lewis’s drawing of the starry sky, a cold Titan, a violent Intelligence. You were holding away from you a jewelled image which was myself. Then I knew that friend I might be, or mistress, but not lover. That dance was ended. Essentially you were “through” with me and resentful. But I do not love like that. I will not have this sensuality and this friendship. I march to a better tune. I will not listen while you play both air and accompaniment with your heavy alternate hands.

Dear, I was tired that night. Couldn’t you have been gentle with me? It was not lust that I wanted then, or philosophy, only peace. I sat opposite to you, “tower of ivory, house of gold”. Your eyes narrowed. Then, with some ingratitude, you damned me for the vitality which had sustained you. Gallic realism? perhaps—
your Latin analysis stripped the beauty you had enjoyed. I matched my wits with yours, answered your questions, parried your threats, folded myself in my sex, offered you a delicate candour . . . . You were not pleased. Then I saw that it was not a game. Throughout your analytical protests there was a recurrent note. I understood that I was target for some sacred male encounter with its own might. Scorn for me was to reanimate your virtue—assure you of something you had lost—But then I could not make the analysis. Your sneers were too effective as you held my image from you. Your brilliant eyes swept past mine, you spoke with your hands. Then, with some irrelevance you said there was nothing to make me unhappy. I was a cocotte who had attempted your seduction.

Sadism? Well yes. Innate need for violence, vulgarly called love of a row? In part. But there is an x in the equation. Not since Valentine . . . . .

It is too soon for this to have happened to me again. It is making me cry and quiver. I remember how by your Sussex fire you laid my head on your hands, and crossed the hands I clasped lest my virtue should escape you. My rings had bitten into my hands. Your eyes were dark and profound, heavy with peace. I would not have had you change yet to this pursuit of a truth whose "chic" lies in its perversion.

All this in three weeks. You say "She will get over it."

II

It was too soon, my dear, to be hurt again. That's my text for to-night. You should never have comforted me if you were going to submit me again to torture. All my life I have been accompanied by a ghostly pain. Lately it has become substantial, and I have recognised it in some absolute sense as cruelty. First there was Valentine, then you. You know how you found me—grey and sullen—wasted through too much knowledge. You knew what I had come to see.

There were your compassionate words, you've unsaid them. Can't you understand, you fool, that you've unsaid them?

Look here. You must not imagine that this is a complaint, a whining because a man has refused to love me. You are under no obligation to find immortality in my "white and gold and red." But I think that you should have made up your mind. Do you remember what you said—"if there is any good will that can help you
through this business, remember that you have it.” Within a month you faced me across Porfirio’s table,—my evil personified. What does it mean? You see I have the mind’s curiosity to understand and incorporate. It sustains me, nearly all the time. You need not have loved me, though it would have been better that you should. But your voice is flaying me like the noise of a scythe on stone. Why should my vitality have moved this impulse in you? Through you it returned to me augmented. Did you hate it? Did you crave to diminish it yourself?

Love, dear love,—how dare you speak to me of love?

III

You have said that you do not trust life, so why should you trust me who am, at best, one of the “naughty stars”? And I imagined that I was to be your reconciliation.

From such divergence where could we have found a meeting place for love. If I “the brother whom you have seen” could not enter your house, where will God come in? In my vanity I thought that where one went the other followed. Sir—you have undeceived me.

What did you call me?—“dangereuse”, “false”, “essentially outside truth.” Has that last phrase any meaning? To me it is plain tripe. I can only tell my part of this adventure. Louis—there have been times, often before some humiliation profound as this when I have known myself for an artificer in a better way of love than men practise in the world. That does not “prove me base”, but may prove me dangerous. Did I offer you too much freedom, too much passion? When I stripped myself of jealousy and possession, did I strip you of some armour you would not be without? You allow me words. I might talk with you on those matters till dawn. But love is not a conversation.

An adventure has been lost. We shall not be together again, and in love how can one have the adventure alone? You hardly admit the possibility. I said—“I could make it damned good.” You answered ‘Damned it might be.’

Am I to go through all my life looking for the lover whose pace equals mine? Is it always illusion that turns me here and there, saying that I have found him in my perpetual error?

· The pilgrim rescued the lady in the dewy wood. — There, without explanation, he left her to face the Blatant Beast.
IV

Last night when you had gone with your friends, I sat down on the floor among the nutshells and cigarette ends and cried at the fire. I was alone in my house, and you had all gone home “lover by lover.” I was left, out of your thought, out of your dance. Not one of you but Leila had thought to say that it had been a good party. An empty winebottle rolled across the floor and chinked against a syphon. It frightens me when inanimate things move about. It can be lonely here, past midnight, under the great shadows of this roof, not easy to leave the fire and mount the gallery stairs and slip into the icy bed. Before I decided to attempt it and take aspirin, I wondered if this fire which you have lit—and will not share—has an “absolute” value, a good-in-itself apart from you—and from me. Eventually one takes the way from one’s kind.

This afternoon I went out in the rain and through the streets, not faint with desolation but in tranquility, with my love.

Pathological?

I am waiting for you now. Will it be the same if you do not come? How can it be when my eyes are starved—my quivering touch cannot fasten. I want our old ritual. I want to play it—to satiety. Don’t you remember you would sit by the fire. We’d be alone, I would sit on the chair arm behind you. You lay there, silent, relaxed, as life flowed from me to you. Did you know what I said as I kissed your neck—that I laid my peace on you—the peace you’ve not had? “My peace, not as the world giveth . . . .” Your astonishment made me laugh. I slipped from the arm onto your knee, and crossed my feet, and swung there. I can see you laugh. I can see your quarrel with life remembered to be forgotten.

“Oh my dear—you happened, but just in time, only just in time.”

And I believed it. My eyes went hot because of the miracle. I used to watch the flush on your thin face, the sudden fusion . . . .

You used to laugh. “Was there ever woman said such things before? Witty fool!” I would slip from your knees onto the floor and crouch there looking up at you, silent.

Then it was your turn.

You are not coming to-night. I was mistaken. There is no adventure alone.
V

Half an hour later—a knock. External shapes, the walls, the coloured glass on the dark shelf became like scenery, flat, two-dimensional. Crossing from the fireplace to the door I knew my body bent as though the great chair had risen and clung to my back. You were not there, but a boy with onions. It happened again. I said: "It is not Louis, it is not.—"

It wasn't. I saw a girl with a suit case and umbrella, and several kinds of fur—a girl you have not met. She wanted a bed for the night. The sequence was amusing.

That evening we compared our beauties on the floor, by the fire on the white rug, burnished our nails and our hair. Our scents and orange sticks lay between our feet—my long pink toes and her short ones.

She threw down her mirror. "She must speak."

"She had gathered—indeed she knew. I had given myself—and to more than one man. I was not married at all. I did not seem to mind. Did I know what I was doing. I was giving men what they wanted... I exacted nothing in return. Did I know the 'awful degradation' that was overtaking me? No one could be more passionate than she—but never. Her fiancé would come back from the front and kill her." (There's a chance for Ivan). "She was proud to think that she would come to him. Just all of her—" (Price sixpence. Please see that this seal is unbroken). Incidentally she considered me a blackleg in a pair of silk stockings.

She has left me to wonder though—without passion—whether you, Louis, are despising me. (She does not know about you).

You have called me pure. Do you still think that? Did you ever think it—with your mind? I don't care. If love of truth can make me pure, I'll pass. And so, what woman cares a pin about chastity? She tried to frighten me, damn her.

Then later I saw her puny man, and lunchesed afterwards with Bill, and drank with him, and comforted him in sexless amity; and then came to me, as there has always come, the answer to her fear.

(to be continued)
Seated by his table,
His dreams delicately enclosed
In the domain of his lamp,
He heard against his window
The soft assault of the snow.

Then he thought abruptly
Of a man he knew
And had not seen for a long time.

And he felt in his throat
An oppressive something,
Something made of sadness
and a little shame.
He knew that the man was humble
Both in heart and in word,
With no ways of charming,
And that he lived like those trees
You see alone on a bleak plain;

He knew that for months
Many a time he had promised
This man to go and see him
And that for each of the promises
The man had thanked him gently,
Pretending to believe them.

He knew besides that the man loved him.

This was what filled his reverie,
Filled his room with whispers,
Which he did not try to turn away.
Then an inner command
Made him instantly alert:
His throat was eased
And his eyes glad and laughing:

He dressed himself quickly,
He went outdoors
And started through the snow
For the man's house.

After the first words,
When he was seated in the light
Between the man and his wife
Both of them surprised and eager,
He realized that they were directing at him
Those silences that ask questions
And make the sort of blank one leaves
Purposely in one's writing;
He noted on the two faces
A sort of secret anxiety.
He wondered and all at once he understood;

These folk, alas, did not believe
That he had come of a sudden
At so late an hour, from so far and through the snow,
Only for his gladness and theirs,
Only to keep a promise;

And they waited, both of them,
For him to reveal abruptly and in a breath
The solemn reason of his coming,
They were anxious to know
What good luck might be happening to them,
What service might be expected of them!

He would at once have spoken
The words to undeceive them,
But they weighed his words,
They anticipated the moment
When he would tell them his reason.
He felt as bewildered and clumsy
As a man accused.
And so he was separated from them
Till the very last minute
When he rose to go.

Then something unbent;
Then they dared understand:
He had come only for them!
Somebody had wished to see them,
Nothing more, to see them, to be with them,
To speak with them and to listen to them;
And this desire had been
Stronger than the cold, stronger than the snow
And the distance!
It was just that at last somebody had come!

And now their eyes
Were gay and tender.
They spoke very fast,
They spoke together
To try to keep him,
They stood beside him
And betrayed a childish need
Of joking and of shaking hands . . .

He promised them that he would come back.

But before reaching the door
He fixed well in his memory
The spot where their life was sheltered;
He noticed well every detail
And finally the man and the woman,
Because he so feared in the bottom of his heart
That he would never come back.
TALES OF A HURRIED MAN
by Emanuel Carnevali

T a l e O n e

I hope something will be done about this, my god!

H ER name was Melany Piano and she was born of a very good family, in Turin, Piedmont, Italy. Turin is a grey serious earnest city with long straight streets, a huddle of square blocks. If she had been born out in the mountains where Emily lived this wouldn’t have happened, but then . . . .

I saw the old photographs of the family, a yellowish mist on them. Photographs of the romantic period. Period in which one still believed in the solemn face or the melancholy face or the noble face or the pale face. The face of her mother was solemn and mysterious. The face of her father was that of a man with the heart of a knight; crowned with the well-balanced smile of the successful man; life to him was an adventure in gallantry—women and war. He was, in fact, an officer of the Italian army in the Erythrean expedition.

He had brought her and her sister along with him to Africa, after her mother had died. She had lived well and happily in Africa, so she used to tell us children, all beautiful tales of hyenas, pestilence, devoted negro servants and Ras Alula and Ras somebody else.

She was skinny, she had a long lean nose, no curve from the nose to the lips, small eyes, tight bulging little forehead; she was not attractive, as they say. Her hair was very beautiful but that did not make a real difference. One had to know her well to appreciate the beauty that was in her hair. That is why she longed to be well known, well understood. A famous explorer—there is a monument erected to his memory in the city of Parma—fell in love with her. She was to marry him. But he was the scientist kind, earnest and inelegant, she did not love him. He gave her a doll once, on her nineteenth birthday, and she was very angry. He told her once: “You are not attractive, Miss, but your mind has infinite beauty and I beg to let me take you for my wife.” But she was too young and a bit too happy to understand a thing like that. And he was naive, and she was not, she was very well-read and eaten up from within by the ever-hungry little old moth, romance. He was a good fine
man to marry and she knew so, but she wanted a man with long
soft hair and kind big hands. A man who could sit for hours still
and perfectly sad and who would understand when the hungry hands
of a well-read woman would smooth his hair: who would not turn
around and, out of embarrassment, try to fight the situation with
a smile or an irrelevant phrase.

She came back to Italy. She was still gay and light but, already;
she was motherly. She was motherly with every man that came to
her with not unkind sorrows in his manly heart. Such a man came
and she talked to him and on an evening they cried together, in front
of a window; because the sunset burnt yellow and purple, the
woman was thinking that it is sweet and heavenly to understand the
sorrows that have hardened into the flesh of a man. He was to
marry her but the family did not want. But he said: "You before,
the family after, though I love them very much." But, instead, he
went away, left her pregnant.

Who will say that he was wrong? He had never loved her.
It is easy to believe that you love: he was an honest man. She
should have known.

Now her father was dead and she hadn't any money and the
man wanted to help her out. But she was proud. She went to
work, she had a little monthly allowance from the government; she
got along and she loved the baby, who was lean and sickly; his eyes
were the eyes of the father: very black and very cold, so black that
there was no bottom to them, so cold, so black, that you would have
called them invisible eyes: eyes that were a darkness and not a
light.

She was proud. She never forgave the man. Because she was
honest and hard she wasn't a loose girl, and she gave herself for
love. She was honest and magnificently aloof and the negro servants
in Africa thought she was a great Queen, the great White Queen:
the way she was majestic and sweetly hard with them. She spoke
of books and wherever she went they called her "the lady" and it
was a marvel to see how everybody was intimidated in her presence.
To see how strangers loved her, after a few minutes with her.

Another man came along. He was shrewd, and hungry for a
girl, the way dogs and men are hungry, the way men are hungry
in the summer in a North American City where a girl is hard to get
if you're not initiated. He had her too.

Because she loved him.

Then, there was another child.

Two children, not brothers, and the mother a lady, proud, now
bitterly proud, but proud still like a Queen, poor White Queen. And she was honest and she was so naive that when men's eyes who sought a girl met hers she did not really know all that they searched and lewly touched. For she wasn't attractive and she knew it; that is why she was maternal with men.

Then she was thirty-two. She met a man, a soldier, who was twenty-five. He was beautiful, strong, a great sport, a game guy; a spoiled child, penniless and ignorant. She had a little money, she got him out of the army where he thought he'd have to remain, and got him a job. Taught him French and how to know good books. Made him civilized and sophisticated. He was intelligent; he never, after, wanted to admit that he owed so much to her.

This man did not like the children.

He was young, so he fell in love with several girls and she understood and suffered—and then she feared he'd go away, so she was good to him, she was especially good to him when he broke her heart. Sometimes her heart would break and she would fall in a swoon.

One day he was sick. He staid in bed two months with ulcers on his body and the fool doctor never could tell what the trouble was. He went to the hospital and he was told that it probably was the syphilis but that they couldn't be sure until they had tested his blood. Next day on the cardboard tablet beside his bed, on which doctors wrote the diagnosis, he saw some signs or words that amounted to a "yes". It meant to him that he had the syphilis; he howled like a wolf that has been caught. He came back home to her. He was forced to stay in bed two more months.

He had caught it going around in brothels. But she was a great mother to him, while he stayed in bed. But she knew that he did not love her. She was maternal, although she was old, although she beat her children, she was maternal with him. She nursed him as a sweet nurse nurses a sweet child; and while his hair was falling because of the syphilis he had caught in a brothel she'd call him "her lovely child".

But he did not like the children and he did not love her.

So she saw, at last, well, the great grotesque.

When she beat the children she'd scream so that the tenants of the house would all come out on the balconies to gossip about "that crazy woman". She beat them and several times she fainted, after.

He cursed her to hear the noise she was making. He cursed her vulgarly and she was still a lady, a proud Queen.
She knew that he was getting to hate her. But it was too late to act kindly, to be careful, for his sake, of what she was doing, to put up a show of kindness and be discriminate. Because oldness and ugliness and defeat were coming; and he was going away. Sometimes she sat in the kitchen, alone, when the children were out, and she wished that he would die; she knew that he'd go away when he was well.

When she got up, every morning, she used to put powder on her face. That was all right, but now she had to put too much powder on her face. After her yelling to the children the two wrinkles around her mouth were deeper.

Before, a little rouge on the cheeks sufficed, but now she had to put too much rouge on and that was ugly. And then, one day she had to buy three false teeth—the front teeth, the front teeth!

Of course, he saw them. So she beat the children, she swooned, she had headaches for days and nights.

He had to go to the hospital again. He came back almost well, but he was doubled up and his skin showed under his thin hair. He was bitter too, he had the syphilis so there wasn't much choice for him in life and so he wasn't going to try to get along with her—he'd go after something easier. On day he told her he'd quit her.

First she knelt down before him and prayed. But then she stood up and fought tremendously, fought beautifully because she fought against the big failure which was now all visible; she looked at the failure and fought, and it was a beautiful thing to do.

There comes the big failure and some bend their heads over their chests like birds in the cold. And some send their miserable bodies to the absurd war. But there are eyes in the world that see the dance of the absurd, and always someone who carefully listens to the great song of it.

All her miserable body. Her skinny body and the last hunger within it. She called her romantic heart and all the books she had read, to help her. Hurlé herself—at last!—against the monster
who awaits, during all the nights of the infinite years, the hour of our awful scream—he waits for it and when he has heard he waits still, to hear other screams, he waits still, he waits forever. She hurled her miserable body and her face, now like a dismal little clenched fist, in a fight of teeth and nails . . . . false teeth!

And once more the world came to its symphonic night: she cursed the stupid chairs and cursed the yellow lamp and the shadows that had become infinitely old on the grey walls. Cursed the windows and the breeze they inhaled came over her and made her sob with an agony of self-pity.

And now she would weep softly because the breeze from the window was a melody of remembrances.

She wanted her limbs to break; why wouldn't this thing burst through her limbs! She offered her limbs in sacrifice if the awful thing would only burst through her! Wanted to stretch her arms so violently that they'd sever from her body—nodded her head up and down.

Her head swayed up and down and sideways, sideways and up and down and she moaned, oh, oh, oh, oh . . . . boat in the tempest. And the children wished that she would stop sometime because they wanted to play.

I know that things await the terrible screaming. The monster in the nights, the cavern whence the cool darkness sails towards our windows and our mouths, the purest line of the evening horizon on the lake—how many times have I gone near to them, knowing that they awaited, have gone near and stopped short, was afraid, or did not know how, to scream. The sheer pink flower before fantastic eyes in the morning, the sheer pink flower is a gleaming eye looking upon a horror of putrefied dreams. The sky when it is farthest from the earth, the purest sky, the sky that has flown high and high because the air was so clear, the sky feels the touch of the scream we so fearfully constrain—as the very white breasts of a woman hear the caress of the desperate lover. These things await our horrible screaming.

The woman had repudiated her children, she had betrayed them. So now she did not dare to ask for the children's love. She was too hungry. She knew that children give love to everyone, but to hungry people they don't. Children are pure and they are afraid of the awful eyes of hungry persons. Children refuse love to begging hearts, because their world is a world of fair and happy exchange, and they are right. And they are right because they are beautiful.
And the man, he was just as bitter, his was another fight, so he just shook her off.

God sent her a cancer in the womb and she died, a week after the big fight.

I saw her dead. This lady, Melany Piano, was my mother's sister, my aunt.

I'm in a hurry.

I wrote this about her: I am a writer and I write about persons and things:

You are dead and your mouth is stretched
and pulled down at the corners,
a curve swept downward.
Your hair is tall grass after
the flood has passed over it.
You have now become the image of the cry that in your life you have miserably and compromisingly striven to utter.

. . . . . . .

Seriously, seriously,
with cool gentlemanliness,
I lay a word of reproach
on your grave, my aunt.
That was a crime, as I was only
a child and you were not
ashamed to soil me with the sight of your tragedy.
You did not hide your awful
crazy hands from me.
Made a clown of me when
you dressed me in black
to mourn
your dead.
Still, desperate hands of last clean wind,
wind of the fall,
bring rags of noises from
the city to the cemetery;
the evening is a lady in grey
mourning for all the dead
and she is rustling by
on the road
beside
the graveyard.
Why do I come? Were you not
my aunt?
It’s pity that brings me here, 
or it is 
your dead face projected 
in all the darknesses, which has driven 
me here—for the soul of man is a ghost 
and it haunts him and it drives him. 
But 
it is not 
sorrow. 
Aunt, a sorrow for you would shatter the world, 
send fragments on the horrible snout of God! 
The day I saw you dead 
your eyes were terribly open— 
fingers searching 
the infinite for 
an echo to a cry of 
horrible 
pain. 
Also, you were resting, 
my aunt. 
What do you want from me? I do not try to explain, I do not 
care to understand. I have not been cursed by those who have died 
in misery: because I have not slain anyone with misery. But I read 
the newspapers, I see rouge-and-powder faces and sometimes, as I 
pass alongside your houses with my hurried heart for a moment 
attentive to your noises, I hear children, being beaten, yelling; 
and today I have seen one of those women whose eyes have ceased 
to look at the world I tell you, it’s Melany Piano’s curse that is 
working out. Yes, surely, her life had been accursed, also, by a 
thousand other women like her, who had lived before. 
I guess it’s a well balanced retaliation. 
It is you who are concerned. You who are dragging yourselves 
along under the shadow that Melany Piano casts upon your world. 
Between the moon and you, tonight, looms the dead face of Melany 
Piano. And you hide under your roofs. 
But I, but I, I’m as light as a rubber ball. I’m a butterfly 
and no tragedy has shaken the light dust from my wings, no tragedy 
will. It is youth that accounts for that, but overmore, it is my 
youth, the youth that will last till I die I’m on a journey beyond 
you and your things, you and your colors and words. On the moun-
tains, over this city and that, I am the bird that has no nest, I am 
the happy stranger, I’m sailing under the sun. The sun is very
kind to me, he could not be any kinder. The friends that are with me know that also.
The crickets are singing the tale of my journey, the winds all have greeted my sails.
Listen, then, to the crickets and let the wind play around your houses as you mourn for Melany Piano, my aunt.

Are Puppets People?

by C. Z.

"Why shouldn’t I be interested in Marionettes? God knows I’m only a puppet myself", she said, as she collapsed on the divan, closing her eyes wearily. She sank deeper into the cushions. Puppet, indeed. Married life, semi-public career, personal days, esthetic impulses—all dictated to, managed by outside forces . . . . When she heard her cue, straightening of spine, eyes shining with determination, her entrance superb. To her public she was not puppet; but personality. Every second of her presence on the stage: rebellion against God and man—playwright, play, fellow players, sweet revenge against her puppeteers. The stage is the place. Her personality’s the thing!

A ray of hope!
Enter a troupe of marionettes and their puppeteers. And with them the illusion, grotesqueries, and delight of creation; of the Land of Heart’s Desire? Alas, these mannikins strut out onto a usual stage with painful imitative swagger assumed in the spotlight by their human betters. These collections of rags and bones and hanks of hair are also conscious of an ego, of a self that must, at all costs, dominate. They too would ignore the strings and the voices in the background that would keep for them the role determined by the gods. Or poor helpless puppets, perhaps, their faults are not their own but traceable to the selfsame humans who, in their complex craving for self-dramatization have taken to puppets for the promulgation of their pet theatrical vices: themselves.
IT would be absurd for me to try writing of myself and then solemnly to put my writings into print. I am too much occupied with myself to do the thing well. I am like you in that regard. Although I think of myself all the time I cannot bring myself to the conviction that there is anything of importance attached to the life led by my conscious self. What I want to say is this:—men may talk to me until they are blind of the life force and of the soul that liveth beyond the passing away of the husk called the body—

For me life centres in myself, in the hidden thing in myself. I am sorry my flesh is not more beautiful, that I cannot live happily in contemplation of myself and must of necessity turn inward to discover what is interesting in the making of me. It would simplify things if I could love my outward self and it must be the same with you.

There have been periods when I have almost succeeded in living alone and forgetting my bodily life. They were interesting times. I will talk to you of them. There was a period once, when I lived in a room on the North Side in Chicago and came near achieving complete happiness. The woman who managed the house was a slattern. She did not keep the room clean so I cleaned it myself. I had a house painter come and paint the walls and the woodwork a dull grey to match the skies of my city. Twice a week I got on all fours and wiped the floors with a wet cloth. Every evening, after I had dined, I went into the room and locked the door.

My plan of having the walls and the woodwork painted a dull grey to match the habitual grey of the skies of my city was entirely successful. At dusk and even at night the walls and woodwork of
pianist. He knows the piano at least. I know his written work in all of its stages of completion and annihilation during the last fifteen years. I am speaking of Gould in the aggregate. I still vouch for my statements as to the fineness of Gould as a poet. I didn’t use the word “great”. I leave that to the highbrow dilettantes. Your splenetic addenda is trivial therefore, not to speak of the word echo rising up out of it. That you couldn’t ever care for Gould is both legitimate and probable. With your eye so fastened on Paris and London offices, you must be expected to have prejudice. I argue nothing for Gould as to style. That is his own business. I argue for his qualities and flavours. He has not the tourist knowledge of Maine. He spends his winters there, not his summers. That is to say he knows Maine under cover. He knows it as any artistic native is sure to know it. He knows it as a man knows a woman—through and through. That he isn’t producing a Lindsay jingle, a Frost epic of melancholy, a Masters grecian tragedy, or fussing with already created counterpoints is another matter. He despises art, and that is becoming of any real artist. Adoration of art is left to amateurs and dilettantes. Gould is an original—even you admit that. It is true whether you do or not. The L. R. editorial section will not be respected for its first-hand deduction. You personally are to be highly praised by all artists for your audacity in selection of material. That is enough and ought to be enough for you as editor of one if not possibly the best free art journal in this country.

My sense of humour makes me wonder how long we must be serious on the subject of spurious erudition? Or genuine erudition for that matter. Is art so painfully necessary that it must be eaten and disgorged continually? Must we dwell forever on the theme of esthetic vomiting? Why is it more important than a couple of eggs in the morning or a herring in the afternoon? Professed erudition and the actual are two very different species. The former is plentiful among people who do not create or attempt to create chiefly. I agree with Williams. The London office should be returned to native soil. That is to say a nice little visit from E. P. would do so much for village life in this country.

We are so in need of erudition according to E. P. He might just as well plant some on home soil. The joke lies in the deadly seriousness with which the opinionated person takes ART. Until there really is art in this country we must all accept our Laura Jean Libbeys and Robert Chamberes as the clue to the quality of art that exists here. Why fuss? Why not enjoy a natural thing? If ignorance is natural in America, is homegrown ignorance better than
an imported solution of grey matter? American art in fact is no worse than European. It is all smelly gorgonzola.

As to Gould, hadn’t you smelled propaganda in my “makeup of words” as you call it. I have accomplished what I intended and that is a Gould controversy. The elite talk about everything under the sun from dollars to doughnuts. It might as well be a new poet as a new imbecile. It is my first and last propaganda. I have shuffled off from myself the thing which belongs to the people who care to discuss. I am familiar with Gould both as person and as artist through and through. It is now Carnevali, Williams, et Cie who have taken up the proper cudgels for Gould. If as a nation we must jazz ourselves into insensibility why be annoyed at the preponderance of what is after all a natural state in all countries. Missionary ideas are absurd anywhere. We have done with the missionary long ago. The primitives are still dancing pagan “Education of Henry Adams” to prove our specific densities. I’d rather hear a Lindsay rhapsody upon our single artistic contribution than all the praise and condemnations from an overseas triangular parlor. We did away with Brook Farm long ago. It died of obvious inanition. Petit pois are no more remarkable than corn. If America is cornfed, it must be accepted on a cornfed basis. We must either live in our own country and enjoy it or leave it. Pound was sensible since he was more at home away from it. Psychology says that hate is another kind of love. Could it be possible that Ezra loves his native land? It is possible since he wants to help it out of its miserable ignorance. No one admires Ezra more than I do, but it is his celestial sneer I admire. He is a genius at the sneer. You are right as to the virtues of the sneer.

Do not therefore credit me with what I have no slight gift for, viz:—criticism. I have no slight interest in it even. I care for appreciations. Things I can’t care for don’t exist. I care for words. That is my English blood. I am extravagant with them. That is on paper. I seldom say more than how-do-you-do audibly. It is better to save breath you know. Rest in peace, Margaret Anderson, as to what the type of criticism in America is or will be. It will not depend upon me, nor will it depend upon the editorial passages in the L. R. You are great because you are courageous. Your power for presentation is your genius. I congratulate you.

You choose too great a burden in wishing to uplift the American troglodyte. We are a powerfully uneducated people. Therefore we are intelligent enough to enjoy our own brand of ignorance. We shall always rankle the refined and overzealous brain. I refer you
to Montaigne's remark about himself in closing his own career in the pursuit of knowledge. Knowledge is at its greatest height most relative. We do not need the dilettante. We do not need anybody's second-rate opinions. We do not need necessarily to be informed so persistently as the quasi-cultured seem to think. You won't find all the great men either in this time or of all time were geniuses in erudition. They covered their ignorance with their natural sensibilities. They knew a great deal in spite of not having taken other people's opinions.

I congratulate Gould on having finally arrived upon the field of battle. I shall probably never speak of him again in print. Why should I as long as the talkers are at hand.

[I am always willing to assume that people are not particularly interested in talking about art. I am merely glad to prove once in a while, by publishing illuminating remarks for the illuminated, that talk about it is of some interest.

What puzzles me is this: why do the people who plead so democratically for the omission of art discussion back up their requests with the same explanations? They always tell me that erudition is not art, that the surest sign of dilettantism is this deadly seriousness about the subject, and that there is no necessity for art to be thrust upon people who don't want it.

All of which I subscribe to. If Mr. Hartley is more interested in eggs and herring than in discussion why doesn't he enjoy his eggs instead of gorging himself on the distasteful L. R.? My "seriousness" is not so deadly as to want readers who don't want to read. Any one who has a passion for reading or talking or writing does those things because he needs the satisfaction of agreeing or disagreeing with what he reads or hears. He doesn't make his possible disagreement into a treatise against the thing he enjoys.

Also, anyone who reads the Little Review with his brain knows that our fight is against the identification of art and erudition, that we even call the two things by different names. One we call art; the other erudition. He knows too that when I speak of art I am not talking about "style" in the erroneous conventional way. Since every
artist creates his own style, the term "style" in art can't be used in any ex-cathedra sense, like "style" in clothes. The latter is a fixed standard which many people can achieve by following the rigid rules of conventional dress. The "style" in Joyce's "Ulysses" is the expression of himself that stands out as different from any other man's expression. The style, of course, is Joyce.

But perhaps Mr. Hartley means something akin to the vague young man in the back pages who tells me that I worship "finished composition." There must be some striking kinship between the two points of view, since Mr. Hartley can write of the insight of "artistic natives", and the intuitions of men about women—or any other subject about which almost no one has any intuitions at all.

I don't care whether Wallace Gould knows Maine any more than I care whether he is ignorant of Alaska. These things don't matter any more than erudition matters. The only thing that counts is whether Wallace Gould knows himself. If he doesn't then the whole matter isn't much more important than eggs and herring. If he does, then it becomes an important thing to certain people. I don't understand Mr. Hartley's necessity to prove that he is not among them.

The vague young man also wonders why I am not interested in making a magazine for people who are not as interested in the thing as I am and who don't know as much about it. I could only say to him that I was once. I could find nothing but a terrible boredom in trying to do it now. My faint residue of interest will only extend back far enough to remind Mr. Hartley that we don't publish the L. R. because we think art is necessary. Life is not necessary. But life without art is superfluous.—M. C. A.]

[If the Little Review ever felt "spleenetic" or ever had personal animosity toward anyone it would seldom be necessary to do more than print the correspondence of possible irritants.

In this letter we have an excellent exhibition of Mr. Hartley by Mr. Hartley. The philanderer in Art damning the dilettante in erudition.

Has anyone in the Little Review or in any other "art sheet" ever had anything on Mr. Hartley as a self-anointed artistic divinity? Wallace Gould must be even more sickened by his selection of friends than by their patronizing publicity: all of which amounts to: Gould knows Maine and Hartley knows Gould: therefore Gould is
an original and a fine poet.

And of course Margaret Anderson is grateful to Hartley for placing her, and encouraging her to go on editing her magazine.

"It is my first and last propaganda." There are some of us to whom every thing Hartley writes is propaganda to establish himself as an artist: electioneering. The jaunty, familiar, homey attitude toward Art indicates a condition far less flattering than the adoration of the dilettante. The intellectual and artistic eunuch seems to be a natural animal.—jh.]

More Swill
by William Carlos Williams

WHEN a lady says a certain aria of Puccini's is "lovely" and that a certain other composition by Claudel is "ugly", she means something definite. She is using words accurately and for this reason her statement is not a mere matter of opinion but assumes the quality of being a definite point of illumination—for better or worse. She puts two separate things in apposition and distinctly chooses one: Puccini's aria will continue to remain "lovely" and Claudel's composition will continue to be "ugly"—one feels that sharply—no matter how she may subsequently alter her opinion. Her statement signalises a fixed point of separation: one theme has escaped her understanding and one satisfies it.

The failure of loveliness is that it is possessed at large before it is composed and so can never be created. And the hell of creative work is that it is never possessed until after it has been set down and after the artist has lost his taste for it and then of course possessed only by one or two.

Americans are cursed with a desire to be understood. Everything must be "beautiful" or it must show this or that wellunderstood perfection, but it never occurs to an American, to an American critic in this case, to discover first whether he is dealing with a live thing or with the symmetries of a corpse.

It never occurs to an American critic to question whether or not a work shows evidences of creative thought, or at least this is not the first thing that occurs to him. Is it beautiful? Yes but "beautiful" means something that tickles him, something that he can understand, and that thing must inevitably be to an artist
the ugly. But all thought is ugly to the American critic—especially if it come from the left. And since in a work of art the form of the composition bespeaks the thought, then all new forms are inevitably anathema and this is not alone true of America.

So let us take off our undershirts, my friends, and scratch our backs in good company. At least we will not be praised because of our loveliness.

But of course that last paragraph is no more than a familiar halloo, a hoi-yo-to-hoi! The thing is that the difficulty between the critic and the artist has never been rightly understood. I do not make the same mistake as my predecessors; I have merely up to this point designated two objects of different nature, one of which, full of thought, concerns the artist and one of which, full of loveliness, concerns the critic. There is no transition between them. They remain forever separate, one forever to concern the artist and one forever to concern the critic.

But I differ from some of my companions in that I do not disdain to attack the critic. I do not disdain to soil my hands with death. I find a certain exhilaration in taking the heavy corpse in my arms and fox-trotting with it as far as I am able. It is not easy to dance with a dead thing in the arms.

And this is the eternal and until now slighted nature of the engagement between artist and critic. It is a dance! No man can be forced to dance. But I see no particular gain in mixing only with those of my own inherited cast of thought and feeling. I can of course appreciate the Chinese philosopher who lived alone by a waterfall, but aside from that perfection I see no reason for avoiding the arms of a critic. It teaches me to dance.

That there is no transition between critic and artist I will maintain as well as I am able. A man may be one, then the other, but never one within the other. It is a common impossibility. Witness alone the silence of the returned soldier among whom are men well able to express themselves: Phillip Gibbs has it, "Non-combatants do not understand and never will, not from now until the ending of the world. 'Cut it out about the brave boys in the trenches!' So it is difficult to describe them, or to give any idea of what goes on in their minds, for they belong to another world than the world of peace that we knew, and there is no code which can decipher their secret, nor any means of self expression on their lips."

To a soldier war, to an artist his art, to a critic his criticism, to them all the dance!
An Open Letter to Margaret Anderson
by Winthrop Parkhurst

There are two forms of criticism: the metallic and the aromatic. The wielder of the first form is the grave-digger who exhumes the corpses of art and exposes them impartially for all to see—and smell. Vide H. L. Mencken. The wielder of the second form is the florist who lovingly plants flowers over each grave and, letting the individual richness or aridity of the soil determine their growth, plucks them at length and offers them to the world. Vide Arthur Symons. One is intellectual, and is concerned with bones; the other is emotional, and is concerned with bouquets. Between these two types of critics come others, of course, combining in various degrees their dual activities. The intellectual critic often has a heart, though he seem to write entirely above the neck; the emotional critic often has a brain, though he seem to write entirely below it. But in the main the classification holds. One type records things as he thinks they are. The other sings of things as he feels them.

The comparative merits of the two modes of assaying beauty are not entered here in the field of controversy. My gravamen against you is not that you select either the one form or the other. It is that you do not select either. Or if you do, you select both at once with the result that your criticism is a horned hybrid that is neither flesh nor fowl nor good red criticism. If you think, it is only with your heart. If you feel, it is only with your brain. And I submit that such critical monstrosities are not only bad for your readers artistically but bad for yourself physiologically.

In the April issue of the Little Review you furnish the public with a typical piece of incriminating evidence against yourself. You have some other psycho-emotional felonies in the roost of literature and music. For the sake of brevity I simply hold up one stolen prize chicken and let it cluck for the coop.

The Philadelphia Orchestra, under the leadership of Leopold Stokowski, had performed Scriabin's "Poeme D'Extase". You had attended the performance, and your soul had been moved. In testimony of your spiritual locomotion you wrote this statement: "I am glad to say without reservation that the greatest musical experience I have had for three or four years (since I heard Scriabin's
"Prometheus" played) was Leopold Stokowski's conducting of that composer's "Poème D'Extase." Is that criticism? That is, when your readers have read it, do they know anything more about Philadelphia, Mr. Stokowski, Scriabin or yourself than they knew before? It is true that they know you were moved. But whence? And what did you discover on your journey? If, for example, you take a trip around the world you can truthfully say to your friends on your return, "I am glad to say without reservation that I was never before so moved in my life." But such a statement means nothing. It is equivalent, if you will allow me to change the metaphor, to eating a ripe plum, shutting your eyes, and murmuring dithyrambically, "Ah! this is the most delicious plum I have tasted since I tasted a peach. Indeed, it is altogether and unimaginably delicious." Such enthusiasm, however, is critically sterile. People may have sufficient confidence in your powers of discriminatory gustation to be induced to try a plum for themselves. But they will do so not because you have criticised plums but because you have advertised them. And I scarcely think it is your deliberate intention to turn the Little Review in a Printer's Ink.

In other words, your attitude toward art, so far as it is revealed in your magazine, is neither metallic nor aromatic. You neither paint nor do you draw. If you say: "The Philadelphia Orchestra, under the leadership of Leopold Stokowski, is a first-rate musical organization. Unfortunately, in modern compositions, like Scriabin's "Poème D'Extase", it is a metronome without a sense of time, a clock without hands—or, rather, with too many of them. The violins, during the first three minutes were married to the horns, but their conjugal state was merely legal;" or if you say, "more than any other orchestra in this country, except possibly the Boston Symphony, the Philadelphia organization approaches supreme concerted perfection. Stokowski was once an organist. That may or may not have anything to do with his conducting: the fact remains that he, of all our conductors, barring perhaps Bodanzky, is alone able to play on his vast instrument as though it were the key-board of a great organ whose bellows are filled with the four winds of heaven. His performance of Scriabin's "Poème D'Extase" was a hallelujah in the temple of musical art. There was no instrument on the platform, it seemed, but himself." If you say such things, though I may bemoan your brevity, I can understand you.

Or if, dropping the metallic style and riding sensuously on a sea of sound you prefer merely to float on the tide of your emotions and remark, as you drift subjectively along, "Leopold Stokowski is
a dreamer. The hasheesh which he eats is the poisonous passion flower of Russia. He cannot put a pinch of Scriabin to his tongue before you become, in imagination, a "Poeme D'Extase" yourself and ride with him deliriously to the distant shores of a fantastic country—which shores are unhappily lapped by silence, eventually ending your dream"—if you say such things as this I cannot only understand you. I can sympathize. I can applaud.

Instead, what do you say? You remark: "I am glad to state that the greatest musical experience I have had for three or four years," etc. And then, with an operatic touch, you conclude: "He was musical to the point of looking so (sic)—and he conducted without a score" (sic) (sic).

I have overburdened your generosity, I fear; but you publish your welcome to a free discussion of the arts and I cannot help but accept it. Advertisement is not criticism. If you really distinguish between the two forms of verbal expression I trust you will put me in error to the extent of publishing this letter somewhere in the body of your magazine and not among the list of Coffee Houses.

[It would be more kind to the writer and more fair, perhaps (since it can be seen that he has a point to make) to print his first four paragraphs and omit his very awful examples of critical writing. But my editorial experience has taught me that a man would rather appear in full, with his crimes upon him, than he deleted by even the kindest editorship. However I shall credit him with his point and answer only that. Or rather, he answers it for me: "People may have sufficient confidence in your powers of discrimination to be induced to try a plum for themselves. But they will do so not because you have criticised plums but because you have advertised them." Very well. That is quite right. That is all that was intended. If one sets out to make a piece of criticism, or a piece of appreciation (which is the same thing, despite Marsden Hartley,) it either turns out to be art, if he is an artist, or a valuation if he is merely a critic. Let it be one or the other. The only thing to avoid is what Mr. Parkhurst suggests. I have never written a word that I imagined to have any beauty, or form, or existence as literature. I merely like to talk about ideas. I am not a writer. I am a good critic. Of course I am using the term loosely. I am briefly answering Mr. Parkhurst's accusation. It would be more interesting to go into a discussion of the nature of the critic and to attack Mr. Parkhurst's premise of criticism. I take it for granted when I offer brief notes on music that my audience is capable of remembering the point of view from which I write. And I can certainly avoid any efforts in the direction of "Hallelujahs in the temple of musical art," etc. It
is easy to avoid: every one can make such efforts, every one does make them, every one likes them, they become one of the horrors of existence. And because every one sanctions this kind of thing, and we loathe it, The Little Review gains its reputation for aloofness and "superiority", etc. Superiority and aloofness are the only means of avoiding democracy in criticism.—M. C. A.]

Concerning Jessie Dismorr

by A. Y. Winters

I have of late seen and heard a few persons give vent to what seems to be a faint semblance of admiration for Miss Dismorr’s work, so perhaps I may be pardoned for writing a few words. I have before me a poem called Matinee (Little Review, March, 1918) and the group in the August number.

Williams demands "thought", but thought need not degenerate into philosophies or fragments thereof: "ideas". "Ideas" have been damned sufficiently by better intellects than mine, so I shall not stop to do that now. "Don’t be 'viewy'," says Pound, "leave that to the writers of pretty little philosophic essays." Perhaps he would object to my application of his statement, but I don’t think so. "Matinee" is apparently a philosophy of existence. It is written in very carefully chosen words (its outstanding quality) and is, roughly speaking, Whitman inverted with a few embroideries. It is a manifesto pure and simple: the author tells what she does, but does nothing. "I thrill to the microscopic." But how does she thrill to it? One must turn to the later group, where one sees "Spring". Is "Spring" a thrill? Perhaps. But such an one as the anaemic shiver running down the bare spindle shanks of the candy-fed child of a millionaire. But granting that different people are thrilled in different ways, and that "Spring" contains an emotion, we pass on to the rest of the group . . . We see the poet pen in hand, paper on knee . . . I must write a poem—what about—eyes wander vaguely describing arc
around ceiling of room—radius of arc strokes back of infinity—infinity: eternity—eternity vs. events—and the result is “Islands”, an uninteresting fiddling with abstractions, totally devoid of emotional value, and so far as “thought” is concerned, a knicknack drawing only a momentary curiosity. The same can be said to perhaps a less extent of “Twilight” (first two lines have considerable beauty), “Landscape,” and “Promenade.” “S-D.” is better but is the sort of thing that has been done as successfully or more so by Pound. For “The Enemy” I have “faint tremblance of enthusiasm”. Very faint, however. One sees very slight “ideas” dissected in great detail, which is bound to be tiresome. The care with which she selects her words is thrust upon one before everything else, and there are too often too many words. One hears the newly rich lady saying “Between you and I . . .” Her style is too often a meticulous verbosity.

**Russian Ballet**

**by John Rodker**

BOMBERG has produced an interesting little book commemorative of the Russian Ballet. There are six plates reproduced with great fidelity by lithographic processes in six colours, each with a runic inscription.

1. “Methodic discord startles” is an irritable composition which evokes only too well the mixed sensations in one waiting for the curtain to go up. White stippled with black is the most effective part of the design with pure reds and yellows to hold it together.

2. “Insistent snatchings drag fancy from space” is a tiny bright opening set in large sombre masses with the excitement of prying into a corner—the core of the matter suddenly apparent.

3. “Fluttering white hands beat—compel! Reason concedes” is full of gaiety and the movement of many people.

4. “Impressions crowding collide with movement round us” is dignified, full of the collision of powerful masses—a solid and gratifying piece of reproduction.

5. “The curtain falls—the creaks illusion escapes” has an air of incomplete finality leading to

6. “The mind clamped fast captures only a fragment for new
illusion” a blaze of crimson and yellow, immolation of the Phoenix, eternal recurrence, etc., etc.

As an experiment this is an interesting venture. Priced at 2/6 it is within the reach of the smallest purse. It should show whether there are more than 200 people all told who are interested in Art.

Images, by Richard Aldington. The Egoist. 3/6 net.

Greek Songs in the Manner of Anacreon, translated by Richard Aldington. The Poets Translation series. The Egoist Ltd. 2/6 net.

The Poems of Anyte of Tegea: translated by Richard Aldington.


WHEN Mr. Aldington is good he is very good and only occasionally can one be captious about him. Posterity will certainly not be able to help itself in ascribing inception paternity, etc., of the Imagists to Mr. Aldington, for this is the third book of Images from his pen within three months ("Images of War" and "Images of Desire").

Mr. Aldington brings to today that delight in classical literature which was at once the pride and devotion of the Humanists of the Renaissance—themselves no mean poets. It is true that his researches into languages do not extend as widely as those of his beloved Picus of Mirandola, but that would not be a too remote figure with which to compare him.

"In the Old Garden" which appeared in "Des Imagistes" is very finished and has perhaps the strongest emotional content of any poem in the book. Most of the time his form is relevant to his muse but his difficulty is one rather of over-emphasis than of restraint; that touch which makes familiar rather than ennobles. In "Choricos"
"We turn to thee singing
One last song."

or again, "a-tremble with dew." "One last song" is surely an anti-climax—an irrelevance, a loss of dignity.

Certain poems too are written on a general formula with unfortunate results:

We will come down
O Thalassa
And drift upon
Your pale green waves
Like petals.

The imagine has died of inanition.

"Bromios" however could not be better and the wholly admirable "The fawn sees snow for the first time" will surely have a permanent place in future anthologies. Poems which come out of his own experience, "At the British Museum," "At Nights," "Cinema Exit," "Childhood", are excellent. Were his muse confined to poems like "Choricos" one might have feared lest the spring suddenly dry, but there can be no fear of that when he can give us a poem like "Childhood" or "At Nights."

The Poets Translation Series takes on a new life in these editions bound and in a larger format than the pamphlets in which they originally appeared. Mr. Aldington hopes that a reader familiar with modern writing will find this humble prose version less repellant than that of Fawkes or those of the contemporary translators whose object seems to be to prove that the Greeks wrote doggerel.

He has succeeded magnificently in his task.

"Erato clasping her father with her hand and shedding tears spoke these last words:
O my father, I am yours no longer, for now black death lays the dusk of the grave upon my eyes."

The translations from Anacreon are equally happy.
Mr. Storer does as much for Sappho.
In the terms of the publishers puff "no library can be said to be complete without them."—J. R.]
INTERIM
by Dorothy Richardson

Chapter Six

MIRIAM came forward seeing nothing but the flood of golden light pouring from the central chandelier over the white tablecloth and sat down near Mrs. Bailey within the edge of its radiance. Amidst the broken lights and shadows of the furniture, mirrors and polished surfaces opened wide various distances and gleaming passages of light. The clear spaces of the walls sent back sheeny reflections of the central glow. The depths of the light still held unchanged the welcome that had met her when she had come in and found Emile laying the table. There was no change and no disappointment. People coming in one by one saying good evening in different intonations and sending out waves of silent curiosity, left her careless. There were five or six forms about the table besides Sissie sitting at the far end opposite her mother. Emile was handing round plates of soup and the forms were making sudden remarks about the weather and waiting to have their daily experience of the meal changed by something she might do or say. Presently they would be talking and would have forgotten her. Then she could see them all one by one and get away unseen, having had dinner only with Mrs. Bailey. Mrs. Bailey was standing carving the joint. When the silences grew deep enough for her to be aware of them she responded to the last remark about the weather or asked some fresh question about it as if no one had spoken at all. Behind her sallies expressed in them and in every movement of her busy determined battling with the joint Miriam felt her affectionate triumphant preoccupation. She had made no introductions and demanded nothing. There you are young lady she was secretly saying. I told you so. Now you're in your right place. It's perfectly easy you see. The joint was already partly distributed. Emile was handing three piled dishes of vegetables. A generous plateful of well-browned meat and gravy appeared before her with Mrs. Bailey's strong small toil-disfigured hand firmly grasping its edge. She took it to pass it on. Everything was hurrying on.... That's yorce my child said Mrs. Bailey. The low murmur was audible round the silent table. Asserting her independence with a sullen formality Miriam thanked her and looked about for condiments without raising her eyes to the range of those other eyes, all
taking photographs now that she was forced into movements. Mrs. Bailey placed a cruet near her plate. Yorce she pondered getting angrily away into thought. Mrs. Bailey could not know that it might be said to be more correct than yourz. It was an affectation. She had picked it up somewhere from one of those people who carefully say off-ten instead of awfen and it gave her satisfaction to use it, linked rebukingly up with the complacent motherly patronage of which she had boasted to the whole table. The first of Emile’s dishes appeared over her left shoulder and she saw as she turned unprepared, raised heads turned towards her end of the table. She scooped her vegetables quickly and clumsily out of the dishes. In her awkward movements and her unprotected raised face she felt, and felt all the observers seeing, the marks of her disgraceful experience. They saw her looking like Eve nervously helping herself to vegetables in the horrible stony cold dark restaurant of the hostel. They saw that she resented Mrs. Bailey’s public familiarity and could do nothing. She tried to look bored and murmured thank you when she had taken her third vegetable. It sounded out like a proclamation in the intense silence and she turned angrily to her plate trying to remember whether she had heard anyone else thank Emile for vegetables. After all she was paying for the meal and her politeness to Emile was her own affair. Abroad people bowed or raised their hats going in and out of shops and said Monsieur to policemen. Her efforts to eat abstractedly and to appear plunged in thought made her feel more and more like a poor relation. The details of her meeting with Eve fought their way incessantly in and out of her attempt to reclaim her sense of Mrs. Bailey’s house as a secret warmth and brightness added to the many resources of her life. Mrs. Bailey knew that her house had been changed by the meeting with Eve and was trying to tell her that she was not as independent as she thought.

What were the exact things she had told Mrs. Bailey? She had talked excitedly and scrappily and all the time Mrs. Bailey had been gathering information and drawing her own conclusions about the Hendersons. Mrs. Bailey saw Eve’s arrival at the station and her weary resentment of having everything done for her in the London manner, her revenge in the cab, sitting back and making the little abstracted patronising sounds in response to everything that was said to her, taking no interest, and at last saying how you run on. She saw something of the hostel . . . .

"Where’s Mr. Mendizzable? demanded Sissie . . . . The Girls’ Friendly; that was the name of that other thing. But that was for
servants. The Young Women's Bible Association was the worst disgrace that could happen to a gentlewoman. Eve had liked it. She had suddenly begun going about with an interested revived face eagerly doing what she was told. She was there now, it was her only home, and she must have all her meals there, for cheapness; there would be no outside life for her; her life was imprisoned by those women, consciously goody conscientious servants with flat caps, dominating everything, revelling in the goody atmosphere, the young women in the sitting room all looking raw, as if they washed very early in the morning in cold water and did their sparse hair with cold hands; the superintendent the watchful official expression on her large well-fed elderly high school-girl face, the way she sat on a footstool with her arms round her knees pretending to be easy and jolly while she recited that it was a privilege and a joy for sisters to be so near to each other as if she were daring us to deny it. I shan't see very much of Eve. She won't want me to. She will strike up a friendship with one of those young women. Miriam found herself glancing up the table towards the centre of a conflict. They were all joined in conflict over some common theme. No one was outside it; the whole table was in an uproar of voices and laughter. It was nothing but Miss Scott saying things about Mr. Mendizabal and everyone watching and throwing in remarks. Miss Scott was neighing across the table at something that had been said and was preparing to speak again without breaking into her laughter. All faces were turned her way. What's that Mr. Joe-anzen says? laughed Mrs. Bailey towards the last speaker. The invisible man opposite Miss Scott was not even Mr. Helsing; only the younger fainter Norwegian, and this side of him an extraordinary person: an abruptly bulging coarse fringe, a coarse-grained cheek bulging from under an almost invisible deep-sunken eye, an abruptly shelving bust under a coarse serge bodice.

"Mr. Yo-hanson says Mr. Mendy-zahble like n-gaiety." Miriam glanced across the table. That was all. That little man with an adenoid voice and a narrow sniggering laugh that brought a flush and red spots all over his face and shiny straight Sunday school hair watered and brushed flat, made up the party. Next to him was only Polly. Then came Miss Scott on Sissie's left; then Sissie and round the corner the Norwegian. Everyone looked dreadful in the harsh light, secret and secretly hostile to everyone else, unwilling to be there; and even here though there was nothing and no one there was that everlasting conversational fussing and competition.

"Quite right," hooted the bulky woman in a high pure girlish
voice, "I doan blame 'im."

Miriam turned towards the unexpectedness of her voice and sat helplessly observing. The serge sleeves were too short to cover her heavy red wrists; her pudgy hands held her knife and fork broadside, like salad servers. Her hair was combed flatly up over her large skull and twisted into a tiny screw at the top just behind the bulge of her fringe. Could she possibly be a boarder? She looked of far less consequence even than the Baileys. Her whole person was unconsciously ill at ease, making one feel ashamed.

"Mrs. m-Barrow is another of 'em," said the little man with his eyebrow raised as he sniggered out the words.

"I am Mr. Gunna, I doan believe in goan abate with a face like a fiddle."

Mr. Gunner's laughter flung back his head and sat him upright and brought him back to lean over his plate shaking noiselessly with his head sunk sideways between his raised shoulders as if he were dodging a blow. The eyes he turned maliciously towards Mrs. Barlow were a hard opaque pale blue. His lips turned outwards as he ate and his knife and fork had an upward tilt when at rest. Some of his spots were along the margin of his lips, altering their shape and making them look angry and sore. The eating part of his face was sullen and angry, not touched by the laughter that drew his eyebrows up and wrinkled his bent forehead and sounded only as a little click in his throat at each breath.

"There's plenty of glum folks abate," scolded Mrs. Barlow.

Miriam was aware that she was recoiling visibly, and tried to fix her attention on her meal. Mrs. Bailey was carving large second helpings and Emile's vegetable dishes had been refilled. None of these people thought it extraordinary that there should be all this good meal and a waiter, every day... it would be shameful to come again for the sake of the meal, feeling hostile. Besides, it would soon be unendurable; they would be aware of criticisms and would resent them. The only way to be able to come would be to pretend to laugh at remarks about people and join in discussions on opinions about cheerfulness and seriousness and winter and summer. They would not know that one was not sincere. They were perfectly sincere in their laughter and talk. They all had some sort of common understanding, even when they disagreed. It was the same everlasting problem again, the way people took everything for granted. They would be pleased, would turn and like one if one could say heartily isn't he a funny little man, mats, my word, or well I don't see anything particularly funny about him, or oh, give me the sum-
mer. But if one did that one would presently be worn and strained with lying, left with an empty excitement, while they went serenely on their way, and the reality that was there when one first sat down with them would have gone. Always and always in the end there was nothing but to be alone. And yet it needed people in the world to make the reality when one was alone. Perhaps just these uninterfering people, when one had forgotten their personal peculiarities and had only the consciousness of them in the distance . . . . . One might perhaps then wonder sometimes longingly what they were saying about the weather. But to be obliged to meet them daily . . . . She chided herself for the scathing glance she threw at the unconscious guests. Gunner was smiling sideways down the table again prepared to execute his laugh when he should have caught an eye and sent his grin home. Miriam almost prayed that nothing should provoke him again to speech. During a short silence she cleared her throat elaborately to cover the sound of his eating. Several voices broke out together, but Mrs. Bailey was suddenly saying something privately to her. She raised her head towards the bright promise and was aware of Mr. Gunner’s thoughtful and serene. There was a pleasant intelligence somewhere about his forehead. If only she could think his head clear and cool and not have to hear again the hot dull hollow resonance of his voice how joyously she would be listening to Mrs. Bailey. I’ve got a very special message for you young lady she had said and now went on with her eye on the conflict at the end of the table into which Mr. Gunner was throwing comments and exclamations from afar. The room beamed softly in its golden light. From the heart of the golden light Mrs. Bailey was hurrying towards her with good tidings.

“Hah” . . .

Mrs. Bailey looked round cloaking her vexation in a bridling smile as Mr. Mendizabal came in sturdily beaming. He sat down amidst the general outcry and Emile busied himself to lay him a place. He shouted answers to everyone, sitting with his elbows on the table. Putting her elbows on the table Mrs. Bailey applauded with little outbursts of laughter. She had dropped the idea of delivering her message. Miriam finished her pudding hurriedly. The din was increasing. No one was aware of her. Cautiously rising she asked Mrs. Bailey to excuse her. You go Miss? shouted Mr. Mendizabal suddenly looking her way. He looked extraordinary, not himself.

2.

Eve’s shop was a west-end blaze of flowers. Large pink-speckled
lilies, Japanese anemones, roses, cornflowers, artificial gilt baskets and heavy-looking anchors and horseshoes of hot-house flowers to be handed up to people on platforms, tight dance buttonholes on flat sprays of maidenhair fern pinned on to heart-shaped velvet mounts . . . . It was strange to be able to go in . . . . going in to see an employee was not the right way to go into a west-end shop . . . .

There was Eve. Standing unconvincingly in a bad droopy black dress on a bare wet wooden floor. Piles of tired looking cut flowers, a mass of feathery fresh greenery. Unarranged cut flowers in stone jam-pots. Hulloh, aren't your feet wet demanded Miriam going irritably in. Eve started and turned, looking. She was exhausted and excited, dreamily grappling with abrupt instructions; in a conservatory smell; trying to be an official part of the machinery that collected the conservatory smell, for sale—to expensive Londoners. You get used to it said Eve in a low nervous voice. Yes but you will catch a most frightful chill . . . . Do you like it? Yes said Eve uneasily, looking as if she were going to cry. It's awfully hard work, but I find I can do things I never dreamed I could do; you have to if you're obliged to. Do you serve in the shop? S'sh! I'm learning to. Miriam wanted to run away. Eve did not want her and was upset by her sudden appearance. I'm free, for lunch she went on holding angrily to her wonderful coming out into London in the middle of a week day. Can you come out? Oh no; there's never any time in the middle of the day. What do you do? I have a bun and some milk in the other room mouthed Eve with great difficulty, averted and obviously longing for her to be gone! Eve saw it all differently and was resenting the way she saw it. Eve had some quite different way of looking at everything and now she was so near she was determined to hold her own. What about to-night? Can you come round to Tansley Street said Miriam insincerely aloud catching sight of a large satin-clad form in the dark background beyond a screen partly hiding a door. Well—said Eve uncertainly, if I can, after Goodge Street supper. Oh all right ta-ta I must go said Miriam swinging away with a smile. Poor Eve. They would never keep her in that smart place, all shabby and blotchy with nerves; and she would certainly get ill. That was the meaning of those flowery shop fronts. People behind, slopping about tired, standing about all day in the wet . . . . Eve had broken up the west-end shop fronts . . . .

In Norway, up among the misty mountains, in farms and cot-
tages looking down on fiords with glorious scenery about them all the time are people sitting in the winter by fires and worrying about right and wrong and freewill. They wonder more gravely and sharply than we do. Torrents thunder in their ears and they can see mountains all the time even when they are indoors. "Ibsen's Brand" is about all those things, in magnificent scenery and I've been there. Do people read these things because of that? I forgot I was in this A. B. C. shop. An hour ago I had never been in Norway although I'd read about the fiords and the midnight sun and all the colour. Now I've cried in Norway and seen and heard and felt all the everyday sense of it. Everything in Ibsen's Brand is a part of me now for always, although I don't understand it. Why isn't everybody told about these things? Why aren't they advertised on the omnibuses and put in the menu? All these people going about not knowing that there is "Ibsen's Brand" to read. It's precious. A volume, bound in a cover, alive. Why do people say he is a great genius and rather improper. He is exactly like everyone else and worrying about the same things and perhaps hardly knows how you see and feel all those other things there are in his book left after you have forgotten what it is about. Geniuses write books that are alive. Something in them becomes a part of you...... She wandered out into Oxford Street feeling it vast under a huge gold-lit sky somewhere behind the twilight and wandered on and on forgetful in an expansion of everything that passed into her mind out and out towards a centre in Norway. She wondered whether Ibsen were still alive. Beautiful Norway and a man writing his thoughts in a made-up play. Genius. People go about saying Ibsen's Brand as if it were the answer to something and Ibsen knows no more than anyone else...... She arrived at Tansley Street as from a great distance, suddenly wondering about her relationship with the sound of carts and near footfalls. Mrs. Bailey was standing in the doorway seeing someone off. Eve. —I was kept; I couldn't get here before; I'm so sorry—Mrs. Bailey had disappeared. Eve stepped back into the hall and stood serenely glowing in the half-light.—Are you going?—I must, in a minute—Eve was looking sweet; slenderly beautiful and with her crimson-rose bloom; shy and indulgent and unenviously admiring as she had been at home; and Mrs. Bailey had been having it all.—Can't you come upstayers?—Not this time; I'll come again some time—Well; you must just tell me; what you been doing? Talking to Mrs. Bailey?—Yes—Eve had been flirting with Mrs. Bailey; perhaps talking about religion.—Isn't she funny?—I like her; she's perfectly genuine, she means what she says and really likes people—Yes; I know.
Isn’t it funny?—I don’t think it’s funny; it’s very beautiful and rare—Would you like to be here always?—Yes; I could be always with Mrs. Bailey. Every day of your life for ever and ever?—Rather—Yes; I know. And y’know there are all sorts of interesting people. I wish you lived here Eve—Eve glanced down wisely smiling and moved slenderly towards the door—What about Sunday? Couldn’t you come round for a long time?—No—breathed Eve re-strainingly—I’m going to Sallies—All Eve’s plans were people. She moved, painfully, through things, from person to person.

4.

Dr. Hurd held the door wide for Miriam to pass out and again his fresh closely knit worn brick-red face was deeply curved by the ironically chuckling hilarious smile with which he had met the incident of the “awful German language”. That of the fatherland, the happy fatherland, nearly dislocated my jaw she could imagine him heartily and badly singing with a group of Canadian students. She smiled back at him without saying anything rapidly piecing together the world that provoked his inclusive deeply carved smiles; himself, the marvellous little old country he found himself in as an incident of the business of forcing himself to be a doctor, his luck in securing an accomplished young English lady to prepare him for the struggle with the great medical world of Germany; his triumphant chuckling satisfaction in getting in first before the other fellows with an engagement to take her out . . . . The grandeur of this best bedroom of Mrs. Baileys was nothing to him. The room was just a tent in his wanderings . . . . For the moment he was going to take a young lady to a concert. That was how he saw it. He was a simple boyish red-haired extension of Dr. von Heber. When she found herself out in the large grime and gloom of the twilit landing she realised that he had lifted her far farther than Dr. von Heber into Canada; he was probably more Canadian. The ancient gloom of the house was nothing to him, he would get nothing of the quality of England in his personal life there, only passing glimpses from statements in books and in the conversation of other people. He did not see her as part of it all in the way Dr. von Heber had done talking at the table that night and wanting to talk to her because she was part of it. He saw her as an accomplished young lady, but a young lady like a Canadian young lady and a fellow was a fool if he did not arrange to take her out quick before the other fellows. But there was nothing in it but just that triumph. “I’ll get a silk
hat before Sunday”; he would prepare for her to go all the way down to the Albert Hall as a young lady being taken to a concert; the Albert Hall on Sunday was brass bands; he thought that was a concert. His world was thin and terrible; but the swift sunlit decision and freedom his innocent sunny reception of her in his bedroom made the dingy brown house of her long memories a new background. She was to be feted, in an assumed character and whether she liked it or no. The four strange men in the little back sitting room were her competing friends, the friends of all nice young ladies. He was the one who had laughed the laugh she had heard in the hall of course. They never appeared but somehow they had got to know of her and had their curious baseless set ways of thinking and talking about her. Being doctors and still students they ought to be the most hateful and awful kind of men in relation to women, thinking and believing all the horrors of medical science; the hundred golden rules of gynaecology; if they had been Englishmen they would have gone about making one want to murder them; but they did not; Dr. Hurd was studying gyn’kahl’jy, but he did not apply its ugly lies to life; to Canadians women were people... but they were all the same people to Dr. Hurd.

That evening both Dr. Heber and Doctor Hurd appeared at dinner. Mrs. Bailey tumultuously arranged them opposite each other to her right and left. Miriam could not believe they were going to stay until they sat down. She retreated to the far end of the table taking her place on Sissie’s right hand, separated from Dr. von Heber by the thin Norwegian and the protruding bulk of Mrs. Barrow. Mr. Mendizabal with a pencil and paper at the side of his plate was squarely opposite to her. His méfiant sallies to the accompaniment of Sissie’s giggles and Miss Strong’s rapid volleys of sarcasm, made a tumult to hide her bemused silence. She heard nothing of the conversations sprouting all round the table. The doctors were vast far off strongholds of serene life, unconscious of their vastness and serenity, unconscious of her and of their extraordinary taking of the Baileys and Mr. Gunner for granted... Dr. von Heber was a silence broken by small courteously curving remarks bringing back acute memories of the firmly curved held in indulations of his voice. Dr. Hurd laughed his leaping delighted laugh in and out of a sparring unmeditated interchange with Mr. Gunner and Mrs. Bailey. If she had been at their end of the table they would not have perceived her thoughts but they would have felt her general critical hostility
and got up at last disliking her. They changed the atmosphere but could not make her forget the underlying unchanged elements nor rid her of her resentment of their unconsciousness of them. There was a long interval before the puddings appeared. Mrs. Bailey was trying to answer questions about books. Dr. Hurd did not care for reading, but liked to be read to, by his sisters, in the evening, and had come away, at the most exciting part of a book . . . . a wonderful authoress, what's her name now — — Rosie — — New chet . . . Cary. He was just longing to know how it ended. Was it sweet and wonderful, or too dreadful for any words or thoughts to contemplate a student, a fully qualified doctor having Rosa Nouchette Carey read to him by his sisters? Dr. von Heber was not joining in. Did he read novels and like them? No one had anything to say; no one here knew even of Rosa Nouchette Carey . . . . and that man Hunter . . . he's great . . . he's father's favourite; what's this, Mr. Barnes of New York . . . . Archibald Clavering Gunter said Miriam suddenly, longing to be at the other end of the table. Beg pardon? said Sissie turning aside for a moment from watching Mr. Mendizabal's busy pencil. There he is shouted Mr. Mendizabal flinging out his piece of paper—gastric ulcer—there he is. There was a drawing of a sort of crab with huge claws.—My beautiful gastric ulcer—Have you been to the ospital to-day Mr. Mendizzable asked Mrs. Bailey through the general laughter. I have been madame and I come away. They say they welcome me inside again soon. Je me'en fiche. The faces of both doctors were turned enquiringly. Dr. Hurd's look of quizzical sympathy passed on towards Miriam and became a mask of suppressed hysterical laughter. Perhaps he and Dr. Heber would scream and yell together afterwards and make a great story of a man in a London pension. Dr. Hurd would call him a cure. My word isn't that chap a cure? Brave little man. Caring for nothing. How could he possibly have a gastric ulcer and look so hard and happy and strong. What was Dr. von Heber silently thinking? The doctors disappeared as soon as dinner was over. Dr. Heber gravely rounding the door with some quiet formal phrases of politeness, and the group about the table broke up. He's a bit pompous Mr. Gunter was saying presently to someone from the hearthrug. Was he daring to speak of Dr. von Heber? Presently there were only the women left in the room. Miriam felt unable to depart and hung about until the table was cleared and sat down under the gas protected by her notebook. The room was very quiet. Sissie and Mrs. Bailey were mending stockings near a lamp at the far end of the table. Miriam's thoughts left her suddenly. The tide of life had swept away leaving an undisturbed
stillness, a space swept clear. She was empty and nothing. In all the clamour that had passed she had no part. In all the immense noise of life that lay ahead, no part. Strong people came and went and never ceased, coming and going and acting ceaselessly, coming and going, and here, at the centre, was nothing, lifeless thoughtless nothingness. The four men studied apart in the little room, away from the empty lifeless nothingness . . . . the door opened quietly. Mrs. Bailey and Sissie looked expectantly up and were silent. Something had come into the room. Something real clearing away the tumult and compelling peaceful silence. She exerted all her force to remain still and apparently engrossed, as Dr. Heber placed an open notebook and a large volume on the table exactly opposite to where she sat and sat down. He did not see that she was astonished at his coming nor her still deeper astonishment in the discovery of her unconscious certainty that he would come. A haunting familiar sense of unreality possessed her. Once more she was part of a novel; the right and proper thing was for Dr. Heber to come in in defiance of everyone, bringing his studies into the public room in order to sit down quietly opposite this fair young English girl. He saw her apparently gravely studious and felt he could 'pursue his own studies' all the better for her presence. She began writing at random, assuming as far as possible the characteristics she felt he was reading into her appearance. If only it were true; but there was not in the whole world the thing he thought he saw. Perhaps if he remained steadily like that in her life she could grow into some semblance of is imagining. Perhaps you need to be treated as an object of romantic veneration before you can become one. Perhaps in Canada there were old-fashioned women who were objects of romantic veneration all their lives living all the time as if they were Maud or some other woman from Tennyson. It was glorious, incredible, to have a real, simple homage coming from a man who was no simpleton, coming simple, strong and kindly from Canada to put you in a shrine . . . . I have always liked those old-fashioned stories because I have always known they were true. They have lived on in Canada. Canadian men have kept something that Englishmen are losing. She turned the pages of her notebook and came upon the scrap crossed through by Mr. Mendizabal. She read the words through forcing them to accept a superficial value. Disturbance about ideas would destroy the perfect serenity that was demanded of her. Be good sweet maid and let who will be clever. Easy enough if one were perpetually sustained by a strong and adoring hand. Perhaps more difficult really to be good than to be clever.
Perhaps there were things in this strong man that were not perfectly good and serene. He exacted his own serenity by sheer force; that was why he worshipped and looked for natural serenity. Presently she stirred from her engrossment and looked across at him as if only just aware of his presence. He did not meet her look but a light came upon his face and he raised his head and turned steadily towards the light as if to aid her observation. The things that are beginning to be called silly futile romances were true. Here is the strong silent man who did not want to talk and grin. He would love laughter. Freed from worries and sustained by him one could laugh all one's laughter out and dance and sing through life to a peaceful happy sunsetting. Was he religious? She found she had risen to her feet with decision and began collecting her papers in confusion as if she had suddenly made a great clamour. Dr. Heber rose at once and with some quiet murmuring remark went away from the room. Miriam felt she must get into the open and go far on and on and on. Going upstairs through the house and into her room for her outdoor things she found her own secret belongings more her own. In the life she dimly and shyly glanced at, out away somewhere in the bright blaze of Canadian sunshine her own secret belongings would be more her own. That was one of the secrets of the sheltered life, suddenly discovered. Perhaps that was one of the things behind the smiles of the sheltered women; their own secret certainties intensified because they were surrounded; perhaps in Canada men respected the secret certainties of women which they could never share. With your feet on that firm ground what would it matter how life went on and on. There was someone in the hall. Mr. Mendizabal in a funny little short overcoat:

“You go out Miss?” he said cheerfully.

“I'm going for a walk,” she said eagerly, her eyes on the clear grey and black of the hat he was taking from the hall stand.

“I too go for a walk” he murmured cramming the soft hat on to his resisting hair and opening the door for her.

This was one of those mild February days; it is a mistake to imagine that the winter is gone; but it is gone in your mind; you can see ahead two summers and only one winter. I go with you was meant as a question. It was on the tip of her tongue to turn and say you should have said shall I go with you; she was rebuked by a glimpse of Mr. Mendizabal swinging sturdily unconsciously...
along on the gutter side of the narrow width of pavement swinging his stick, the strong modelling of his white face unconscious under his strong black hair and the jaunty sweep of his black banded grey hat. “Jaunty and debonnair”; but without a touch of weakness. What a lovely mild evening; extraordinary for the time of year; he would be furious at being interrupted for that, thinking of her as a stiff formal institutrice and shouting something ironic that would bring the world about their ears. Quel beau temps; that was it.

“Quel beau temps.” They had reached the Gower Street curb and watched to plunge through some passing traffic.

“Une soirée superbe mademoiselle” shouted Mr. Mendizabal in a smooth flattened squeal as they crossed side by side; “hah-eh!” he squealed pushing her off to dart clear of a hansom and away to the opposite curb. Miriam pulled back just in time, receiving the angry yell of the driver full in her upturned face. Mr. Mendizabal was waiting unconcernedly outside the chemist’s singing, with French words. She disposed hastily of the incident, eager to be walking on through the darkness towards the mingled darkness and gold of the coming streets. They went along past the glooming heights of University College Hospital, separate creatures of mysteriously different races (she expected that when they reached the light she would find herself alone), and swung with one accord round into the brilliance of the Tottenham Court Road; the tide of light and sound rising in companionship that brought no bending into shapes of conversation or behaviour, higher round Miriam than ever it had done before. It was something to him and it was something to her, and they threaded their way together, meeting and separating and rejoining, unanimous and apart. We are both battreurs des pavés, she thought; both people who must be free to be nothing; saying to everything je m’en fiche . . . the hushed happiness that had begun in the dining room half an hour ago seized her again suddenly, sending her forward almost on tiptoe. It was securely there; the vista it opened growing in beauty as she walked. There was some source of light within her, something that was ready to spread out all round her and ahead and flow over the past. It confirmed scenes she had read and wondered at and cherished seeking in vain in the world for women who were like the women described in them. She understood what women in books meant by sacred. “It is all too sacred for words”. There was no choice in all that; only secret and sacred beauty; unity with all women who had felt in the same way; the freedom of following vast certainties. Outside it was this other self untouched and always new, her old free companion who could
attend to no one. She tossed Mr. Mendizabal shreds of German or French whenever the increasing throng of passing pedestrians allowed them to walk for a moment side by side. His apparent oblivion of her incoherence gave full freedom to her delight in her collection of idioms and proverbs. Each one flung out with its appropriate emphasis and the right foreign intonation gave her a momentary change of personality. He caught the shreds and returned them woven into phrases increasing her store of convincing foreignness comfortably from the innocence of his polyglot experience requiring no instructive contribution from her and reassuringly assuming her equal knowledge, his conscious response being only to her joyousness, his eyes wide ahead, his features moulded to gaiety. The burden of her personal dinginess and resourcelessness in a strong resourceful world was hidden by him because he was not aware of dinginess and resourcelessness anywhere. Dingy and resourceless she wandered along keeping as long as her scraps of convincing impersonation should hold out to her equal companionship with his varied experience, bearing within her in bright unfathomable abundance the gift of ideal old-English rose and white gracious adorable womanhood given to her by Dr. Heber. At the turning into Oxford Street they lost each other. Miriam wandered in solitude amidst jostling bodies. The exhausted air rang with lifeless strident voices in shoutings and heavy thick flattened unconcerned speech; even from above a weight seemed to press. Clearer space lay ahead; but it was the clear space of Oxford Street and pressed upon her without ray or break. Once it had seemed part of the golden glory of the west end; but Oxford St., was not the west end. It was more lifeless and hopeless than even the north of London; more endurable because life was near at hand. Oxford Street was like a prison . . . . the embarrassment of her enterprise took her suddenly; the gay going off was at an end; perhaps she might get away and back home alone up a side street. Amidst the shouting of women and the interwoven dark thick growlings of conversations she heard Mr. Mendizabal's ironic snorting laugh not far behind her. Glancing round from the free space of darkness she had reached she saw him emerge shoulder- ing from a group of women short and square and upright and gleaming brilliantly with the remains of his laughter. A furious wrath flickered over her from head to foot. He came forward with his eyes ahead unseeing, nearer, near, safe at her side, her little foreign Mr. Mendizabal, mild and homely.

“Here is Ruscinos” mademoiselle, allons, we will go to Ruscino allons!” Ruscino, in electric lights round the top of the little square
portico like the name of a play round the portico of a theatre, the sentry figure of the commissionaire, the passing glimpse of palm ferns standing in semi-darkness just inside the portico, the darkness beyond, suddenly became a place, separate and distinct from the vague confusion of it in her mind with the Oxford Music Hall, offering itself, open before her, claiming to range itself in her experience, open, with her inside and the mysteries of the portico behind... continental London ahead of her, streaming towards her in mingled odours of continental food and wine, rich intoxicating odours in an air heavy and parched with the flavour of cigars, throbbing with the solid, filmy thrilling swing of music. It was a café! Mr. Mendizabal was evidently an habitué. She would be, by right of her happiness abroad. She was here as a foreigner, all her English friends calling her back as from a spectacle she could not witness without contamination. Only Gerald knew the spectacle of Ruscinos'. "Lord, Ruscinos'; Lord"... In a vast open space of light set in a circle of balconied gloom innumerable little tables held groups of people wreathed in a brilliancy of screened light, veiled in mist, clear in sharp spaces of light, clouded by drifting spirals of smoke. They sat down at right angles to each other at a little table under the central height. The confines of the room were invisible. All about them were worldly wicked happy people.  

7.

She could understand a life that spent all its leisure in a café; every day ending in warm brilliance, forgetfulness amongst strangers near and dear and intimate, sharing the freedom and forgetfulness of the everlasting unchanging café, all together in a common life. It was like a sort of dance, everyone coming and going poised and buoyant, separate and free, united in freedom. It was a heaven, a man's heaven, most of the women were there with men, somehow watchful and dependent, but even they were forced to be free from troublings and fussings whilst they were there... the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest... she was there as a man, a free man of the world, a continental, a cosmopolitan, a connoisseur of women. That old man sitting alone with a grey face and an extinguished eye was at the end of it, but even now the café held him up; he would come till death came too near to allow him movement. He was horrible, but less horrible than he would be alone in a room; he had to keep the rules and manage to behave; as long as he could come he was still in life... White muslin wings on a black straw hat, a well cut check costume and a carriage, bust
forward, an elegant carriage imposing secrets and manners...

Miriam turned to watch her proceeding with a vague group of people through the central light towards the outer gloom. Voila une petite qui est jolie she remarked judicially.—Une jeune fille avec ses parents—rebuked Mr. Mendizabal. Even he, wicked fast little foreigner did not know how utterly meaningle his words were. He was here, in Ruscinos' quite simply. He sat at home, at the height of his happy foreign expansiveness. He had no sense of desperate wickedness. He gave no help to the sense of desperate wickedness; pouring somehow like an unacceptable nimbus from his brilliant strong head was a tiresome homeliness. She flung forth to the music, the shining fronds of distant palm ferns; sipped her liqueur with downcast eyes and thought of evening along the digue at Ostend, the balmy air, the telescoping brilliant interiors of the villas, wild arm-linked masquerading stroll, Elsie had really looked like an unprincipled Bruxelloise, ... foreigners were all innocent in their depravity. ... To taste the joy of depravity one must be English. ... Hah; Strelinsky! Ca va bien, heir.? A figure had risen out of the earth at Mr. Mendizabal's elbow and stood looking down at him; another foreigner. She glanced with an air of proprietorship; a slender man in a thin faded grey overcoat, a sharp greyish yellow profile and small thin head under a dingy grey felt hat. Strelinsky. Mr. Mendizabal stood sturdily up bowing with square outstretched hand, wrapped in the tremendous radiating beam of his smile. I present you Mr. Strelinsky. A musician. A composer of music. His social manner was upon him again; fatherliness, strong responsible hard-working kindliness. The face under the grey hat turned slowly towards her. She bowed and looked into eyes set far back in the thin mask of the face. Her eyes passed a question from the expressionless eyes to the motionless expressionless face. How could he be a composer; looking so... vanishing? Strelinsky... Morceau pour piano... that must be he standing here; did you write this she said abruptly and hummed the beginning. It sounded shapeless and toneless, but there was a little tune just ahead. She broke off short of it not sure that he was attending; the world burst into laughter; his face turned slowly and stopped looking downwards across her his eyes fixed in a dead repetition of laughter in which she was drowning. He stood in space in a faded coat and hat a colourless figure clothed by her reeling feebleness in lively dinity and wisdom... grouped inaccessibly beyond the vast space were solid tables filled with judges; dim figures stood in judgment in the amber light under the gallery
where palms stood; she was drowning alone, surrounded by a distant circle of palms. Eleven. We must go miss stated Mr. Mendizabal cordially. The evening is over . . . . Miriam rose and felt the café tide flow round her; spreading as far as she could see was the misty smoke wreathed golden light bathing the seated groups of her companions. She wandered out blissfully threading her way amongst tables towards the black and gold of the streets. Strelnsky, melted away, stayed in the evening, a ghost drifting greyly amongst an endless narrowing distance of café.

(to be continued)

BALLADE

by Louis Gilmore

Discovery
Of the divan
Waiting
On edge
The lamp
Two chairs
In an aside

The precocious
Child
Of contagion
Between two
Bodies
Dilates
On the wall
To the dripping
Of the clock

You and I
Are in the dark
Outside
Of the key-hole
THE READER CRITIC

Two Points of View

Arthur Purdon, New York:

The Art you express is that of finished composition. That you worship and talk about. You are secure with your Art in your drawing-room circle of literary friends. The whole atmosphere of your expression has been and is that of upper-class superiority. The scholar and student finds in your magazine what is most dear to his heart: an intellectual apology for the continuance of his studies,—to improve his mind at no matter what cost or consideration.

You voice no fierce rebellion but consider yourself one of the elite. It is because you have arrived at a certain degree of perfection in the expression of your Art that I see in your magazine no deep-lying discontent. More or less satisfied to continue to publish a magazine of the Arts making a certain appeal to an intellectual public, you will remain a bulwark of strength to that group of people.

The mass—the lower class—who struggle and live and fail are unknown except to a few of the same class, are feared by anyone publishing a magazine such as yours. You protect yourself against mass action by throwing up an intellectual barrage. Not content to mingle with or become a part of the mass you thereby make a choice to remain in power with the ruling class as long as possible and by whatever means.

M. C. Pugsley, Westfield, New York:

Thank you for the generous offer of the Little Review and Poetry... It was good to learn that one could help some in that consummate creative sphere where Art is. I wish I could tell you what delight is mine because of the Little Review. But—

My hands are hard and ugly, they sting and burn,
Drudgery has scorchèd them as gunpowder has
scared the blasted rock,
And beyond me
The earth bows up a line a radiant arc
Against the blue waters of the lake,
And the gods are flashing emeralds in the glow of
the afternoon...

—and so I am unable to tell further. But when Mr. Joyce says "... White breast of the dim sea" and then chants to its motions and says
finally “Wave white wedded words shimmering on the dim tide” . . . why then I know that my dim sensibilities are made vivid and have become focused by a glowing image, and that I am in the path where a great master has gone.

Well, have I told you yet?

Matthew Josephson, Brooklyn:

After an exhaustive survey of all the literary magazines in the country I am convinced that the Little Review is the only self-respecting journal alive. I admire its courage, its tenacity,—even its inconsistency.

Concerning Else von Freytag-Loringhoven

Lola Ridge, New York:

Are you hypnotized, or what, that you open the Little Review with such a retching assault upon Art (“The Cast-Iron Lover”)?

Helen Rowland with a vengeance!

F. E. R., Chicago:

How can you who have had the honour of printing Yeats open your pages to the work of the Baroness von Freytag-Loringhoven?

[It's a bit too easy and a little sentimental, isn't it, to ask such questions? Yeats was born an old master. Do you feel that you “understand” Yeats better than you do Else von Freytag. We are not limiting ourselves to the seven arts. No one has yet done much about the Art of Madness. I should like to print these two side by side; it would make a neat antithesis of the Giver and the Getter, etc.—jh.]
Perhaps we do not always sufficiently consider that thought is successive, not through some accident or weakness of our subjective operations but because the operations of nature are successive. The transfers of force from agent to agent, which constitute natural phenomena, occupy time. Therefore, a reproduction of them in imagination requires the same temporal order.*

Suppose that we look out of a window and watch a man. Suddenly he turns his head and actively fixes his attention upon something. We look ourselves and see that his vision has been focussed upon a horse. We saw, first, the man before he acted; second, while he acted; third, the object toward which his action was directed. In speech we split up the rapid continuity of this action and of its picture into its three essential parts or joints in the right order, and say:

Man sees horse.

It is clear that these three joints, or words, are only three phonetic symbols, which stand for the three terms of a natural process. But we could quite as easily denote these three stages of our thought by symbols equally arbitrary, which had no basis in sound; for example, by three Chinese characters

If we all knew what division of this mental horse picture each of these signs stood for, we could communicate continuous thought to one another as easily by drawing them as by speaking words. We habitually employ the visible language of gesture in much this same manner.

But Chinese notation is something much more than arbitrary symbols. It is based upon a vivid shorthand picture of the operations of nature.

[Style, that is to say, limpidity, as opposed to rhetoric.—E. P.]
In the algebraic figure and in the spoken word there is no natural connection between thing and sign: all depends upon sheer convention. But the Chinese method follows natural suggestion. First stands the man on his two legs. Second, his eye moves through space: a bold figure represented by running legs under an eye, a modified picture of an eye, a modified picture of running legs but unforgettable once you have seen it. Third stands the horse on his four legs.

The thought picture is not only called up by these signs as well as by words but far more vividly and concretely. Legs belong to all three characters: they are *alive*. The group holds something of the quality of a continuous moving picture.

The untruth of a painting or a photograph is that, in spite of its concreteness, it drops the element of natural succession.

Contrast the Laocoon statue with Browning's lines:

"I sprang to the saddle, and Jorris, and he
And into the midnight we galloped abreast."

One superiority of verbal poetry as an art rests in its getting back to the fundamental reality of *time*. Chinese poetry has the unique advantage of combining both elements. It speaks at once with the vividness of painting, and with the mobility of sounds. It is, in some sense, more objective than either, more dramatic. In reading Chinese we do not seem to be juggling mental counters, but to be watching *things* work out their own fate.

Leaving for a moment the form of the sentence, let us look more closely at this quality of vividness in the structure of detached Chinese words. The earlier forms of these characters were pictorial, and their hold upon the imagination is little shaken, even in later conventional modifications. It is not so well known, perhaps, that the great number of these ideographic roots carry in them a verbal idea of action. It might be thought that a picture is naturally the picture of a *thing*, and that therefore the root ideas of Chinese are what grammar calls nouns.

But examination shows that a large number of the primitive Chinese characters, even the so-called radicals, are shorthand pictures of actions or processes.

For example, the ideograph meaning "to speak" is a mouth with two words and a flame coming out of it. The sign meaning "to grow up with difficulty" is grass with a twisted root. But this concrete verb quality, both in nature and in the Chinese signs, becomes far more strik-
ing and poetic when we pass from such simple, original pictures to compounds. In this process of compounding, two things added together do not produce a third thing but suggest some fundamental relation between them. For example, the ideograph for a "messmate" is a man and a fire.

A true noun, an isolated thing, does not exist in nature. Things are only the terminal points, or rather the meeting points of actions, cross-sections cut through actions, snap-shots. Neither can a pure verb, an abstract motion, be possible in nature. The eye sees noun and verb as one: things in motion, motion in things, and so the Chinese conception tends to represent them.

The sun underlying the bursting forth of plants — spring.
The sun tangled in the branches of the tree sign — east.
"Rice-field" plus "struggle" — male.
"Boat" plus "water" = boat-water, a ripple.

Let us return to the form of the sentence and see what power it adds to the verbal units from which it builds. I wonder how many people have asked themselves why the sentence form exists at all, why it seems so universally necessary in all languages? Why must all possess it, and what is the normal type of it? If it be so universal it ought to correspond to some primary law of nature.

I fancy the professional grammarians have given but a lame response to this inquiry. Their definitions fall into two types: one, that a sentence expresses a "complete thought"; the other, that in it we bring about a union of subject and predicate.

The former has the advantage of trying for some natural objective standard, since it is evident that a thought can not be the test of its own completeness. But in nature there is no completeness. On the other hand, practical completeness may be expressed by a mere interjection, as "Hi! there!", or "Scat", or even by shaking one's fist. No sentence is needed to make one's meaning clear. On the other hand, no full sentence really completes a thought. The man who sees and the horse which is seen will not stand still. The man was planning a ride before he looked. The horse kicked when the man tried to catch him. The truth is that acts are successive, even continuous; one causes or passes into another. And though we may string never so many clauses into a single compound sentence, motion leaks everywhere, like electricity from an exposed wire. All processes in nature are inter-related; and thus there could be no complete sentence (according to this definition) save one which it would take all time to pronounce.

In the second definition of the sentence, as "uniting a subject and a predicate," the grammarian falls back on pure subjectivity. We do it
The subject is that about which I am going to talk; the predicate is that which I am going to say about it. The sentence according to this definition is not an attribute of nature but an accident of man as a conversational animal.

If it were really so, then there could be no possible test of the truth of a sentence. Falsehood would be as specious as verity. Speech would carry no conviction.

Of course this view of the grammarians springs from the discredited, or rather the useless, logic of the middle ages. According to this logic, thought deals with abstractions, concepts drawn out of things by a sifting process. These logicians never inquired how the "qualities" which they pulled out of things came to be there. The truth of all their little checker-board juggling depended upon the natural order by which these powers or properties or qualities were folded in concrete things, yet they despised the "thing" as a mere "particular", or pawn. It was as if Botany should reason from the leafpatterns woven into our table-cloths. Valid scientific thought consists in following as closely as may be the actual and entangled lines of forces as they pulse through things. Thought deals with no bloodless concepts but watches things move under its microscope.

The sentence form was forced upon primitive men by nature itself. It was not we who made it; it was a reflection of the temporal order in causation. All truth has to be expressed in sentences because all truth

It seems to me that the normal and typical sentence in English is the transference of power. The type of sentence in nature is a flash of lightning. It passes between two terms, a cloud and the earth. No unit of natural process can be less than this. All natural processes are, in their units, as much as this. Light, heat, gravity, chemical affinity, human will have this in common, that they redistribute force. Their unit of process can be represented as:

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If we regard this transference as the conscious or unconscious act of an agent we can translate the diagram into:

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agent  act  object
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In this the act is the very substance of the fact denoted. The agent and the object are only limiting terms.
well as in Chinese expresses just this unit of natural process. It consists of three necessary words; the first denoting the agent or subject from which the act starts; the second embodying the very stroke of the act; the third pointing to the object, the receiver of the impact. Thus:

[Image of Chinese characters]

Farmer pounds rice.

The form of the Chinese transitive sentence, and of the English (omitting particles) exactly corresponds to this universal form of action in nature. This brings language close to things, and in its strong reliance upon verbs it erects all speech into a kind of dramatic poetry.

A different sentence order is frequent in inflected languages like Latin, German or Japanese. This is because they are inflected, i.e., they have little tags and word-endings, or labels to show which is the agent, the object, etc. In uninflected languages, like English and Chinese, there is nothing but the order of the words to distinguish their functions. And this order would be no sufficient indication, were it not the natural order—that is, the order of cause and effect.

It is true that there are, in language, intransitive and passive forms, sentences built out of the verb “to be,” and finally negative forms. To grammarians and logicians these have seemed more primitive than the transitive, or at least exceptions to the transitive. I had long suspected that these apparently exceptional forms had grown from the transitive or worn away from it by alteration or modification. This view is confirmed by Chinese examples, wherein it is still possible to watch the transformation going on.

The intransitive form derives from the transitive by dropping a generalized, customary, reflexive or cognate object. “He runs (a race).” “The sky reddens (itself).” “We breathe (air).” Thus we get weak and incomplete sentences which suspend the picture and lead us to think of some verbs as denoting states rather than acts. Outside grammar the word “state” would hardly be recognized as scientific. Who can doubt that when we say, “The wall shines,” we mean that it actively reflects light to our eye?

The beauty of Chinese verbs is that they are all transitive or intransitive at pleasure. There is no such thing as a naturally intransitive
verb. The passive form is evidently a correlative sentence, which turns about and makes the object into a subject. That the object is not itself passive, but contributes some positive force of its own to the action, is in harmony both with scientific law and with ordinary experience. The English passive voice with "is" seemed at first an obstacle to this hypothesis, but one suspected that the true form was a generalized transitive verb meaning something like "receive," which had degenerated into an auxiliary. It was a delight to find this the case in Chinese.

In nature there are no negations, no possible transfers of negative force. The presence of negative sentences in language would seem to corroborate the logicians' view that assertion is an arbitrary subjective act. We can assert a negation, though nature cannot. But here again science comes to our aid against the logician: all apparently negative or disruptive movements bring into play other positive forces. It requires great effort to annihilate. Therefore we should suspect that, if we could follow back the history of all negative particles, we should find that they also are sprung from transitive verbs. It is too late to demonstrate such derivations in the Aryan languages, the clue has been lost, but in Chinese we can still watch positive verbal conceptions passing over into so-called negatives. Thus in Chinese the sign meaning "to be lost in the forest" relates to a state of non-existence. English "not = the Sanskrit na, which may come from the root na, to be lost, to perish.

Lastly comes the infinitive which substitutes for a specific colored verb the universal copula "is," followed by a noun or an adjective. We do not say a tree "greens itself," but "the tree is green," not that "monkeys bring forth live young," but that "the monkey is a mammal." This is an ultimate weakness of language. It has come from generalizing all intransitive words into one. As "live," "see," "walk," "breathe," are generalized into states by dropping their objects, so these weak verbs are in turn reduced to the abstractest state of all, namely, bare existence.

There is in reality no such verb as a pure copula, no such original conception, our very word exist means "to stand forth," to show oneself by a definite act. "Is" comes from the Aryan root as, to breathe. "Be" is from bhu, to grow.

In Chinese the chief verb for "is" not only means actively "to have," but shows by its derivation that it expresses something even more concrete, namely, "to snatch from the moon with the hand." Here the baldest symbol of prosaic analysis is transformed by magic into a splendid flash of concrete poetry.

I shall not have entered vainly into this long analysis of the sentence if I have succeeded in showing how poetical is the Chinese form and how close to nature. In translating Chinese, verse especially, we must
hold as closely as possible to the concrete force of the original, eschewing adjectives, nouns and intransitive forms wherever we can, and seeking instead strong and individual verbs.

Lastly we notice that the likeness of form between Chinese and English sentences renders translation from one to the other exceptionally easy. The genius of the two is much the same. Frequently it is possible by omitting English particles to make a literal word-for-word translation which will be not only intelligible in English, but even the strongest and most poetical English. Here, however, one must follow closely what is said, not merely what is abstractly meant.

Let us go back from the Chinese sentence to the individual written word. How are such words to be classified? Are some of them nouns by nature, some verbs and some adjectives? Are there pronouns and prepositions and conjunctions in Chinese as in good Christian languages?

One is led to suspect from an analysis of the Aryan languages that such differences are not natural and that they have been unfortunately invented by grammarians to confuse the simple poetic outlook on life. All nations have written their strongest and most vivid literature before they invented a grammar. Moreover, all Aryan etymology points back to roots which are the equivalents of simple Sanskrit verbs, such as we find tabulated at the back of our Skeat. Nature herself has no grammar.*

Fancy picking up a man and telling him that he is a noun, a dead thing rather than a bundle of functions. A “part of speech” is only what it does. Frequently our lines of cleavage fail, one part of speech acts for another. They act for one another because they were originally one and the same.

Few of us realize that in our own language these very differences once grew up in living articulation; that they still retain life. It is only when the difficulty of placing some odd term arises or when we are forced to translate into some very different language, that we attain for a moment the inner heat of thought, a heat which melts down the parts of speech to recast them at will.

One of the most interesting facts about the Chinese language is that in it we can see, not only the forms of sentences, but literally the parts of speech growing up, budding forth one from another. Like nature, the Chinese words are alive and plastic, because thing and action are not

*[Even Latin, (living Latin) had not the network they foist upon unfortunate school-children. These are borrowed sometimes from Greek grammarians, even as I have seen English grammars borrowing oblique cases from Latin grammars. Sometimes they sprang from the grammaticalizing or categorizing passion of pedants. Living Latin had only the feel of the cases. The ablative and dative eotion.—E. P.]
formally separated. The Chinese language naturally knows no grammar. It is only lately that foreigners, European and Japanese, have begun to torture this vital speech by forcing it to fit the bed of their definitions. We import into our reading of Chinese all the weakness of our own formalisms. This is especially sad in poetry, because the one necessity, even in our own poetry, is to keep words as flexible as possible, as full of the sap of nature.

Let us go further with our example. In English we call "to shine" a verb in the infinitive, because it gives the abstract meaning of the verb without conditions. If we want a corresponding adjective we take a different word, "bright." If we need a noun we say "luminosity," which is abstract, being derived from an adjective.* To get a tolerably concrete noun, we have to leave behind the verb and adjective roots, and light upon a thing arbitrarily cut off from its power of action, say "the sun" or "the moon." Of course there is nothing in nature so cut off, and therefore this nounizing is itself an abstraction. Even if we did have a common word underling at once the verb "shine", the adjective "bright", and the noun "sun," we should probably call it an infinitive of the infinitive. According to our ideas, it should be something extremely abstract, too intangible for use.

The Chinese have one word, ming, or mei. Its ideograph is the sign of the sun together with the sign of the moon. It serves as verb, noun, adjective. Thus you write literally, "the sun and moon of the cup" for "the cup's brightness. Placed as a verb, you write "the cup sun-and-moons," actually "cup sun-and-moon," or in a weakened thought, "is like sun," i.e., shines. "Sun-and-moon-cup" is naturally a bright cup. There is no possible confusion of the real meaning, though a stupid scholar may spend a week trying to decide what "part of speech" he should use in translating a very simple and direct thought from Chinese to English.

The fact is that almost every written Chinese word is properly just such an underlying word, and yet it is not abstract. It is not exclusive of parts of speech, but comprehensive; not something which is neither a noun, verb, or adjective, but something which is all of them at once and at all times. Usage may incline the full meaning now a little more to one side, now to another, according to the point of view, but through all cases the poet is free to deal with it richly and concretely, as does nature.

*A good writer would use "shine" (i.e., to shine), shining, and "the shine" or "sheen", possibly thinking of the German "shöne" and "Schönheit"; but this does not invalidate Prof. Fenollosa's next contention.—E. P. ]

(to be continued)
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