THE LITTLE REVIEW

DECEMBER, 1919

A MAGAZINE OF THE ARTS
MAKING NO COMPROMISE WITH THE PUBLIC TASTE
**NEW BOOKS BY MASTER CRAFTSMEN**

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Subscription price, payable in advance, in the United States and Territories, $2.50 per year; Single copy 25 c., Canada, $2.75; Foreign, $3.00. Published monthly, and copyrighted, 1919 by Margaret C. Anderson.
Manuscripts must be submitted at author's risk, with return postage.
Entered as second class matter March 16, 1917, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879.
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SIX LOVE SONGS

by Edward Powys Mathers

I

We are both silver sea-trout
And have risen to delicate flies on streams
And got away.
The young ferns balance on the wet earth
Like green smoke above a coal.
Let us watch the sun throw gold plates
Down to us through lake water
Where none fish.

II

The Recreation Gardens are smothered over
With a bottle-coloured wood of wet trees
And the gates were shut at ten.
With your straight thin pipe and your face and arms
Stamped black as against mauve paper
You sit piping in our open window.
It may be only a very large daintily-moving dog
Shut in the Gardens, and that I did not hear
The few notes like a sleepy quail.

III

I have bought a pound of jade wool
Of the colour of the round bases of toy trees
And a quarter of mole wool
Coloured like the smoke of a steamer.
In two or three weeks
You, whose spirit is as quick as silver dust
Stirred into the sea,
Shall have the appearance of a tinted
Jacinth laughing in the rain.
IV

There is frost
As if a cutter of images of you
Had dropped powder of geranium marble
On the coarse dark grass.
I have left you asleep
And feel that if the candle
Set down inside the open door
To throw continuous William Allen Richardson roses
Into the cold lavender morning
Does not blow out before I get back
You will still be there.

V

Because of the glass shade
Our marble table was ever the cross-bar
Of a white A
And the rest angles of broken lemon light
With a drowned sprig of mountain-ash berries,
A peat-coloured crystal carrying
Cherries and crushed mint against your lips.
Now the nights are a cool
Pattern of thin black wood bed-bars
With spread of orange and another orange,
Firm black letters lightly carrying eyes
Among white margins,
And brown tea.

VI

The night is so full of movement
That the stars seem like corn being threshed
Against a blue barn.
The wind is a black river
And just for a moment
The moon a small green fish
Swimming in your hair.
BEYOND THE END
by Djuna Barnes

BEHIND two spanking horses, in the heat of noon, rode Julie Anspacher. The air was full of the sound of windlasses and well water, where, from cool abysses, heavy buckets arose; and too the air was full of the smell of lilac and the faint perfect odor of small flowers. And Julie turned her head, gazing at the familiar line of road that ran away into the still more familiar distance.

The driver, a Scandinavian, who remembered one folk tale involving a partridge and one popular song involving a woman, sat stiffly on his box holding the reins gently over the shining and sleek backs of the two mares.

He began to whistle the popular song now, swinging a little on his sturdy base, and drifting back with his tune came the tang of horse skin, wet beneath tight leather.

The horses were taking the hill, straining and moving their ears, and reaching the top, bounded forward in a whirl of dust. Still sitting rigid the driver clucked, snapping his whip, and began talking in a dry deep bass.

"It's some time since we have seen you, Mrs. Anspacher."

Julie raised her thin long face from her collar and nodded.

"Yes," she answered in a short voice, and frowned.

"Your husband has gathered in the corn already, and the orchards are hanging heavy."

"Are they?" she said, and tried to remember how many trees there were of apple and of pear.

The driver took in another foot of reins, and turning slightly around, so that he could look at her, said:

"It's good to see you again, Mrs. Anspacher."

She began to laugh. "Is it?" then with deliberation checked herself, and fixed her angry eyes straight ahead of her.

The child, loose limbed with excessive youth, who sat at her side lifted a small sharp face on which an aquiline nose perched with comic boldness. She half held, half dropped an old fashioned ermine muff, the tails of which stuck out in all directions. She looked unhappy and expectant.

"You remember Mrs. Berling?" he went on. "She is married again."
"Is she?"
"Yes, maam."
He began to tell her about the local office for out going mails, where a nephew of her husband, Paytor, had taken a job.
The child sat so still that it was painful and Julie Anspacher moved away, thinking aloud:
"All is corruption."
The child started, and looked quickly away, as children will at something that they expect but do not understand. The driver beat the horses, until long lines of heavy froth appeared at the edges of the harness
"What did you say maam?"
"Nothing—I said all is lost from the beginning—if we only saw it—always."
The child looked at her slowly, puzzled, and looked away.
"Ann," said Julie Anspacher, suddenly lifting the muff over her hands, "did you ever see two such big horses before?" The child turned its head with brightness, and bending down tried to see between the driver's arms. Then she smiled.
"Are they yours?" she whispered.
Julie Anspacher took in a deep breath, stretching the silk of her waist across her breasts. "No", she answered, "they are not mine, but we have two—bigger—blacker."
"Can I see them?"
"Oh yes, you shall see them. Don't be ridiculous."
The child shrank back into herself, clutching nervously at her muff. Julie Anspacher returned to her reflections.

It was almost five years since she had been home. Five years before in just such an autumn the doctors had given her six months to live. One lung gone and the other going. They called it sometimes the White Death, and, sometimes, the love disease. She coughed a little, remembering, and the child at her side coughed too in echo, and the driver, puckering his forehead, reflected that Mrs. Anspacher was not cured.

She was thirty-nine—she should have died at thirty-four. In those five years Paytor had seen her five times, coming in over fourteen hours of the rails at Christmas. He cursed the doctors, called them fools.

The house appeared dull white between the locust trees and lilac, and the smoke, the same lazy autumn smoke, rose in a still
column straight into the obliterating day.

The driver reined in the horses until their foaming jaws struck against their harness, and with a quick bound Julie Anspacher jumped the side of the cart, the short modish tails of her jacket dancing above her hips. She turned around and thrusting her black gloved hands under the child, lifted her out. A dog barked. She began walking the ascent toward the house.

A maid, in dust cap, put her head out of an up-stairs window, clucked, drew it in, and slammed the sash, and Paytor, with slow and deliberate steps moved toward the figure of his wife and the child.

He was a man of middle height, with a close cropped beard that ended in a gray wedge on his chin. He was sturdy, a strong man, almost too pompous, but with kindly blue eyes and a long thin mouth. As he walked he threw his knees out, which gave him a rocking though substantial gait. He was slightly surprised and raised the apricot colored veil that covered the keen newness of her face, and leaning down kissed her twice upon both cheeks.

“And where does the child come from?” he inquired, touching the little girl's chin.

“Come along, don't be ridiculous!” Julie said impatiently, and swept on toward the house.

He ran after her. “I'm glad to see you”, he went on, warmly, trying to keep up with her rapid strides, that swung the child half off the ground, stumbling, trotting.

“Tell me what the doctors said—cured?”

There was a note of happiness in his voice. “Not that I really give a damn what they think, I always told you you would live to a ripe old age, as they say. What did they do to Marie Bashkirtseff? Locked her up in a dark room, shut all the windows—and of course she died—that was their method then—and now its Koch's tuberculin—all nonsense.”

“It's worked well with some people,” she said, going ahead of him into the living room. “There was one boy there—well—of that later. Will you have someone put Ann to bed, the trip was bad for her. See how sleepy the child is—run along, Ann,” she added, pushing her slightly but kindly toward the maid. Then when they had disappeared, she stood looking about her, drawing off her gloves.

“I'm glad you took down the crystals—I always hated them.”

—She moved to the windows.

“I didn't, the roof fell in—just after my last visit in Decem-
ber. You’re looking splendid, Julie.” He colored. “I’m glad, you know—awfully glad. I began to think—well, not that the doctors know anything,” he said, laughing: “but it’s a drop here of about fifteen hundred feet, but your heart is good—always was.”

“What do you know about my heart, Paytor,” Julie said, angrily. “You don’t know what you are talking about at all. The child—”

“Well, yes—?”

“Her name is Ann,” she finished sulkily.

“It’s a sweet name—it was your mother’s too. Whose is she?”

“Oh good heavens!” Julie cried moving around the room.

“Mine, mine, mine of course, whose would she be if not mine?”

He looked at her. “Yours—why Julie—how absurd.” Slowly the color left his face.

“I know—we have got to talk it over—it’s all got to be arranged, it’s terrible. But she is nice, a bright child, a good child.”

“What in the world is all this about?” he demanded, stopping in front of her. “What are you in this mood for—what have I done?”

“Good heavens! What have you done? What a ridiculous man you are. Why nothing, of course, absolutely nothing.” She waved her arm. “That’s not it—why do you bring yourself in? I’m not blaming you, I’m not asking to be forgiven. I’ve been down on my knees, I’ve beaten my head on the ground, abased myself, but,” she said in a terrible voice, “it is not low enough, the ground is not low enough, to bend is not enough; to ask forgiveness is not enough, to receive it is nothing. There isn’t the right kind of misery in the world for me to suffer, nor the right kind of pity for you to feel, there isn’t the right word in the world to heal me up. It’s good to forgive, to be forgiven, but that’s for ordinary things. This is beyond that—it’s something you can experience but never feel—there are not enough nerves, blood cells, flesh—to feel it. You suffer insufficiently; it’s like drinking insufficiently, sleeping insufficiently. I’m not asking anything because there is nothing that I can receive—how primitive to be able to receive—”

“But, Julie—”

“It’s not that”, she said roughly, tears swimming in her eyes.

“Of course I love you. But think of it, a danger to everyone excepting those like yourself. Curious, involved in a problem affecting only a small percent of humanity, sick, frightened, filled with fever and lust perhaps—with nothing, nothing coming after,
whatever you do, but death—then you go on—it goes on—then the child—and life probably, for a time.”

“Well—"

“I couldn’t tell you. I thought,’Well, I’ll die next month,’ and finally I didn’t want to go off—although I did, you know what I mean. Then her father died—they say her lungs are weak—death, death perpetuating itself, that’s funny you see—and the doctors—”

She swung around: “You’re right—they lied, and I lived through—all the way—all the way!”

He turned his face from her.

“The real thing,” she went on in a pained voice, “is to turn our torment toward the perfect design. I didn’t want to go beyond you—that was not my purpose. I thought there was not to be any more me. I wanted to leave nothing behind but you, only you. You must believe this or I can’t bear it—and still,” she continued, walking around the room impatiently, “there was a somehow hysterical joy in it too. I thought, if you had real perception, that ‘something’ that we must possess, that must be at the bottom of us somewhere—or there wouldn’t be such an almost sensuous desire for it, that ‘something’ that, at times, is so near us that it becomes obscene, well I thought, if Paytor has this—and mind you, I knew all the time that you didn’t have it—that you would understand. And when you had been gone a long time I said, ‘Paytor understands’—and I would say to myself—‘now at this moment—at ten thirty precisely, if I could be with Paytor he would say ‘I see’, but so soon as I had the time table in my hand I knew that there was no such feeling in your bosom—nothing at all.”

“Don’t you feel horror?” he asked in a loud voice, suddenly.

“No, I don’t feel horror—horror is conflict—and I have none—I’m alien to life.”

“Have you a religion, Julie?” he asked, still in the same loud voice, as if he were addressing someone a little raised, yet invisible, as one tries to see a choir.

“I don’t know—I don’t think so. I’ve tried to believe in something external, something that might envelope this and carry it beyond—that’s what we demand of our faiths, isn’t it? But I always return to a fixed notion that there is something more fitting than a possible release.”

He put his hands to his head. “You know,” he said, “I’ve always thought that a woman, because she can have children, ought to know the truth—the very fact that she can do something
so really preposterous ought to make her equally capable of the
other preposterous thing—well—"

She coughed, her handkerchief before her face—she laughed
with brightness. "One learns to be careful about death—but never
never about—" she didn't finish but stared before her.

"Why did you bring the child here—why did you return at all
then—after so long a time—it seems all so mixed up?"

"I don't know—. Perhaps because there is a right and a
wrong, and a good and an evil. I had to find out—and if there's
such a thing as everlasting mercy—I want to find out about that
also—there's a flavor of unfamiliar intimacy about it all though,
this Christian treatment—" She had a way of lifting up the side
of her face, closing her eyes. "I thought—Paytor may know."

"Know what?"

"Will know—well, will be able to divide me against myself—
Personally I don't feel divided—I seem to be a sane and balanced
whole—a hopelessly mixed, but perfect design. So I said Paytor
will be able to see where this divides and departs. Though all the
time I never for a moment felt that there was a system working on
a this for that basis, but that there was only this and that—in
other words—I wanted to be set wrong. . . . you understand?"

"And you yourself," he inquired, in the same loud voice, "can't
not feel the war. Well, then, what about me?—you must realize
what you have done—turned everything upside down—oh, I won't
even say betrayed me—it's much less than that, what most of us
do, we betray circumstances—well I can't do anything for you,"
he said sharply. "I can't do anything at all—I'm sorry, I'm very
sorry—but there it is"—he began to grimace and twitch his
shoulders.

"The child has it too," Julie Anspacker said, looking up at
him—"I shall die soon. It's ridiculous" she added, with the tears
streaming down her face. "You are strong, always were—and so
was all your family before you—not one of them in their graves
under ninety—it's all wrong—its quite ridiculous."

"I don't know. Perhaps it's not ridiculous. One must be
very careful not to come, too hastily, to a conclusion." He began
searching for his pipe. "Only you know yourself, Julie, how I tor-
ment myself, if it's a big enough thing, for days, weeks, years; and
the reason is, the real reason is, that I come to my conclusions in-
stantly, and then fight to destroy them." He seemed to Julie a
little pompous now. "It's because first I'm human, and second,
logical. Well, I don’t know—perhaps I’ll be able to tell you some­thing later—give you a beginning at least—later—” He twitched his shoulders and went out, closing the door after him. She heard him climbing the familiar creaking stairs, the yellow painted stairs that led up into the roof—she heard him strike a match—then silence.

The dark had begun, closing in about bushes and barn, and filling the air with moist joyousness, the joyousness of spring that trusts its development to the darkness, and Julie leaned on her hand by the shelf and listened.

She could hear, far away and faint, the sound of dogs on heavy chains. She tried to stop, listening to the outside, but her thoughts rotted away like clouds in a wind.

The sense of tears came to her, but it was only a sentimental memory of her early childhood, and it brought a smile to her long face. She had cried once when they made her kiss a dead priest—“Qui habitate facit sterilim—matrem filiorum laetan tern”—then “Gloria Patri—” and she wept then, or thought she had, because he was not only beyond glory and all mercy, but beyond the du­bious comfort of the feeling.

She heard Paytor walking above, and the smoke of his pipe crept down between loose boards and uneven plaster and laths.

She went—quite mechanically—over to a chest in one corner, and opened the lid. A shirt waist, of striped taffeta, one she had worn years before, some old Spanish lace—her mother’s—the child—

Paytor did not seem to like the child—“How ridiculous!” she thought. “She is good, quiet, gentle—but that’s not enough now.” She removed her hat. Living with Paytor and the child—Paytor so strong,—always was, and so was his family—and she sickly, coughing. Perhaps she had made a mistake in coming back. She went toward the steps to tell this to Paytor but thought better of it. That wasn’t what she wanted to say.

The hours drew out and Julie Anspacher, sitting now at the window overlooking the garden—nodded without sleep—long dreams—grotesque and abominable,—stupid irrelevances dull and interminable. Somewhere little Ann coughed in her sleep. Julie Anspacher coughed also, and in between the sound of Paytor walking up and down, and the smell of tobacco growing stronger.
To take her own life, that was right, if only she had not the habit of fighting death—"but death is past knowing, and to know is better than to make right—" she shook her head—"That's another detour on the wrong side" she told herself. "If only I had the power to feel pain as unbearable, a gust of passion, of impatience, and all would be over—but I've stood so much so long, there is no too long." She thought what she would not give for any kind of feeling, anything that was vital and sudden and determining. "If Paytor will have patience I will get around to it."

Then it seemed that something must happen, must inevitably happen.

"If I could only think of the right word before it happens" she said to herself, over and over, and over. "It's because I'm cold and I can't think, I'll think soon—" She would take her jacket off, put on her coat—

She got up, running her hand along the wall. Or had she left it on the chair? "I can't think of the word," she said to keep her mind on something.

She turned around. All his family—long lives. "And me too, me too," she murmured. She became dizzy. "It is because I must get on my knees—but it isn't low enough." She contradicted herself. "Yet if I put my head down—way down—down—"

Then she heard the shot. "He has quick warm blood" went through her mind—and her blood was cold.

Her forehead had not quite touched the boards, not she touched them, but she got up immediately, stumbling over her dress.
SURFEIT
by Bonamy Dobrée

All three were spinster, and though not related, were inseparable, bound by that prurience for the personal relation common in country people starved of emotion. The youngest was forty, with eyes half closed with fat so that she always appeared to be full of passion; the eldest had ratty teeth and a weirdly avid walk, while the third, who was about forty-five, carried a vague suggestion of romance in her sallow fading and patiently complaining voice. They were always to be found at any human event however far away—a wedding, a funeral, a birth or a homecoming, and especially a death. Once, two lovers had discovered themselves stared at greedily from the other side of a hedge.

One Sunday afternoon they went for a walk together. It was a heavy mist-sodden day in Spring that diffused germinating warmth and reeked of fertility. They went into low-lying woods where a stagnant pond pulsed with new life. Glaucescent marigolds thrust up through coarse grasses, and the mud oozed and bubbled round the edge. Whiteish objects attracted their attention, and moving curiously to look they found two dead toads, bellies upward, colourless and sickly as though no sun had ever touched them. Their bodies were inflated and their feet were drying stiffly. Excitement pervaded the women; their pulses quickened, and they inhaled deeply through wide nostrils. The youngest spoke, “Summat have killed them.”

They walked silently round the pool, their feet squelching, until something moving in the water drew their eyes. There was a sharp cry, for they saw a large toad, distended and colourless like the dead ones they had seen, with a little green one fastened to it by hands embedded in the obscene flesh. “He be the murderer,” said the eldest. Then, as they hung transfixed over the pool, the same instinct impelled them to save the large toad’s life. They were crazed: threw stones, wrenched sticks from the trees, and clutched the creatures towards them. They dragged them onto the ground and beat the green toad to death, disengaging its fingers from the yielding mass. When it was dead they stamped it horribly into the earth, while the big toad hopped one or two feet away, and lay flacid, its sides pulsating, the lidless eyes staring.
The three walked back arm in arm. Gems of moisture glittered on the swollen twigs or dropped thudding onto the road. They were enclosed in a darkening caul of mist as they went, chattering eagerly, arguing as to which of their houses they would have tea in. The eldest and youngest were exuberant. Then the third, who had seemed to brood for a long time in spite of the part she took in the conversation, said “I believe they were making love.” The words banked themselves dully on the fog. All three stopped simultaneously. Saliva gathered in the corners of the mouth of the youngest, and a wave of heat rushed over her face. The eldest began to tremble violently, while she who had spoken stared expressionless into the baffling mist. Then, no longer arm in arm, they walked home, separating wordless in the silence of the fog-striken night.

After that it was only occasionally that any two of them were seen together, shamedly avoiding each others’ eyes. They ceased to attend the crucial points of human destinies, although one or another of them might sometimes be seen hovering on the outskirts of a poignant event.

The partnership had dissolved.
The Holy Family

Osip Zadkine.
A NEW TESTAMENT
by Sherwood Anderson

III

My hope is that I may build a structure in your mind into which I may creep on cold days. My mind has walked with you in forests and fields. It has walked with you the states of Ohio, Indiana, Iowa, Illinois, Michigan.

The ground is frozen and we walk together along a path where cattle have been before us. We stop under an oak tree. The red dry leaves still cling to the branches overhead. A red leaf has lodged in a place where two great branches go north and south. It is like a tiny drop of blood against the black of the branches. Hard snow sifts slowly down through many red leaves. It is winter and the trees bleed in the cold.

* * * * * * * * * *

You have gone alone to walk up and down. You walk up and down in roads and through fields and towns. You shall walk up and down forever.

* * * * * * * * * *

I have gone to walk up and down. It is night and cold. I want to creep into you. You have made me by thinking of me and I declare you should be ashamed of what you have done. Why have you not made me more pure. Why have you not made me more beautiful. Your conception of me makes me a little ill. It forces me to run away from you into a field of fancy, into a forest of doubt. If I cannot be one who when weary lies in warm human layers of thought I shall become for the nonce and until I am rested something not human. I have passed out of your presence. I become a brightly colored insect. I am a boy lying by a river on a summer day. At my back is an orchard. I look dreamily out over warm stagnant waters. There is a reed grows out of the yellow mud. In the orchard at my back a hog grunts. An insect with brightly colored back and wings comes
swinging down stream. He has lived more freely than the waters of a river. I go with him as I would go in at the door of God's house if I knew the street in which God's house stands, as I would go into your life if you would leave the door open for me.

You are mistaken in thinking I will only exist for a certain number of years. I do not exist at all. I shall exist forever.

Once I thought that by making love to women I could come at truth. Now I make love to women as the wings of an insect fleck the waters of a stream.

Truth lies far out in the field of fancy, in the forest of doubt.

There is a woman has just passed the door of my house. There was a barely perceptible quickening of the pulse of my body. "She is beautiful," I thought, and said so aloud. I arose and went to the door to follow her with my eyes. At the moment when I thought her beautiful a wind had just come skipping and shouting down the street. It lifted the woman's hat and she threw up her hand. Her hand made a lovely gesture. My neighbor the wind whispered the story of her beauty to me.

I will multiply myself until I pass like a vapor out of your mind.

I am a thing hung suspended in life.

There is no life in me, only a desire to creep into your arms and sleep after my long walking up and down.

I am perplexed and it is sweet to me to see that you also are perplexed. If you begin to know me better than I know myself I shall be afraid. If it happens do not tell me. Gather me within yourself and let me rest from my walking up and down. Tell me the truth of myself in the darkness of the dusky hallways of yourself.

Your whole life is like the dark hallways of a great house late at night when there are no lights. You are one of many great houses I have visited. Russia is a house and so are you. China is an old house. Many old houses have fallen down.

For a long time I had the illusion I was helping to build a
new house in which you and I were to live. A wind has blown the illusion away. Building is going on but I have nothing to do with it. It may be that you are the builder.

I am perplexed with trying to find out who does the building. I creep in the dusty hallways and hear many strange voices. The voices of men and women resound out of the darkness.

The voices cry out to me that they are the voices of builders but as I go forward, feeling with my hands on the walls, I do not come to the place of the building.

A soft voice has whispered to me that there is no such thing as a builder. It was a woman's voice. "The noise you hear is made by heavy untruths in the hands of arrogant men", she said. "The men lean out at a window. They beat on a brazen sky. They are trying to make holes in the sky."

I suspect the soft voice expressed also a hunger. It came from a woman I met in the darkness. I had at the moment been running desperately in the dark hallways of my house, in the house into which I was dropped at the beginning of life. I am blind and when I run I knock against things. I knocked against her.

My body had become warm from the running. The woman may also have been blind. Our warm bodies touched in the darkness. For a long time we stood close together in silence and darkness. There was a drumming in my head.

All noises ceased, even the perpetual noise made by those who call themselves builders. In the darkness I fancied I heard the scream of an animal...

Later it was quiet again and I heard only the voice. It spoke softly and told again of the false builders and of the heavy untruths with which they beat on the brazen sky.

I shall remember the voice telling its beautiful lie as long as I live.

The woman and I shall never find each other again. There are too many hallways in the houses. My house is filled with the smell of new-cut logs and the walls are rough with the marks of the trowels of builders. My house is noisy with the clangor of hammers. I shall never escape out of my house. When the time comes I shall take an untruth into my hands and lean out at the window to beat on the sky.

(to be continued)
Chapter Eight

A DAY of blazing heat changed the season suddenly. Flat threatening sunlight travelled round the house. The shadowy, sun-blinded flower-scented waiting-room held street-baked patients in its deep armchairs. Some of them were languid. But none of them suffered. They kept their freshness and freedom from exhaustion by living away from toil and grimy heat; in cool clean clothes, moving swiftly through moving air in carriages and holland-blinded hansom cabs; having ices in expensive shade; being waited on in the cool depths of west-end houses; their lives disturbed only by occasional dentistry. The lean dark patients were like lizards, lively and darting and active even in the sweltering heat.

Miriam's sunless room was cool all day. Through her grey window she could see the sunlight pouring over the jutting windows of Mr. Leyton's small hot room and reflected in the grimy sheen of the frosted windows of the den. Her day's work was unreal, as easy as a dream. All about her were open sunlit days that her summer could not bring, and that yet were hers as she moved amongst them; a leaf dropped in the hall, the sight of a summer dress, summer light coming through wide open windows took her out into them. Summer would never come again in the old way, but it set her free from cold, and let her move about unhampered in the summers of the past. Summer was happiness.

At tea time in the den there was a darkening hush. It was like a guest, turning everyone's attention to itself, abolishing differences, setting free unexpected admissions and sympathies. Everyone spoke of the coming storm and looked beautiful in speaking. The day's work was discussed as if in the presence of an unseen guest.

She set out from the house of friends to meet the darkened daylight. Perhaps the sudden tapping of thunder-drops upon
her thin blouse. 'The street was a livid grey, brilliant with hidden sunlight. In the deep grey the sunlight was happiness.

The present can be judged by the part of the past it brings up. If the present brings up the happiness of the past, the present is happy. . . . .

Purgatory. The waters of Lethe and Eunoe, "forgetfulness and sweet memory"; and then Heaven. The Catholics are right about expiation. If you are happy in the present something is being expiated. If life contains moments of paradise you must be in purgatory looking across the vale of Asphodel. You can't be in hell. . . . . Yet hell would not be hell without a knowledge of heaven. If once you've been in heaven you can never escape. Yet Dante believed in everlasting punishment.

Bathing in the waters of Lethe and Eunoe unworthily is drinking one's own damnation. But happiness crops up before one can prevent it. Perhaps happiness is one long sin, piling up a bill. . . . . It is my secret companion. Waiting at the end of every dark passage. I did not make myself. I can't help it.

Brilliant. . . brilliant; and someone was seeing it. There was no thunderstorm, no clouds or pink edges on the brilliant copper grey. She wandered on down the road hemmed by flaring green. The invisible sun was everywhere. There was no air, nothing to hold her body separate from the scene. The grey brilliance of the sky was upon the pavement and in the green of the park, making mauve shadows between the trees a mist of mauve far in amongst the further green. The high house fronts stood out against the gray, eastern-white, frilled below with new-made green, sprouting motionlessly as you looked. . . . . white plaster houses against the blue of the Mediterranean, grey mimosa trees, green-feathered lilac of wisteria. Between the houses and the park the road glared wooden grey, dark, baked, grey edged with the shadowless stone grey of the pavement. Summer. Eternity showing . . . .

The Euston Road was a narrow hot channel of noise and unbreathable odours, the dusty exhausting cruelty of the London summer, leading on to the feathery green floored woods of End-
sliegh Gardens edged by grey house fronts, and ending in the cool stone mass of St. Pancras Church.

In the twilight dining room one's body was like a hot sun throbbing in cool dark air, ringed by cool walls holding darkness in far corners; coolness poured out through the wide open windows towards the rain cool gray facades of the opposite houses, cool and cool until the throbbing ceased.

All the forms seated round the table were beautiful; faraway and secret and separate, each oneself set in the coming of summer, unconscious. One soul. Summer is the soul of man. Through all the past months they had been the waiting guests of summer.

The pain of trying to get back into the moment of the first vision of spring, the perfect moment before the thought came that spring was going on in the country unseen, was over. The moment came back of itself . . . the green flush in the squares, the ripples of emerald fringed pink geraniums along the balconies of white houses.

After dinner Miriam left the dining room, driven joyfully forth, remaining behind, floating and drifting happily about, united with everyone in the room as her feet carried her step by step without destination, going everywhere, up through the staircase twilight . . .

The drawing room was filled with saffron light, filtering in through the curtains hanging motionless before the high French windows. Within the air of the room, just inside the faint smell of dusty upholstery was the peace of the new found summer. Mrs. Bailey's gift. There had been no peace of summer last year in her stifling garret. This year the summer was with her, in the house where she was. Far away within the peace of the room was the evening of a hot summer day at Waldstrasse, the girls sitting about, beautiful featureless forms together forever in the blissful twilight of the cool saal and sitting in its little summer house Ulrica, everybody, her dark delicate profile lifted towards the garden, her unconscious pearly beauty grouped against the undisturbing presence of Fraulein Pfaff. Miriam turned to the near window and peered through the thick mesh of the smoke-yellowed lace
curtain. Behind it the French window stood ajar. Drawing aside
the thick dust-smelling lace she stepped out and drew the door to
behind her. There were shabby drawing room chairs standing
in an irregular row on the dirty grey stone, railed by a balustrade
of dark maroon painted iron railings almost colourless with black
grime. But the elastic outer air was there and away at the end
of the street a great gold pink glow stood above and showed
through the feathery upper branches of the trees in Endsleigh
Gardens. A number of people must have been sitting out before
dinner. That was part of their dinner-time happiness. Presently
some of them would come back. She scanned the disposition of
the chairs. The little comfortable circular velvet chair stood in
the middle of the row, conversationally facing the high backed
wicker chair. The other chairs were the small stiff velvet-seated
ones. The one at the north end of the balcony could be turned
towards the glowing sky with its back to the rest of the balcony.
She reached and turned it and sat down. The opposite houses
with their balconies on which groups were already forming stood
sideways lost beyond the rim of her glasses. The balcony of the
next house was empty. There was nothing between her and the
vista of green feathering up into the intense gold-rose glow. . . .
She could come here every night. . . . filling her life with green
peace; preparing for the stifling heat of the nights in her garret.
This year, with dinner in the cool dining room and the balcony
for the evening, the summer would not be so unbearable. She
sat still lifted out into garden freshness. . . . Benediction. People
were stepping out on to the balcony behind her, remarking on
the beauty of the evening, their voices new and small in the outer
air. . . . If she never came out again this summer would be differ­
ent. It had begun differently. She knew what lay ahead and
could be prepared for it.

She would find coolness at the heart of the swelter of London
if she could keep a tranquil mind. The coolness at the heart of
the central swelter was wonderful life, from moment to moment,
pure life. To go forward now, from this moment, alive, keeping
alive, through the London summer. Even to go away for holidays
would be to break up the wonder, to snap the secret clue and lose
the secret life. . . .

The rosy gold was deepening and spreading.
Miriam found herself rested as if by sleep. It seemed as if she had been sitting in the stillness for a time that was longer than the whole of the working day. To recover like this every day... to have at the end of every day a cool solid clear head and rested limbs and the feeling that the strain of work was so far away that it could never return. The tireless sense of morning and new day that came in moving from part to part of her London evenings and was strongest of all at the end of a long evening, going on from a lecture or a theatre to endless leisureed reading, the happy gaslight over her book under the sloping roof, always left her in the morning unwilling to get up, and made the beginning of the day horrible with languor and breakfast a scramble, taken to the accompaniment of guilty listening for the striking of nine o'clock from St. Pancras church, and the angry sense of Mr. Hancock already arriving cool and grey clad at the morning door of Wimpole Street. To-night, going strong and steady to her hot room, sleep would be silvery cool. She would wake early and fresh, and surprise them all at Wimpole Street arriving early and serene after a leisurely breakfast.

The rosy light shone into far-away scenes with distant friends. They came into her mind rapidly one by one, and stayed grouped in a radiance, sharper and clearer than in experience. She recalled scenes that had left a sting, something still to be answered. She saw where she had failed; her friends saw what she had meant, in some secret unconscious part of them that was turned away from the world; in their thoughts with themselves when they were alone. Her own judgments, sharply poised in memory upon the end of some small incident, reversed themselves, dropped meaningless, returned reinforced, went forward, toward some clearer understanding. Her friends drifted forward, coming too near, as if in competition for some central place. To every claim, she offered her evening sky as a full answer. The many forms remained, grouped like an audience, confronted by the evening.

The gold was fading, a soft mistiness spreading through the deepening rose, making the leafage darker and more opaque. Presently the sky would be mother-of-pearl above a soft dark mass and the pure evening grey outlining the dark feathery tree tops of a London square turning to green below in the lamplight, sinking to sleep, deeply breathing out its freshness to meet the
freshness pouring through the streets from the neighboring squares. Freshness would steal over the outside walls of the houses already cool within. Only in the garrets would the sultry day remain under the slowly cooling roofs.

There was still a pale light flowing into the dusk of the garret. It must be only about nine o'clock . . . . the gas flared out making a winter brilliance. . . . Four sermons on Dante . . . Kuenen's Life of Dante . . . Gemma, Donati, Gemma, busily making puddings in the world lit by the light of the Mystic Rose, swept away by the rush of words . . . a stout Italian woman . . . Gemma, by Bayatrichay . . . they were bound to reach music . . . a silent Italian woman in a hot kitchen scolding, left out of the mystic rose . . . Lourdes . . . Le Nabab . . . atroce comédie de bonheur conjugal sans relâche . . . the Frenchman expressing what the Englishman only thinks . . . "the wife", . . . . I met my WIFE! . . . red nose and check trousers, smoky self-indulgent married man, all the self-indulgent married men in the audience guffawing. . . . You must be ready to face being taken for granted, you must hide your troubles, learn to say nothing of your unnoticed exhausting toil, wear a smile above the heart that you believe is breaking; stand steady in face of the shipwreck of all your dreams. Remember that although he does not know it, in spite of all his apparent oblivion and neglect, if you fail, his universe crumbles . . . . men live their childish ignorant lives on a foundation of pain and exhaustion. Down in the fevered life of pain and exhaustion there is a deep certainty. There is no deep certainty in the lives of men. If there were they would not be forever talking with conceited guilty lips as if something were waiting if they stopped to spring on them from behind . . . . The evolution of the Idea of God . . . . I have forgotten what that is about . . . . a picture of a sort of madonna . . . corn goddess, with a child and sheaves of corn . . . . The Mechanism of Thought. . . . Thirty Sane Criticisms. . . . Critique de la Pensee Moderne; traduit par H. Navray, Mercure de France. . . . How did he begin? Where was he when he came out and began saying everybody was wrong? How did he get to know about it all? She took down a volume unwillingly. . . . there was something being lost, something waiting within the quiet air of the room that would be gone if she read. It was not too late. Why did men write books? Modern men? The book was open. Her eyes scanned unwillingly. Fabric. How did he find his words? No
one had ever said fabric about anything. It made the page alive
... a woven carpet, on one side a beautiful glowing pattern, on
the other dull stringy harshness ... there is a dangerous looseness
...: her heart began beating apprehensively. The room was
dead about her. She sat down tense, and read the sentence
through. There is a dangerous looseness in the fabric of our
minds. She imagined the words spoken, looseness was ugly, mak­
ing the mouth ugly in speech. There is a looseness in the fabric
of our minds. That is what he would have said in conversation,
looking nowhere and waiting to floor an objection. There is a
dangerous, he had written. That introduced another idea. You
were not supposed to notice that there were two statements. But
to read smoothly, on, accepting. It was deliberate. Put in de­
liberately to frighten you into reading more. Dangerous. The
adjective in the sentence, personal, a matter of opinion. People
who read the books do not think about adjectives. They like
them. Conversation is adjectives! ... all the worry of con­
versation is because people use adjectives and rush on. ... Ad­
jectives are the knives of language. ... But you can’t describe...
but dangerous is not a descriptive adjective. ... there is a twisted
looseness, that describes. ... that is Saxon. Abendmahl ...fatal, French ... the Prince of Wales uses the elegant Norman
idiom. ... dangerous is an idea, the language of ideas. It ex­
presses nothing but an opinion about life. ... a threat daring you
to disagree. Dangerous to what? .... “Man is a badly made
machine. ... an oculist could improve upon the human eye” ... and the mind wrong in some way too. ... “logic is a cheap arith­metric.” Imagination. What is imagination? Is it his imagina­tion that has found out that mind is loose? Is not imagination
mind? It is his imaginative mind. A special kind of mind. But
if mind discovers that mind is unreliable, its conclusion is also
unreliable. That’s logic. ... Barbara. All mind is unreliable.
Man is mind, therefore man is unreliable ... Then it is use­less to try and know anything ... books go on ... he has invented imagination. Images. Fabric. But he did not
invent dangerous. That is cheek. By this sin fell the angels.
Perhaps he is a fallen angel. I was right when I told Eve I had
sold my soul to the devil ... “Quite a good afterglow” and
then wheeling alertly about to capture and restate some thread
... and then later, finding you still looking “M’yes; a fine
... fuliginous. ... pink. ... God’s had a strawberry ice for
supper” ... endless inexhaustible objections ... a cold grim
scientific world. . . . Alma knew it. In that clear bright house with the satisfying furniture. . . . now let's all make Buddhas. Let's see who can make the best Buddha. . . . Away from them you could forget; but it was going on all the time. . . . somehow ahead of everything else that was going on. . . . She got up and replaced the book. It was on her shelf; a signed copy; extraordinary. It was an extraordinary privilege. No one else could write books like that; no one else knew so much about everything. Right or wrong it was impossible to give up hearing all he had to say. . . . and they were kind, alive to one's life in a way other people were not. . . .

She strolled to the window, finding renewal in the familiar creaking of her floor in the house, here . . . . She went back across the happy creaking and turned out the gas and came again to the window. The sky was dark enough to show a brilliant star; here and there in the darkness of the opposite house fronts was an oblong of golden light. The faint blue light coming up from the street lit up the outer edges of the gray stone window-sills. The air under the wooden roof of the window space was almost as close as warm under an immense height of upper coolness. . . .

Down at the end of the road were the lamplit green trees; plane-tree shadows on the narrow pavement. She put on her hat in the dark. Crossing the roadway to reach the narrow strip of pavement running along under the trees she saw single dark figures standing at intervals against the brilliant lamplit green and swerved back to the wide pavement. She had forgotten they would be there. They stood like sentinels. . . . Behind them the lamplit green flared feverishly. . . . In the shadow of St. Pancras church there were others, small and black in a desert. . . . lost quickly in the great shadow where the passers-by moved swiftly through from light to light. Out in the Euston Road along the pavements shadowed by trees and left in darkness by the high spindling shaded candles of the lamps along the centre of the roadway, they came walking, a foreign walk, steadily slow and wavy and expressive, here and there amongst the shapeless expressionless forms of the London wayfarers. The high stone entrance of Euston Station shone white across the way. Anyone can go into a station. Within the entrance gravelled darkness opened out on either side. Silence all round and ahead where silent buildings had here and there a lit window. Where was the station? Immense London darkness and stillness alone and deserted like a country place at
night; just beyond the noises of the Euston Road. A murder might happen here. The cry of an engine sounded muffled and far away. Just ahead in the centre of the approaching wide mass of building was a wide dimly lit stone archway. The rattle of a hansom sounded from an open space beyond. Its light appeared swaying swiftly forward and lit the archway. The hansom bowled through in startling silence, nothing but the jingle and dumb leathery rattle of the harness, and passed, the plonking of the horses' hoofs and the swift slur of the wheels sounding out again in the open space. The archway had little side pathways for passengers roofed by small arching extensions of the central arch.

... indiarubber. . . . to muffle. . . . the building hotel; Edwards daylight Family hotel. . . . expensive people lodging just above the arch, travelling, coming to London, going away from London, with no thought of the dark secret neighborhood. A courtyard opened out beyond the arch. It was not even yet the station. There was a road just ahead going right and left, with lamps; just in front to the left across the road a lit building with a frosted lower window and a clock. . . . a post office. Miriam went through the swinging door into warm yellow gaslight. At the long counter people stood busily occupied or waiting their turn with their backs to the dusty floor space, not noticing the grey space of dusty floor and the curious warm gleam of the light falling upon it from behind the iron grille along the counter. The clerks were fresh and serene and unhurried, making a steady quiet workaday feeling; late at night. It swung the day round, morning and evening together in the gaslit enclosure. She stood at the counter sharing the sense of affairs. She could be a customer for a penny stamp. Waiting outside was the walk back through the various darkness, the indiarubber pathway.

knowing her way.

(to be continued)
Mother and Child. Osip Zadkine.
THIS was to have been a contribution to a symposium on “Mary Olivier”, but I am already aware that it is not to be that. For I think of the book as a symptom and not a case, and it is the case that interests me. A fairly thick and difficult thing was attempted here—the portentously foreshortened intention stands indubitably at the end of the thin procession of silhouettes that move slowly across the pages, and still stands there after “Finis” is written. And the intention, which is the “case”, remains to me the mild excitement of the book.

For to put down “Mary Olivier” or almost any one of the “serious” current novels—by which one can only mean the novels of those writers who seem striving to “do something” for what we call, perhaps a little loosely, the art of fiction—is to realize, with a certain excitement, granted we are open to the light play of such sensations, that we are suddenly a generation again in presence of
the great game; the application, however "intuitive" or however "scientific," however desperately ruthless or bungernly tender, of a new "treatment" to the great case of the Novel. Such a game as the "romantic school" of 1830 played with the alleged malpractitioners who preceded its treatment of the great case; as the realistic school" played with the romantics; as the knife-draped "naturalists" played with them both, and as the "aesthetic school" played with them all. From methods marked by an extreme lack of "consciousness", the case of the Novel has passed through the romantic-realistic-naturalistic-aesthetic muddle of consciousness, and, with the publication a scant decade ago of Mr. D. H. Lawrence's "Sons and Lovers", awoke in a new ward and to a new curative process for its obscure disease—this process we may call for the nonce "the subconscious approach to the representation of life." Under this treatment it is likely to remain for a long time to come and its case history is likely to reward attention.

For the representation of life, not simply through a consciousness that determines—or tries to determine—the adventure, but through a subconscious life that determines them both, calls for fairly thick treatment, something the all-enduring Novel has had none too much of; and the translation, not to say transmutation of subconscious motivation into dramatic action demands more "treating" than the novelist in general has ever felt called on to give. So far the results seem rather "thin"; perhaps because the source material seems more clinical than original; more sought, that is to say, than come upon.—Edna Kenton.

II. EAT 'EM ALIVE!

I shall not attempt a criticism of May Sinclair: in the sense of trying to place her either in relation to the writers of her time or in relation to the future. I can't very well believe that any such remarks ever register with the public; readers of the Little Review who have read Joyce may be able to gauge for themselves the difference between the work of a man of sheer genius and that of a best standard novelist.

I may be doing May Sinclair an injustice... I offer this as an impression: since Freud has become to the run of modern writers what Butterick patterns are to the home dressmaker, I hesitate to put the thing upon May Sinclair; but the line-up of her
characters in “Mary Olivier” reads like the list for a clinic. Patho-
ological predestination bears small relation to creative inevitability.

Ben Hecht threatens to write a novel about two “boobs”. “It’s easy enough to write about strange people—types, grotesques, it has to be interesting—but I am going to choose two boobs and write a novel of their love and quarrels, their ‘commonplace boob life”. Of course if Hecht writes this book and his boobs remain boobs the point of writing a novel has been lost. If a man is an artist everything he produces is blood-relation to himself (he creates in his own image), his boobs do not remain boobs. On the other hand there are the Dreisers; Galsworthy, etc., whose geniuses turn out to be boobs. Why make an effort to add to this galaxy . . . Joyce in “Ulysses” is slowly deifying all the boobs in Dublin.

I shall not retell the story of “Mary Olivier”. I am not inter-
ested in book reviewing. Perhaps it may be necessary to say
that the story is an effort, in a new manner, to present the sub-
consciously motivated drama of an English family. It is built
around the personality of the mother who holds or strangles every
member of her immediate family, even relatives and servants, in
her devouring sweetness.

Mary Olivier who is supposed to be an “exceptional being”—
mentally, spiritually, physically,—also an artist, is frustrated at
every turn by her weak beautiful Mamma,—her life deferred for
forty years. May Sinclair has very successfully portrayed this
type of mother—the carnivorous flower; but she seems to forget
that carnivorous flowers devour only insects.

Mary Olivier may be to some readers all that May Sinclair puts
her up to be, but to me she is the prototype of the American col-
league woman: always young, always untouched, with mind and
heart of some psychic rubber from which tragedy, experience, in-
tuitions bounce off, leaving them forever buoyant athletic debu-
tantes of life, at whatever age you meet them . . . minds, voices
gestures, bodies ungrown and oblivious of the grace and contours
of sex. I call them unfertilized eggs.

Mary passes through an unbelievable number of catastrophes:
a modern Job; but at the age of forty-two she talks with her lover
in the same ungrown diction and rhythm of twenty. Her entire life
she has concentrated on the study of religion, philosophy, and the
arts, but the best she can do at the insurmountable moments is to
give the whole situation of life and love a Christian Science absent
treatment. Development with, and development without, a concep-
tion of life are different things. the development of the average human being is no more important than the development of fat people.

May Sinclair did not convince me that Mary had a conception of life. Mary did not create her world any more than she was affected by it; life ran parallel to her; she never really knew what was going on. Her "great spiritual triumph" in the end is the completion of the frustration, the capping proof that she had not escaped being devoured by her mother.—jh.

Sincerity

I wish that the word sincerity could be dropped from the language. When primitive man abandoned sincerity civilization began. Even a war worker, if he put his mind to it, could see that the whole social structure would collapse if we attempted a return to sincerity. Every institution of the modern world is maintained to protect society from the naive, the idealists who take a try at it: prisons, insane asylums, censors and the latest,—deportation.

And still one has to stand champing at the bit while some good citizen gushes over the sincerity of this or that public man or assures us that our magazine would be "all right" if the artists contributing to it were only sincere and not trying to be so extreme. Who could face the situation of a sincere world: the boredom, the sights and sounds, the danger! The greatest service the average man could perform for society would be to cultivate in himself some selected insincerity.

But take the sincerity of the artist. It is not his business to be exact about life: the reality of things is not his concern. Even if he should choose to make it so it does not seem very possible that his representation of even the most simple object (after having passed though his powerfully specialized senses and mind) could be very familiar (sincere) to the public.

The artist is able at times to convey to the enlightened that the emotions and activities of humanity and the grind of nature are not special nor interesting in themselves. The eternal complete design is not indicated except by its conscious complement, Art. This hydrophobia for sincerity in the work of an artist might be more worth discussing if it were not so apparently a mania belonging in the category of the minds we always have with us,—
the war hysteria mind which, when there is no war to gorge itself upon, froths at negroes, jews, catholics, the yellow peril, and foreigners of all kinds.—jh.

jh

Two Concerts of the Month

1. ROBERT E. SCHMIDT

To talk of modern piano playing one must discuss not Rachmaninoff, Profofieff, and Ornstein (like the New York Nation) but a Frenchman by the name of Robert E. Schmidt.

Rachmaninoff’s beautiful playing is of his own generation, of an older tradition, and does not pretend to any infusion of really modern feeling. Prokofieff plays the piano so badly that it doesn’t matter whether he plays old music or his own rather interesting compositions. And Ornstein, who has never been able to play as well as even the conventional standards of his generation demand, has certainly not been interesting enough to force a newer or better standard into recognition.

If any one thinks there is no real difference between the old way of playing and the new, I can only assume that it will not be the layman who thinks so. These failures to grasp what is going on rest too securely with the musicians themselves; just as only a good old-fashioned painter can really excel at misunderstanding the good modern painters.* The layman knows nothing about things, but he usually knows at least that one kind of thing is different from another kind. The musicians I heard talking after Mr. Schmidt’s concert knew that they had been listening to a program of modern music, but didn’t suspect Mr. Schmidt’s qualification for playing it: that is, that he plays with the new and special piano technique which is demanded for the modern composers. I heard competent musicians saying the same kind of thing they would say about a Gabrilowitsch concert,—applying the same standardized criticism to both, as though Mr. Gabrilowitsch had ever tried to do what Mr. Schmidt is trying to do.

I talk of technique so emphatically only because it seems to me that the people who cannot recognize the emotional content of modern music could perhaps get into touch with it by knowing something about the obviously different technique required to play it. Of course the fact that the old musical forms would not
serve the modern musician for his expression preceded the fact of the development of a new technique which would allow that expression its full sweep. This is so obvious a matter: how can a form that has held the feeling of one age offer itself as the receptacle for all another age may need to pour into it? There should be no controversy about the facts of evolution. But there is almost nothing else. The popular mind laughs, the professional mind scorns or mistrusts. It's as though the apes had mocked the first men for walking upright,—called them extremists, fools, or strivers for "effect" because the upright position suited their needs better than the going on all-fours.

Mr. Schmidt is more en rapport with the new musical feeling than any one I have heard play here; more than Cortot, who after all retains the tradition of a certain kind of conventional "beauty" for Chopin, etc.; more than Bauer who has not the full range of (what is known as) "poetic feeling" that Mr. Schmidt commands. Bauer's playing of Chausson, Schonberg, Albeniz, etc. is superbly intelligent; and he plays the Moussorgsky "Tableaux d'une exposition" with more color and life perhaps than any one else who has done it here. But his Debussy will not compare with Mr. Schmidt's. The latter must be considered the real Debussy exponent,—at least so far revealed. He plays Debussy's music with the quiet effortless undulations that are essential for the Debussy tone qualities,—the effect of moving things in front of sustained movement that cannot be even suggested without the new technique of which I have spoken. In Ravel's "Pavanne pour une infante défunte" he offers such a study in piano orchestration that it is a pity there were not more sophisticated listeners in the audience. For one of his encores he played the done-to-death Chopin nocturne in F sharp with an entirely "different" Chopin feeling, making it one of the most effective things on an otherwise all-modern program. Bauer's Chopin is quite unrelated to these vibrations, but they are what I mean by the "new emotions."

II. BENNO MOISEIWITSCH

For a study in old emotions nothing could be better than the Moiseiwitsch concert, being the very best thing of its kind and illustrating so conclusively how the "kind" no longer has any place in our lives.

It's an extraordinary thing to sit through a concert that over-
flows with emotions which have died through sheer repetition; and to feel an audience around you still vibrating (from habit) to those emotional values which you know to be dead. It envelops you in a strange embarrassment.

The critics must have brought out their best superlatives for Moiseiwitsch. I haven't read what they said, but they couldn't consistently do anything else. He plays like an old master, with the power and brilliance and taste that have been accepted for years as the basis of great playing. He really does beautiful things; and the fact that he uses a Mason and Hamlin piano, rather than the Steinway which nearly all the great pianists of his type have used, gives him the advantage of sounding more sonorous and “singing” than Paderewski, for instance, ever sounded.

But all this is negated by the fact that Moiseiwitsch has concerned himself only with musical education; he has not concerned himself with musical ideas. Having perfected an equipment by which he can do what he wants with his instrument, and do it as well or better than it has been done, he must now face the situation that other men are working far beyond him,—working in an absolutely different material. If he develops in consciousness this will become a tragedy to him, because he cannot reach them unless he can discard his education. And it is safe to say that he will probably never face the tragedy: he appears too happy in his present conceptions ever perhaps to become aware that they no longer serve.—Margaret Anderson.

Rolland's "Colus Breugnon"

At frequent and repeated intervals in America it becomes necessary to take oneself to a cyclone-cellar while a storm of enthusiasm for a new book or author sweeps the country. When one has weathered the awful days of Bennett, Wells, George, Shaw, the Russians, Ibanez, why be disturbed by Rolland. Because it is part of the storm to believe that a book by a Frenchman is more "literary", it places one more definitely to read him. "Jean Christophe" was one of these touchstones. I have been asked a thousand times if I have read "Jean Christophe." When I answer "No, I fear I am not one of Mr. Rolland's audience," instead of it being left as a compliment to him I am emphatically told that "there
are some good things in "Jean Christophe." A super-artist it would seem to have achieved so much in ten volumes.

All this is very well as another little game, but when it is looked at squarely it is rather depressing. Nine tenths of these cyclones are raised about second-rate men or men who are not artists at all; there is little chance for the true artist to get a hearing, and appreciation never.

Men like Rolland, grown in a country where the literary soil has been fertilized for centuries, are a very different product from the second-rate men in a country like America. Fertilization does not change the species; civilization should not be confused with genius. I cannot say any more of "Colas Breugnon." (Holt).—j

The Provincetown Players

WHEN a magazine like the Playboy has announced that it is a magazine of Art and Jocundity it would be redundant and discourteous to offer an analysis based on the rigid standards of non-jocund art.

When a theatre like the Provincetown Players has become so personal and so much a parish organization that the social amenities must be preserved, silence about a play becomes personal criticism. In the present bill there is a one-act sermon by Edna St. Vincent Millay. The play in itself is not so bad for the theatre as the brainless and exaggerated and enraptured home praise it gets.

It is a college-student's conception of a morality play, with a story as profound and illuminating as the discovery that children are born, not hatched.—j

Masefield's New Book

REYNARD THE FOX", by John Masefield. A long rhyming story of a fox hunt in England. Like all very long poems it made me decide immediately that I am not a reader. It may be another love-song to England, the England that is threatened with the drabness of democracy. . . . . Mr. Masefield has done a lot for England, but not much for poetry.
Her father dies and she has to walk the streets for hours in bitter cold to buy mourning, yet her soul remains alive in “that Paris which seemed like an exhausted dog who still pursues the bitch.” The story is told easily, so easily that the reader finds himself identified with the unfortunate woman. He too contracts disease, he too walks the streets for cold hours in a background of ferocious electric light, clanging trams and ecstasy of large crowds.

The “Lettres de Jeunesse” to Henri Vandeputte begin in 1896 when their author was barely twenty; they are very bitter and reveal the fury with which he threw himself into his writing—a safety valve for the energy which neither friends nor debauch could absorb.

Certain maladies grew from this condition:

“You can’t imagine the heart-rending I feel when certain women I like pass me by. The actual result of this state of mind is an atrocious hatred of woman. Separately and together I detest them. When I read in the paper of an accident to a woman I hear a voice which says: ‘So much the better.’ I often say to myself that if ever I have a woman I will make her suffer great pain so as to avenge myself for what woman has made me suffer. I would kiss a man who beat his mistress. I would kill a woman who betrayed her lover.”

Again “I’m becoming more slack. Je dis merde en face aux gens qui me dépaisent.” Earlier he had been diffident, hardly knowing his direction—

“One ought not to know too many things or then one ought to be devilishly strong. How we need barbarians. One ought to have lived very close to God without having studied in books, one ought to have a vision of the natural life—have force and even fury. The period of sweetness and dilettantisme is over. I read the Idiot of Dostoievsky. It is the work of a barbarian.” That particularly French habit of verifying each fact—Zola, the de Goncourts—led him to write apropos a contemplated novel: “Si c’est possible j’assisterai a la visite hebdomadaire des femmes en carte.”

I suppose Phillipe was the first of the moderns to make objective certain subconscious states. This seems to me to be fairly unique for its manner of visualizing. “A breath on her cheek, a hand on her shoulder, three quarters of a man’s face which she saw out of downcast eyes; the bulk of a body and its presence; she assimilated all that, arranged it in her head, vivified it in her
"The Caliph's Design"

THE Caliph's Design" by Wyndham Lewis (The Egoist, Ltd. 3/-),—notes and articles in which he cleans up the architects of today, diagnoses the tendency in painting in Paris, and indicts all false, flabby, fatuous attitudes towards art, enemies to the creative effort of the artist.

Right here I will enter a few words on the Studio Game in New York, showing how the working artist has met a worse fate than the American Indian: his country has been discovered, he has been driven from his lands, but no reservations have been granted him.

First in this little game for speed and vivacity are groups calling themselves "Studio Crowds." They swarm into sections where they know there are artists, they turn every house into a studio building, by their raptures over the picturesque and quaint they raise the rents until the artist is forced to take to the tenements. No detective could ever discover that any one of them had even attempted the study of an Art... it is just natural with them. They dash from one ribald party to another, and take to themselves a giggling mysterious superiority over all aristocrats, commoners, and artists.

Another variety: those of too limited or too unlimited sex experience who ferret out the cafés frequented by artists, hoping to come upon the thrill of some yet undiscovered license. They laugh loudly and are blatancy familiar and aggressive; they are not comfortable and their efforts to "belong" throw them out of perspective: they become an awkward and distorted species. They are always ready to testify to the slowness and stupidity of the artist because he has some preoccupation other than sex.

Some play the game with more seriousness,—the saviour of humanity (the anarchist or reformer) who has gleaned in his reading that Art is the only revolution and interpreted it to mean that a revolution would make all men artists. They caricature themselves as artists; they write books on social problems, they are reverenced by their followers for being able to pull off creative work in these "grim times." The poor simple normal artist is told that he is doing nothing for Art, but that anarchism is a fight for Art: when all men are free to express themselves there
will be more Art in the world. A dream only possible or desirable to the economic mind.

With the serious I will describe the society lady artist, who paints a chair this week, writes a poem next, or sculps a public monument. She has looked about her: there is nothing more that money can buy, no further social position to be attained. The artist is the only living being who has something different. She is ambitious—"creative". She decorates a stable or builds a studio and launches herself as an artist. Henceforth she greets her old friends (now envious) with a wan suffering smile.

Most pathetic and troublesome are the hundreds of little Cézannes, Yeatses, Nijinskies and Bernhardts, boys and girls from all over the country who couldn't pass in school; who didn't like clean clothes; who weren't understood by their families: there could be no doubt about it... they must be artists. So they leave the town pump and come to Greenwich Village. They trail about aimlessly when they are not dancing or gushing over art and free love,—messing the place up into a Coney Island, making it unlivable. They look upon the artist who is trying to work as a sinister and perverted labourer. When their health and their last cent have long been spent they return to the town pump to be held in awe by the natives.

There are other players of the game, but the game is always the same. The Tangent is superior to the circle and to all other lines.

In a country where there is not one national conservatory of music, national gallery, theatre or opera; where Art is linked, in the national mind, with looseness, obscenity, laziness, and insanity; or where it is considered something that any one can do who has had a start in a social settlement,—I cannot understand why in such a country every kind of climber should seize upon Art as a Jacob's ladder to some heaven of superiority—jh.

Douglas Goldring's "The Fortune"

It is good to find a novel with a character in it who is supposed to be a highly-organized human being and whose author knows enough about the species really to make him one. Everything that James Murdoch says and does proves him to be a man
of discrimination, intelligence, and power.

The novel is not prose in the modern sense of the word. It is a well-written, highly interesting story. Murdoch's talk of France alone would make it worth reading. And his ideas of the war would increase the intelligence of nations if they could be widely circulated. (Scott and Seltzer).

A Barbarian

And then, naively, I make this book—five parts. Lamma Sabachtani, Anguishimes, Poems of Death, Poems of Spleen, Resignation, A Story-Diary of an 1880 Parisian who suffers, doubts and gets nowhere—and that in a Parisian setting, sunsets, the Seine, showers, greasy pavements, electric globes, and all in the language of an artist; carefully chosen and up to date, without worrying about codes of taste, without fear of the crude, the mad, the shameful universal passions, the grotesque, etc.

"This book will be called the sob of the Earth. First part; sobs of thought, of brain, of conscience, of earth. A second volume in which will be concentrated all the misery of the planet in the innocence of the skies, historical bacchanals, Asian splendors Paris hurdy-gurdies, Olympian carnivals, the Morgue, Dupuytren's museum, the 'Hospital;' love, alcohol, massacres, Thebaid madness, the Salpêtriére."

No better description of the work of Charles Louis Philippe—its love, alcohol, rage, greasy pavements—could be given than this by Laforgue of his own work,—"all the filth of the planet in the innocence of the skies," and all told with a serenity and clarity more limpid than may be found in the work of Turgenev or de Maupassant.

"Bubu de Montparnasse" is the pimp of a prostitute of that quarter. Her tragedy develops through a merely circumstantial account of her life. The slightest hint of a dramatic situation causes Phillipe to make a great detour to avoid it, yet the story is as effective as blows from a bludgeon. Les Sœurs Vatard offers resemblances but the relation is that of an ode to a lyric. Berthe the girl in "Bubu" is permitted emotion, she almost on occasion makes a scene—but even when she finds she has contracted disease, no relief is afforded her in a dramatic explosion. There is, it is true, a crisis—but immediately she accommodates herself,—"il faut vivre."
image, made her life of it, dreamt, thought, warmed it all in her bosom."

"Marie Donadieu" was like Berthe. She too lived, a wonderful animal; with immense reserves of vitality. Life played her queer tricks but she went on living. Influx of modern Russian literature has accustomed us to see people revolving, remotely, round "a good and the true" somewhere in space, and the effect is to make the simplicity of Marie Donadieu's character by comparison appear exaggerated. But the limpidity of treatment is beyond praise. She was a girl "whose spine made electric by the pressive atmosphere could no longe contain the marrow of her vertebrae, the taste of blood was in her mouth, the spate of blood which flooded her made her sick to death. She wandered in the garden on moonlit nights dressed only in a nightgown. Then she came to Paris for music lessons, found a lover and dropped the music. She knew man and his possession, she conjectured its resources and hoped for still stranger mysteries among which her whole soul fluttered like a frightened bird." There is a situation between the two men, one a lover, the other with whom she had lived for four years before. She goes back to the old lover and the men kiss at parting.

This mystical exaggeration which seems to outdo even Dostoievsky is by comparison the one false note, but is I think the result of that almost fictitious visualisation of woman which was the result of much solitude and absence of the amenities of social life.

A previously quoted passage should explain this.

The full flavour of Phillipe is found in the short stories collected in "Dans la petite ville" and "Contes du matin". These stories are admirable for their economy of material. Very few exceed a thousand words. De Maupassant has more strings. Tchekov still more. The theme becomes confused, too literal a transcript from life. With consummate craft Philippe has carved each from a solid block. "Charles Blanchard" appeared after Philippe's death. It is the story of a child told in a rather Dickensian manner and in successive versions. Poverty and its accompanying etiolation in an underground kitchen as one—the child growing morbidly like a toadstool in another, in the third as a successful maker of clogs. "His arms were too long, his neck too thin, and two emaciated legs which rose to his breast gave the impression that no room was
left for a belly.”

He is apprenticed to the clog maker.

“His eyes were sore. The shop had a huge window and drew its light directly from the sky. . . . A brilliant white glow. . . . made one think of the sun itself and struck the child in the eyeballs with such force that one feared lest it should give him sunstroke. He could feel its burning through to his neck. . . . His two lids were thin and transparent—what he needed was eyeballs of lead. Till then he had lived in the dark room of Solanges house; it was darkness that had met his eyes and in darkness that he had grown; and whoever might have remarked organs through his boneless flesh would without doubt have found them filled with some indescribable matter such as one sees in caverns, whitish soft and musty. He had sore eyes. Two inflamed eyelids veiled a raw eye looking like some blood stained ball. He had more than sore eyes, for it seemed that the light penetrating through them into the mysterious depths of his flesh had reached the queer vegetations of the gloom. Disquieting fermentations puffed him out, a rumbling in his bowels was horrible and accompanied by a hollow noise that was impossible to bear, and which sometimes made his aunt turn angrily to him and shout ‘Shut-up’.”—JOHN RODKER.

In the October Number

M R. Winter’s note is a very excellent example of an average flabbiness of mind and I was surprised to find no sharp rebuke from “jh” at its conclusion: but perhaps Miss Dismorr is now considered fair game.

There is of course very little to be said to a correspondent who says about Miss Dismorr that her work consists “of carefully chosen words”; and that it is also “roughly speaking, Whitman inverted with a few embroideries.” Should she by this mean that a hatchet then becomes a lancet, the trope becomes a trifle complicated. Such insipid generalisations on the part of your correspondent can only mean that the whole point of Miss Dismorr’s extremely close and pungent analyses has been missed, and that evidently it is not a palate for choice wines.

As far as I am concerned, Miss Dismorr is one of the most important contributors to the Little Review today and four lines
of her work outweigh the effusions of most others of your staff. As for "Islands", to which the writer takes exception, it is an exquisite fragment in a distinguished and responsive prose.

The article in question is particularly "verbose" and I should have preferred it meticulous; I cannot imagine why your correspondent should have rushed into print and made for herself? such a complete give away; if not that certain of Miss Dismorr's very acute psychological analyses have touched her? on the raw.

—John Rodker.

Notes

ART AND LETTERS. 2/6


Art and Letters has a queer story by Windeler called "Jefferly". It is exciting, has atmosphere, and shows different qualities from those of "Emilius" which L. R. readers will remember. The new story is in a thicker, more consistent paste, and Mr. Windeler's range becomes impressive. At the same time the story did not quite come off and was on second reading tedious. The denouement is too thin for the introduction and body of the story. There is an interesting essay on Marlowe by T. S. Eliot and a nude by Wyndham Lewis. A bright short story by Katherine Mansfield completes all there is of interest. The Gaudier is dull.

The Sitwells also contribute poems.


Coterie is this time a little more vulgar than the last. The drawings are stupid, with an absurd Allinson cover and a bad Odle. Conrad Aiken made a great hit with a poem called "Counterclockwise-Priapus and the Pool"; so much more Georgian than the best Georgians that the critics are enraptured.

It seems that Mr. Nichols while lecturing in America found a cultured and remote tribe hitherto unknown to civilisation and brought back the work of the sole surviving representative, Mr. Aiken.
Mr. Huxley should have known better than to inflict upon us the tediousness of his "Leda," however enlivened by the flashes never absent from his work. Aldington is here too. He seems to get duller every day. The melancholy truth forces itself upon one, that Mr. Pound's worthy band of contributors to last year's L. R. forms all that there is of life in literary England today. Depressing—but at any rate they seem to outnumber the lively men of letters both in France and America by four.

The Sitwells also contribute poems.


George Allan and Unwin.

Mr. Waley's new book of translations from the Chinese is if anything better than the last. His method is very much to the point and for economy of expression entirely admirable. "The Great Summons" is an amazingly good poem in itself, as are indeed most others though sometimes what was a virtue seems to become a formula. Nothing could be however more delightful than the story of Ts'ui Ying Ying or that of Miss Li, both written about 800 A. D. The last word in sophistication and human interest, and a psychological acuteness only bettered by de Maupassant or the Trois Contes or the Arabian Nights which too they resemble. The discovery of these stories is a work of public benefaction and should be suitably noticed.—JOHN RODKER.

Defending Margaret Anderson

With deft legerdemain Mr. Winthrop Parkhurst sub-divides criticism into forms without, however, telling us precisely, or by innuendo, what criticism is. "There are two forms of criticism", Mr. Parkhurst states, "the metallic and the aromatic." This definition leaves us curiously unimpassioned and unchidden, with the bitter tang of pinchbeck on our lips, possibly because, like almost all definiton making, its own consistency is metallic and of an inferior sort.

Of course there is a kind of condensation which is not so; which is highly poetic and suggestive; which drops the fragrant
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quintessence of rose petals. And the amusing part of it all is that both poets and pedants may, advertently or inadvertently, achieve it.

Both forms of criticism, as outlined by Mr. Parkhurst, have the same end in view, which may be said to be the eventual distillation of a flashing phrase, a precious jar of wine to win either Apollo or Dionysus, or both, back to human speech, thus enriching it and clarifying thought. Unfortunately Pantheism has vanished from the brain of man, for then he would not be so poignantly in need of outstanding generalizations. As it is, he is continually searching for a touchstone. And returning to criticism, we find that both forms differ only in the manner in which poetic condensation is to be arrived at. The aromatic criticism, I doubt not, will arrive at it intuitively, well-nigh burying the flashing phrase, the cruse of priceless wine, under huge garlands of white crysanthemums, yellow orchids and red roses. In other words, the impressionist critic, after the fashion of Symons and De Gourmont, will arrive at some sublime quintessence that tastes, sings or rings true, via the scented path of beauty. On the other hand, critics like Taine, Brandes and Faguet, establishing these poetic truths as premises, will meticulously plod to the next milestone or, it may be, the identical one, having wandered in circles. It doesn't matter, because sometimes even the pundits err and, unguessed, hit upon truth.

Advertisement or appreciation is justifiable provided Margaret Anderson is the critic. Even should Margaret Anderson refrain from writing a word of her magazine, it would still reflect or refract her temperament; it would still embody the translations of her subconscious personality edited by her conscious personality. And if she wishes to write nothing but an unmitigated "blurb", as she may well have done in praising the Philadelphia orchestra, we accept it because, knowing her, we are aware that it is criticism which is leavening within and may yet be translated into adequate speech.—PIERRE LOVING.

[There is only one decently intelligent thing to be said about criticism. It is either a piece of creative writing (in which case it stands equal to and different from the thing criticized) or it is a piece of illuminating writing like Wyndham Lewis's chapter]
on Picasso ("The Caliph's Design"). Criticism as defined by Mr. Parkhurst or Mr. Loving has no meaning at all. "Sublime quintessence," "scented path of beauty,"—such phrases as these have never contained any pointed observation and nowadays they are too banal. Either you must recognize the new sensibility in the world when you decide to make general remarks about poetry, painting, music, etc., or you must be willing to sound like the old-fashioned radical who still talks of "liberty" without having yet formulated the faintest notion of what freedoms are possible of achievement and what ones are forever impossible.—M. C. A.

Questionings

I'm afraid of "beautiful writing"; I'm afraid of trying to be artistic. Ideas and their expression is all I dare try for now. You believe with me, I assume, that artists are born, and toil is no salvation to the unblest. How may I know that I am not one of the latter. Certainly in this widerness (Los Angeles) where people build little prickly walls about themselves and fight doggedly, or resentfully, or with carping bitterness against all things beautiful and otherwise which do not come within the very small limits of their understanding, there is nobody to tell me I am anything but a dumb hoper. If people in New York are caring whether art exists, or want something to illuminate their lives that is not seen by the usual naked eye, I'll want to come to New York.

I write because something comes to me I want to see on paper. That mode does not assure form, or beauty, or value of any sort. What public will I reach that it matters to me, now? Next week's idea may contradict this. I can see the flaws in other men's writings; my own—there are prejudices bred within me, moralities inflicted upon me, beauties that I would like to believe exist, truths which I've seemed to discover and want to believe permanent. As long as people are around you they will try to keep you from knowing yourself, and the truth of your own emotions and perceptions. I've even seen the Little Review shift viewpoints. We won't argue about that. It was naturally, intelligently done. Even truth is prejudiced at times.

I'm trying to locate my own intellect, my own emotions. That's done against, good social judgment. It's better to sing of
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the great midwest, or of democracy and humanity; it's better to talk of beauty without creating any. But day labor at a good living wage excels both.

Tell me, or write it in your magazine, do you believe the artist can be the detached, capable eye viewing his own art that we'd like to think he is. Can he be tolerant, unprejudiced, cold to analyze truths about himself that are adverse to his desires. Can he lead a peaceful existence? Who is one that does? Your answer won't matter though; artists are born. They will create out of an almost organic need that functions of itself. So, however, will others who only wish to be artists. Who's the judge?

[This is an intelligent letter. Yes, I believe that artists are born, that toil won't help the unblest, etc., but I never am able to understand the vague resentment that always attaches to this fact. Good business men are born, not made, and no one seems to doubt this fact or be particularly incensed by it. "He has a positive genius for business"—no one makes a controversy about it. What is the eternal controversy about the artist—is he born or made, is he unprejudiced, is he peaceful, is he detached? Is any one these things? Has lack of prejudice ever been so valuable that either artist or layman should strive to be unprejudiced?

The only point to be answered in your letter is your last sentence "Who's the judge?" Who is the judge of the good business man? The man's work.—M. C. A.]

Season 1919-20

At the end of last season, in an exclusive and expensive Arts Club, two rooms of pictures and models of stage and theatre, the city's representative intellects, amongst them a few responsible for the pictures and models. "I am surrounded by these things on the walls here and not one of them has anything to do with the theatre." Jacques Copeau, on the eve of sailing back to France, the speaker,—the arts of the actor futile to hide the heartsickness and weariness of the man, as he told incidents and reactions during his work in America. He was soon finished, and without many more glances at the exhibits the audience broke up into homeward-bound groups. The season was over.
"I am in love with my art, in love with the only love—the love that does not procreate!" rants the lead in the season’s “high-spot production”, "Aphrodite". "Purely in the interest of Art", says the program, "thanks are due Mr. David Belasco for his aid"—in the task of making a movie actress fit into the levels of "stage picture groups". Therefore our interest in the result of this "pure aid" suddenly ceases.

The Art of Madness

Apropos of the discussion regarding "The Cast Iron Lover" by Else von Freytag-Loringhoven, I feel enthused by my impressions to the point of adding a comment.

As "jh" says, the psychology of the author referred to is that of a mad woman. I feel an intense, horrid, and even beautiful obliviousness to all but the dominating emotion. There exists the callousness of intellectual stupidity and there is what we see here, the callousness of emotional stupidity, that of the savage under the cataleptic influence of religious suggestion. It is only in a condition of disease or mania that one may enjoy an absolutely exalted state, that numbness of the sensibilities toward everything outside the single inspiration. The poet strives to create in himself this disregard of intellectual nuance that he may concentrate everything on the emotional illumination of his mood, but such accomplishments as "The Cast-Iron Lover" show the value as well as the limitation of a sane mind in art. To touch madness is an experience that shocks and stimulates. We can not perceive its relations and we are beguiled to the conviction of an ultimate value. However the sophisticated mind has accretions of what might be called secondary emotions so elusive, even if intellectualized at their source, that they also escape definition and demand expression in art. Else von Freytag-Loringhoven is to me the naked oriental making solemn gestures of indecency in the sex dance of her religion. Her ecstasy, to my way of thinking, is one of the properties of art.—EVELYN SCOTT.

[As "jh" does not say. Evelyn Scott went on so far and so fast with my remark on the Art of Madness that I do not know where to begin to say that it wouldn’t be the art of madness if it
were merely an insanity such as Miss Scott describes.

In the case of Else von Freytag-Loringhoven I am not talk-
ing of mania and disease, of numbed sensibilities... hers is a
willed state. A woman of brains, of mad beauty and *elegantes
wesen*, who has abandoned sanity: left it cold. She has recog-
nized that if one has the guts and the constitution to abandon
sanity one may at all times enjoy an exalted state. Madness is
her chosen state of consciousness. It is this consciousness which
she works to produce Art. The artist evoking his consciousness
at high power on some piece of difficult work appears to have be-
come callous and stupid or a wild man to the layman. Else von
Freytag works unhampered by sanity.—jh.]

_Marguerite D'Alvarez_

_Owing to lack of space in this number the article of Mme.
D'Alvarez must be held over until January. However it will
appear with more timeliness then, as Mme. D'Alvarez is to sing
with the Chicago Opera Company which opens its New York sea-
son the latter part of next month._
ULYSSES
by James Joyce

E P I S O D E XII (continued)

SO Bob Doran comes lurching around asking Bloom to tell Mrs. Dignam he was sorry for her trouble and he was very sorry about the funeral and to tell her that he said and everyone who knew him said that there was never a truer, a finer than poor little Willie that’s dead to tell her. Choking with bloody foolery. And shaking Bloom’s hand doing the tragic to tell her that. Shake hands brother. You’re a rogue and I’m another.

—Let me, said he, so far presume upon our acquaintance which, however slight it may appear if judged by the standard of mere time, is founded, as I hope and believe, on a sentiment of mutual esteem as to request of you this favour. But, should I have overstepped the limits of reserve let the sincerity of my feelings be the excuse for my boldness.

—No, rejoined the other, I appreciate to the full the motives which actuate your conduct and I shall discharge the office you entrust to me consoled by the reflection that, though the errand be one of sorrow, this proof of your confidence sweetens in some measure the bitterness of the cup.

—Then suffer me to take your hand, said he. The goodness of your heart, I feel sure, will dictate to you better than my inadequate words the expressions which are most suitable to convey an emotion whose poignancy were I to give went to my feelings, would deprive me even of speech.

And off with him and out trying to walk straight. Boosed at five o’clock. Night he was near being lagged only Paddy Leonard knew the bobby. Boosed up in a shebeen in Bride street after closing time with two shawls and a bully on guard drinking porter out of teacups. And calling himself a Frenchy, for the shawls, Joseph Manuo, and talking against the catholic religion who wrote the new testament and the old testament and hugging and smugling. And the two shawls killed with the laughing, picking his pockets the bloody fool and he spilling the porter all over the bed and the two shawls screeching laughing at one another. How is
your testament? Have you got an old testament? Only Paddy was passing there, I tell you what. Then see him of a Sunday with his little wife, and she wagging her tail up the aisle of the chapel, with her patent boots on her no less, and her violets, nice as pie, doing the little lady. Jack Mooney’s sister. And the old prostitute of a mother letting rooms to street couples. Bob, Jack made him toe the line. Told him if he didn’t patch up the pot, Jesus, he’d kick the guts out of him.

So Terry brought the three pints
—Here, says Joe, doing the honours. Here, citizen.
—Slan leat, says he.
—Fortune, Joe, says I. Good health, citizen.

Gob, he had his mouth half way down the tumbler already. Want a small fortune to keep him in drinks.
—Who is the long fellow running for the mayoralty, Alf? says Joe.
—Friend of yours, says Alf.
—Nan, Nan? says Joe.
—I won’t mention names, says Alf.
—I thought so, says Joe, I saw him up at that meeting now with William Field, M. P., the cattle trader.
—Hairy Iopas, says the citizen, the darling of all countries and the idol of his own.

So Joe starts telling the citizen about the foot and mouth disease and the cattle traders and taking action in the matter and the citizen sending them all the rightabout and Bloom coming out with his guaranteed remedy for timber tongue in calves. Because he was up one time in a knacker’s yard. Walking about with his book and pencil here’s my head and my heels are coming till Joe Cuffe gave him the order of the boot for giving lip to a grazier. Mister Knowall. Teach your grandmother how to milk ducks. Pisser Burke was telling me in the hotel the wife used to be in rivers of tears some times with Mrs. O’Dowd. Couldn’t loosen her . . . . strings but old codseye was walking around her showing her how to do it. Ay. Humane methods. Because the poor animals suffer and experts say and the best known remedy that doesn’t cause pain to the animal and on the sore spot administer gently. Gob, he’d have a soft hand under a hen.

—Anyhow, says Joe, Field and Nannetti are going over tonight to London to ask about it in the House of Commons.

—Are you sure, says Bloom, the councillor is going. I wanted to see him, as it happens.

—Well, he's going off by the mailboat, says Joe, tonight.

—That's too bad, says Bloom. I wanted particularly. Perhaps only Mr. Field is going. I couldn't phone. No. You're sure?

—Nan Nan's going too, says Joe. The league told him to ask a question tomorrow about the commissioner of police forbidding Irish games in the park. What do you think of that, citizen.

*The Sluagh na h-Eireann.*

Mr. Cowe Conacre (Multifarnham. Nat.): Arising out of the question of my honourable friend may I ask the right honourable gentleman whether the government has issued orders that these animals shall be slaughtered though no medical evidence is forthcoming as to their pathological condition?

Mr. Allfours (Tamoshant. Con.): Honourable members are already in possession of the evidence. The answer to the honourable member's question is in the affirmative.

Mr. Orelli O'Reilly (Montenotte. Nat.): Have similar orders been issued for the slaughter of human animals who dare to play Irish games in the phoenix park?

Mr. Allfours: The answer is in the negative.

Mr. Cowe Canacre: Has the right honourable gentleman's famous Mitchelstown telegram inspired the policy of gentlemen on the treasury bench? (O! O!)

Mr. Allfours: I must have notice of that question.

Mr. Staylewit: (Buncombe. Ind.): Don't hesitate to shoot. (Ironical opposition cheers)

The speaker: Order! Order!

—There's the man, says Joe, that made the Gaelic sports revival. There he is sitting there. The man that got away James Stephens. The champion of all Ireland at putting the 56 pound shot. What was your best throw, citizen?

—Na bacleis, says the citizen, letting on to be modest. I was as good as the next fellow anyhow.

—You were, says Joe, and a bloody sight better.

—Is that really a fact? says Alf.

—Yes, says Bloom. That's well known. Do you not know that?

So off they started about Irish support and Shoneen games the like of the lawn tennis and about hurley and putting the stone and racy of the soil and building up a nation once again.
And of course Bloom had to have his say too about if a fellow had a weak heart violent exercise was bad. I declare to God if you took up a straw from the floor and if you said to Bloom: *Look at Bloom, do you see that straw? that's a straw.* Declare to my aunt he'd talk about it for an hour so he would and talk steady.

A most interesting discussion took place in the ancient hall of the O'Kiernan's under the auspices of *Sluagh na h-Eireann,* on the revival of ancient Gaelic sports and the importance of physical culture, as understood in ancient Greece and ancient Rome and ancient Ireland, for the development of the race. The venerable president of this noble order was in the chair, and the attendance was of large dimensions. After an instructive discourse by the chairman a most interesting and instructive discussion ensued as to the desirability of the revivability of the ancient games and sports of our ancient high forefathers. The well-known and highly respected worker in the cause of our old tongue Mr. Joseph Carthy Hynes made an eloquent appeal for the resuscitation of the ancient Gaelic sports and pastimes as calculated to revive the best traditions of manly strength and powers handed down to us from ancient ages. L. Bloom having espoused the negative the chairman brought the discussion to a close, in response to repeated requests and hearty plaudits from all parts of the house, by a remarkably noteworthy rendering of Thomas Osborne Davis' immortal verses. *A nation once again* in the execution of which the veteran patriot champion may be said without fear of contradiction to have fairly excelled himself. His stentorian notes were heard to the greatest advantage in the timehonoured anthem and his superb highclass vocalism was vociferously applauded by the large audience amongst which were to be noticed many prominent members of the clergy as well as representatives of the press and the bar and the other learned professions. The proceedings then terminated.

—Talking about violent exercise, says Alf, were you at that Keogh-Bennett match?
—No, says Joe.
—I heard Boylan made a cool hundred quid over it, says Alf.

And says Bloom:
—What I meant about tennis, for example, is the agility and training of the eye.
—Ay, Blazes, says Alf. He let out *that* Myler was on the beer to
run up the odds and he swatting all the time.
—We know him, says the citizen. The traitor's son. We know what put English gold in his pocket.
—True for you, says Joe.

And Bloom cuts in again about lawn tennis and the circulation of the blood, asking Alf:
—Now don't you think, Bergan?
—Myler dusted the floor with him, says Alf. Heenan & Sayers was only a bloody fool to it. See the little kipper not up to his navel and the big fellow swiping. God, he gave him one last puck in the wind, Queensberry rules and all, made him puke what he never ate.

It was a historic battle. Handicapped as he was by lack of poundage Dublin's pet lamb made up for it by superlative skill in ringcraft. The final bout of fireworks was a gruelling for both champions. Bennett had tapped some lively claret in the previous mixup and Myler came on looking groggy. The soldier got to business leading off with a powerful left jab to which Myler retaliated by shooting out a stiff one to Bennett's face. The latter ducked but the Dubliner lifted him with a left hook the punch being a fine one. The men came to handigrips and the bout ended with Bennett on the ropes Myler punishing him. The Englishman was liberally drenched with water and when the bell went came on gamey and full of pluck. It was a fight to a finish and the best man for it. The two fought like tigers and excitement ran fever high. After a brisk exchange of courtesies during which a smart upper cut of the military man brought blood freely from his opponent's mouth the lamb suddenly landed a terrific left to Bennett's stomach, flooring him flat. It was a knockout clean and clever. Amid tense expectation the Portobello bruiser was counted out and Myler declared victor to the frenzied cheers of the public who broke through the ringropes and fairly mobbed him with delight.
—He knows which side his bread is buttered, says Alf. I hear he's running a concert tour now up in the north.
—He is, says Joe. Isn't he?
—Mrs. B. is the bright particular star, isn't she? says Joe.
—My wife? says Bloom. She's singing, yes. I think it will be a success too. He's an excellent man to organize. Excellent.
Hobo begob says I to myself says I. That explains the milk in the cocoanut and absence of hair on the animal’s chest. Blazes doing the tootle on the flute. Concert tour. Dirty Dan the dodger’s son that sold the same horses twice over to the government to fight the Boers. That’s the bucko that’ll organize her take my tip. Twixt me and you Caddereesh.

Pride of Calpe’s rocky mount, the ravenhaired daughter of Tweedy. There grew she to peerless beauty where loquat and almond scent the air. The gardens of Alameda knew her step: the garths of olives knew and bowed. The chaste spouse of Leo-pold is she: Marion of the bountiful bosoms.

And lo, there entered one of the clan of the O’Molloy’s a comely hero of white face yet withal somewhat ruddy, his majesty’s counsel learned in the law and with him the prince and heir of the noble line of Lambert.

—Hello, Ned.
—Hello, Alf.
—Hello, Jack.
—Hello, Joe.

—God save you, says the citizen.
—Save you kindly, says J. J. What’ll it be, Ned?
—Half one, says Ned.

So J. J. ordered the drinks.
—Were you round at the court? says Joe.
—Yes, says J. J. He’ll square that, Ned, says he.
—Hope so, says Ned.

Now what were those two at? J. J. getting him off the jury list and the other give him a leg over the stile. With his name in Stubb’s. Playing cards, hobnobbing with flash toffs, drinking fizz and he half smothered in writs and garnishee orders. Gob, he’ll come home by weeping, cross one of these days I’m thinking.
—Did you see that bloody lunatic Breen round there, says Alf. U. p. up—
—Yes, says J. J. Looking for a private detective.
—Ay, says Ned, and he wanted right go wrong to address the court, only Corny Kelleher got round him telling him to get the handwriting examined first.
—Ten thousand pounds says Alf, laughing. God I’d give anything to hear him before a judge and jury.
—Was it you did it? Alf? says Joe. The truth the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help you Jimmy Johnson.
—Me? says Alf. Don't cast your nasturtiums on my character.
—Whatever statement you make, says Joe, will be taken down in evidence against you.
—Of course an action would lie, says J. J. It implies that he is not *compos mentis*. U. p. up.
—Compos what? says Alf, laughing. Do you know that he's balmy?
Look at his head. Do you know that some mornings he has to get his hat on with a shoehorn.
—Yes, says J. J., but the truth of a libel is no defence to an indictment for publishing it in the eye of the law.
—Ha, ha, Alf, says Joe.
—Still, says Bloom, on account of the poor woman, I mean his wife.
—Pity about her, says the citizen. Or any other woman marries a half and half.
—How half and half? says Bloom. Do you mean he...
—Half and half I mean says the citizen. A fellow that's neither fish nor flesh.
—Nor good red herring, says Joe.
—That's what's I mean, says the citizen, a pishogue, if you know what that is.
Begob I saw there was trouble coming. And Bloom explained he meant on account of it being cruel for the wife having to go round after the old stuttering fool. Cruelty to animals so it is to let that bloody Breen out on grass with his beard out tripping him. And she with her nose cocked up after she married him because a cousin of his old fellow's was pew opener to the Pope. Picture of him on the wall with his Turk's moustaches, the signor from summer hill, two pair back and passages, and he covered with all kinds of breastplates bidding defiance to the world.
—And moreover, says J. J., a postcard is publication. It was held to be sufficient evidence of malice in the testcase Sadgrove V. Hole. In my opinion an action might lie.
Six and eightpence, please. Who wants your opinion? Let us drink our pints in peace. Gob, we want be let even do that much.
—Well good health, Jack, says Ned.
—Good health, Ned, says J. J.
—There he is again, says Joe.
—Where? says Alf.
And begob there he was passing the door with his books un-
der his oxter and the wife beside him and Corny Kelleher with
his wall eye looking in as they went past, talking to him like
a father, trying to sell him a second hand coffin.
—How did that Canada swindle case go off? says Joe.
—Remanded, says J. J.

One of the bottlenosed tribe it was went by the name of
James Wought alias Saphiro alias Spark and Spiro put an ad in the
papers saying he'd give a passage to Canada for twenty bob. What? Course it was a bloody barney. What? Swindled them
all, skivvies and badhacks from the country Meath, ay, and his
own Kidney too. J. J. was telling us there was an ancient Hebrew
Zaretsky or something weeping in th witness box with his hat on
him swearing by the holy Moses he was stuck for two quid.
—Who tried the case? says Joe.
—Recorder, says Ned.
—Poor old Sir Frederick Falkiner, says Alf, you can cod him up
to the two eyes.
—Heart as big as a lion, says Ned. Tell him a tale of woe about
arrears of rent and a sick wife and a squad of kids and, faith, he'll
dissolve in tears on the bench.
—Ay, says Alf. Reuben J. was bloody lucky he didn't clap him
in the dock the other day for suing poor little Gumly that's mind­
ing stones for the corporation there near Butt bridge.

And he starts taking off the old recorder letting on to cry:
—A most scandalous thing! This poor hardworking man! How
many children? Ten, did you say?
—Yes, your worship. And my wife has the typhoid!
—And a wife with the typhoid fever! Scandalous! Leave the
court immediately, Sir. No, sir, I'll make no order for payment.
How dare you, sir, come up before me and ask me to make an
an order! A poor hardworking industrious man! I dismiss the
case.

And on the sixteenth day of the month of the oxeyed goddess
the daughter of the skies, the virgin moon, being then in her
first quarter those learned judges repaired them to the halls of
law. There master Courtenay, sitting in his own chamber, gave
his rede and master Justice Andrews, sitting without a jury in the
probate court, weighed well and pondered the claims of the first
chargeant upon the property in the matter of the will propounded
and final testamentary disposition of the real and personal estate
of the late lamented Jacob Halliday, vintner, deceased, versus
Livingstone, of unsound mind, and another. And to the solemn
court of Green street there came Sir Frederick the Falconer. And he sat him there to administer the law of the bretons at the commission to be holden in and for the county of the city of Dublin. And there sat with him the high sinhedrium of the twelve tribes of Iar, for every tribe one man, of the tribe of Patrick and of the tribe of Hugh and of the tirbe of Owen and of the tribe of Conn and of the tribe Oscar and of the tribe of Fergus and of the tribe of Finn and of the tribe of Dermot and of the tribe of Cormac and of the tribe of Kevin and of the tribe of Caolte and of the tribe of Ossian, there being in all twelve good men and true. And he conjured them by him who died on rood that they should well and truly try and true deliverance make in the issue joined between their sovereign lord the king and the prisoner at the bar and true verdict give according to the evidence so help them God and kiss the book. And they rose in their seats, those twelve of Iar, and they swore by the name of him who is everlasting that they'd do His rightwiseness. And straightway the minions of the law led forth from their Donjon keep one whom the sleuthhounds of justice had apprehended in consequence of information received. And they shackled him hand and foot and would take of him ne bail ne mainprise but preferred a charge against him for he was a malefactor. —Those are nice things, says the citizen, coming over here to Ireland filling the country with bugs.

So Bloom let on he heard nothing and he starts talking with Joe, telling him he needn't trouble about that little matter till the first but if he would just say a word to Mr. Crawford. And so Joe swore high and holy he'd do the devil and all.

—Because you see, says Bloom, for an advertisement you must have repetition. That's the whole secret.

—Rely on me, says Joe.

—Swindling the peasants, says the citizen, and the poor of Ireland. We want no more strangers in our house.

—O I'm sure that will be all right, Hynes, says Bloom. It's just that Keyes, you see.

—Consider that done, says Joe.

—Very kind of you, says Bloom.

—The strangers, says the citizen. Our own fault. We let them come in. We brought them in. The adulteress and her paramour brought the Saxon robbers here.

—Decree nisi, says J. J.
And Bloom letting on to be awfully deeply interested in nothing, a spider’s web in the corner behind the barrel and the citizen scowling after him and the old dog at his feet looking up to know who to bite and when.

—A dishonoured wife, says the citizen, that what the cause of all our misfortunes.

—And here she is, says Alf, that was giggling over the Police Gazette with Terry on the counter, in all her warpaint.

—Give us a squint at her, says I.

—O, jakers, Jenny, says Joe, how short your shirt is!

—There’s hair, Joe, says I. Get a queer old sirloin off that one, what?

So anyhow in came John Wyse Nolan and Lenehan with him with a face on him as long as a late breakfast.

—Well, says the citizen, what did these tinkers in the cityhall decide about the Irish language?

O’Nolan, clad in shining armour, low bending made obeisance to the puissant chief of Erin and did him to wit of that which had befallen, how that the grave elders of the most obedient city, second of the realm, had met them in the tholsel, and there, after due prayers to the gods who dwell in an ether supernal, had taken solemn counsel whereby they might, if so be it might be, bring once more into honour among mortal men the winged speech of the seadivided Gael.

—It’s on the march, says the citizen. To hell with the bloody brutal Sassenachs and their language.

So J. J. puts in a word doing the toff, and Bloom trying to back him up. Moderation and botheration.

—To hell with them, says the citizen. The curse of a good for nothing God light sideways on the bloody thicklugged sons of whores gets! Any civilisation they have they stole from us. Tonguetied sons of bastards’ ghosts.

—The European family, says J. J. . . .

—There’re not European, says the citizen. I was in Europe with Kevin Egan of Paris. You wouldn’t see a trace of them or their language anywhere in Europe except in a cabinet d’aisance.

And says John Wyse:

—Full many a flower is born to blush unseen.

And says Lenehan, that knows a bit of the lingo:

—Conspues les Anglais! Perjide Albion!

Then lifted he in his rude great brawny strengthy hands the
medher or dark strong foamy ale and he drank to the undoing of
his foes, a race of mighty valorous heroes, rulers of the waves,
who sit on throwns of alabaster silent as the deathless gods.
—What’s up with you, says I to Lenehan. You look like a fellow
that had lost a bob and found a tanner.
—Gold cup, says he.
—Who won, Mr. Lenehan? says Terry.
—Throwaway, says he, at twenty to one. A rank outsider.
—And Bass’s mare? says Terry.
—Still running, says he. We’re all in a cart. Boylan plunged
two quid on my tip Sceptre for himself and a lady friend.
—I had half a crown myself, says Terry, on Zinfandel that Mr.
Flynn gave me. Lord Howard de Walden’s.
—Twenty to one, says Lenehan. Such is life in an outhouse.
Throwaway, says he. Takes the biscuit and talking about bunions.
Frailty, thy name is Sceptre.
So he went over to the biscuit tin Bob Doran left to see if
there was anything he could lift on the nod the old cur after him
backing his luck with his mangy snout up. Old mother Hubbard
went to the cupboard.
—Not there, my child, says he.
—Keep your pecker up, says Joe. She’d have won the money only
for the other dog.
And J. J. and the citizen arguing about law and history with
Bloom sticking in an odd word.
—Some people, says Bloom, can see the mote in others’ eyes but
they can’t see the beam in their own.
—Ráimeis, says the citizen. Where are the twenty millions of
Irish should be here today instead of four? And our potteries
and textiles, the nest in the world! And the beds of the Barrow
and Shannon they won’t deepen with a million acres of marsh and
bog to make us all die of consumptoin.
—As treeless as Portugal we’ll be soon, says John Wyse, if some­
thing is not to reaforest the . . . . .
Larches, firs, all the trees of
the conifer family are going fast. I was reading a report .......
—Save them, says the citizen, save the trees of Ireland for the
future men of Ireland on the fair hills of Eire, O.
—Europe has its eyes on you, says Lenehan.

(to be continued)
KITES
by William Saphier

His mother did not see how a kite in the air might be a good substitute for lunch or dinner, or the Danube shore for a good feather bed. His friendship with the smugglers on the Danube worried her even more than his intense interest in kites.

He had a great collection of them. The attic was lined with these oblong shape of all colors and sizes but only one subject for a design. The ever-present design consisted of two unrelated subjects: a dragon and a chain with square links, one end attached to a saw-tooth bayonet. The color of the subjects never varied, green for the dragon and black for the chain and gun; only the spacing and the positions always varied.

All things were interpreted through these two symbols on the surface of his kites and they formed his little world or rather his message to it. He would send them up in the air, above the square whitewashed houses with their tile roofs, and felt that they were carrying a message to the whole town.

The dragon and the chain represented two incidents he had seen in this town framed in acacia trees high above the Danube. The dragon came one day on the flags of some visiting Chinamen, who had sailed up the river from the Black Sea with a load of reed covered bales. No one knew their contents as they were immediately reshipped to the capitol city. Th boat looked dressed for a masked ball and the men like animated toys or parading draperies. They passed through the streets of the town like a dream in the sunshine and when their boat started down the Danube the kitemaker followed in a rowboat for several hours. He expected the boat to turn into some huge sea animal as soon as it was out of sight of the city. He thought his own presence had delayed the inevitable transformation. The dragon appeared on every kite, a good-natured and happy sort of creature. Slowly and with delicate strokes it made its way on the surface of the paper, wriggling and coiling as if embroidered.

Quite different was the appearance of the black chain. Its links became fewer and larger and were put on with large strokes, at times almost breaking through the surface of the paper. The chain he had seen fastened to the wrists behind a man's back. He marched barefoot, without a hat, with a hairy chest thrown open...
to a cool sharp October morning. He marched with stiff legs over sharp stones on the unpaved road leading to the town from the mountains. All the exposed parts of his body were blue from the cold and covered with dirt. Only his bloodshot eyes shone with a feverish light. His jaw, heavily covered with a reddish growth, hung as if forgotten. Cain.

The other end of the chain was clamped to a heavy gun with a sawtooth bayonet in the hands of a tall bearded mountaineer with a high lambskin cap on his head. No noise came from the swinging chain or the marching men. They walked in perfect accord and had done so for two days and two nights without a stop. As they swung into sight on the rough road, it was the heavy rusty chain holding the two weird human beings together that struck the boy's imagination with greatest force. The dirty blue stiff legs in front became a part of the chain as well as the cruel bearded head with the lambskin cap in the rear. They were merely two ends of the chain and it seemed as if the cold blue legs were pulling the two cruel eyes under the fur cap. A horrible rusty chain marching early in the morning and late at night without rest.

All the mean deeds, faces and places became a part of the rusty chain solemnly swinging down the road with a tormenting silence. The chain had its place on every kite and he made many of them, always larger and stouter to fight off the kites from the neighborhood. By swinging the string up and down from left to right the kite would move in the desired direction. The quickest decision was reached by tearing all or part of the tail off the enemy. These tails were made of rags torn in narrow strips and it was a fine art to get exact weight and balance. The last one, his supreme effort, was a Copenhagen blue decorated with the black chain that had come down to five links and a pale green dragon coming from the center.

All the smaller kites he sold to buy twine, and the whole street was helping at the launching. Large wagons full of ripe watermelons made slow progress through the street on that afternoon. It all went well except for the usual intreference of his mother, who needed candles for prayer that evening. Six candles, one for every child and two for husband and wife. He had promised to bring the candles early in the morning but could find no time. At frequent intervals his mother's voice came in a threatening manner
above all the noise made by the children. It irritated him a little, but now it was unthinkable to postpone the launching and he was angry because his mother did not realize the value of that particular afternoon.

Up went the kite in majestic swings, and buzzing in a most challenging manner. More twine and more twine was let loose till the kite was far above its nearest competitor, a distinct advantage in case of a fight. Soon the kite from the nearest street on the east was swinging in this direction and a great fight was looming and children all cheering. But suddenly a fierce quiet descended on all, and the little kite-maker's face grew pale, then green. He saw his mother coming with scissors in hand, like a tremendous hurricane, and lightening striking from her eyes, straight toward the stout string going to the majestic kite above. It seemed too horrible; he still thought it a threat and wanted to avert the calamity by consenting to go for the candles, but he could not open his mouth; it was frozen. And the scissors grew larger and larger to enormous proportions; they reached straight across the street. There was no escape. He would rather have stuck his head into the jaws, when the most horrible thing happened. He fell as if struck by lightning, with one hand clamped to the remnant of twine on the ball.

His mother picked him up like a rag and carried him into the house, where he clamly sat down in front of an old stove and with hanging head, refused to talk or move all evening, all day Saturday, all night and all day Sunday. At the beginning, his parents were inclined to make him "behave," but no amount of scolding and threats got the least response from the crouching figure. Slowly his sullenness had its effect on the rest of the people in the house. The usual boisterousness on the part of the other children died away and on the second day they began to talk in whispers. They were getting worried and there were little quarrels and incriminations between husband and wife outside the room where he sat and sat.

It was Sunday evening and as he was sitting there his mind kept travelling from the ball of twine lying in front of him and a small tube of carmine red paint he had hidden in the attic from the whole world. These seemed the only important things deserving consideration at that time. The people in the house he hardly noticed, they were unimportant, what did they know about a tube of carmine red and its possibilities. In fact, all their chatter and
movements irritated him only a little and he had forgotten he was hungry.

The ball of twine, ah, that was a different matter, not to speak of the tube of carmine red. But he had never used red. Another symbol was required for that color. The black chain and the green dragon could not wear that most beautiful color. Suddenly an idea struck him. He had not noticed his father, mother and the rest of the family sitting in a semi-circle, whispering about calling in a doctor.

He sprang to his feet as if shocked by an electric current and shouted, full of joy: "It will be a red bat with outspread wings on a snow white field. That's what the next kite will be."
TO THE BOOK PUBLISHERS OF AMERICA

THERE are some thirty publishers of books in New York and Boston. Each one of them publishes many books that had better be left unpublished, if the wish to build up a permanent literature is the ideal of their existence. I believe every one of them would admit this delicate stating of the literary situation in America today. At the same time, every one of them publishes perhaps an average of three or four books a year of some special interest. These books I feel should be advertised in the Little Review.

I have just spent ten days presenting this idea to the New York publishers. The results can be seen in this number.

The attitude of those who are represented can be described pretty accurately, I believe, by the statement of one of the most fair-minded and intelligent men in the publishing business. "While I don't always sympathize with the things you print in the Little Review I feel not only that such an effort should be supported by the publishers but that they should recognize your special and selected audience for their special books."

Of those whose names are conspicuously absent two promised to take pages and then changed their minds; several promised to advertise in future numbers; several felt they had no books that would interest our readers; some refused for purely conventional reasons; some objected so strongly to our policy and to Mr. James Joyce that nothing would induce them to appear.

One of the largest publishing houses in the country, with books on their list by writers who appear in the Little Review, told me in all friendliness and with a charming humor that they couldn't conscientiously advertise because they regard us as a literary curiosity and preserve back numbers of the Little Review as a record of the insanity of the age. The implication was that we are not merely representative of the age's insanity but that we contain it all in our pages.

Another even larger publishing house (and one that, by token of bringing out in book form practically every one of our contributors, stands convicted of admiring us) refused to advertise
for the simple reason that they can reach more readers, for the same amount of money, in other periodicals. "But you believe that our readers are just the people who buy your books?" I asked. "Oh yes, but they read our advertisements in other papers." I couldn't see that this was a legitimate reason for not advertising. "You think the Little Review is a fine thing?" I asked. "Oh yes, but we aren't talking of merit." "So it seems," I said, "but why aren't we?" I wondered what we should be talking about that would furnish a decent reason for a large publishing establishment to spend $40 on advertising their best books with us. So I tried one more argument. "We give you the best publicity in the world by publishing your authors before you bring them out in book form, and by stimulating discussion about them before their newest books are on the market." "Oh yes, but I can't talk with you on the basis of courtesy." "Well, I said, "why can't you? Great publishing institutions are built up on 'courtesy.'"

One of the things that amused and angered me the most was the attitude toward James Joyce and other of our contributors who are considered obscene. Joyce is incomprehensible, yes, but nevertheless violently obscene. And nine out of ten of the people I talked with picked two lines of Djuna Barnes' play, "Three from the Earth," to prove to me our disgusting immorality. The adventure asks one of the Carson boys: "Your mother was a prostitute, I believe?" And the boy answers calmly: "At times."

"I don't understand you," I said. "Surely you have some idea of what those lines mean?" "Yes," they said, "they were put there for a laugh and they got it." "Those lines were put there," I said, "for the same purpose that every line of the play was written: a condensed comment on the hypocrisy, the unconsciousness, the lack of thought and vision in people. Everybody prostitutes something nearly all the time,—the prostitute who makes the accusation in this case being about to prostitute herself for social position. Etc., etc., etc." "Oh no, you're idealizing," they said. "Well," I said, "seing it as I do, how would you have me act? You wouldn't expect me to cut out those lines, would you, any more than I would expect you to cut out passages from your most distinguished novelist?" "Oh yes, but that's just what we do!" they exclaimed. "We take out whatever is objectionable—of course where it doesn't too seriously affect the text." I should
The Little Review

have remembered not to ask a naive question. The subject matter chosen by the men who write today may be objectionable. The war was objectionable, but it occurred to me that I couldn't stop it. And I haven't yet attempted to control the mind of the times.

* * * * *

For nearly six years we have published, in America, a magazine of highly specialized thinking. Financially unsupported (except by donations amounting to a few hundred dollars), representing no vested interests, no publishers' interests, no aged magazines and reviews nor staffs of the same, we have managed to keep alive in spite of an unsympathetic and ignorant public, a jeering press, and a censor that suspects the worst of any effort dedicated to the best.

Even our enemies however give us credit for literary integrity. But this is a meaningless virtue. Sincerity is not necessarily worth anything. It all depends on what you're sincere about. For instance, I can't look upon the publishers of Edgar Lee Masters' latest books as villains of the commercial age, as Ezra Pound does, any more than I can look upon Mr. Masters as a victim of the commercial age. He writes these books because he thinks they are good; they publish them because they don't suspect how bad they are. One must have a conception of literature before one can practise literary integrity.

So I ask only one thing: say we are sincere or insincere, I don't care how you think we do it, I only ask that you develop some conception of what we do.

And, that being accomplished, I ask whether you can give your support, at least once a year, to the one magazine in America in which the man of letters may obtain a hearing among his peers, ungarbled in editorial rooms to suit the public taste.
THE CHINESE WRITTEN CHARACTER
AS A MEDIUM FOR POETRY
IV
by Ernest Fennolosa and Ezra Pound

THE sheer loss and weakness of this method is apparent and flagrant.

Even in its own sphere it can not think half of what to think. It has no way of bringing together any two concepts which do not happen to stand one under the other and in the same pyramid. It is impossible to represent change in this system or any kind of growth. This is probably why the conception of evolution came so late in Europe. It could not make way until it was prepared to destroy the inveterate logic of classification.

Far worse than this, such logic can not deal with any kind of interaction or with any multiplicity of function. According to it, the function of my muscles is as isolated from the function of my nerves, as from an earthquake in the moon. For it the poor neglected things at the bases of the pyramids are only so many particulars or pawns.

Science fought till she got at the things. All her work has been done from the base of the pyramids, not from the apex. She has discovered how functions cohere in things. She expresses her results in grouped sentences which embody no nouns or adjectives but verbs of special character. The true formula for thought is: The cherry tree is all that it does. Its correlated verbs compose it. At bottom these verbs are transitive. Such verbs may be almost infinite in number.

In diction an grammatical form science is utterly opposed to logic. Primitive men who created language agreed with science and not with logic. Logic has abused the language which they left to her mercy. Poetry agrees with science and not with logic.

The moment we use the copula, the moment we express subjective inclusions, poetry evaporates. The more concretely and vividly we express the interactions of things the better the poetry. We need in poetry thousands of active words, each doing its utmost to show forth the motive and vital forces. We can not exhibit the health of nature by mere summation, by the piling of sentences. Poetic thought works by suggestion, crowding maximum meaning into the single phrase pregnant, charged, and luminous from within.

In Chinese character each work accumulated this sort of energy in itself.
Should we pass formally to the study of Chinese poetry, we should warn ourselves against logicianized pitfalls. We should beware of modern narrow utilitarian meanings ascribed to the words in commercial dictionaries. We should try to preserve the metaphoric overtones. We should beware of English grammar, its hard parts of speech, and its lazy satisfaction with nouns and adjectives. We should seek and at least bear in mind the verbal undertone of each noun. We should avoid "is" and bring in a wealth of neglected English verbs. Most of the existing translations violate all of these rules.*

The development of the normal transitive sentence rests upon the fact that one action in nature promotes another; thus the agent and the object are secretly verbs. For example, our sentence, "Reading promotes writing," would be expressed in Chinese by three full verbs. Such a form is the equivalent of three expanded clauses and can be drawn out into adjectival, participial, infinitive, relative or conditional members. One of many possible examples is, "If one reads, it teaches him how to write." Another is, "One who reads becomes one who writes." But in the first condensed form a Chinese would write, "Read promote write." The dominance of the verb and its power to obliterate all other parts of speech give us the model of terse fine style.

I have seldom seen our rhetoricians dwell on the fact that the great strength of our language lies in the splendid array of transitive verbs, drawn both from Anglo-Saxon and from Latin sources. These give us the most individual characterizations of force. Their power lies in their recognition of nature as a vast storehouse of forces. We do not say in English that things seem, or appear, or eventuate, or even that they are; but that they do. Will is the foundation of our speech.* We catch the Demiurge in the act. I had to discover for myself why Shakespeare's English was so immeasurably superior to all others. I found that it was his persistent, natural, and magnificent use of hundreds of transitive verbs. Rarely will you find an "is" in his sentences. "Is" weakly lends itself to the uses of our rhythm, in the unaccented syllables; yet he sternly discards it. A study of Shakespeare's verbs should underlie all exercises in style.

We find in poetical Chinese a wealth of transitive verbs, in some way greater even than in the English of Shakespeare. This springs from

*These precautions should be broadly conceived. It is not so much their letter, as the underlying feeling of objectification, and activity that matters.—E. P.*

*Compare Dante's definition of "rectitudo" as the direction of the will, probably taken from Aquinas.—E. P.*
their power of combining several pictorial elements in a single character. We have in English no verb for what two things, say the sun and moon, both do together. Prefixes and affixes merely direct and qualify. In Chinese the verb can be more minutely qualified. We find a hundred variants clustering about a single idea. Thus "to sail a boat for purposes of pleasure" would be an entirely different verb from "to sail for purposes of commerce." Dozens of Chinese verbs express various shades of grieving, yet in English translations they are usually reduced to one mediocrity. Many of them can be expressed only by periphrasis, but what right has the translator to neglect the overtones? There are subtle shadings. We should strain our resources in English.

It is true that the pictorial clue of many Chinese ideographs can not now be traced, and even Chinese lexicographers admit that combinations frequently contribute only a phonetic value. But I find it incredible that any such minute subdivision of the idea could have ever existed alone as abstract sound without the concrete character. It contradicts the law of evolution. Complex ideas arise only gradually, as the power of holding them together arises. The paucity of Chinese sound could not so hold them. Neither is it conceivable that the whole list was made at once, as commercial codes of cipher are compiled. Therefore we must believe that the phonetic theory is in large part unsound. The metaphor once existed in many cases where we can not now trace it. Many of our own etymologies have been lost. It is futile to take the ignorance of the Han dynasty for omniscience.* It is not true, as Legge said, that the original

* [Professor Fenollosa is well borne out by chance evidence. The vorticist sculptor Gaudier-Brzeska sat in my room a few months ago, before he went off to the war. He was able to read the Chinese radicals and many compound signs almost at pleasure. He is, of course, used to consider all life and nature in the terms of planes and of bounding lines. Nevertheless he had spent only a fortnight in the museum studying the Chinese characters. He was amazed at the stupidity of lexicographers who could not discern for all their learning the pictorial values which were to him perfectly obvious and apparent. Curiously enough, a few weeks later Edmond Dulac, who is of a totally different tradition, sat here, giving an impromptu panegyric on the elements of Chinese art, on the units of composition, drawn from the written characters. He did not use Professor Fenollosa's own words, he said "bamboo" instead of "rice". He said the essence of the bamboo is in a certain way it grows, they have this in their sign for bamboo, all designs of bamboo proceed from it. Then he went on rather to disparage vorticism, on the grounds that it could not hope to do for the Occident, in one life-time, what had required centuries of development in China.—E. P.]
picture characters could never have gone far in building up abstract thought. This is a vital mistake. We have seen that our own languages have all sprung from a few hundred vivid phonetic verbs by figurative derivation. A fabric more vast could have been built up in Chinese by metaphorical composition. No attenuated idea exists which it might not have reached more vividly and more permanently than we could have been expected to reach with phonetic roots. Such a pictorial method, whether the Chinese exemplified it or not, would be the ideal language of the world.

Still, is it not enough to show that Chinese poetry gets back near to the processes of nature by means of its vivid figure, its wealth of such figure? If we attempt to follow it in English we must use words highly charged, words whose vital suggestion shall interplay as nature interplays. Sentences must be like the mingling of the fringes of feath­ered banners, or as the colors of many flowers blended into the single sheen of a meadow.

The poet can never see too much or feel too much. His metaphors are only ways of getting rid of the dead white plaster of the copula. He resolves its indifference into a thousand tints of verb. His figures flood things with jets of various light, like the sudden up-blaze of fountains. The prehistoric poets who created language discovered the whole harmonious framework of nature, they sang out her processes in their hymns. And this diffused poetry which they created Shakespeare has condensed into a more tangible substance. Thus in all poetry a word is like a sun, with its corona and chromosphere; words crowd upon words, and enwrap each other in their luminous envelopes until sentences become clear, continuous light-bands.

Now we are in condition to appreciate the full splendor of certain lines of Chinese verse. Poetry surpasses prose especially in that the poet selects for juxtaposition those words whose overtones blend into a delicate and lucid harmony. All arts follow the same law; refined harmony lies in the delicate balance of overtones. In music the whole possibility and theory of harmony is based on the overtones. In this sense poetry seems a more difficult art.

How shall we determine the metaphorical overtones of neighboring words? We can avoid flagrant breaches like mixed metaphor. We can find the concord or harmonizing at its intensest, as in Romeo's speech over the dead Juliet.

Here also the Chinese ideography has its advantage, in even a simple line, for example, "The sun rises in the east."

The overtones vibrate against the eye. The wealth of composition in characters makes possible a choice of words in which a single dominant
overtone colors every plane of meaning. That is perhaps the most conspicuous quality of Chinese poetry. Let us examine our line. The sun,

日昇東

Sun rises (in the) East

the shining, on one side, on the other the sign of the east, which is the sun entangled in the branches of a tree. And in the middle sign, the verb "rise," we have further homology; the sun is above the horizon, but beyond that the single upright line is like the growing trunk-line of the tree sign. This is but a beginning, but it points a way to the method, and to the method of intelligent reading.

(The End)
THE READER CRITIC

Djuna Barnes' Play

Maxwell Bodenheim, New York:

A few comments on your November issue. Djuna Barnes' "Three From the Earth" has the piquant sensitiveness of mud, in spots, and a lordly grewsomeness in other passages; but on the whole its last sentence expresses my reaction—"That's the way you bore him!" Its dialogue is too assiduously elaborate and does not contain that effortless compactness—that expression of a chapter in the crook of a finger—which alone could convey the grisly note striven for. The prostitute is half-fantastic and half Minetta Lane, and the two look suspiciously at each other. The three peasant lads might be more convincing if one had not read the author's description at the start of the play, where she gives them small eyes, coarse lips and ugly, stupid exteriors. To be sure she tells us immediately afterwards that her characters are intelligent, gentle, etc., but the transition is a bit too miraculously abrupt, and the subsequent conversation of her men deepens the gap. Nietzsche, Schopenhauer, and deliberate naivete do not blend into small eyes and stupid surfaces! Still, Djuna Barnes has made a unique attempt and, dizzy with unadorned echoes, I thank her sincerely.

Literary Correspondence

Ex-Subscriber:

I should think Mary Garden would hate to see you coming, and even fear to open the Little Review to see from what new chalice of editorial gush you have libated your image of her with sticky, unctious, over-fermented adulation. She must have learned to scent in advance the sulphurated hydrogen of your outbursts of admiration, whenever some distinguished observer has written in criticism or disparity of her public performances; yes, damn it, or even of her Art, which you deem sacrosant and unassailable.

Herewith my check for $3.00 in renewal of my subscription to your Little Review which is so unmistakably one of the blow-holes of the literary period that it cannot be safely ignored any more than other red flag signals of danger on the highway of contemporary life.

P.S. I have changed my mind. There are so many literary "blow-holes" now being published. I think one less a safe risk.
[Yes? . . . and if all you have to say were true? It is three years since we published an article on Mary Garden or her work. Haven't you noticed that we have been printing right along since then things much more worth your comment if you are interested in literature? Of course you are not. The above letter is an example of a quite well-known mania. Have mercy on the postman.]

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Osip Zadkine is a Slav sculptor living in France. He is bringing an exhibition of his work to America in the early spring.

Maurice Sterne is well-known to all who are interested in the radicals.

At the Bourgeois Galleries there is an exhibition of some fifty etchings, lithographs and drawings by Edvard Munch the Norwegian painter.

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