THE LITTLE REVIEW

JANUARY, 1920

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SHERWOOD ANDERSON

THE
LITTLE REVIEW

THE WILD STAR

by Witter Bynner

There is a star whose bite is certain death
While the moon but makes you mad—
So run from stars till you are out of breath
On a spring-night, my lad,
Or slip among the shadows of a pine
And hide face down from the sky
And never stir and never make a sign
Till the wild star goes by.

LANDSCAPE WITH TREES, AND COLORED TWILIGHT WITH MUSIC

Past the End of the City

by Carlos A. V. Kral

THERE is a wide land that is low and flat and has sheets of blue gray water over its outer edges so far from its interior, and often in the great light and heat that come down upon it this land seems bright and shimmering; but it is a gloomy land like all the others, and some of its parts are more gloomy than others of them. At a certain time in one place in the land a poor city had been made, and there upon the heavy silent grass among wild trees it seemed lonely and pitiful, as if the trees and grass were but waiting to creep in nearer and rot it and replace forever its poor dustiness and ferocity.

The city had been placed near a small heavy green marsh, a little below the fields, that lay in abundant water with a narrow stream going through it; and over the stream from one part of a road to another was an old dust-muffled white wooden bridge with a row of shabby gray willows like bunches of worn ostrich plumes at one side. In the wild fields amid some poor gardens a few dirty houses stood, with people who were hangers-on of the city living in them.

This place I saw one hot summer morning. In the city I had thought the gloomy sky was gray, but having come out I found it bright, with small vague white clouds. Approaching the place I saw it as from above and far away, before a sky bleached by hot sunlight, and bleaching all that was before and beneath it: an expanse of rough pale fields covered with shaggy grass that was dotted by the black shrubs of thorn-apple. Some delicate rectangles of blue forest oak lay in a few places, dark lone oaks and elms stood in the white-green fields, and along narrow white dusty roads were short rows of black poplar trees. At the foot of a slope the marsh waved gently like a grainfield, with the heat and light making it at times almost invisible.

And in this powerful soft and white hot light I strolled, examining the bunches of pale green apples on the apple shrubs, plucking dried brown tops of clover, looking with pleasure at a tousled grassy nook in a bank under a wide low tree. And I went,

on a path in a bank that stood above the road along the front of one of the dark cool oak woods, which made the road here damp and black, down upon the bridge, thence to see the marsh, clear brown water which, as the sunlight struck it off in certain places, was blue and hot like the sky and which under the reeds was clear green in odd streaks and circles; clumps of green reeds three meters tall; broad flags; weeds with heads like spears; lily leaves in the open water; and little balls of floating scum. I strolled and frequently looked back and about to see all: the lighted hot silver sky; the grass, most lacking in strength of all the green, for it was already in seed and full of mustard in profuse yellow bloom; the gray little willows and pale marsh; the lone trees; the dark forest squares; and the black, black poplars.

And the poplars made one watch them carefully; small trees on that great lighted plain, but twenty meters tall close by; thick high trees, the branches growing low on the straight trunks, the grass and weeds high about, and the wind constantly turning up the light under-sides of the tough round little leaves, or opening places in the dark mass to let the strangely lighted sky shine through. The trees seemed to sparkle. And with their surface leaves a-flutter and their heavy interiors still they were strong and bouyant; and they made the light about and beneath them green and green-white; and the noise of them up in the free airs was loud and authoritative.

So the place on a hot summer morning with birds chattering in the woods and marsh and all scents faint in the dry heat and light. But on a chilly damp evening I saw that place again, and it was strong, coloured, and even vast and sublime.

I moved that night on roads laid as about a triangle, through, across, and back from that region, and twice over its stream, by the white bridge and another distant one. First, in the silence the light was fading. The sky of afternoon became strange, unreal, and soft; pale, paler, pale blue, milky green, and the white clouds, of which it held many, were drawn out into shreds or fluted; one round cloud was like the head of a Greek statue of a man, a pure white cloud lighted at the top with gold. It grew darker. Then the great sky above and in the west beyond the clouds became dark clear pink, almost purple, the clouds soft rosy pink; in the north the sky remained clear green and the clouds there were long faint streaks of brown and amber. The dark green and purpling world beneath contracted and grew strong, and yet was vaster, vaster; all objects were of new, surprising, dense substance; the darkened east and the whole air became deep purple, like the pur-

ple of grapes, and denser and more fragrant; it seemed as if the whole air, heavy with scent, was composed of masses of particles of liquid or glass that reflected the differently colored lights, pink, and green, and deepening purple from the sky and the darkening earth. Great round purple and green earth under the vast purple and pink and greenish curve of the sky! The grass, full of red, pink and white clover, besides the mustard, the poor tall milkweed, burdock, and pink and purple thistles, gave perfume that was well-nigh overpowering; and I smelled the strong odor out of a little cowstable. And all was strange. Off in the purple and pink gloom where were the gardens and the cabbage-fields, some poor people still worked; far back across the fields some small birds flew off somberly in a low line. The little woods had become so dense, blue and black, that they surprised and seemed to menace; the poplars were heavy and black, no light went through them now; and on a willow bough that had been broken down the fine dead gray leaves were rustling as I crossed the bridge. Among the wretched houses that stood upon the fields was a narrow ugly cottage painted drab and become almost black through neglect. A front corner whereat was a porch had sunk down into the ground, and high rank grass, dandelions, and other weeds grew close about the low building, rotting it. The house stood close, beneath one row of the high dark poplar branches. Away, but the only one at all near, was a much larger, taller, and even more gloomy house, with shuttered windows, in a wide yard with old lilac trees full of sprouts and some grass through which dirty chickens walked silently; and the yard was enclosed by palings of broken lath.

A family once lived in the cottage: a silent man, past thirty, with a dark skin, a heavy soft body, and a limp thick mustache that hung down; when he was about his home the man wore a faint shame-faced leer, and he was thoroughly indifferent to everything there, though he could beat a child long and cruelly; a man of only those few poor qualities and desires which fools like him considered to be for men. The woman was tall, thin, younger somewhat than he, with faded yellow hair, thin tough gray skin, and cheeks much narrower than her forehead, with a slight flush high on them. She liked idleness and comfort, and being dallied with by men; when she had been younger her slenderess, and a certain slowness and awkwardness she had, roused some desire; but she was of a poor spirit, dared to do only what was customary, and she had not much used herself: now that she was older she had become only procrastinative and given to dull meditation and occasionally to sharp irritation. She even exhibited an interest in the few objects and per-

sons about her and the few acts possible to her, an interest which was acquired but which resembled the garrulous interest of other women who lived as she. She was uncouth and repulsive, but even yet enough of a woman. And though she did not know how to work well and could not learn, she worked constantly. Of the two children born of her one was still not a year old, a helpless, drooling, noseless infant; the other was three years old, a dark sneaking, whining boy with short dark hair all over his head, clothed in a dress of red cotton plaid and white drawers and body garment beneath. This boy could wander back across the weedy fields and play in the litter of the brook, beside the bridge in the green light under the willows. According to the style of the time the woman herself wore ugly cotton gowns with yokes, straps, and flounces; more cotton cloth beneath; high stained gray corsets round her pale stooped body; and heavy leather shoes fastened with buttons. Her weak hair was in a large loose ball at the top of her forehead and in a knot behind.

And what a people! What a time! Theirs was a race dim, cold, and tenuous of feeling, yet at times prevaded by a curious bright light; a race of great passionless strength, and a wild indestructible faith, or fixity of will; a race that loves a little, curiously, with shame; and that is indifferent to all but certain elemental things. It was a time when that race was far in the rear, but had, perhaps in defence, a vanity and self-admiration gigantic. With their hearts protected against all that they had not yet attained, as their bodies were concealed in clothes; mercilessly hostile to all that they did not undestand, they were a people to dread. But such as these in the cottage on the fields one could love, for they were of the poor, the weak, the outcast, and the oppressed of the others.

In the morning very early, as he had returned silent and sour with sweat late in the night before, in the morning when it was light, but when the colours, the grays and greens, were repulsive and the air foggy and cold, the man with food in a newspaper wrapper went quickly and silently away toward the city; and he seemed very tiny as he moved over the foggy fields sucking the smoke from a cigar. Under his jacket he wore tight on his softish body a faded black cotton shirt, and on his head a serge cap with a shining forepiece like a naval officer's.

The woman began at once to work. Near the rotten wooden steps at the back of the cottage in the cold fog she began to wash clothes in tubs on an unfolded trestle. A cloth bag of wooden clips, a swab with stiff dirty cloths, and a broom hung on the outer house

wall. In gray smoking soapy water she washed the clothes, rubbing them on a board ridged with zinc, washed the filthy clothes, her calico, the shirts and drawers, narrow stockings, sheets from the beds, the clouts of the baby. She pumped the water and carried it herself, silently, bending her tall thin body, straining and working it past all reserve, it and her thin arms with sharp yellow elbows. She hung the clothes on blackened ropes stretched between some old sheds, outhouses, and slanted posts; she too was tiny there on the great dim fields. At first she wet her feet in the sop-like grass, wet almost to the knee her cotton skirts and her long ugly white legs in loose cotton stockings gartered above the knee with shoelatch; and she shuddered with the cold. Then as the sun rose higher and it became hot she sweated and panted. In the first of the morning the light was golden on the green fields and marsh; but it became ever more silver.

Two hours after she had begun to work her oldest child appeared to her in the kitchen doorway in its old sleeping dress, whining and sniffling with the morning chill and the confusion of being just awake, and twisting and rubbing on the side of the doorframe for its fear at interrupting her. She looked at it with no sort of kindness or welcome, and with impatience warned it not to wake the other. Then she continued her work. But on his snuffling plaintively that he was cold, she finished and wrung the cloth she held, and half drying her hands and arms on the sodden apron over her front she went, bent from the rubbing, up the steps and in at the door guiding and pushing the child back into the kitchen before her. Handling him partly as if he were another grown person and partly as if he were some wooden instrument with which she had not had practice and in whose use she felt little interest, she got him into clothes. She sat in a low-bottomed chair and held and turned him before her. She washed his face with a rag that smelled as if it were rotton and combed his hair with a comb full of head grease that smelled bitter. While being dressed the child wept and snivelled in fear and uncertainty; she sometimes ignored him, sometimes scolded him, sometimes berated him as if he were an adult enemy; but sometimes she looked upon him as if in consternation and dread. Then at the table she fed him coffee with milk and sugar and with wafers soaked in it. While this child was taking its food she walked guardedly into the bedroom to look at the other, and having found it awake, apparently to her annoyance, she uncovered it in her awkward hasty irritated way, took it up, dressed it in a blue shift and diaper, and then gave it one of her limp livid breasts. To this child's dress she added a boiled bonnet

and a shawl, and she fastened it into a small woven chair with a hole in the seat and a rimmed shelf before and bore it out beside the washing-tubs. She had now to take the first child, importuning, to the outhouse, already buzzing with flies. She too sat down. Then she began to work again, and she continued until all the clothes were washed and hung on the lines. It was then not much short of noon. There on the great shaggy empty fields under the sun-lit and sun-washed sky, to the noise of the black poplars and the air over the fields she lived and worked. She would have been perplexed at being watched or thought of; that would have been incomprehensible, distasteful, coldly and cruelly resented and despised.

She prepared to eat. The heat was making the small rooms suffocating even where there was a draught. She sat at the side of the weak oval wooden table in the kitchen, between it and the wall, the baby at her left in a high chair, the other child far around at the right out of her reach, sitting forward on its chair, which was too far from the table, half drinking, half spooning its food into its mouth, seriously absorbed with the food and pleased with it, but watchful and afraid of her. She herself ate much in a careless, smearing way. She ate a heap of chopped boiled potatoes reheated but not browned, dead white, some thick greasy meat sauce warmed, and some stewed rhubarb that she had saved in a dish, and she drank much coffee with milk listlessly out of a large white cup. Sprawling sidewise in her chair she watched the children carelessly; once she got up to jerk the older child closer to the table, and once she leaned forward to pull his food away when in repletion he complained of it. The bedroom, beside the room in front of the kitchen, was stifling, odoured of the tumbled bedclothes, almost intolerable when she went in there to arrange the beds.

Having again taken the oldest child to the outhouse and having replaced the soaked and yellowed clouts of the baby laid upon her knees with its bent legs in the air, and again given it her breast, she put aside the dishes from which they had eaten and the frying pan and coffee pot, and dragged out from a dark place under a shelf a deep basket of red berries covered with a carpet, and began to pinch off the stems, take out the many that were decayed, and to wash, sugar, cook, and seal the rest into cylindrical flawed glass jars for preservation till winter. In the stifling bare rotting kitchen with a fire of wood going hotly in the stove to boil the fruit she did this work, sitting for long periods that made the back ache over the stemming, wiping away from her face, with the

backs of stained hands, flies and the long antennae of her hair. She chopped the wood for the stove. The infant slept upon an old divan drawn with its face to the wall in the forward room, sweating in its clothes and giving off the odour of a baby.

The other child, sidling, whining, and surreptitious, stole a glass jar, and with it got back through the fields and down the path to the brook. It played there in the water in the softened light under the willows, broke the jar upon a stone among the gray litter, and cut the inside of the lower part of its thumb on an edge of the heavy glass. The pale greenish glass was dark clear green along the broken edge. Back came the child up the bank, along the road, and across the fields crying in perplexity and fear in the heat, and smearing itself with the startling welling dark blood. Confused, impotent, and terrified lest the blame be upon her, the woman received the child; then she became fierce and wrathful; but her excitement quickly subsided and was replaced by nervous weakness; she did not even finish fastening the bandage well, but wound it carelessly round the hand and told the child to go. With the clumsy bandage the child was fretful. Weakened and quieter, becoming more weary, the woman worked through the afternoon which was passing from the earth, boiled the fruit, went here and there, changed the baby's clouts, suckled it, wiped its spittle. As she wearied, she would sometimes stop aimlessly before the infant when it cried, and remain standing with her poor weakened and sweated body sagging forward at the waist, her high corsets thrusting up before and behind as if to plane off her head and leave it but a plug upon her shoulders, and partly looking away she would follow the baby's attempt to put something into its mouth. If it seemed about to fail she would put out her hand to assist, but she would drop the hand at once if the baby succeeded alone. When she had finished with the fruit the washed clothes were dry; these she took down, dragged in in a broken basket, dampened carelessly, and folded. She no longer spoke.

The hours passed. The little lonely cottage under the vast bright sky endured for those hours. The gloomy earth with its green trees endured. The poplars clattered their thick leather leaves in the wind; the marsh and the willows rustled. All endured. Nothing went past on the poor road. The light weakened slowly. At last it began to be that twilight of the wide pale green sky with white clouds lighted with gold. Finally it became the twilight of vastness, pink and purple, dense air, and heavy scents.

Silently, stiffly, and slowly the mother fed her children for the last time that day, ate something herself aimlessly and languidly,

arranged for the man's stronger food later, and then prepared the children for the bed, washing the larger child's stained dusty feet and wrapping again the cut hand. Carrying the night-dressed infant on one arm over her sagging shoulder and pushing the other by the head, which pressed back against her legs, she took them through the darkening room before the kitchen, into the bedroom, through whose window the sunset could now be seen above the grass, the marsh, and the lands across it. The room had some old faded stained paper pasted on the walls, a small bed for the child, a large high wooden one for the rest, a stand of drawers, a poor glass, and on the wooden floor lay a bit of ragged carpet; and the beds, for the hot weather, were almost without anything but the dirty hard red mattresses and sheets. She placed the infant, already asleep, on the large bed; the other child in its torn sleeping dress she put into its own bed; and she went out to the other room. The cut child was feverish because of its wound, but it began to sleep after rolling about for a little.

The larger room where the woman now sat was bare also, the floor was dirty and entirely uncovered; the broken torn divan stood against the wall, there was a table, also against the wall, two rocking chairs and another chair, a shelf with a stopped black clock upon it and a stack of newspapers about to slip down, some crooked dusty curtains at the windows; there was little else. At the left of the front wall was a double door frame through which to go into the darkening front room with the crooked window and the colored glasses. This room was perfectly empty. The woman sat by a double window at the right near an outer door to the porch; the door was open and had a sagging screen of wood and rusted metal. Here there was air, and above and about the porch were the thick darkening gloomy poplar branches. It was almost as if one were in the branches. She had sunk down into a sort of child's woven chair that had once been painted white, and she sat stiffly with her chin upon her hand, sidewise in the chair. She sat in the green and gray of the coming gloom. Beside her on the floor was a broken paper box containing clothes to mend, and she bent down, drew up one of the man's black shirts by a corner, glanced at it, then let it fall listlessly : once more she sat still, sat in the poor dirty room full of twilight subdued, and coloured still more than without, by the heavy green trees.

And to her this land, the city not far off, the house, herself, her clothes, her few absurd, cloudy but hard thoughts, beliefs, and purposes were not strange; nor was there in all things, in the world and sky, in that of herself which was fellow to all human

beings of all times, anything strange or appalling, moving even. For in herself was little to create, or to see, these qualities. She was so weary that her body was weak and numb and extremely sensitive; she felt distinctly her head, breasts against the corsets, back, aching legs, and feet; this, and but little else, was all that she felt.

So she sat, and it grew darker and gloomier; and she remained there without moving.

At last, when it was much later, all at once, as has happened how many times, someone in that other house away upon the darkened fields started music, faint for the distance, from a piano perhaps, or some mechanical device; wierd music, with high chords; and it was music which in that strange place, in the deepening gloom, with the trees rustling, was strangely firm and had authority and strength; and over the dew wet grass and the weeds of the fields and through the pink and deep purple light and the quivering green trees it came into that room as if destined so to come. It seemed that it came through the dense dark but coloured and wet air in great slowly made curves and bows that were almost circles, and that each note had power to go down deep into the heart, the breast, and to find there large decayed round spots and to draw from those spots slow terrible powerful notes of sympathy to mingle with the others. This music continued.

Leaning forward of a sudden, both elbows on her knees, which were close together, toes turned in, and her open hands covering her face, the woman began to weep. She made great sobs with long pauses between. She sobbed slowly and somewhat as if without feeling, and yet there was something like the violent retching of one poisoned in those sobs. She sobbed a long time. Then she became quieter and quieter, and at last began to have done.

The heavy poplar trees rattled in the gloomy dark. There began to be greater cold. What dim light had been left in the room gave place to complete cold heavy darkness. There was darkness over the world.

The arms, the hands still over the face, dropped forward, the head with its limp weak hair sank down, the face sliding along the bare thin arms, first on the underside, then as the arms turned over, on the back; and then, arms out, hands hanging limply at the wrists, she slept, bent almost double. In the chilly black empty room of that cottage out upon the wide terrible fields, among the trees, by the heavy high poplar trees that were always moving, she slept with haggard cheeks. The children lay on the beds in the other dark chamber, the larger breathing and turning uneasily for

its wound and for the cold so that it could be heard. The cold increased.

The music continued for a time, then ceased; the dark seemed to become more murky; the poor leaves rustled in the winds that came and went out of and into the unlighted sky.

POEMS

by Robert Reiss

Paint

These are the attempted decologues
To remurmur old sentimentalities.
Forget the dull and overharsh moments
In remembrance of a strange mid-night decency.
Mid-night is the rouge upon the lips of day,
When light trips out in stumbling gowns
Overdressed in darkness.

Wall Paper Design

Listen, dear kid with the red flower,
I've only a few words.
In the brittle, chemical clouds
One sees hard birds.

Miniature

Hung on the sides of the grey air
In limpid green patterns
Are pictures of Dolly Mayfair.
I feel that beings are stirring somewhere.

Shredded Gossip

She has forgotten the spring.
The frescoed girl is awaiting the autumn
With its growth of ominous flowers
And fog-black beauties.
Incest reddens this animal
As the sun's tongue burns men.

She is like a cigarette butt
Upon the stair-case of a palace
Consuming itself with calmness.

Ten Years After

Your mouth is mute
In splendid, tiny circles of discontent.
The ashen lips are dead as porcelain
Moulded in the old design.
You have sat too long
With the berry-eyed ladies.

A NEW TESTAMENT

by Sherwood Anderson

IV

WHEN I stop stretching my mind it slips back and lies dead and lifeless like the rubber band of a boy's slingshot. For hours and days it lies dead and meaningless like a wornout shoe thrown into an alleyway in a city.

A dirty boy with a twisted shoulder has thrown me over a fence and I fall rattling on stone steps at the back of a house where lives a woman whose lover I once was. Once I kissed the woman when we had both been drinking wine. It was late at night and there was snow on the ground. Her cheeks were cold but her lips were warm. Her father owned a factory where shoes are made. The father of the crippled boy worked at a bench in the factory.

. . . . . .

Everything I have found out about life is common knowledge. The dogs in the street bark my knowledge in the dark nights. Two cats live in an alleyway back of a gloomy building where I have a hole in which to sleep and where for long hours I lie awake, thinking, dreaming, putting up my hands in the darkness, whispering your name and the names of other beautiful things I have seen.

This is in the deep quiet of the night when you have passed into a dreamless sleep. This is when the smoke of the city has been blown away. The wind has lifted the smoke off the city as an old factory hand homeward bound on a winter evening might lift a dirty carpet off the form of a dead child he has found lying in an alleyway.

At two o'clock at night a steamboat whistle blows in the Chicago River. A man who lives above me gets out of bed and goes barefooted across the floor. His feet fall on the boards like the fingers of a player on a silent piano filled with broken strings.

He strikes a match. I know what he is doing. He is lighting a candle in order that God may see into his room and remember him in the time of his death.

I do not arise and light a candle for the sake of God. I lie still and think. God has multiplied himself so often in my sight that I cannot see him by the light of a candle.

. . . . . .

V

Long ago an old man sat on a log at the edge of a cornfield and talked to me of God.
His words leaked away.
They would not stay in my head.
The rustling of the leaves of a tree near at hand drowned his voice.
It ran the scale like the voice of an Oriental.
The little drums in my ears were tickled by rising and diminishing waves of sound.

His words ran into the rows of corn and became rows of sounds, an army of sounds.
They hopped and ran like little naked children.
He did not teach me much of God but fragments of God's truth clung to me.

It fell on me like drops of warm rain out of a wet sky.
Did I not learn from him that words are living, breathing things. They are the children of men that have been put to work in a factory. Their little bodies have become bent and stooped and twisted.

The female words have found no lovers.
They are barren.
It was not God's wish that it be so.
I am one who would serve God.
Have not my brothers the male words been castrated and made into eunuchs.

I would be nurse to many distorted words.
I would make my book a hospital for crippled words.

From this day I shall wear a white garment and deny myself the pleasures of the body. The words of old time men have been reborn in the factory towns of my country. They are choked with smoke and drowned in waves of new sounds. Will you give a word

nourishing food, carry him for a day in the warm body of yourself as a maid carries with due modesty a babe in her belly.
It is time for the old men to come back out of their sleeping stupor.
Thy must sit again at the edge of the cornfields.
The words of our lips are being destroyed.
They are undernourished and work in the factories.

There is a tough gnarled new word that has lived for a long time in a corner of my brain. He has set up an insanity there. Sometimes for days I do not dare go near the corner of myself where the word sits crouched, ready to strike, to spring. I start to walk boldly in at the door of my house and then grow afraid and run away.

I run out of the present and into the past.
I run past clanging factory towns, past long bridges, over lakes and seas, into the deserts, into the forests.

It is by chance that I recover and come back into myself.

A twisted word seeks warmth in a corner of my brain. His body is bent and his lips twitch. Something tells me he is the son of an old sweet word born on a hillside long ago in the night.

They have brought the little twisted word into the West. In the service in which they put him the air was bad. The flying end of a broken wheel hit him and broke his back. His body twitches when he breaths. He lives but the air whines and whistles as it works its way through his lungs. He has escaped from his servitude and has got into my brain.

My twisted word will live long enough to breed and to perpetuate his kind.

Bring me quickly the female words that are barren and waiting.

If you do not hurry my twisted word will die in the corner of my brain.

I am a breeding place for a twisted word.
I await the time of the breeding.

(*to be continued*)

POEMS

by Else von Freytag-Loringhoven

B u d d h a

Ah—the sun—a scarlet balloon
Ah—the sun—
—scarlet baloon
giant balloon
touching spires and steeples
down the misty grey—late
afternoon—
crystalline—late—
afternoon — — —
— — — —
vanishing
immense—
immune — —
God:
scarlet balloon—
Everything simple!

Giant balloon—
God—!
vanishing—
immense—
immune—
eye on us—
on *Himself!*
Circle!
Sufficient!
Most importantly round!
Withal: space!
Fact.
Gay God—scarlet balloon.

Gay God—scarlet baloon.

Round!
Deed—joy:
Round!

Perfection!
Who is he—
crowds *thee*
with responsibility!
Gay God—scarlet balloon?

Whirring God—immense in sky

Lightness—
emptiness—
out of
heaviness!
material to
immaterial!
Ether—soul—
fliest:
touching spires and steeples—
down a misty grey—
—late afternoon—
crystalline—late—
afternoon — — —
— — — —
vanishing
obscure
immune—
Essence!
Whirring God—immense in sky.

Ah—soul—scarlet balloon—
Ah—soul—
Soul—scarlet balloon—
giant balloon—
touching spires and steeples—
down thy misty—grey—
afternoon—
crystalline—
afternoon — — —
— — — —
balancing—
immense—
immune—
soul—scarlet balloon—

Everything simple!
Ah—Mustir—scarlet balloon—
giant balloon—
Ah—Mustir—simple!
Touching spires and steeples
down thy misty—grey—dim
afternoon—
crystalline—dim—
after — —
noon —

F a t h e r !

Down stares sun—
wind in trees
throttles leaves—
limbs are bleeding.

It is blue air
cold as grave!
fall throttles blood
heart is weeping.

I—tree—weep
bleed—weep—
our blood tears—our tears blood.

Down stares sun
thy glistening eye—
laughter: deep sapphire sky.

Father—ah—we love
we fear thee—
I—brother tree—
I—my Lord God—also hate thee
My Lord God—for thy cruelty
my Lord God—thy necessity
my hatred—my Lord God—is
only a flippant luxury—!

Inside my weeping heart
throttled blood

praises :
Omniscience!
But— :
down stares sun—
glistening eye—
laughter—thy deep sapphire sky.
Limbs bleeding
heart weeping
our blood tears—our tears blood!
Father!

THE MYSTIC ROSE

by Arthur Winthrop

EVERY night as he cleaned his teeth, he leaned over he washing bowl and a moment later let the red mush escape his lips. It fell with a little splash into the shallow dirty water in the basin, then wound itself into a spiral, such as one sees on the scummy surface of a lake after a bather has plunged—or in pictures of new worlds in formation as nebulae.

The convolutions of the spiral seemed to have wound themselves round him in some sinister way, for every night he repeated the same experiment: leaning over the basin in tense anxiety lest perhaps this once the spiral should not materialize. It never did fail him however; and the little red whorl, opening wider after a moment, became an obsession; for though it had no area yet it seemed to cut a hole through the centre of the water in the bowl and beyond that through the washstand, straight into the middle of the earth. It was like a red sinister eye suddenly opening on him from the hot and throbbing centre of the earth; and the whorl it made was an eternal shape. He alone had brought it into being by breathing on the water. Obviously he was God.

Then the red spiral became the blood of a sacrifice, pumped out before him by a heart torn smoking from the victim's breast. It jerked out its life-blood before him, spasmodically, like a curious machine. Staring down on the basin, his thoughts became fixed and immaculate All movement stopped in his brain and the candle at his side flickered slowly down.

After a while a subtle rapport established itself between him and the spiral of tooth-paste and saliva spat into the basin. If, as occasionally happened, he was too tired to clean his teeth before

bed it was as though the tribute which was due from some subject race to his godhead had not been sent and was therefore a direct challenge to his overlordship. Dropping to sleep, he would be overtaken by restless and unrefreshing dreams. He saw himself a colossal figure of vengeance—Cyclopean—with one red spiral burning eye and his tooth-brush brandished above his head. His tooth-brush had become a "maquahuitl" and the bristless sharp obsidian flakes. All the night he sought his enemies, in the air in subterranean corridors, and under the earth; through forests, round precipices; but they always eluded him. After a while, by simply gazing at the spiral as he stood up, he could metamorphose himself into the god of his dreams.

Needless to say it affected his work at the bank, for the next day his fellow-clerks would ask if he had had a "thick night." When he remembered himself towering ten feet high in his dream, whirling the maquahuitl, scouring the earth in search of hidden enemies, a sour taste would come into his mouth as he looked around, saw the ledger before him, the grill a little way off. His colleagues, bland and intent, filled him with anger. They did not know with whom they were dealing. They did not know he was a god; that warm scummy jumping hearts were torn out of their breasts to be offered to him and that he was powerful to wreak vengeance. He went surlily to his ledger and bending over it began to balance it automatically.

After a while he did not even pretend to be working, but would put his elbows on the desk and his head on his hands and imagine he was far away—a stalwart ten foot figure crushing through the undergrowth, scattering his enemies before him like ants; in his right hand the maquahuitl edged with obsidian, whirling terribly about his head.

At such moments his breath would accelerate, a red flush dye his cheeks and a fierce light come into his eyes.

One evening in the middle of a similar exaltation, he picked up the ledger as one might a slave and dashing it down thought to brain it. It was after closing time in the bank, but the crash made them all jump. The manager sent for him,—warned him. He did not know what the manager was saying, the words seemed puerile and without context. He contented himself with smiling vaguely, fumbling at a coat-button. The manager waited for a reply. But no reply was given and before the inanity of his clerk's stare and a something sinister behind, he grew uneasy and said he might go back. Upon the third repetition it was heard; the inane smile left the face and he went back to his desk.

And always the haze surrounding him grew deeper and it became purely an automatic series of movements that carried him to his bank in the morning, away in the evening and through its routine in the day. Nowadays once he had got home and eaten his dinner, he shut himself in his room on the pretext of study, and having cleaned his teeth, spat the red mush into the bowl. While the spiral grew, his eyes gleamed, his body grew taut — he was possessed: crushing through lianes and undergrowth, under giant aguaves, yuccas and cacti,—stumbling over the roots of trees, among pines, oaks and chestnuts, he would pursue his scattering enemies. This was what he lived for—this was why he hurried home from the bank every evening and never went out.

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At this time the Wilkin K. Bright Company, with central offices in Chicago, decided to begin a terrific publicity campaign that could not fail to set the world agog. This campaign was for nothing less than a new tooth-paste with a chlorine base. One of the advertisements ran like this:

"Why have white shining teeth. It is tempting providence. Good teeth are born, not made. Try our Chlorax—gives the latest society gold tint."

By means of such advertisements, accompanied by charming photographs of Angel Cooper showing her teeth the new tint and extensively spread over five continents, the new powder achieved an instant and remarkable success. One day Smith, the bank dandy, appeared with golden teeth. The effect was so arresting that the very next day the whole of the junior staff appeared with their teeth the same tint—to the great scandal of the conservative heads.

Our hero was set to thinking. Going home, he too bought a box of the powder with its guarantee of money returned if it did not do all that was claimed for it. After dinner, as was his custom, he went up to his bedroom and cleaned his teeth. The powder was yellow, but this did not strike him as strange and when he let the mush fall from his lips it fell with a splash and was lost to view in the dirty water of the bowl. He stared into the basin, waiting waiting,—but he hardly knew for what? After a few minutes, he shook himself, wondering what on earth he waited for, then went downstairs again. The family, surprised to see him again as he always shut himself up at that hour, and excited by the new colour of his teeth, crowded round him, ragging him. This made him forget

the obscure uneasiness which floated at the back of his brain. Looking at the clock and finding it eight, he was alarmed by the prospect of a blank evening, but going out wandered distraught for an hour. He then returned, went straight to his room again, cleaned his teeth, always expecting—what? Then he went to bed.

His sleep was disturbed by terrible dreams, in which he chased his enemies through a thousand perils—but always without success. He awoke in the morning desperately tired.

So for a week. He could not tell what was wrong with him. His evenings were beyond words desolate. At eight he was done—nothing to do—nowhere to go.

He fell desperately ill, hovered for a time between life and death, and during his fevers frightened his nurse with the blood-thirstiness of his cries: the horrible and circumstantial accounts of what he had done to his prisoners.

Finally he grew well and forget he had ever had these hallucinations, but with this forgetfulness the Wilkin K. Bright Company was deprived of what might have been a most valuable testimonial. An advertisement, like this, might easily have been formulated from it :

"Can you hope for a 'Golden Age' when you use 'Blood-red toothpowders'? Beware of the cloven hoof. Other toothpowders make you bloodthirsty. Read this letter—A living witness—"

And then would have followed. . . .

THE LITTLE REVIEW

Editor:
Margaret Anderson

Foreign Editors:
John Rodker **Jules Romains**

Advisory Board:
jh

"The Art of Madness"

I

LET me hasten to aid "jh" in relieving the readers of the *Little Review*" of the awful misapprehension that she and I agree.

To come to a unanimous conclusion in any discussion it is necessary that the parties to it begin with a common understanding of the word values employed by each. Otherwise each argues in his own tongue and there is no hope of bridging their disagreement. I fear this is the present case. Art to "jh", for instance, appears to be something too sacred for analysis, else why should she be shocked by a recognition of the fact that the psychological idiosyncricies inate in the artist and so beyond the despotism of will modify and distinguish the quality of his work.

"In the case of Else von Freytag-Loringhoven I am not talking of mania and disease, of numbed sensibilities . . . . hers is a willed state," says "jh". I concede it to be true that in no effort in which self-consciousness of any sort persists is the will absolutely in abeyance, and the beginning of madness is rarely an absolute state. To express life in words is to juggle with the poison that lies in the very medium, for language was primarily an attempt to arrest experience and so enslave life and do it to death that man might no

more fear it. The artist often courts the speech of the madman because he desires the emotion he has ensnared to escape the petrification of intellectualization, but there is a point at which the will weakens beneath the onrush of forces it has itself loosed. Amidst flashes of insight like fire in the rain perception dims and is finally extinguished in the blindness of pure sensation. Else von Freytag-Loringhoven, in my opinion, has walked perilously near(if she has not passed over the edge) beyond which the vision of delirium melts into the blank self-enwrapped exaltation of trance.

Margaret Anderson is good enough to inform me that through the carelessness of the printer "jh" was misquoted in her reply to me in the last issue, so that "working" should be supplemented for "evoking", in which case I quote "jh" as follows:

"The artist working his consciousness at a high power on some piece of difficult work appears to have become callous and stupid or a wild man to the layman." For the sake of "jh" I am sorry that the correction must be made, as by this alteration in her statement a word of vague applicability is supplemented for one of clear connotation. One must now inquire in what manner and under what circumstances the artist is able to "work" his consciousness.

A man may be working a sewing machine or a plow or, in the vernacular of the day, he may be working a woman. In each case an initiation of will is required. The point at issue is to decide wherein lies the difference in the relation which the man holds to the sewing machine and the plow, and to the woman. In one case we have the will acting without limitations other than those which inhere in the quality of metal. The man may mar the machine and destroy the plow and even then he can collect the mutilated parts and reconstruct them to their original use. But over the woman he has not an equal sphere of dominance. By suggestions of fear or benevolence he may temporarily put one or more of her powers at his disposal, but she will continue to exist under her own condition which he has not created and cannot re-create. It would seem that only in this sense can the consciousness be "worked", for it is distinguishable from the will while existing on unalterable terms. One bends to one's uses the thing one can not break and the most literal word to express this act is the word which "jh", unfortunately, did not use,—evocation.

I did not anywhere make a statement which would contradict the supposition that the madness of the artist in question was evoked as is often the madness of the religious ecstatic, only that the features of madness were in her work. Synthesis looses the will. One may evoke a god, a muse, or a madness, but to speak of conditioned disorder would be to contradict oneself, and I certainly be-

lieve that Else von Freytag-Loringhoven is powerless to condition the disorder she has evoked.—*EVELYN SCOTT.*

II

IT does not seem necessary to flaunt and flourish as much as Miss Scott does in such a simple discussion. This is no controversy. There is no need of agreement or unanimous conclusion in any discussion or argument, and when two such different minds meet there is not even the possibility of a common understanding of word values: word values come from personal values.

"Art to jh appears to be something too sacred for analysis.". . . I fear not sacred enough. I write more about Art than anyone in the country, wasting time and energy that might be put into my proper work as an artist It is all too foolish. The Baroness von Freytag will think *us* feeble minded.

But now let us see who is talking about what? It all started from a statement of mine : "No one has yet done much about the Art of Madness." Then Miss Scott jumped in and talked about the madness in the Art of von Freytag—not the Art in her Madness. I never thought of discussing those psychological peculiarities in the artist which are beyond the reach of the will. Haven't those things been recognized and summed up even by the laymen in "artists are born not made?"

Words do not mean so many things to me as they do to Miss Scott. Consciousness does not mean the sum of ungovernable, dispersed faculties. Consciousness means complete *being*. So I am not talking of a state in which the consciousness is only kept from being nothing by a weak and tottering will, but of one in which the will is so powerful that it creates the being—the state of consciousness it desires. When I speak of disease I mean disorder. When a person has created a state of consciousness which is madness and adjusts (designs and executes) every form and aspect of her life to fit this state there is no disorder anywhere : there is therefore no disease. There can be no legitimate standard for valuing the order of sanity higher than the order of madness, except a moral one.

Now I will try to answer Miss Scott's problem of working and evoking. I did not use the word evoke because it is an unknown and unnecessary word to me. Evoking comes in the class with rain-making, etc. If one has the power to evoke he has more power than the evoked.

It is perhaps not necessary for the artist to make any outward

sign that he has had his specialized creative experience, but it is customary and human and we are speaking of these signs (works of art). After the æsthetic intuition of Beauty there is a simultaneous mental and emotional conception,—the complete vision and creation of this beauty : the internal expression : the experience of the creative impulse. But if the artist wishes to show other men that he has had this experience,—first he wills: intends unconditionally; then, he must not choose with his mind but with his consciousness the subject matter which will best communicate his experience; and then by deliberate and intense activity of his consciousness he must produce the forms, colours, rhythm of his invention.

Miss Scott has information, knowledge and words. All that she says is true but it does not make sense because it does not fit this discussion. Unless I had tried to begin my discussion far beyond the cause which may be pathological and the effect which is not . . . beyond the support of knowledge and evidence and academic definition. . . I should feel that I had offered an affront and an insult to Else von Freytag-Loringhoven.—*jh.*

III

"jh" understands me wonderfully—perfectly. Don't I say in "The Cast-Iron Lover" : "look full of laughter—look full of motion —look full of dizziness— insanity!—which makes steady and sane! —maketh steady and sane thine body!"

Is it not necessary for emotions to come out—is it not necessary for emotional people to be like insane sometimes?—to be more sane and steady and strong than others, weaker people, after that? Is it not wonderful to be able to control that then, that emotion, which otherwise would throttle you?—but take it by the neck and make Art out of it? and be free?—that is, the *master?* Only *such things*—done *that* way are Art! It is Goethe's art! *He knew that too!* —he too had to do it: "Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt—weiss was ich leide" . . . . That is just as insane as my "Cast-Iron Lover" (and would have been too sentimental if Goethe had not been such a strong artist); and my "Cast-Iron Lover" is not an iota more insane nor less art!

Perhaps the America people need to be told it—Europeans wouldn't; no people who read books like the *Little Review.*

Another thing: haven't all highcultured emotional people—[which always means artistic people, as *high culture* is only possible with emotional people, therefore Americans can *never* have it and the Germans will—I mean—: high culture—!

that—what the French can't hold any longer for their blood has become thin—the teutons will take it and flow it with blood—strength—tell the Americans that in nations of high culture it even was a public custom, as it is still—for instance in the mardi gras—or "Fasching"—and in old Greece in the feast of Dionysus ("die Dionysien" as we learned it in Germany), and always will be—because it has to be—like a steam nozzle on a tea kettle—] to be insane, for a time, to be very sane and steady and strong and relieved after it? *Because Americans do not need that—they should not give costume balls!* They do not know what it is for—the *reason* for them—to let yourself go—! That is why it is such a mournful heartbreaking affair in America. Europeans like myself cannot understand why they put on these costumes(they are silly enough—without inner sense!); but *why* they do it anyway and stay up all night and move around when they are not different as if they were in their beds—so—why not rather go to bed—instead of giving this mournful spectacle of intended gaiety!—when there is no gaiety to be relieved, or insanity, or anything to be let go—let loose! It is all a make-believe. Everything emotional in America becomes a mere show and make-believe! No necessity—no blood behind! They—their needs—did not create it. They monkeyed it after Europe—as they do everything except business—even marriage—and it is just such an empty show at make believe, without anything to let go—let loose! They have not found out the sense—and never will! They ought not to marry—they ought not to make love—to shame the word even—how much more the sense—and the action.

Americans are trained to invest money, are said to take even desperate chances on that, yet *never* do they invest beauty nor take desperate chances on that. With money they try to buy beauty—after it has died—famishing—with grimace. Beauty is ever dead in America."—*ELSE von FREYTAG-LORINGHOVEN.*

The December Number

I thought the November issue the best yet; but here is the December one with dynamite by "jh". But about this more later. Incidentally, why don't you get more work out of "jh"? The November number was to me a universe in little. Life is constantly exhibiting new forms; they are so many experiments; the incalculable majority prove failures. An infinite god, towering above all these forms in the making, must look upon them with fearful interest. What do you think holds the eye constant at the task incaculably repeated? Possible failure, or potential suc-

cess? Do you think failure after failure incalcuably repeated an outrage? I do not. God must be infinitely more interested in the failures than in the successful forms. It must be that the failures are his best beloved. For, imagine the facts reversed and even improved upon. Were everything that left the hand of god successful and perfect, the universe would soon be as crowded as a successful business man's home. And there would be god, with an infinite capacity for work and an infinity of time on his hands, and nothing to do. Picture a gray god sitting in a brownish arm chair with no room to stretch his legs in an overcrowded home for the aged. It is revolting.

A creator must create . I see a god towering over his bench, a terrible concern holding his face congealed, his immense arms moving like the cutting tool of an engraver's lathe. Suddenly he straightens up, and a chuckle escapes him. "Wrong again." The universe is richer by one promise; it now holds one more infinite possibility. Now that he has another little job, god can knock off work and never mind it.

People talk of anthropomorphism as if it were something shameful. But why? If we may judge a tree by its fruit, we may judge a god by his creatures. I do. Men now drink wood alcohol who had refused Irish whiskey; men and women now feed on eggs at a dollar and twenty cents the dozen who would not touch these same eggs at five cents the dozen. Threatened with idleness because of overproduction, god had to keep constantly at his bench; but as soon as a new little job comes in, he may well light his pipe and sit himself outside his shop.

James Joyce is beyond doubt the most sensitive stylist writing in English. There is enough skill and matter in a single Episode of "Ulysses" to equip a regiment of novelists. He never fails to give you more than you bargain for. He gives me more than I can ever carry away. Often enough, I feel that I should curse him and die. But that is just it: I don't want to die, and I don't want to live a pensioner on an annuity. That is why I like Dorothy Richardson. Dorothy Richardson is doing what all the king's horses and all the king's men could not do: she's putting Humpty Dumpty together again. But I don't mind that a bit. She could go on doing the same thing to the end of the Peace Conference without in any way worrying me. I am sure that I ought to be ashamed of it, but I am not. Harold Munro in his "Parcel of Love" achieved an interesting failure. And his failure was due to the fact that he tried to do by means of condensation what he should have done by connotation. And that, by the way, seems

to me at bottom what is wrong with so much of the new poetry. Having been born in Russia and of Jewish parents, I am quite naturally more American than the Americans; that will explain to you my profound interest in Sherwood Anderson.

American writers are of two sorts: there are those who have been taught at college how to write; and so, naturally, they can write. And they do write. They are the Authors Who Never Go Wrong. I don't know whether Professor Pitkin of Columbia gives a guarantee with his course, but he well might. Without a doubt he has yet to turn out his first failure; and as for his successful authors, they are all over our magazines. These are the authors who are all dressed up with no place to go, except into our magazines. Then there is the other sort: the merest handful: Dreiser, Anderson, Marks (author of "Peter Middleton"), and—well, never mind; I can't recall the rest of them just at this moment. It seemed never to have occured to them that writing is something that has to be learnt. Something was troubling them on the inside; writing seemed a promising way to get rid of it; and so they sat down and wrote. Sometimes they had to go on until they had written volumes. These volumes were later called novels by publishers and reviewers; and so they became novelists When they produced lesser volumes, they were called short story writers, playwrights, poets. In all these instances, these writers had reversed our present educational methods: Our present method of education is to furnish one with an equipment for possible needs; the nature of these possible needs is arrived at by more or less shrewd guessing and the law of averages. And, in order to insure against fatalities, we do what the pharmacist does when he is unable to read the prescription; he makes the concoction harmless. The result, if a human society is to be judged by the amount of its chatels, the result has thus far been quite satisfactory. To the holders and beneficiaries and their assigns. These writers, having missed the benefits of a course under Professor Pitkin of Columbia or Professor Baker of Harvard, began with needs but without equipment; and so they were forced in their need to lay hands on the things within reach, piece by piece, always under great stress. At the present moment, their equipment bears a striking resemblance to the furnishings found in a Greenwich Village studio; sometimes there are too many chairs and no tables, at other times too many tables and no chairs; you may find dozens of plates and not a single cup, or priceless china and woolworth knives and forks; and in nearly all instances, the lack of form is more than made up by a riot of color. And this brings me to Djuna Barnes.

Djuna Barnes is a great potential. She has the native predilections of a poet. Her treasury of merit is rich and interesting. But, I am sure, that with her it is always a toss-up: Will she, won't she? You will recall how I praised her "A Night Among The Horses." But it is not to her credit at all that she gives me the feeling of a lucky accident. Her "Three From The Earth" is a might have been. If she weren't quite so big and strong, I'd give her a good shaking. There is just one piece of advice I should give her. Let her make no attempt to lift any tricks from other writers. They are always evident, and never suitable. For her there is nothing but a lot of writing. Barrels and barrels of it. Let her carry along any of her present failings far enough, as she well may, and she will have achieved an original manner for her original matter. It would be as childish and futile, of her as of anybody else, to take anything from Joyce, for instance. His technique is inseperable from his matter; it will not do for anybody else what it does for him. And surely she will not want to borrow from any author with an inferior equipment.

All this was a long way to go before reaching "jh" and the December number, but I knew of no shorter way.

I am not interested in shorn lambs; and I know, for another thing, that nothing and nobody, not even god himself, could temper "jh's" blast; and so I feel not in the least timid about writing in explanation of Maxwell Bodenheim. I believe that the blast at "Sincerity" was set off by Bodenheim's compliment to Djuna Barnes, though the greater and remoter cause was the heckling criticism of Evelyn Scott. Bodenheim, unlike Evelyn Scott, did not find himself called upon to guard "our" English literary tradition. He is no protector of literary law and order. Everyn Scott assumes that her own measure of judgment is correct beyond question. She does not defend it against criticism: she merely describes it; she quotes you the decision from the text. Her poetic demands are so many catagorical imperatives; they are axiomatic. There is a dining room in Michigan Boulevard, in Chicago, facing Lake Michigan. The windows of that dining room are kept shut summer and winter, that no air from the out of doors may enter; instead, this dining room is supplied with washed air drawn from a narrow alley in the rear of the hotel. I got the impression that Everyn Scott wants her poetic air washed—and also combed, perhaps. It had, therefore, best be admitted that the Baroness von Freytag-Loringhoven takes her air unwashed. Evelyn Scott's is a sophisicated mind. Her emotions have to touch many ports before reaching their destination. Emotions that have not gone through the refining process of

tense intellectualization are crude and vulgar. Hence, no poetry at all. I can only wonder what Evelyn Scott will make of "jh's" retort violent in the December number.

The reasoning back of Bodenheim's criticism of Djuna Barnes is not nearly so convoluted as that of Everyn Scott in the instance of the Baroness. I shall spend no time defending the word "sincerity." Let it mean free from wax, or let it be thrown out of the lauguage for daring to mean, as in the case of Bodenheim, a courageous truth-telling. Bodenheim did not question Djuna Barnes' right to say what she did: he merely said, I understand what you meant to say, but you did not say it well. What he said amounts to this: Djuna Barnes having chosen a literary pattern with which he has no quarrel, should not have inserted certain specified elements in her composition. Had she chosen to draw her pattern on a larger scale he would not have found fault with these elements. But since the scale of her drawing demanded the elimination of all but the most significant, indispensible, and most pregnant elements, she has not utilized her elements economically: she has retained what she should have eliminated; and, inferentially, she has eliminated what she should have left in. Bodenheim did not mean that Djuna Barnes had done violence to certain conventional masks. He does not mean that an easy familiarity with Nietzsche and Schopenhauer does not go with small eyes and stupid surfaces. He simply means that these are not inevitably coupled together; and since it was no part of her intention to show that these may be coupled together, she should have left one or the other out, or else introduced additional elements between these that they might not by their proximity attract attention to themselves—I find that I have become academic, which means it needs re-writing, which I cannot give it.

By "boobs" Ben Hecht means men and women without seven league boots, invisible cloaks and magic rings or swords; or their equivalents in money, brains, brawn, or fabulous seductive charms. I hope he writes that novel.

What I am about to say reminds me of the story told of a young Indiana novelist on his first visit to Chicago. He was being shown to his room in the Palmer House, when the bell-boy asked him if he knew how to turn off the electric light. "You said it!" replied the novelist, pushing both hands into the top pockets of his trousers. "But you might leave me a handful of matches in case I should want to light it again."

The word I want rooted out of the English language is "Business," in all its forms. All I hear is a "Business" man for President,

a "Business" man for governor, for mayor, for everything. He saw I meant "Business"; at the "Business" end of the gun; in a "Business"-like manner; "Business is Business"; "This is a fine way to do Business"! "Business before pleasure." The list seems endless. What is this they call "Business"? and who are they that do it? I have had many experience with both. Margaret Anderson now tells of her experience. Business, all business, whether that of producing or distributing, is a process of what I call "Following The Blind Calf." Our business men talk of their capturing the markets of the world. Who are the business men that are going to do it? Let them stand up for review? Everything they have has been forced on them. And they can't hold it. They prove incompetent not merely when they find themselves called upon to hand out money. They are even more impossible when you come to offer them money. Try to make a purchase; go anywhere you may, to any city in the United States, big or little. Doing business with a business man is a long and trying and humiliating ordeal. You have to tell them not merely your business but also their business, and you may count yourself fortunate indeed if you find that one business man in ten finally learns what he should have known to begin with.

I meant to say something nice about Emanuel Carnevali. I understand that he is a young man who has but recently come to our country from Italy. If so, it is most remarkable; for he shows an astonishing sense for English idiom. His words and emotions fit each other so snugly that it is difficult to say where one leaves off and the other begins. I hope he is not tempted to go out after technical experiments. His technical equipment is more than ample for all his possible needs. He has something interesting to say. He knows how. Let him say it.

"Kites", by William Saphier, is an astonishing piece of work. Can he repeat? Has he more of these stored away? If he has none of them written, make him write them.

And now that I am again at it, or at it again, as you may prefer, I shall say something about the essay on The Chinese Written Characters. The number of intelligent readers whom this essay would interest, I cannot help believing, must be quite large; how is it, then, that it was not published in one of our thirty-five cent magazines? I do not regret it; I should have missed reading it. But Ezra Pound, I understand. is in need of everything that he might get by his labors; why, then, didn't he sell it? Is this another instance of the business sagacity of our business men?—

ISRAEL SOLON.

"The Power of Darkness"

THE Theatre Guild has put on Tolstoi's "Power of Darkness" under the direction of Emanuel Reicher. Why any one wants to see or read or even know that Tolstoi existed is beyond my understanding.

There are crimes and crimes, as Strindberg so prettily says. Tolstoi's works are crimes of Art.

"Power of Darkness" was clearly written to arouse the club-women of Russia to a campaign for uplift among the peasants. It creates no horror, no pity or amusement; it is not very unpleasant. Slang is the only thing to describe it justly : There's nobody home. Of course actors will act anything and the cast of the Guild takes hold of the play and puts it through with interest and vim.—jh.

The Three Boring Barrymores

THERE is a good work awaiting someone: smashing American (æsthetic?) traditions. I should like to point out to him the Three Boring Barrymores.

There is not only the tradition that the Barrymores are actors but that they are artists of the front rank. Think of it, Hedda!

Lionel seems satisfied with his lot. But John and Ethel have become *very* arty in the last two years and have revelled in orgies of near-art productions. "Justice," "Redemption," "The Jest," "Camille", "Juliet", Déclassée". . . .

The human situation in "Déclassée" is one that has become so flaccid there is not another stretch in it . But as it is quite evident, from the presence of endless psychological banalities, that Miss Aiken made the play for Miss Barrymore and for the curb. . . . we will leave it there.

I always wonder a little as I watch Miss Barrymore's uncoordinated movements and gestures just what species she is trying to emulate. Sometimes the well known hands-on-hips, elbows front, makes me guess the washerwoman! But the swinging arms and the hail-fellow-well-met stride of Lady Helen made me feel that it must be the "adorable gym teacher".

What's the use?—what the play, what the name? There is never any creation of any sort; it is always Ethel Barrymore—I mean her Voice. So why call them The Off Chance, Camille, Dé-

classée?. . . . just call them all Their Master's Voice and the public will know.

Some traditions have qualities related to those in a work of Art. America is at the other end of life from these things: unborn. But race-memory or something makes her long for traditions and every paralysed sentimentality becomes a tradition.

These cannot be swept away too soon to make and keep the way clear for fresh energies and expressions. I feel that the Government was right in deporting Emma Goldman and Alexander Berkman. They had become a tradition. Kind, loving, intelligent, intense, they had made anarchism a harmless, respected, even fashionable word in every kind of American home. For years they had kept young fire-brands from action simply out of courtesy to the Goldman-Berkman tradition.

Someone will write in now explaining to me that this was not the intention of the Government. . . as Solon explains to me in this number the meaning of "boob".—*jh.*

INTERIM

by Dorothy Richardson

Chapter Eight (continued)

SHE let herself into the hall with an air of returning from a hurried necessary errand. Beyond the mysterious Bailey curtains partly screening the passage to the front door. She saw Dr. Hurd standing at the dining room door; good night he laughed back into the room and turned, meeting her as she emerged into the light. He paused smiling. Here's Miss Henderson he said into the room. Miriam was passing the door. Aren't you coming in he urged smiling. No, I've just been to the post office said Miriam passing into the room. Ho, isn't it a perfect evening she announced taking in Dr. Wayneflete standing tall with small bent pale face at the end of the table and the other two rising from their places by the fireside. Dr. Hurd closed the door and came and floppped down in the easy chair in front of the piano. I know you won't sit here Miss Henderson. No Miss Henderson doesn't care for cushions murmured Dr. von Heber at her side. Take this chair he pursued and sat near as she sat down in a little stiff chair facing the fireplace, Dr. Winchester subsiding a little behind her on the other side.

It's a purfect evening murmured Dr. Wayneflete. Miriam turned and searched his white bent face. She had never seen him speaking in a room. The thought behind the white slightly bulging forehead was his own. Wayneflete, brilliant, keeping him apart; the little narrowing peak of livid white face, the green shadows about the small pale mouthing lips, the fact of his heart-disease and his Irish parentage were things that dared to approach and attach themselves to him, that people knew.

A purfect evening he repeated plucking gently at the threads of the table cloth. He would never originate a remark or ask a question except of patients or an engineer standing near some difficult machinery. He knew everything by just being about. He was head and shoulders above the other three. Delicate, of gentle blood and narrow fragile body; a strong spirit of iron; impossible of appoach by speech; everything she said would carry her away from him; perhaps he was already planning his escape. One day he would suddenly fall down, dead; young and unknown to anyone in the world, carrying away his mystery.

"Eleven o'clock." She had shattered the silence he had built.

"You don't call that late" said Dr. von Heber released and rushing to rescue her. He sat bland and square and simple beneath the coming long procession of years and days; but his firmly dimpled swift Canadian smile brilliant with the flash of the flawless perfect outer arch of his strong even teeth brought past and future into the moment, giving them unreservedly to the sudden charm of this meeting, referring back to the first evening of discovery.

"Oh no; it's frightfully early."

'That's a most delightful hyperbole."

"I shall summons you for calling me an isosceles triangle."

Dr. Wayneflete laughed too. . . . a small sound drowned by Dr. Hurd's thwack on the arm of his chair as he flung back his head for his laugh.

"It *has* been wonderful to-day, don't you *think?* Did you see the extraordinary light this afternoon?"

"Well no; we were all of us immured, but we were out this evening; we thought it the best specimen of London weather we'd struck so far."

"There's nothing whatever the matter with Lonodn weather. It's *perfect;* the most perfect in the world." Dr. Hurd resumed his shakings of laughter, restrained to listen. Dr. Winchester was sitting bent forward smiling dreamily.

"I know you won't like me to call that a hyperbole, but you won't quite expect me to say I unreservedly agree."

"It isn't a question of agreement or disagreement. It's a simple fact." Dr. Hurd again struck his chair and sat forward feeling for a handkerchief in a side pocket, his face a tearful grin turned upon Dr. von Heber.

"You are a loyal champion."

"English weather does not want a champion. It's so wonderful. Perhaps you are thinking of Indian skies and that sort of thing; in countries where the weather does not change or not suddenly; only at fixed seasons. That's very nice in a way. You can make plans. But I know I should long for grey days and changes in the sky. A grey day is not melancholy; it's exciting. You can see everything. The sun makes everything pale and blinds you."

"There I think you mistaken. Nothing beautiful like sunlight, and if you've the sun behind you you get the ahead prospect without being blinded.'

"I know what you mean; but I want both; for contrast perhaps; no, that's silly; the grey days for their own sake, the misty atmosphere. Fog. I think a real London fog is perfection;

everything and the shapes and outlines of things looming up only as you pass them. Wonderful."

"Well, there you leave us behind. I can't see anything either beautiful or in the least wonderful in your town fogs."

"Quite so. A taste for town fog is an artificial taste. Town fog's not a natural phenomenon. It's just town dirt."

"I don't care how it begins. It's perfect. It makes the whole day an adventure even if you're indoors. It's perfect to have the light on and nothing to be seen outside but a copper glare. Outside a glorious adventure in a new unknown world. . . . In a way all our weathers are that. In a way the weather's enough, in itself, without anything else."

"That seems to me remarkable, a very extraordinary point of view. You can't in any circumstances make it a general defence of your climate. It's a purely personal notion."

"It isn't. Even people who say they don't like fogs are different; interested in the effect while it is on."

"Uneasy, no doubt, like animals in a trap."

"I refer to Miss Henderson's extraordinary valuation of weather as enough in itself. I consider that is one of *the* most extraordinary points of view I ever heard stated."

"No one can deny the quahl-ty of interest to the vagaries of your western European climut; from our point of view it's all interest and no climut; ye can't tell from day to day what season ye'll be in and they all seem—stormy."

"The seasons crop up all the year round, sometimes three in one day. That's just the fascinating thing."

"Quite so, we find that varry disturbing."

"Our sudden changes of temperature keep us hardy."

"That's true; you're a hardy people. Your weather suits you, beyond a doubt."

"In *Ireland* the weather changes every few minutes."

"Hah, Wayneflete."

"Granted. No doubt that assisted my parents to decide to leave; I don't wonder at it."

"You're temperate. You've got the sea at a stone's throw all round. You don't have notable extremes. But there's our trouble. Your extremes when they come ain't arranged for. There's no heat like your English heat, and my word your English houses in the winter'd take some beating."

"You mean boarding-houses."

"Not entirely. Though I admit your English hoames are unique in the matter of comfort. There's nothing in the world like

a real good *English hoame*. And not only in the matter of comfort."

"Yes but look here von Heber. I know your fine English parlours with fine great fires to sit around, what they call 'cosy' over here, but my life why don't they warm their corridors and sleeping rooms?"

"*Because* it's unhealthy. A cold bedroom keeps you hardy and you *sleep* better."

"And not only warm them but light them. My word when they take you out of their warm parlours into cold corridors and land you in a ice-house with a little bit of a flickering candle."

"You're not tempted to read in bed and you go to sleep in healthy bracing air; it keeps you *hardy*."

"Do you never read after you retire?"

"I do; and have the gas and a lamp to keep warm. I like warm rooms and I think in many ways it must be lovely to be able to wear muslin dresses indoors in snowy weather and put on a fur coat to go out; but I should be sorry to see the American warm house idea introduced into England.'

"You're willing to be inconsistent then."

"Consistency is the something of something mind."

"I guess our central-heated residences would appeal to you."

"I know they would. But I should freeze in the winter; because I shouldn't be able to wear a fur coat."

"How so?"

"I'm an anti-vivisectionist."

"Then you'd best stay where they're not needed. Your winters don't call for them. It's the funniest thing in *life* the way your wimmun go around in furs."

"Furs are frightfully becoming; like lace and violets."

"Then you exonerate them although you're aginst the slaying evidently as well as the use of beasts for experiment."

"They don't think."

"My word that's true; but all the thinking in creation won't keep an Esquimaux warm without furs."

"There's no need for anyone to live up there. The Hudson's Bay Commissioners are tradespeople."

"That's a big proposition."

"Well?"

"You'd advocate everyone living in temperate climes to spare the beasts?"

"There's no reason except trade for anyone to live in snow."

"There's a mighty except."

"Well?"

"What about phthisical subjects who need dry cold climes?"

"Wool and astrakhan."

"Well I guess furs'll be worn for a bit yet."

"That doesn't affect the question."

"I gather you reckon the beasts oughn't help advance science."

"They don't. Doctors are as ill as anybody."

"True enough. You consider that invalidates medical science?"

"Of course they are over-worked and many of them splendid. But illness doesn't decrease. If one disease goes down another goes up."

"Great *Caesar,* where did you come across that?"

"Even so; but suppose they *all* went up?"

"Besides, you talk about animals advancing science. Even if there wasn't that great French physiologist or chemist or something who looked at the result of experiments on animals and said helas, nous avons les mains vides. He declared that there's nothing to be learned about *human* bodies from animals and even if there were the thing is that the animals have no choice. We've no right to force them to suffer."

"An animal's constituted differently to a man. You can't compare them in the matter of sensitiveness to pain."

"I knew you'd say that. If people really want to advance science by experiments on bodies they should offer their own bodies."

"Someone's been working on your mind if you believe animals suffer more than men."

"I'd rather see a woman suffer than a man and a man rather than a child and a child rather than an animal. Animals are bewildered and don't understand. They have nothing to help them. They don't understand their sufferings."

"You rate men lower than women in power to endure pain."

"They get more practice."

"You're right there."

"They're less sensitive."

"That's debateable, Wayneflete."

"Women appear to be callous over the sufferings of other women and to make a fuss over men. It's because sick men are more helpless and pitiful. Women *appear* to be. But the sun *appears* to go round the earth."

"I doubt if ever there'll come a time when we'll have live humanity in our experimental laboraties."

"Science has got to go ahead anyway."

"But if it goes ahead by forcing sensitive creatures with . . . . sensitive nerous systems, to bear fear and pain. . . . we shall lose more morally than we shall gain scientifically even if we gain scientifically and we don't because nearly everyone is *ill*."

"You consider Knahludg can not be bought at too high a price."

"Well look at the continental luminaries; where there are no restrictions; they don't even care about their patients, only diseases interest them, and in general, not only in science they don't really know anything, the Germans and the French, you have only to look at them. They are brutal."

"That's a large statement. If you'll pardon me I should say there's a certain amount of insular prejudice in that."

"I have not a scrap of insular prejudice. I like foreigners. They are more intelligent than Englishmen. But there's something they don't know that makes them all alike. I once heard a wealthy old Jew say that he'd go to Germany for diagnosis and to England for treatment, and he'd had operations and illnesses all over the world. That expresses it."

"You infer that the English have more humanity."

"They don't regard the patient as a case in the way continentals do."

"Well I guess when we're sick we all like to go home."

"You mean the Jew had no home. But he chose the English to go home to when he was ill."

"That's true in more senses than one. This country's been a home for the Jews right away back."

"It's a great country. That's sure."

"Science has got to go away ahead. If you're going to be humanitarians over here you must leave continental science out of your scheme. So long as you carry out their results you can't honestly cry down their methods."

"You must cry down their methods if you don't approve of them."

"You can't put back. You can't prevent association between the different lands; especially in matters of science."

"What *I'm* saying. You've got to accept the goods, even supposing your particular constitution of mind inclines you to bul-leave them ill-gotten."

"It's a case of good coming out of evil."

"That's Jesuitical, the end justifying the means. I don't believe that. Why should science go ahead so fast? Where's the hurry as you say in Canada?"

"Well, you've only to look around to see that."

"I *don't* see it. Do you mean the people who make scientific experiments do it because they want to improve the world. They don't. It's their curiosity."

"Divine curiosity I've heard it called."

"The divine curiosity of Eve. . . . . that's the answer to the Mosaic fable about woman. She was interested in the serpent, and polite to him and gossiped with him. Science is scandal-mongering; gossip about the universe. Men talk about women gossiping. My word."

"Stars. I'd like some of our chaps to hear you say that."

"It is. Darwin gossiped about monkeys and in his old age he looked exactly like one and regretted that he had neglected music."

"You can't have it both ways. Each man must pursue one line or another."

"Poor dears yes."

"You're inclined to pity us all."

"That's English humanitarianism may be."

"I'm not a humanitarian. I can't bear humanity, in the mass. I think it's a frightful idea."

"A fairly solid idea."

"I prefer. . . . the equator, and the moon, and the plane of the ecliptic is a perfectly lovely thing."

"It's a scientific discovery."

"Yes but not on the body of an animal."

"The body of the chap who began all that had some pretty hard sufferings."

"Do you know the schoolboy's definition of the equator?"

"No, but I guess it's a good one."

"A menagerie lion running round the world once in every twenty four hours. I think it's an absolutely perfect idea."

"I guess that's good enough to stop on."

"You off Winchester?"

In the breaking of the group Dr. von Heber came near with his smile. Dr. Hurd was noisily stretching himself, laughing and coughing. No one was listening. They were quite alone among their friends, his friends Canada. This has been a charming ending to a very lovely day he said quietly. Miriam beamed and was silent. Did you see the afterglow she asked humbly. His smile reappeared. He took in what she said, but beamed because they were talking. She tried to beat back her words, but they were on her lips and she was already moving away when she spoke. A

fine. . . . fuliginous. . . *pink* wasn't it?"

2

"Where is the *harm* child, in your sitting up at a piano, even behind a curtain; in a large room in Gower Street, I can't imagine why you say *GOWER* Street; playing, with the soft pedal either down or *up,* the kind of music that you play so beautifully? Can you see her difficulty Jan?"

"Not even with the most powerful of microscopes."

Lolling on the windowsill of their lives to glance at a passing show. . . . . The blessèd damozel looked out. Leaning, heavy, on the golden balcony. *She* knew why not. Heavy blossoming weight, weighed down with her heavy hair, the sky blossoming in it, facing, just able to face without sinking, the rose-gold world, blossoming under her eyes.

Thin hard fingers of women chattered and tweaked. They go up sideways, witches on broomsticks, and chatter angrily in the distance. They cannot stop the sound of the silent crimson blossoming roses.

" I don't approve of séances."

"Have you ever been to one?"

"No; but I know I don't. It was something about the woman when she asked me."

"That is a personal prejudice."

"It is not a prejudice; how can it be *pre* after I have seen her?"

"Séances are wrong; because you have taken a dislike to Madame Devine."

"It can't be right to make half a guinea an hour so easily. And she said a guinea for occasional public performances." That's all; they know now. I had made up my mind. I wanted them to *see* me tempted and refusing for conscience sake.

"Good Lord; you'd be a millionaire in no time; why not take it until you are a millionaire and then if you don't like it, chuck it?"

"I should like it all right; my part."

"Well surely that is all that concerns you. You have nothing whatever to do with what goes on the other side of the curtain. I think if you would like the job you are a fool to hesitate, don't you Jan?"

"A fool there was and he made his prayer, yes I think it is foolish to refuse such an admirable offer."

"A rag and a bone and a hank of hair; that just describes Madame Devine." That's not true; smooth fat thinness with dark-filmy cruel clothes that last; having supper afterwards; but it would be true in a magazine; a weird medium; the grocer's wife with second sight was fat and ordinary; a simple woman. . . . . Peter, the rough fisherman.

"Now you are being unchristian."

"I'm not. I love the rag and bone and hank of hair type. Sallow. Like Mrs. Pat. . . . The *ingenue*. Sitting in a corner dressed in white, reading a book. A fat pink face. You can imagine her at forty."

"Now you are being both morbid and improper."

"I'm not morbid. Am I, Jan?"

"No I do not call you morbid. I call Gracie Harter-Jones morbid."

"Who is she?"

"We met her at Mrs. Mackinley's. She says she is perfectly miserable unless she is in a morbid state. She's written a book called The Purple Shawl of Ceremony."

"She must be awfully clever."

"She's mad. She revels in being mad. Like 'the Sun shivered. Earth from its darkest basements rocked and quivered'."

"Oh go I said and see the swans harping upon the rooftops in the corn. Where is the grey felt hat I saw go down, wrinkled and old to meet the lily-leaf, where where my child the little stick that crushed the wild infernal apple of the pit where where the pearl. Snarling he cried I will not have you bless the tropics sitting in a strident row nor fling our banners o'er the stately tome; I saw my mandoline. . . . . that's all awfully, bad; but you can go on forever."

"*I* couldn't. I don't know how you do it. I think its awfully clever. Jan and I roared over your Madeleine Frances Barry letter."

"You can go on for days."

"Barry-paroding."

"You must not wait, nor think of words. If you are in the mood they come more quickly than you could speak or even think; you follow them and the whole effect entertains you. There's something in it. You never know what is coming and you swing about, as long as you keep the rhythm, all over the world. It refreshes you. Sometimes there are the most beautiful things. And you see all the things so vividly."

"She's not morbid; she's mad."

"I'm neither morbid nor mad. It's a splendid way of amusing yourself; better than imagining the chairs in front of you at a concert quietly collapsing."

They were scarcely listening. Both of them were depending on each other to listen and answer.

"Do you still go to Ruscino's every night Miriam?"

"With the Spaniard? How is the Spaniard?"

"He's eaten up with dizizz."

"With *what?*"

"That's what Miss Scott says."

"How does she know?"

"All the doctors are prescribing for him."

"Did they tell her?"

"I don't know. She just said it suddenly. Like she says things. The doctors are all awfully fond of him."

"Why are they fond of him?"

"He is extraordinary. He has given up his poster work and does lightning silhouettes, outlines of heads, at five shillings each at some gardens somewhere. Sometimes he makes five pounds an evening at it."

"So you *don't* go to Ruscino's every evening?"

"He had a few weeks of being awfully poor. One day he had only eightpence in the world. Of course he was having all his meals at Tansley Street But that evening he found out that I had nothing at all. I had been telling him about my meal arrangements. I always pay Mrs. Bailey at the time for my shilling dinners and when I can't afford them I get a fourpenny meal at a Y. W. C. A. He made me take his eightpence. The next day he *walked,* I found afterwards, all the way to South Kensington in the grilling heat to see a man about the silhouettes."

"What a little brick."

"He is like that to everybody. And always so. . . ."

"So what?"

"Oh, I can't express him. But he's a Jew, you know, a Spanish Jew. Isn't it extraordinary?

"Well really Miriam I can't see that there is anything extraordinary about a man's being a Spanish Jew if he wants to?"

"I was most awfully surprised. Mrs. Bailey told me There is some Jewish girl he has meeting in Kensington; he drew her portrait, a special one, for her father, for five guineas, and he has engaged himself to her because he thought she had money and now finds she has not damn her, he said damn her to Mrs. Bailey, and that he has been boring himself for nothing. He is going into hospital for his gastric ulcer when the season is over and then going

to disappear. He told me he never spoke to a woman more than twice; but that he is willing to marry any woman with enough money."

"Wise man."

"He has spoken more than twice to you."

"Yes but I know what he means. Besides we don't talk, in the society way."

"How *do* you talk?"

"Oh, I don't know. I air my theories sometimes. He always disagrees. Once he told me suddenly it was very bad for me to go about with him."

"But you go."

"Of course I do." The untold scenes were standing in the way. There was no way of telling them. . . . . The Tansley Street life was more and more unreal to them the deeper it grew. It was unreal to them because things were kept back. They were still interested in stories of Wimpole Stret, but even there now they only glanced in passing, their thoughts busy in the shared life they perpetually jested over. They listened with reservations; not always believing; sitting in dressing-gowns believing or not as they chose; because one knew one had lost touch and tried to make things interesting to get back into the old glow. If you once lose touch you can never get back. . . . . .

"How did the dinner-party go off?"

"Beautifully."

"Did you talk German?"

"There was no need; the man talked better English than anybody."

"Why did it go off beautifully? Tell us about the beautiful things."

The strange twilight, the reassuring shyness of all the guests; no attempt to talk about anything in particular; cool hard face and upright coldly-jewelled body; the sense of success with each simple remark. The evening of music. Life-marked people; their marks showing without pain, covered, half-healed by the hours of kindness.

"It's something in the Orly's."

"What do you think it is?"

"It's something frightfully beautiful."

"They are very nice people."

"That doesn't mean anything at all."

"The secret of beauty is colour and texture. The ointment will preserve the colour and the texture of your skin—in any climate." Read her the piece about the movement of the hands over a tea-tray. . . . . "In pouring out tea never allow the hands to

fall slack, or below the level of the tray. Keep them well in view, moving deftly among the articles on the tray; sitting well back on the seat of the chair the body upright and a little inclined forward from the hips—see Chap. III : "How to Sit"—so that the movements of the wrist and hands are in easy harmony with the whole body. Restrain the hands. Do not let the fingers splay out. Do not cramp them or allow any effort to appear in the movement of any part of the hand."

"Good heaven's. Can't you *see* those women. But that must be by an American."

"Why an American?"

"Oh. I don't know. You can tell. Are you going to try all these things?"

"Rather. We're going in heavily for beauty culture."

"We are going to skip and have Turkish baths, and steam our faces."

"I suppose one ought."

"I think so. I don't see why one should look old before one's time. One's life is ageing and ravaging. After a Turkish bath one feels like a new-born babe."

"But it would take all one's time and money."

"Even so. It restores your self-respect to feel perfectly groomed and therefore perfectly self-possessed. It makes the office respect you."

"I know. I hate the grubbiness of snipe-life—sometimes."

"Only sometimes?"

"Well, I forget about it. If I didn't I should go mad of grit and dust."

"We *are* mad of grit and dust. That's why we think it's time to do something."

"H'm."

"You really like the Orly's, don't you?"

"You can't like everybody at once. You have to choose. That's the trouble. If you are liking one set of people very much you get out of touch with the others."

"You have so many sets of people."

"I haven't. I hardly know anybody."

"You have hosts of friends."

"I haven't. In the way you mean. I expect I give you wrong impressions."

"Well I think you've a capacity—Don't you think she has a capacity—von Bohlen?"

"She has some very nice friends and some extraordinary ones."

(*to be continued*)

POEMS

by William Carlos Williams

A Coronal

New books of poetry will be written.
New and unheard of manuscripts
will come wrapped in brown paper
and many and many a time
the postman will bow
and sidle down the leafplastered steps
thumbing over other mens' business.
But we ran ahead of it all.
One coming after
could have seen our footprints
in the wet and followed us
among the stark chestnuts.
Anemonies sprang where she pressed,
her mouth rounded and cresses
stood green in the slender source—
and new books of poetry
will be written, leather colored oakleaves,
many and many a time.

Waiting

When I am alone I am happy.
The air is cool. The sky is
flecked and spashed and wound
with color. The crimson phalloi
of the sassafrass leaves
hang crowded before me
in shoals on the heavy branches.
When I reach my doorstep
I am greeted by
the happy shrieks of my children
and my heart sinks.
I am crushed.

Are not my children dear to me
as falling leaves or
must one become stupid

to grow older?
It seems much as if sorrow
had tripped up my heels.
Let us see, let us see!
What did I plan to say to her
when it should happen to me
as it has happened now?

The Hunter

In the flashes and black shadows
of July
the days, locked in each other's arms,
seem still
so that squirrels and colored birds
go about at ease over
the branches and through the air.

Where will a shoulder split or
a forehead open and victory be?

Nowhere.
Both sides grow older.

And you may be sure
not one leaf will lift itself
from the ground
and become fast to a twig again.

Arrival

And yet one arrives somehow,
finds himself loosening the hooks of
her dress
in a strange bedroom—
feels the autumn
dropping its silk and linen leaves
about her ankles.
The tawdry veined body emerges
twisted upon itself
like a winter wind. . .!

To Mark Anthony in Heaven

This quiet morning light
reflected, how many times!
from grass and trees and clouds
enters my north room
touching the walls with
grass and clouds and trees,
Anthony,
trees and grass and clouds.
Why did you follow
that beloved body
with your ships at Actium?
I hope it was because
you knew her inch by inch
from slanting feet upward
to the roots of her hair
and down again and that
you saw her
above the battle's fury
reflecting—
clouds and trees and grass
for then
you are listening in heaven.

To a Friend Concerning Several Ladies

You know there is not much
that I desire, a few crysanthemums
half lying on the grass, yellow
and brown and white, the
talk of a few people, the trees,
an expanse of dried leaves perhaps
with ditches among them.
But there comes
between me and these things
a letter
or even a look—well placed,
you understand,
so that I am confused, twisted

four ways and—left flat,
unable to lift the food to
my own mouth:
Here is what they say: Come!
and come! and come! And if

I do not go I remain stale to
myself and if I go—
I have watched
the city from a listance at night
and wondered why I wrote no poem.
Come! yes,
the city is ablaze for you
and you stand and look at it.

And they are right. There is
no good in the world except out of
a woman and certain women alone
for certain things. But what if
I arrive like a turtle
with my house on my back or
a fish ogling from under water?
it will not do. I must be
steaming with love, colored
like a flamingo. For what?
To have legs and a silly head
and to smell, pah! like a flamingo
that soils its own feathers behind.
Must I go home filled
with a bad poem?
And they say:
Who can answer these things
till he has tried? Your eyes
are half closed, you are a child,
oh, a sweet one, ready to play
but I will make a man of you and
with love on his shoulder—!

And in the marshes
the crickets run
on the sunny dike's top and
make burrows there, the water
reflects the reeds and the reeds
move on their stalks and rattle drily.

ULYSSES
by James Joyce

Episode XII (continued)

THE fashionable international world attended en masse this afternoon at the wedding of the chevalier Jean Wyse de Nolan, grand high chief ranger of the Irish National Foresters, with Miss Fir Conifer of Pine Valley. The bride looked exquisitely charming in a creation of green mercerised silk, moulded on an underslip of gloaming grey, sashed with a yoke of broad emerald and finished with a triple flounce of darker hued fringe, the scheme being relieved by bretelles and hip insertions of acorn bronze. The maids of honour, Miss Larch Conifer and Miss Spruce Conifer, sisters of the bride, wore very becoming costumes in the same tone, a dainty *motif* of plume rose being worked into the pleats in a pinstripe and repeated capriciously in the jadegreen toques in the form of heron feathers of paletinted coral.

—And our eyes are on Europe, says the citizen. We had our trade with Spain and the French and with the Flemings before those mongrels were pupped, Spanish ale in Galway, the winebark on the winedark waterway.

—And will again, says Joe.

—And with the help of the holy mother of God we will again, says the citizen. Our harbours that are empty will be full again, Queenstown, Kinsale, Galway, Killybegs, the third largest harbour in the wide world. And will again, says he, when the first Irish battleship is seen breasting the waves with the green flag to the fore.

And he took the last swig out of the pint, Moya. Cows in Connacht have long horns. Ought to go down and address the multitude in Shanagolden where he daren't show his nose fear the Molly Maguires would let daylight through him for grabbing the holding of an evicted tenant.

—Hear, hear to that, says John Wyse What will you have?

—An imperial yeomanry, says Lenehan, to celebrate the occasion

—Half one, Terry, says John Wyse, and a hands up. Terry! Are you asleep?

—Yes, sir, says Terry. Small whisky and bottle of Allsop. Right, sir.

Hanging over the bloody paper with Alf looking for spicy bits instead of attending to the general public. Picture of a butting

match, trying to crack their bloody skulls, one chap going for the other with his head down like a bull at a gate. And another one: *Black Beast Burned in Omaha. Ga.* A lot of Deadwood Dicks in slouch hats and they firing at a sambo strung up on a tree with his tongue out and a bonfire under him. Gob, they ought to drown him in the sea, after, and electrocute and crucify to make sure of the job.

—But what about the fighting navy, says Ned, that keeps our foes at bay?

—I'll tell you what about it, says the citizen. Hell upon earth it is. Read the revelations that's going on in the papers about flogging on the training ships at Portsmouth. A fellow writes that calls himself *Disgusted One.*

So he starts telling us about corporal punishment and about the crew of tars and officers and rearadmirals drawn up in cocked hats and the parson with his protestant bible to witness punishment and a young lad brought out, howling for his ma, and they tie him down on the buttend of a gun.

—A rump and dozen, says the citizen, was what that old ruffian Sir John Beresford called it but the modern God's Englishman calls it caning on the breech.

And says John Wyse:

—'Tis a custom more honoured in the breech than in the observance.

Then he was telling us the master at arms comes along with a long cane and he draws out and he flogs the bloody backside off of the poor lad till he yells meila murder.

—That's your glorious British navy, says the citizen, that bosses the earth. The fellows that never will be slaves, with the only hereditary chamber in Europe and their land in the hands of a dozen gamehogs and cottonball barons. That's the great empire they boast about of drudges and whipped serfs.

—On which the sun never rises, says Joe.

—And the tragedy of it is, says the citizen, they believe it. The unfortunate Yahoos believe it.

They believe in rod, the scourger almighty, creator of hell upon earth and in Jacky Tar, the son of a gun, who was conceived of unholy boast, born of the fighting navy, suffered under rump and dozen, was scarified, flayed and curried, yelled like bloody hell, the third day he arose from the bed, steered into haven, sitteth on his beamend till further orders when he shall come to drudge for a living and be paid.

—But, says Bloom, isn't discipline the same everywhere. I mean

wouldn't it be the same here if you put force against force?

Didn't I tell you? As true as I'm drinking this porter if he was at his last gasp he'd try to downface you that dying was living.

—We'll put force against force, says the citizen. We have our greater Ireland beyond the sea. They were driven out of house and home in the black 47. Their mudcabins by the roadsire were laid low by the batteringram and the *Times* rubbed its hands and told the whitelivered Saxons there would soon be as few Irish in Ireland as redskins in America. Even the Turks sent us help. But the Sassenach tried to starve the nation at home while the land was full of crops that the British hyenas bought and sold in Rio de Janeiro. Ay, they drove out the peasants in hordes. Twenty thousand of them died in the coffin ships. But those that came to the land of the free remember the land of bondage. And they will come again and with a vengeance: the sons of Granuaile.

—Perfectly true, says Bloom. But my point was . . . . .

—We are a long time waiting for that day, citizen, says Ned. Since the French landed at Killala.

—Ay, says John Wyse. We gave our best blood to France and Spain, the wild geese. Fontenoy, eh? And Sarsfield and O'Donnell, duke of Tetuan in Spain and Ulysses Browne of Camus that was field-marshal to Maria Teresa. But what did we ever get for it?

—The French! says the citizen. Set of dancing masters! Do you know what it is? They were never worth a roasted fart to Ireland. Aren't they trying to make an Entente cordial now with perfidious Albion? Firebrands of Europe and they always were.

—*Conspuez les francais,* says Lenehan, nobbling his beer.

—And as for the Germans, says Joe, haven't we had enough of those sausageeating bastards on the throne from George the elector down to the flatulent old bitch that's dead?

Jesus, I had to laugh at the way he came out with that about the old one with the winkers on her blind drunk in her royal palace every night with her jorum of mountain dew and her coachman carrying her up body and bones to roll into bed and she pulling him by the whiskers and singing him old bits of songs about *Ehren on the Rhine* and come where the boose is cheaper.

—Well! says J. J. We have Edward the peacemaker now.

—Tell that to a fool, says the citizen. There's a bloody sight more pox than pax about that boyo.

—And what do you think, says Joe, of the holy boys, the priests and bishops of Ireland doing up his room in Maynooth in his racing colours and sticking up pictures of all the horses his jockeys

rode.

—They ought to have stuck up all the women he rode, says little Alf. And says J. J. :

—Considerations of space influenced their lordships' decision.

—Will you try another, citizen? says Joe.

—Yes, sir, says he, I will.

—You? says Joe.

—Thank you, Joe, says I.

—Repeat that dose, says Joe.

Bloom was talking and talking with John Wyse and he quite excited with his old plumeyes rolling about.

—Persecution, says he, all the history of the world is full of it. Perpetuating national hatred among nations.

—But do you know what a nation means? says John Wyse.

—Yes, says Bloom.

—What is it? says John Wyse.

—A nation? says Bloom. A nation is the same people living in the same place.

—By God, then says Ned, laughing, if that's so I'm a nation for I'm living in the same place for the past five years.

So of course everyone had a laugh at Bloom and says he, trying to muck out of it:

—Or also living in different places.

—That covers my case, says Joe.

—What is your nation if I may ask, says the citizen.

—Ireland, says Bloom. I was born here. Ireland.

The citizen said nothing only cleared the spit out of his gullet and, gob, he spat an oyster out of him right in the corner.

—After you with the push, Joe, says he.

—Here you are, citizen, says Joe. Take that in your right hand and repeat after me the following words.

—Which is which? says I.

—That's mine, says Joe, as the devil said to the dead policeman.

—And I belong to a race too, says Bloom, that is hated and persecuted. Also now. This very moment. This very instant.

Gob, he near burnt his fingers with the butt of his old cigar.

—Robbed, says he. Plundered. Insulted. Persecuted. Taking what belongs to us by right. At this very moment, says he, putting up his fist.

—Are you talking about the new Jerusalem? says the citizen.

—I'm talking about injustice, says Bloom.

—Right, says John Wyse. Stand up to it then with force like men.

That's an almanac picture for you. Old lardyface standing

up to the business end of a gun. Gob, he'd adorn a sweeping brush, so he would, if he only had a nurse's apron on him. And then he collapses all off a sudden, twisting around all the opposite, as limp as a wet rag.

—But it's no use, says he. Force, hatred, history, all that. That's not life for men and women, insult and hatred. And everybody knows that it's the very opposite of that that is really life.

—What? says Alf.

—Love, says Bloom. I mean the opposite of hatred. I must go now, says he to John Wyse. Just round to the court a moment to see if Martin is there. If he comes just say I'll be back in a second. Just a moment.

And off he pops.

—A new apostle, to the gentiles, says the citizen. Universal love.

—Well, says John Wyse. Isn't that what we're told. Love your neighbours.

—That chap? says the citizen. Beggar my neighbour is his motto. Love, Moya He's a nice pattern of a Romeo and Juliet.

Love loves to love love. Nurse loves the new chemist. Constable 25 A loves Mary Kelly. Gertie Mac Dowell loves the boy that has the bicycle. M. B. loves a fair gentleman. Li chi Han lovey up kissy Cha Pu Chow. Jumbo, the elephant, loves Alice, the elephant. Old Mr. Verschoyle wtih the ear trumpet loves old Mrs. Verschoyle with the turned in eye. The man in the brown mackintosh loves a lady who is dead. His Majesty the King loves her majesty the Queen. Mrs. Norman W. Tupper loves officer Taylor. You love a certain person. And this person loves that other person because everybody loves somebody but God loves everybody.

—Well, Joe, says I, your very good health and song. More power, citizen.

—Hurrah, there, says Joe.

—The blessing of God and Mary and Patrick on you, says the citizen.

And he ups with his pint to wet his whistle.

—We know those canters, says he, preaching and piking your pocket. What about Cromwell that put the women and children of Drogheda to the sword with the bible texts *God is love* pasted round the mouth of his cannon. The bible! Did you read that skit in the *United Irishman* today about that Zulu chief that's visiting England?

—What's that? says Joe.

So the citizen takes up one of his papers and he starts reading

out:

—A delegation of the chief cotton magnates of Manchester was presented yesterday to his Majesty the Alaki of Abeakuta by Gold Stick in Waiting, Lord Walkup of Walkup on Eggs, to tender to his majesty the heartfelt thanks of British traders for the facilities afforded them in his dominions. The dusky potentate, in the course of a gracious speech, freely translated by the British chaplain the reverend Ananias Praisegod Barebones, tendered his best thanks to Massa Walkup and emphasized the cordial relations existing between Abeakuta and the British Empire, stating that he treasured as one of his dearest possessions an illuminated bible presented to him by the white chief woman, the great squaw Victoria. The Alaki then drank a loving cup to the toast *black and white* from the skull of his immediate predecessor in the dynasty Kakachakachak, surnamed Forty Warts.

—Widow woman, says Ned, I wouldn't doubt her. Wonder did he put that bible to the same use as I would.

—Same only more so, says Lenehan. And therafter in that fruitful the broadleaved mango flourished exceedingly.

—Is that by Griffith? says John Wyse.

—No, says the citizen. It's not signed Shanganagh. It's only initialled: P.

—And a very good initial too, says Joe.

—That's how it's worked, says the citizen. Trade follows the flag.

—Well, says J. J., if they're any worse than those Belgians in the Congo Free State they must be bad. Did you read that report by a man what's this his name is?

—Casement, says the citizen. He's an Irishman.

—Yes, that's the man, says J. J. Raping the women and girls and flogging the natives on the belly to squeeze all the red rubber they can out of them.

—I know where he's gone, says Lenehan, cracking his fingers.

—Who? says I.

—Bloom, says he. The courthouse is a blind. He had a few bob on *Throwaway* and he's gone to gather in the shekels.

—Is it that Kaffir? says the citizen, that never backed a horse in anger in his life.

—That's where he's gone, says Lenhan. I met Bantam Lyons going to back that horse only I put him off it and he told me Bloom gave him the tip. Bet you what you like he has a hundred shillings to five on. He's the only man in Dublin has it. A dark horse.

—He's a bloody dark horse himself, says Joe.

—Mind, Joe says I, show us the entrance out.

—There you are, says Terry.

So I just went round to the back of the yard and begob (hundred shillings to five) while I was letting off my (*Throwaway* twenty to) letting off my load gob says I to myself I knew he was uneasy in his (two pints off Joe and one in Slattery's off) in his mind to get off the mark to (Hundred shillings is five quid) and when they were in the (dark horse) Burke told me card party and letting on the child was sick (gob, must have done about a gallon) flabbyarse of a wife speaking down the tube *she's better* or *she's* (ow!) all a plan, so he could vamoose with the pool if he won or (Jesus, full up I was) trading without a licence (ow!) never be up to those bloody(there's the last of it) Jerusalem (ah!) cuckoos.

So anyhow when I got back they were at it dingdong, John Wyse saying it was Bloom gave the idea for Sinn Fein to Griffith t put in his paper all kinds of jerrymandering, packed juries and the world to walk about selling Irish industries. Robbing Peter to pay Paul. Gob, that puts the bloody Kybosh on it if old sloppy eyes is mucking up the show. God save Ireland from the likes of that bloody mouseabout. Mr. Bloom with his argol bargol; Gob, he's like Lanty MacHale's goat that'd go a piece of the road with every one.

—Well, it's a fact, says John Wyse. And there's the man now that'll tell you all about it, Martin Cunningham.

Sure enough the castle car drove up with Martin on it and Jack Power with him and a fellow named Crofter or Crofton pensioner out of the collector general's an orangeman Blackburn has on the registration and he drawing his pay, or Crawford jaunting around the country at the King's expense.

Our travellers reached the rustic hostelry and alighted from their palfreys.

—Ho, Varlet! cried he, who by his mien seemed the leader of the party. Saucy Knave. To us!

So saying he knocked loudly with his swordhilt upon the open lattice.

Mine host came forth at the summons girding him with his tabard.

—Give you good den, my masters, said he with an obsequious bow.

—Bestir thyself, sirah! cried he who had knocked. Look to our steeds. And for ourselves give us of your best for faith we need it.

—Lackaday, good masters, said the host, my poor house has but a bare larder. I know not what to offer your lordships.

—How now, fellow? cried the second of the party, a man of pleasant countenance, so serve you the King's messengers, Master

Taptun?

An instantaneous change overspread the landlord's visage.

—Cry you mercy, gentlemen, he said humbly. An you be the King's messengers (God shield his majesty!) You shall not want for aught. The kings friends (God bless his majesty!) Shall not go afasting in my house I warrant me.

—Then about! cried the traveller who had not spoken, a lusty trencherman, by his aspect. Hast aught to give us?

Mine host bowed again as he made answer:

—What say you, good masters, to a cold pigeon pasty, a boar's head with pistachios and a flagon of old Rhenish?

——Gadzooks! cried the last speaker. That likes me well. Pistachios!

—Aha! cried he of the pleasant countenance. A poor house, and a bare larder, quotha! 'Tis a merry rogue.

So in comes Martin asking where was Bloom.

—Where is he? says Lenehan. Defrauding widows and orphans.

—Isn't that a fact, says John Wyse, that I was telling the citizen about Bloom and the Sinn Fein.

—That's so, says Martin. Or so they allege.

—Who made those allegations says Alf.

—I, says Joe. I'm the alligator.

—And after all, says John Wyse, why can't a jew love his country like the next fellow?

—Why not? says J. J., when he's quite sure which country it is.

—Is he a jew or a gentile or what the hell is he? says Ned.

—He's a perverted jew, says Martin, from a place in Hungary and it was he drew up all the plans according to the Hungarian system. We know that in the castle.

—Isn't he a cousin of Bloom the dentist, says Jack Power.

—Not at all, says Martin. His name was Virag, the father's name that poisoned himself. He changed it by deedpoll, the father did.

—That's the new Messiah for Ireland! says the citizen. Island of saints and sages!

—Well, they're still waiting for their redeemer, says Martin. For that matter so are we.

—Yes, says J. J., and every male that's born they think it may be their Messiah And every jew is in a tall state of excitement, I believe, till he knows if he's a father or a mother.

—Expecting every moment will be his next, says Lenehan.

—O, by God, says Ned, you should have seen Bloom before that son of his that died was born. I met him one day in the south city markets buying a tin of Neave's food six weeks before the wife

was delivered.

—En ventre sa mère, says J. J.

—Do you call that a man? says the citizen.

—I wonder did he ever put it out of sight, says Joe.

—Well, there were two children born anyhow, says Jack Power.

—And who does he suspect? says the citizen.

Gob, there's many a true word spoken in jest. One of those mixed middlings he is. Lying up in the hotel, Pisser Burke told me, once a month with headache like a totty with her courses. Why are things like that let live? Then sloping off with his five quid without putting up a pint like a man.

—Charity to the neighbour, says Martin. But where is he? We can't wait.

—A wolf in sheep's clothing, says the citizen. That's what he is. Virag from Hungary! Ahasuerus I call him. Cursed by God.

—Have you time for a brief libation, Martin? says Ned.

—Only one, says Martin. We must be quick. John Jameson.

—You Jack? Crofton? Three half ones, Terry.

—Saint Patrick would want to come and convert us again, says the citizen, after allowing things like that to contanminate our shores.

—Well, says Martin, taking his glass. God bless all here is my prayer.

—Amen, says the citizen.

And I'm sure he will, says Joe.

(*To be continued*)

POEMS

Nuptial Hour

by H. H. Bellaman

Thru the twisted iron grill
I can see into the patio.
The last gold light of the sun
And the first green light of the moon
Break in cool splinters over the pool.
The foutnain waves a long slim hand,
and beckons me.

The East wind
And the West wind
Hide in the cottonwood
and embrace.

. . . You sit beside the fountain.

August Afternoon

Still water—sky still.
White sycamore boles
Traverse the hot spaces
Above brown leaves
On rigid green water.

My gaze strains at the gem-like stillness:
Suddenly, pool and trees expand,
I cannot seize their vastness.
Tree trunks become great shafts of light
Shooting thru interstellar space.
I watch the motionless struggle
Of brown leaves, big as ships,
Clinging to an unyielding sea.

THE READER CRITIC

A Bequest

"If this be modern, give us Wordsworth!"—An Editor.

Very well, then
You shall have Wordsworth.
I give you also
A cast-iron deer for your dooryard,
And a century-plant which is guaranteed to bloom
Before World Peace is established;
And should you still be unsatisfied,
Here are two handsome steel engravings
Of Pastor Russell and A Stag At Bay.
Oh, don't mention it! You really deserve them.

Some Saturday afternoon when I can spare the time,
I'll come around and trim your trees and hedges
Into the form of birds and beasts.
I can take a hydrangea bush
And with a pruning-knife, give it the shape
Of a Peruvian ant-eater.
In the meantime
I give you Wordsworth—lots of him!
I hope you choke.

WEARE HOLBROOK