THE LITTLE REVIEW

A MAGAZINE OF THE ARTS
MAKING NO COMPROMISE WITH THE PUBLIC TASTE
Book For Little Review Readers

From the List of
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN
COMPANY BOSTON AND
NEW YORK

COLOURED STARS
An Anthology of Asiatic Poetry
Translated by Edward Powys Mathers

"From first to last it opens magic casements above the salt foam of perilous seas of love. Here we have the authentic music of the soul and its mother, the body, which Occidental mimics stand on their sophisticated heads in vain to attain."—Clement Wood. "The ardors celebrated in 'Coloured Stars' have not been uttered in original English poetry since the days of the young Marlowe and the young Shakespeare."—The Nation.

$1.00 net.

MY ANTONIA
By Willa S. Cather
"One of the best novels an American has ever done."—H. L. Mencken. Illus. $1.75 net.

PIRATES OF THE SPRING
By Forrest Reid
A subtle and penetrating study of boy character by a young Irish novelist. $1.50 net.

PHILOSOPHY OF CONFLICT
By Havelock Ellis
"The work of one of the finest, keenest, clearest and most humane minds in Europe."—The Dial. $2.50 net.

FANTASTICS
By Lafcadio Hearn
"Dreams of a tropical city" written by Hearn in New Orleans. $1.50 net.

POEMS
By John Drinkwater
"Singularly mature beauty and fine craftsmanship."—Brooklyn Eagle. $2.00 net.

SECOND BOOK MODERN VERSE
By Jessie B. Rittenhouse
Selections from the work of nearly 100 contemporary poets. $1.50 net. Flex. lea. $2.59 net.

CONVENTION AND REVOLT IN POETRY
By J. Livingston Lowes
"The most adequate and penetrating work on poetry in the language."—Chicago Tribune. $1.75 net.
CONTENTS

Four Chinese Home Songs
Temple Inscriptions
Drawing*
The Wise Man
Poems
A New Testament, VI—IX
Interim, Chapter Nine
Drawing*
Tales of a Hurried Man, III
Discussion:
  Point Blank
  The Last Word
  The Works of Thomas Vaughan
  Eva Gauthier
  Tolstoi and May Sinclair
Ulysses, Episode XII (continued)
The Reader Critic:
  The Good Old Days
  Literal

* From the H. Gandier-Brzeska Portfolio, published by the Ovid Press. Twenty drawings on Japanese vellum. (15 s.)

Subscription price, payable in advance, in the United States and Territories, $2.50 per year; Single copy 25 c., Canada, $2.75; Foreign, $3.00. Published monthly and copyrighted, 1920 by Margaret C. Anderson. Manuscripts must be submitted at author’s risk, with return postage. Entered as second class matter March 16, 1917, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879.

MARGARET C. ANDERSON, Publisher
24 West Sixteenth Street, New York, N. Y.

Announcements for the Spring of 1920

The April number of the *Little Review* will contain poems and drawings by Jean de Bosschère, with a photograph, and notes on the poet.

An early number will be devoted to a discussion of the work of W. H. Hudson. Articles by Hueffer, Eliot and Pound will make up this number.

Each issue of the *Little Review* will contain reproductions of drawings.

In response to numerous requests for photographs of our contributors, we are planning to publish one in every number hereafter.

"Johnny Appleseed"

At the suggestion of Vachel Lindsay we invite all readers who have ever heard an unpublished story of the orchardist John Chapman to send these stories or legends in to the *Little Review*. They must be of authentic and direct origin, not merely romantic concoctions like Dwight Hillis's mushy novel by the name of "John Chapman."
Four Chinese Home Songs
of the T'ang Dynasty
(A. D. 600—900)

translated by Witter Bynner and S. C. Kiang
Kang-Hu

To a Traveler bound for the Capital
by Ts'ëng Shêng

My home in the east is a long, long way,
I am old and my sleeve is wet with tears,
On horseback we meet and have no means of writing,
Tell them three words: "He is safe."

A Message from the Fu Yong Inn
entrusted to Hsin Chjen
by Wang Ch'ang Ling

In a cold night-rain you have entered Wu
And are off for Ch'u in the level dawn.
Say this, if they ask you in Lo Ying:
"His heart is like ice in a pot of crystal."
Crossing the Han toward Home
by Li P'in

Away from home, I had no news
Winter after winter, spring after spring.
Now, nearing my village, meeting people,
I dare not ask a single question.

Coming Home
by Hê Chih-Chang

Leaving home a youth, I come back old,
Speaking as then, but with hair grown thin,
And my children, meeting me, do not know me
But smile and say, “Stranger, where are you from?”
HALF-WAY up the hill
And into the light.

Where the heart is,
There is Buddha,
How can the hills of the spirit
Be only in the Western Quarter?

The distant water,
The near hills,
The deep blue of the clearing sky.

What is sacred is universal.
The three religions have for their soul
One principle.

The pure wind,
The bright moon,
The clear and thoughtful heart.
Drawing by H. Gaudier-Brzeska
SIX weeks before I was born, my mother, sitting at the window, watched the sun set behind a small village cemetery. The cemetery was on a western mountain, placed there by the people to remind them that the end of each day brought them nearer to their own end.

One evening, when the sun was about to wake the stars and spread a dark blue linen over a quiet sky for them to play on, she heard the cry of a child. It was a soft but distinct sound. It continued, it grew. No one was in the house. No one was near. Her amazed black eyes grew larger. She knew the cry came from her own body, from under her own heart. She decided to go to her mother-in-law, my grandmother. Slowly, as if carrying something she did not wish to spill, she started down to the valley.

She found grandmother, a little grey-haired lady with eyes of fun, likewise watching the sinking sun. Grandmother did not believe the story. She scolded mother for staying alone so much and made her promise to come every evening before sunset and wait for father to return from work.

The next evening, just as the sun kissed the top of some young birches near a clear mountain stream, my mother went to my grandmother and began planning for the ceremonies of my arrival. Soon they heard the crying of a child. Grandmother ran all over the house, searching inside and out, but soon had to admit that it was the unborn child crying. She was frightened, and being superstitious took my mother to the rabbi of the village.

The old man, whose thin long beard reminded one of a sneeze, listened while his eyes followed two swallows. He shook his head. He knew little; he was a poor man in this mountain nest. Perhaps the young pregnant woman had heard merely the echo of a shofer on Mount Sinai? Or was it the beginning of a prayer to be finished in King Solomon's temple, soon to rebuilt in the promised land? He knew not. Grandmother sighed and she too shook her head.
The rabbi said if she really wanted to know he would give her the address of a great man, a rabbi a hundred years old, who lived somewhere in Poland. He knew everything. He would surely answer every question.

Grandmother took the address; she was not satisfied with the old man's explanation. She revered and loved the old rabbi, but there was something queer about him, as every one in town knew. Of course she would not believe some of the wildest tales she had heard about him, like the story Long Mary's oldest son told: once, after sunrise, he had seen the rabbi dance with a "shikse," a gooseherder with bare feet, near the brook. This she could not believe, but she knew the old man ate no meat and drank no wine except at religious functions. No one knew how old he was, and he played many hours with beetles and oak leaves. He was a great scholar. Great men came from distant places and stayed with him many hours. He had written many books in Hebrew, some said, but for practical human purposes he was little good.

Grandmother insisted that mother go to the great wise rabbi who knew everything. Mother, being far away from her own folk, and father being a good son, they obeyed.

Four days after this father, dressed in his best clothes and mother in a dress made for this one purpose, I think, of red silk and a black lace shawl on her head, were waiting for grandmother. A big green fan father had given her a few weeks before they were married kept mother busy. Grandmother soon arrived; a purple silk dress with tiny green roses and stiff red birch leaves, a lemon yellow and black square patterned shawl and a flaming red handbag completed her being.

Father took grandfather's best horses, two fast "mountain cats," and his own droschka painted pale blue with old rose panels. He was continuously brushing his clothes while the women were getting into the vehicle. Soon with his orange-red beard waving in the wind, he started for the nearest large town with a railroad station. The women went on, he remained behind to his work.

After a few days and in many ways they reached the town in
Poland—I forget the name, no one except its inhabitants can pronounce it,—and came to the great rabbi. The old man was very wise and important and it cost considerable to be admitted to his presence. The house seemed surrounded by beggars in rags, but with ruddy faces.

He listened to my grandmother's tale, she acted as spokesman. The old man did not even look at my mother who was blushing all the time, making her red dress appear pale, and her big black eyes wandered on the floor and the objects near it. She could not remember his face but remembered his black velvet shoes embroidered with big red roses and the fine green stool under them. He wore a long black silk coat, white stockings and knee breeches; a compromise in color made up the rest.

He too shook his head, he could not believe it. He wanted to hear it with his own ears. Who has ever heard an unborn baby cry? Toward evening they came again and the rabbi had invited a few of his friends and pupils, students of the talmud. All eyes were on mother. Her big black eyes again looked to the floor for relief and all the shoes appeared like a lot of big black June bugs moving back and forth. A few whispered and the old man in his huge armchair coughed a few times and looked around him like a king on his throne, and my mother felt guilty of some horrible crime.

Presently the cry came, first very faint, then louder and louder. The setting sun silhouetted stiff heads with curling beards on the clean white calcomined wall. All present held their breath. A few of the window-panes trembled and the cry grew louder than ever. It seemed a protest from the child against these intruders. Mother could not longer stand the atmosphere; she ran out of the room crying. The wise man asked three days to think it over.

On the appointed day grandmother came alone to the wise old man. He asked her many irrelevant questions and as if pronouncing sentence said: "He is not overanxious to come into this world. It is not good enough for him. Go home, good woman, and peace be with you." She did and slept most of the way, but mother's eyebrows met in a hard line over two anxious eyes.
Du aber—mein König—vergassest mich!
Ohne mich ist deine Krone verloren—
In fremder Lande—ein Abenteurer
Zerlumpt und zerschlissen irrst du umher!

Ich—dein Land—bin ohne König verloren—
Knarrren im Berg und brüllende Wogen—
Schwirrende Vögel und knatternde Äste—
König—der du im Trüben wanderst—
Panzer und Scharlach war dein Gewand.

Dein Lächeln ward geliebt—
Deiner frohen Laune wurden Teppiche gelegt, Laub gestreut—
Münner summten deine Liebllichkeit—
Brüste bogen sich nach deinem Glanz—

König, der du im Trüben wanderst—
Ohne Gepränge bis du ein Schalksnarr
Ohne Gewaffen ein Gespenst.
Klink—Hratchvenga
(Deathwail)

Narin—Tzarissamanili
(He is dead!)

Ildrich mitzdonja—astatootch
Ninj—iffe kniek—
Ninj—iffe kniek!
Arr—karr—
Arrkarr—barr
Karrarr—barr—
Arr—
Arrkarr—
Mardar
Mar—dóórde—dar—

Mardoodaar!!!

Mardood—va—hist—kniek—
Hist—kniek?
Goorde mee—niss—
Goorde mee!!!
Narin—tzarissamanilj—
Narin—tzarissamanilj!!!
Hee—hassee?
O—voorrr!

Kardirdesporvorde—hadoorde—klossnux
Kalsinjevasnije—alquille—masré
Alquille masréje paquille—paquille
Ojombe—ojoombe—ojé—
Narin—tzarissamanilj—
Narin—tzarissamanilj ! ! !
Vé—O—voorr—!
Vévoorr—
Vrmbbbjjj—sh—
Sh—sh— —
Ooh ! ! !
Vrmbbbjjj—sh—sh—
Sh—sh—
Vrmm.

A New Testament
by Sherwood Anderson

VI

I am one who has walked out of a tall building into the streets of a city and over plains into a forest that fringes a river. My notion is one of escape. I can no longer bear the life led in my father's house. I am a child and cannot escape out of my childhood. There is a door through which I cannot enter, a wall I cannot climb. The idea of escape long ago attacked the seat of my reason—a quaint fancy as well enough I know that such a thing as reason cannot exist.

In the streets of a city, after I had walked out at the window of a tall building, a man came to walk with me. He held a small stick in his hand and twirled it over his finger. He said God would forgive me my transgressions if I would go in at the door of God's house and cease walking up and down.

God lies on the ground in the forest with his head at the base of a tree.
The fingers of God flutter like the wings of a gnat.

A little leaf in the forest, touched by the finger of God, whirls and twists in an agony of delight.

I have bathed in a stream and walked up and down on prairies.
I have been lying at full length in Illinois.
I have put my hands into Iowa, into Kentucky, into Indiana, Kansas, Ohio, Nebraska, the Dakotas.

My mind is the mind of a little man with thin legs who sells cigars in a store. My mind is the mind of a cripple who died in an alleyway at Cleveland, Ohio. My mind is the mind of a child who fell into a well, the mind of one who cleans the streets of a city, of an actor who walks up and down on a stage.

I double my fists and strike the ground a sharp blow. Ridges of land squirt out through my fingers.

I have remade the land of my fathers.
I have come out of my house to remake the land.
I have made a flat place with the palms of my hands.

VII

Trains go out of the city of Chicago and into her sisters cities of the valley but the minds of men do not go.

The minds of men do not run out over the flat prairies.
The minds of my brothers stay in their houses.
The fancies of men are bound with iron bands.
They sleep in a prison.

The flesh of women is no longer sweet.
Women are laid in beds.
They have not walked where the wind is.
Their legs have not been caressed by winds that blow low, leaping along, scampering over the ground.
Women weave laces with their fingers and open their breasts to the eyes of the windows but they do not open their eyes to the morning light.

VIII

The notion of becoming a Jeremiah pleases my childish fancy.
I shall be a Jeremiah in the mood that comes over God when he amuses himself by tickling a solitary leaf in a forest.
I shall walk a long way and sit down in the grass.
When night comes I shall weep.
The hot tears that run out of my eyes shall make a little stream in which fishes shall live.

My tears shall be many and shall make a broad river over which birds shall fly in the light of a morning.

My tears shall mature a stalk of corn that shall feed a little mouse that shall nibble forever at the foundations of buildings within which the fancies of men have decayed.

IX

You have grey eyes very large and round. Your eyes are like moons rising out of a swamp in November. Your eyes are like the eyes of little foxes.

Your eyes are grey. Tomorrow they shall be red with weeping, as red as a sumac growing beside a dusty road in Ohio. The feet of many people are running over the grey of your eyes.

It is my passion to run like a frightened little animal over the grey of your eyes. My own story is curious.

Long ago I emerged from a hole in the valley where a stream of water runs down over rocks. I crept out through the hole to a flat black rock and lay sprawling. I stared at the sun. On all sides of me lay the forests. I went back into the hole naked and came out again on all fours with long hair on my body.
It was ordained I could not live among men.

Because I was naked and ashamed I started to crawl away into the North. The hunger that has never been appeased lay deep in me. It is because of my hunger that I have learned to walk standing up, that I have learned to walk up and down.

It is because of my hunger I am standing on a yellow place making marks in the sand at the edge of a stream.

My place for sand writing is narrow and I write with a dull stick that makes the words crudely. There are many words I do not know. I have missed many sweet words.

I am a young man in the flush of my passions.
I am an old grey man with brittle bones.
I am on yellow sand by a stream at dawn.
The hair is worn from my body because I have been crawling on my belly through towns.
If my sand place were large and long I should be able to tell you a wonderful tale.

The water will arise in the stream and wash my story away.
The hair is worn from my body from crawling though towns.
I am a dumb man crept out of a hole in the hills.

I have no words.
The stick with which I write is dull.
I have no words.
My stick is worn away.

I wonder why your grey eyes did not come with the dawn and teach me the words. I was for a long time alone and dumb.

There was no word for the whispering wind.
There was no word for the groaning of trees.
There was no word for the false dawn that looked over the tops of the trees.
The light of the true dawn made music among the trees. Why were you not there? Why did you not give me the words? You were in the towns when I crept on my belly like a beast. You had made the towns and they lay on broad plains between hills. On the street of a town there was a women with black hair. She did not have grey eyes. Was she your sister? She was clothed in a black garment and ran screaming through streets. Many men were tied to posts beneath the eaves of the houses. Icicles made from the tears of children hung from the houses. The icicles clung to the eaves of the houses.

It was night when I crept into the towns. As I went forward, creeping like a cat on my belly, the men trembled like leaves in a forest God has touched with his fingers.

Something occurred. A warm wave of feeling ran up through the men. It ascended to the eaves of the houses. Drops of icy cold water fell on the heads of the men.

The men were very cold.
The woman with black hair, clad in a black garment, ran past me through the streets.
She screamed.

I did not learn any new sweet word in the town but I learned to scream like a women in pain.

(to be continued)
Interim
by Dorothy Richardson
Chapter Eight (continued)

MIRIAM flung down Tansley Street telling her news. Her conflict with the June dust and heat of the Euston Road had made her forget it. Back in her own world it leapt at her from every sunlit paving stone; drawing her on almost at a run. There was enough to carry her leaping steps right down through London, to the edge of some unfamiliar part and back again, but her room called her; she would go in and up to it and come out again.

......hopeless impossibility ...... good reliable Budge-Whitlock at fifteen. You won't get a Primus under twenty-five. Those other makes are not made to last; giving way inside somewhere where you could not see, suddenly; in the midst of the traffic; the man's new bicycle, coming in two, in Cheapside. . . . smiling, I've got a message for you from Winthrop; well that's not strictly true. The fact is he wants to advance the money without your knowing it; commissioned me to see what I can do. You needn't hesitate; he's got plenty of spare cash. I'll buy the machine and you'll owe the price to me. Kind kind Winthrop, talking in the workshop. It's a ph-pity she shouldn't av a ph-ph-machine if she wants one without waiting t-ph save up frit.... I say Miss Henderson here's a chance for you; new machine; going half-price. No bunkum. It's Lady Slater's. She's off to India. I'll overhaul it for you. Pay as you like through her steward. My advice is you close. You won't get a better chance . . . reaping the benefit of Mr. Layton's eternal talk about bicycling . . . no trouble; overhauled and reliable; coming out of space.

..... Lifted off the earth, sitting at rest in the moving air, the London air turning into fresh moving air flowing through your head, the green squares and high houses moving, sheering smoothly along, sailing towards you changed, upright and alive, moving by, speaking,
telescoping away behind unforgotten, still visible, staying in your forward-looking eyes, being added to in unbroken movement, a whole, moving silently to the sound of firm white tyres circling on smooth wood, echoing through endless future to the riding ring of the little bell, ground easily out by firm new cogs. . . . Country roads flowing by in sun and shadow; the ring of the bell making the hedges brilliant at empty turnings . . . all there in your mind with dew and freshness as you threaded round and round and in and out of the maze of squares in evening light; consuming the evening time but leaving you careless and strong; even with the bad loose hired machine.

She let herself in and swept into the dining-room taking in while she said eagerly, crossing the room, I've bought a machine. A Wolverhampton Humber. With Beeston tyres. B. S. A. fittings. Ball bearings . . . the doctors grouped about the mantelpiece. They gathered round her. She was going backwards; through a scene she recognized; in a dream. Dr. von Heber's welcoming smile stood at the end of it. They could not be there idle at this time of day, she assured herself as she talked. She knew they were there before she came in, without even thinking of them. She sat down in their midst confidently saying the phrases of the scene as they came towards her, backwards unfolding. The doctors went back with her, brothers, supporting and following. Her bicycle led the way. Their bright world had made it for her.

They had seen the English country with her. It was more alive to them. They would remember. Dr. von Heber was taking it in, with his best ruminating smile, as a personal possession; seeing it with English eyes. Her last year's ride through the counties was shared now. It would go to Canada.

"It's coming all the way from Bakewell."

"Where will that place be?"

"Oh I don't know; somewhere; in the north I think. Yorkshire. No, the Peak. The Peak district. Peak Freane. They bake splendidly. The further north you get the better they bake." The scene was swaying forward into newness. Dr. Winchester suddenly began talking about the historical interest of the neighbourhood. They had
all been down to look at the Old Curiosity Shop... there was something about it... and there was a better local story of their kind. She told Mr. Layton's story of the passage in Little Gower Place, body snatchers carrying newly buried bodies through it by night from St. Pancras churchyard to the hospital.

"You don't say so. To think we've gone along there this while and not known."

"That shop in Lincoln's Inn isn't the shop Dickens meant. It's been pulled down. It's only the site. Some people think Dickens is sentimental."

"Those who think so are hyper-critical. Besides being sentimental don't prevent him being one of your very greatest men. You should appreciate him highly. If ever there was any man revealed abuses... You ought to read our Holmes' Elsie Venner. We call it his medicated novel over at home," smiled Dr. von Heber. He was speaking low, making a separate conversation. The others were talking together.

"Yes," murmured Miriam. "I must." They both smiled a wide agreement. "I've got it over at home," murmured Dr. von Heber, his mile deepening forwards. You shall read it when you come. We'll read it, he said smiling to himself. She tried to stay where he was, not to be distracted by her thoughts. It must be Holmes' worst book. A book written on purpose, to prove something.

"Didactic," she said with helpless suddenness. "I like Holmes breakfast books."

"You've read those?"

"Yes," said Miriam wearily. He had caught something from her thoughts. She saw him looking smaller, confined to the passing English present, a passing moment in his determined Canadian life. His strong unconsidered opinions held him through it and would receive and engulf him forever when he went back. Perhaps he had not noticed her thoughts. Well I must bid you a welcome adoo she said getting up to go.

"Now where he smiled rising, and surrounding her with his smile, where did you discover Artemus Ward?"
Chapter Nine

It was Mrs. Bailey coming up the top flight clearing her throat. Tapping at the door.

"Ah, I thought the young lady was in. I thought so." Mrs. Bailey stood approving inside the door. The sunlight streamed on to her shabby skirt. The large dusty house, the many downstair rooms, the mysterious basement, all upright in her upright form; hurried smeary cleansings, swift straightening of grey-sheeted beds, the strange unfailing water-system, gurgling cisterns, gushing taps and lavatory flushes, the wonder of gaslight and bedroom candles, the daily meals magically appearing and disappearing; her knowledge of the various mysteriously arriving and vanishing people, all beginning and ending in her triumphant, reassuring smile that went forward outside beyond these things, with everybody.

Now that she was there, bearing and banishing all these heavy things, the squat green tea-pot on the table in the blaze of window-light, the Chinese lantern hanging from the hook in the ceiling, the little Madras muslin curtains at either end of the endmost lattices made a picture and set the room free from the challenge of the house accumulating as Miriam had come up through it and preventing the effect she had sought when she put out the green teapot on the sunlit table. She was receiving Mrs. Bailey as a guest, backed up by the summery little window-room. She stood back in the gloom, dropping back into the green lamplit stillness of the farm-house garden.

The Song of Hiawatha sounded on and on amongst the trees, the trunk of the huge sheltering oak lit brightly by the shaded lamp on the little garden table, the forms in the long chairs scarcely visible. She offered Mrs. Bailey the joy of her journey down, her bicycle in the van, Miss Szigmund's London guests, the sixteenth century ingle, the pine-scented bedrooms with sloping floors, the sandy high-banked lanes and pine-clad hills, the strange talk with the connoisseur, the kind stupid boyish mind of the London doctor who had seen myopic astigmatism across the lunch table and admitted being beaten in argument without resentment; the long dewy morning ride to Guildford; the happy thorns in her hands keeping the week-end still
going on at Wimpole Street; her renewed sense of the simplicity of imposing looking people, their personal helplessness on the surface of wealthy social life; the glow of wealthy social life lighting the little wooden window-room, gleaming from the sheeny flecks of light on the well-shaped green teapot.

Mrs. Bailey advanced to the middle of the floor and stood looking towards the window. My word aren't we smart she breathed.

"I like the teapot and the lantern, don't you?" said Miriam.

"Very pretty, mts, very pretty, young lady."

"It reminds me of week-ends. It is a week-end. That is my drawing-room."

"That's it. It's a week-end," beamed Mrs. Bailey. But she had come for something. The effect was not spoiled by giving a wrong, social impression of it, because Mrs. Bailey was busily thinking behind her voice. When she had gone the silent effect would be there, more strongly. Perhaps she had some new suggestion to make about Sissie.

"Well, young lady, I want to talk to you." Mrs. Bailey propped one elbow on the mantelpiece and brushed at her shirt. Miriam waited, watching her impatiently. The Tansley Street life was fading into the glow of the on-coming holiday season. Rain was cooling the July weather, skirmishy sunlit April rain and wind, drawing her forward. There was leisure in cool uncrowded streets and restaurants and in the two cool houses, no pressure of work, the gay easy August that was almost as good as a holiday, and the certainty beyond the rain, of September brilliance.

"Well, you know, I've a great regard for you, young lady."

Miriam stared back at the long row of interviews with Mrs. Bailey and sought her face for her invisible thoughts.

"Well, to come straight to the point without beating about the bush, it's about him, that little man, you know who I mean."

"Who?"

"Mendizzable."

Miriam's interest awoke and flared. That past patch of happy life had been somehow or other visible to Mrs. Bailey. She felt decorated and smiled into the room.
"Well; you know I don’t believe in talk going about from one to another. In my opinion people should mind their own business and not listen to tittle-tattle, or if they do, keep it to themselves without passing it on and making mischief."

"Has some one been trying to make mischief about poor little Mr. Mendizabal?"

"Well, if it was about him I wouldn’t mind so much. Little villain. That’s my name for him."

"Fascinating little villain, if he must be called a villain."

"Well; that’s what I’ve got to ask you, my chald; are you under a fascination about him? You’ll excuse me asking such a question."

Solitude! What for?

"Well. I did think him fascinating; he fascinated me, he would anybody. He would fascinate Miss Scott if he chose."

"’Er? ’Er be fascinated by anybody? She thinks too much of number one for that."

Miss Scott. Dressing so carefully, so full of independent talk and laughter and not able to be fascinated . . . . too far-seeing to be fascinated.

"But why do you ask? I’m not responsible for Mr. Mendizabal’s being a fascinating little man."

"Fascinating little devil. You should have heard Dr. Winchester."

Something hidden; all the time; behind the politeness of the house.

"Dr. Winchester?"

"Dr. Winchester. Do you remember him coming out into the hall one evening when you were brushing your coat?"

"And brushing it for me. Yes."

"He didn’t know how to let you go.” There was a trembling in Mrs. Bailey’s voice. "He said,” she pursued breathlessly, “he was in two minds to come with you himself."

"Where? Why?"

"Why? He knew that fella was waiting for you round the corner."

Suddenly appearing, brushing so carefully . . . . why not have spoken and come.

"Well, now we’re coming to it. I can’t tell you how it all hap-
pened, that’s between Mr. Gunner and Miss S. They got to know you was going out with Mendizzable and where you went. It’s contemptible, I know, if you like, but there’s many such people about.”

Miriam checked her astonishment, making a mental note for future contemplation of the spectacle of Mr. Gunner, or Miss Scott, following her to Ruscino’s. They had told Mrs. Bailey, and talked to the doctors . . . . Evil spies; talking; maliciously picking over her secret life.

“Dr. Winchester said he was worried half out of his senses about you.”

“Well. It’s awfully sweet of them from their point of view. They were such awfully nice little men in their way”. . . . Why didn’t they come to me, instead of all this talk? They knew me well enough. All those long talks at night. And all the time they were seeing a foolish girl fascinated by a disreputable foreigner. How dare they?”

“That’s what I say. I can’t forgive him for that. They’re all alike. Selfish.”

“All old men like Dr. Winchester are selfish. Selfish and weak. They get to think of nothing but their comforts. And keep out of everything by talk.”

“It’s not him I mean. It’s the other one.”
"Which?" What was Mrs. Bailey going to say? What? Miriam gazed angrily.

"That's what I must tell you. That's why I asked you if you were under a fascination."

"Oh well, they've gone. What does it matter?"

"I feel I ought to tell you. He, von Heber, had made up his mind to speak. He was one in a thousand, Winchester said. She's lost, von Heber he said. He though the world of her, 'e sez," gasped Mrs. Bailey. "My word, I wish I'd known what was going on."

Miriam flinched. Mrs. Bailey must be made to go now.

"Oh really," she said in trembling tones. "He was an awfully nice man."

"My word. Isn't it a pity," said Mrs. Bailey with tears in her eyes. "It worries me something shocking."

"Oh well, if he was so stupid."

"Well, you can't blame him after what Mendizzable said."

"You haven't told me."

"He said he'd only to raise his finger. Oh Lawk. Well there you are, now you've got it all."

Mrs. Bailey must go. Mr. Mendizabal's mind was a French novel. He'd said French thoughts in English to the doctors. They had believed. Even Canadian men can have French minds.

"Yes. Well. I see it all now. Mr. Mendizabal's vanity is his own affair. . . . I'm sure I hope they've all had an interesting summer. I'm awfully glad you've told me. It's most interesting."

"Well, I felt it was my duty to come up and tell you. I felt you ought to know."

"Yes . . . . I'm awfully glad you've told me. It's like, er, a storm in a teacup."

"It's not them I'm thinking of. Lot of low-minded gossips. That's my opinion. It's the harm they do I'm thinking of."

"They can't do any harm. As for the doctors they're quite able to take care of themselves." Miriam moved impatiently about the room. But she could not let herself look at her thoughts with Mrs. Bailey there.

"Well, young lady," murmured Mrs. Bailey dolorously at last,
"I felt I couldn’t do less than come up, for my own satisfaction."

She thinks I have made a scandal, without consulting her . . . . her mind flew, flaming, over the gossiping household, over Mrs. Bailey’s thoughts as she pondered the evidence. Wrenching away from the spectacle she entrenched herself far off; clutching out towards the oblivion of the coming holidays; a clamour came up from the street, the swaying tumult of a fire-engine, the thunder of galloping horses, the hoarse shouts of the firemen; the outside life to which she went indifferent to any grouped faces of either of approval or of condemnation.

"I’m awfully sorry you’ve had all this, Mrs. Bailey."

"Oh that’s nothing. It’s not that I think of."

"Don’t think about anything. It doesn’t matter."

"Well I’ve got it off my mind now I’ve spoken."

"It is abominable, isn’t it. Never mind. I don’t care. People are perfectly welcome to talk about me if it gives them any satisfaction."

"That is so. It’s von Heber I’m so mad about."

"They’re all alike as you say."

"He might have given you a chance."

Dr. von Heber; suddenly nearer than anyone. Her own man. By his own conviction. Found away here at Mrs. Bailey’s; Mrs. Bailey’s regret measuring his absolute genuineness. Gone away . . . .

She steadied herself to say, "Oh, if he’s selfish."

"They’re all that, every one of them. But we’ve all got to settle in life, sooner or later."

That was all it was for Mrs. Bailey. She rallied woefully in the thought that Mrs. Bailey knew she could have settled in life if she had chosen.

Flickering faintly far away was something to be found behind all this, some silent thing she would find by herself if only Mrs. Bailey would go.

Fascinated. How did they find the word? It was true; and false. This was the way people talked. These were the true-false phrases used to sum up things for which there were no words.

They had no time. They were too busy. That was in the scheme.
They were somehow prevented from doing anything. Dr. von Heber had been saved. The fascinating eyes and snorting smile had saved him; coming out of space to tell him she was a flirt. He had boasted. She adore me; hah! I tell you she adore me, he would say. It was history repeating itself. Max and Ted. Again after all these years. A Jew.

2

The unconscious, inexorable ship . . . gliding across the Atlantic. They would take up their bright Canadian life again. England, a silent picture, fading . . . . Dear Dr. von Heber. I owe it to myself just to inform you that the legend you heard about me was untrue. Wishing you a happy and prosperous career yours truly. That would be saying I, fool, have discovered too late that I was not clever enough to let you imagine that you were the only kind of man in the world . . . discreet women are sly. To get on in the world it is necessary to be sly. Von Heber is sly. Careful and prudent and sly. What did genius Wayneflete think? Genius understands everything. Discreet proper clever women are open books to him. He will never marry. Whimsical old failure, Winchester, disappearing into British Columbia; failure; decorated in his evening conversation by having been to England. . . . My dear von Heber, what the devil do you mean? When will you meet me? Choose your own weapons . . . . that would be admitting not having the right to be as free and indiscreet as one chooses. . . . “a woman must march with her regiment; if she is wise she does”; something like that. If a woman is sly she marches with her regiment . . . . all in agreement, being sly and discreet, helping each other. What for? What was the plot for? . . . . There’s a word . . . . coercion, that’s the word. Better any sort of free life.

If he could have seen. But then he would have seen those other moments too. Von Heber. Power and success. Never any moments like that. Divided life all the time always. So much for his profession so much for her, outside it with the regiment of women. Proper men can’t bring the wild, gleaming . . . . channel of flowers, pulling, dragging to fling yourself head-long down it and awake, dead. Dead if you don’t. Now Tomlinson gave up the ghost . . . . dead. Dead if you do. Dead if you don’t. Now Tomlinson gave up the ghost. . . .

(To be continued)
Drawing by H. Gaudier-Brzeska
Tales of a Hurried Man
by Emanuel Carnevali
Tale III

Home, sweet home!

The way to my house begins half a mile away from it. It begins at the corner where the grey-purple sweating Hartford Lunch is. From Broadway into the street the air becomes denser, the façades are more resolutely drab, a sagging of the Broadway mood makes my heart faint in an indefinite sorrow. This little tragedy happens everyday, each time I am on the way to my house.

I walk on, westward. Amsterdam Avenue is low and broad; its face is sullen and without a forehead. Food stores, like men that are too fat, cigar stores like little bigot spinsters dressed in clothes not dirty but brittle for oldness. Broken and old is the Avenue's bed and adorned only by the car line. Then, further westward, I march into open misery: usual red façades, or sick-yellow ones, riddled full of black windows. Rags, like flags of poverty, dangle from windows; grey panes where misery writes with dust and rain things that the tenants are too dismal to want to cancel. Opposite there tower the obese gas tanks, dolorous with rust, sick with blotches of grey paint, grotesquely solemn. Along this block human beings prefer the street to the home; so they are all outside, the children playing, the women gossiping, the men loafing. Burnt-out coal and ashes spilled from the over-flowing ash-cans are strewn over the bulging and rippled and cracked sidewalk.

I turn at the corner where the necessary wooden-faced saloon is. And there is West End Avenue. Whitish and greenish the houses, the colors of the wives of the poor wops. Here is a valley formed by two smooth asphalt hillsides. And here is my house. The door of it is as dirty and drivelling as the mouth of a very old man, who chews tobacco.

Way upstairs are my rooms.
I enter, I open the windows . . . "Damn it, why does she close them?" She says that they might get in from the fire-escape. I would like to meet the desperado who'd be so desperate as to come around these quarters to steal! A wave of dank smell has lapped me around. I have taken a chair and sat down. Now I'm in my own home!

2

The rooms face North. Till ten o'clock in the morning we have the sun. The rest of the day it's on the house opposite. In front of my window there is a straight windowless white wall, jagged, over its edge, with the chimneys. The chimneys are poised gently against the sky which today is very blue. Craning my neck out I can see the river, and the freight railroad station with its asthmatic locomotives.

There was a stretch of bare ground between the railroad and my house. It was a meeting place for cats and dogs without a home, and at night a fine big hall for their orchestra. That's where they came to die, too, or where they threw their corpses. They went there to fumble in the rubbish for food. A single shoe here, and a pair of shoes down there, half a dish, a sauce pan camouflaged by the rust, a smashed box, the brim of a derby and rags hardened with dirt; a battlefield after the battle, with the lonely corpse of a cat and the lonely corpse of a dog, one by the fence, the other in a big crater in the middle. There came children to reconstrue, with their fiery imaginations, the battle of the cats and dogs. But they didn't stay long because it smelled bad. Sometimes after a rain as a great big puddle gathered there you would see them running all around what they called its shore, romancing with little paper boats and seeking the ever-new sensation of throwing a stone into the water.

Now, in that space, they are building another house. A house like this I suppose. It will be so near the railroad and the asthma of the locomotives is so nasty, so sore, especially at night, that the tenants of the future house won't be able to sleep—not until they all become deaf! Another poor house, and there are thousands and thousands
... it's preparedness, to build a house to shelter the poor. Like making guns and gas masks for the next war. And the city is totally grey ... and they're making another grey house! Houses that are born poor and old, or ugly, as in the middle-class or rich quarters. In Italy I saw houses born white and beautiful; and when they were old and miserable they wore their misery like a soldier his uniform that bullets have tattered. Add grey on grey, brown on brown, masons of the New World, makers of the New World—grey on grey, brown on brown, work for the great blindness to come!

But, as I write, the dredge is wheezing and crackling and whistling and its three-toothed jaws are eating the ground, then vomiting it into a motorcar which staggers, tired and drunk, up the slope out of the big hole where the dredge is sitting.

3

Let's begin from the roof, it is nearer the sky. Let's begin from the roof, I breathe better up here than in my room or in the street.

It is sunset time. The burning clouds breathe the rosy air that caresses me—they give me this air the way my wife gives me perfume out of her clothes. This air throws itself, elastic, upon the dusty body of that block of houses, lover of an old man, young lover. And the dust clings still on the houses. It passes through my fingers in ribbons and its silver finger-nails open my skull and pluck the stale misery out. Of a sudden a great pool of melted thin gold is dropped over the roof. I am in it, burning crisp like a piece of paper. It is the gold of the sunset, mixed with the black dust of the night to come. Under me the great space of bare ground I have mentioned fills slowly with darkness; it is an enormous vase, rimmed with a blue band of river water. If I were good my mind would fill slowly with darkness and there would be a play of silent shadows in my mind,—that and that only. Life is a beautiful thing, if my lungs are good. But I stretch my arms and my crooked fingers would grasp something more than air. No one knows how young I am. Do they want me to become a cheat? There are lots of cheats that want to force you to acknowledge their youth, their beauty, their vigor. I am young
and alone. If I were old I would be satisfied being alone and I would sit still and let the darkness swaddle me. Night, and the friends who think and do not think of me, frighten me. The friends are afraid to dabble into me, as though they saw me as a pond of treacherous green water. My face is often green, that's why.

I don't want to go down to my rooms any more. I don't want to see her anymore. I want the earth to stop running around like a damn fool, and I want him to listen to a thing I have to say. I want the Earth to stop going and I want him to watch me die. I could touch this intangible air if I sent my body whirling through it, in a spider's dance, to break over the flagstones. I would give a hundred persons at least the thrill of their lives. I want the setting sun to steal my eyes and carry them along with him, under the earth.

But I reckon I shall walk down again to my apartment. And everyday that cranes its grey face toward me will have my offering of a few words. I reckon I shall walk down to my apartment and open the door with a yale key, just like everybody. And they will not say that I have gone away from them to find the truth. They will not say I did not love them and they will admit that I am the most American of the Americans. I might at least force them to see my hatred. To see that I hate them more than their husbands do, more than their wives, more than they who feed them and than they who gather their leavings, more than the waiters and the doctors. Always my great sadness looms beyond my world and theirs, just as the sun lies beyond all weathers. Words do not make me glad, and I am not an artist. Frightful words uttered by a thousand in a thousand ways are all comprehensible to me, as my own word is more frightful than any. The word that was first and that shall be the last when they shall join my two eyelashes in their last kiss and my two hands shall touch in their last caress; a word that you might mistake for the word Death.

I am an emigrant and I have left my home, I am homeless and I want a home. You look at me with evil eyes, with squinting eyes, you don't look at me, you sneer at me. I am emigrant, waiting, I know millions that are like me.
Come, friends! We shall find one another again with the words of my confession! Don't insult me calling me "writer" and I won't call you butcher, grocer, waiter, doctor, business man, thief and murderer. Listen a while, if you please. Beside a few scandalous items, such as: the wife works oftener than I, in fact, she works all the time, and I only now and then. . . I am all right. And don't worry, I have them all on my conscience, the days of loafing and writing! (But, god! still heavier on my conscience are the days lost working in a restaurant or in a factory).

We'll get along. Let God congratulate himself for the simple things he turns out of the ground which go, dressed in humility's colors, to bring a modest happiness into every house: potatoes, rhubarb, beans, lettuce and radishes.

The wife is working and I am not, so I do the things around the house.

You peel the rhubarb and slowly a soft heap of pink and green and silver-green ribbons accumulates under your fingers. And the potatoes spit a whiff of country sturdiness to your nose. Perfumed reality of the dirt—ladies say you smell bad, ladies who smell bad with bad perfume, which is nothing but the perfume of flowers turned stale, turned bad. Then, when you boil the potatoes they become white as purity and they break if you touch them with a fork. There is a miniature storm in the pot—the potatoes thunder under the swelling cloud of the steam. And as for spaghetti and ravioli, let me tell you once for all that parsley chopped fine and one small onion and . . . Yes, people do think that I am interesting! Characteristically an Italian, don't you know. And it's just what they want . . . the local color, that attractive and light way of talking . . . and those very extraordinary neckties . . . oh, perfectly charming! And, anyway, Dante died quite long ago, and there was a dash of Teuton blood in him, I bet! Cagliostro is more the Latin. And today fierce men à la Cagliostro are out of fashion. "The good-mannered man is the man of the future", as a certain gentleman told me. The harmless charming little man—oh, the ladies all patronize him!
and if he writes some tiny verses now and then, well, what of it, that's one quality more, it adds to the charm—and let him be fiery too, on certain occasions—that adds too—oh, the wives of the tired business men simply adore him, and as for the tired business man himself he saw that "he wasn't no bolshevist", and he is friendly too now.

Alone with my wife, I have meals that are feasts. Anti-puritan meals. To the eternal glory of the magnificent eaters of my old land, Lorenzo de' Medici, Alessandro Borgia, Leone X, and Cornaro before he had got tired. Crunching a plant of dandelion under my teeth and devouring with my eyes the small space of my wife's breasts that she lets me see; eating a bleeding beefsteak . . . . god! we are in a cage but we are lions and monkeys yet! And if, in ten years, people will only chew foodstuffs instead of eating, what the hell! we eat and laugh now, we eat and weep together, eh girl! And no one knows we have a real home, by Jesus Christ, so they'll leave us alone.

5

I go into the kitchen, nibble at a piece of cheese and a loaf of bread, walk up and down, wash my face to chill the headache, walk all through the house, stop in front of each mirror to see whether my face has assumed at last a less vague aspect, whether there is yet on it the beginning of something that these weary hands and legs may follow.

The wind falters and gasps like a furnished-room-house landlady coming up the stairs. The wind comes, breast forward, into the space between that high wall and my window and puffs up my curtains. I sit by the window and the curtains touch my face again and again, doting lovelessly. The wife has gone to work and left everything upside down—and even her room today affords no coolness of things put in their right place, nor the gleam of clean brushes and mirrors and panes. Like me, the bed is stretched in its own disorder and no invitation is in it. "Sex" is tormenting me, that kind of unhappy lust of a weary mind. The decay of a room is in its things and all the wind brings is some
more dust and the thick stench of boiling laundry from the floor below. That awful wall! to determine all the sloppings, blotches, cracks and scars over its stupid nudity! I went to look at the letter-box downstairs about ten times today. All they send is words, anyway, and I know all about words, I am a writer.

I have heard old men half blind and half deaf blabber of home-sweet-home, and an immense lady teacher (more than 250 pounds), long time ago in my childhood, taught me the song:

Casa mia, casa mia,
benché piccola tu sia . . .

(House of mine, house of mine—however small thou art . . .). I have read all the big books, Jean-Christophe size, books which contain the bulk of a house, THE HOUSE. But my house is one of today and she is like a modern girl: with whom you have to be careful if you want to keep her; and the moment she jilts you, or you see a better one, everything is ended and nothing remains in the heart of you, or anywhere else; maybe a twisted smile remains. We have become used to tragedy.

Mornings of blue veils and rose veils fluttering in and out of the windows. Air for butterflies, in the Spring. Ah, any face, in the frame of any window, how sweet and well known! But your face best of all, woman, when you sleep yet in the morning and I, who got up early and am cool and smell of cleanliness and tooth-paste, come to kiss you. You awake the way a little ripple breaks against the shore. Your drowsy arms move like the smoke of a cigarette. Your kiss is warm with sleep. It is not love, dear, because there is no pain. It is the home. Witness the kids that have started making a noise that we both know so well, witness the tranquillity of my feet as they step upon the carpet, witness the farina boiling—blabbering, blowing, sputtering, puffing and spitting on the gas range. Witness the underwear dancing on the fire-escape—and you washed it last night, while I was fooling around
The river is only a light surface—a blue veil, too. We shall take a walk along the Drive.

How good the home is to those who come back from a walk. These things that know you know me too.

Lunchtime, lunchtime! Oh, the dear little tree of parsley, in the glass, by the sink! Last night all the carpets were swollen with dust, now they are clean, naked. The bed is so well made—it is like a new book yet unopened. Black-stained bananas, what perfume your skin holds! Skin them and delight! The smell of cooking food is incense for the gods that will never die, and the color of the salad you are making is the flag of mine own soul!

The eyes of the wife are two little black cats, washed and smooth-haired. If we weren't here together I should never have the time to see her so well.

And there is the river—if you trouble enough to crane your neck out window. When you are quiet, when the hungers are hushed, then you will get a lot of fun out of hearing a wop sing, downstairs, and the neighbors fight over their horrible old troubles. The light wind winnows your hungers, sifts them—and sometimes leaves only a gentle sadness, crisp and clean like yellow leaves by the roadside. Every locomotive that passes is a new image in the brain, every fierce puff a different part of the same not unpleasant sonata.

At night, the lights alongside the river kindle many diamonds everywhere—glints of ripples, rails and window-panes. The fires of the city in the night are the fire-place by which tragic old gods sit to forget how intricate is the world they made. In the moonlit night the frayed profile of the Palisades is deep black. Spring air, which you had forgotten, never thought would come again, is here, holding aloof in her kind hands our weary hearts.

The wife moves about, working, and from her childish hands come clealiness, order and good smell to the home—and caresses for me. If I have done my work well I have kept sadness away. Despair always comes from outside. The trouble is, one can't keep the place shut well enough.

But in the night the gaslight is a sun of a diseased world and the
table, the chairs, the bookshelf, are sapless and silent and sad, like lepers. The book-shelf. Take a book. Any book. The first line of the first book pulls along all the lines of all the books; I have them all in my blood, these little black microbes—once you read one you're infected and chronic. And, they shout too loud! It's a shame to let people print such things! Aren't you afraid? And we, the readers, pass before the gaping graves of these books, before these bodies torn asunder, we look at a man stretch an arm out of his grave and shake his bloody heart at us. . . . and we say, "I like. . . . I like . . . I don't like. . . ."

I burn with restlessness, I smoulder without fire, and my bed-sheets smell with my yesterdays—I can't sleep. There are many persons here, bothering me. All uninvited guests, crowding around my bed, shamelessly curious—I can't dismiss them. I can't touch them, I can't grasp a hand and feel it like a realization in my fingers—these are real ghosts! They ask all sorts of impossible questions. And each of them has a naked soul to show me that nauseates me! You come into my home, at night, to exhibit your shames, damn little beggars, you! Those eyes I saw today that seemed to acknowledge me so naively, now they want to know too much. To them all I can't be anything else but a man who is in bed and can't sleep. And these people are the same whom I said I loved, whom I caressed, whom I even kissed, during this same day, in the daylight. The daylight is a liar! I must run away from these people who do not love me enough.

I go into the other room where she sleeps. I go there to get from her all the strength my heart needs to beat to its next beat. If she knew how many things I want she'd be so desperate, she'd scream and die. But as it is she gives back the kiss, and a drowsy arm comes out and binds me to her warm face. Thus I take much, very much, and I steal back into my room afraid that even the silence might know of my theft. . . .

Now you can see the dust on everything, there's no sun and no wind. Outside, the rain is drilling holes in the aching skull of the dirty earth. The room throws its yellow breath on the tall white
wall. Everything is resting. Everything weighs upon something else and if a metaphor were miraculous this whole room would dash down to the ground. Everything is still, but nothing sleeps at night—except the men and women who snore and the old paterfamilias who whistle and wheeze and grunt and roar in a regular, rhythmical continuous rage. Perhaps someone who breathes gently sleeps too . . . she . . . but I can't believe it, not in this country, I guess not . . . there is something wrong with her.

I get up, and go into the kitchen. To survey the pans and dishes a little. An aluminum pan shines like a baldhead in a darkened theatre and some sauce-pans are holes of deeper darkness in the darkness. A chair is sitting quietly in the shadow. From my room a shocking streak of light is a sunlit road of some fantastic midnight. A sinister shadow binds the legs of the table. The fire escape is a skeleton peeping in.

In my room the typewriter hides under its cover. The white-glaring bed shrieks. The brushes and mirrors have died of the sickness of uncleanness and dust. The scars and blotches on the wall make strange faces at me. Outside the trains puff and blow fiercely, they want to rip the universe! They are throbings of the physical pain of the Earth. The locomotive driver, the damn fool who makes that noise, who thinks it's good for him or for anybody to make that noise, who thinks it is good for him not to consider me, not to consider that I can't stand that noise . . . that I can't stand it . . . I can't, I can't!

(To be continued.)
WHAT is New York?

We know that Boston and Chicago and Kansas City are American cities. So are Newark, New Jersey, and Denver, Colorado, American cities. But just what is New York? It would not get us anywhere if we asked a New Yorker. If he understood us at all, which is not likely, he would only be bewildered by our question. As well ask him what the earth is.

To Americans at any distance, New York is a foreign country. Like Cairo and Bucharest and Constantinople. Americans travel to New York in the same psychic temper as they would to an Eastern Metropolis. They behave in New York as they would never behave in Boston or Chicago or Kansas City or Denver. New York never becomes quite real to them, notwithstanding its enormous substantiality. New York is always an Eastern City. Rather, New York is the illustration of a fable. The marvel is that such thing can be.
But if a New Yorker can not tell us anything about New York, he can tell us everything about America. Were you to ask a New Yorker what America is, he would take your question with the solid seriousness of a crossing policeman. Only much more so. Ask a New Yorker what America is and he tells you with the greatest gusto and the most naive self-assurance that America is a New York state of mind. He will write you a book, telling you all about America, if you will only wait a moment. He may write you a book about America even if you do not wait for it. He has already done it.

The New Yorker is led to believe that America is what he thinks it is by the same psychic mechanism that leads an infant to believe that its cries and grimaces produce its own mother. The infant swallows the not-self, the outer world; the New Yorker swallows America. And just as the infant is enabled to maintain its fantastic assumptions by repeated verifications, its cries and grimaces actually bringing the wished-for mother, just so are the New Yorker’s fantastic assumptions about America being repeatedly verified. Frenchmen and Englishmen tell him that he has achieved the marvel of the ages. A modern miracle. A mystery of America. A drama and a spilling of revelation. And as long as this ululation continues there is no likelihood that the New Yorker will find out that he does not know and never can know America as long as he does not get out of New York. As long as the New Yorker’s fantastic assumptions produce substantial results, the New Yorker is not likely to learn that to be in Chicago and Kansas City and Denver he must get out of New York. He must get out of New York to get into America in the same sense that a man must get out of his coat to get into his shirtsleeves. He must shed his intellectual baggage and introspection. Just as the infant must abandon the belief in the omnipotence of its magic cries and grimaces before it can learn the reality of the outer world, just so must the New Yorker abandon the belief in the magic power of his insight before he can learn the reality of America. The merits of these books, in so far as they are not merits of description and explanation of America, are all beside the point.

I have just finished reading Willa Sibert Cather’s “My Antonia.” As a serious work of literary fiction the book has little enough merit.
It were childish to compare it with such a work as "Pelle the Conqueror," for instance. But as a record, as a description and explanation of a large part of America, its merits are quite considerable. Reading it, I could not keep from wondering what the effect would have been on Waldo Frank's "Our America" if he had read "My Antonia" and understood its essential verity. For Mrs. Cather's description of Our America of the prairies is as authentic as any of Waldo Frank's descriptions of his state of mind. For all their difference! It is beside the point to say that Waldo Frank has produced a more meritorious piece of work than Mrs. Cather. Mrs. Cather's painful sentimentalism is also American—terribly American, if you will. And it is also American in the sense that Waldo Frank's language and style are not yet American.

And now comes Mr. James Oppenheim, in the February Dial, and tells us again that America is a state of mind. The state of mind of our "intelligentsia", this time. It is a mean opinion of America, or else an infantile self absorption, that would represent America, and represent it truly, by the little handful of our "semi-lyrical" poets. For the entire output of our "semi-lyrical" poets could be thrown in, lost and smothered in the work of a single Irish poet. The fact that Mr. James Oppenheim, like Waldo Frank, talks the language of the "unconscious" only proves that one may talk quite as much nonsense in the language of the unconscious as one ever could in the language of the conscious.

Mr. James Oppenheim makes a distinction between hereditary factors and environmental factors, that we may not be fooled by them, he says. He then goes on to say that "the startling sameness in American exteriors argues that there is a corresponding diversity in the unconscious." Just what does Mr. James Oppenheim mean by the statement of our startling sameness? Does he mean that you could not tell apart Sherwood Anderson and Theodore Dreiser and Floyd Dell and William Hard and James Oppenheim and Waldo Frank? There is no such distinction between heredity and environment as Mr. James Oppenheim seems to believe exists. Our environment is also inherited and imposed upon us by our forebears and, tyranny of tyrannies! it is imposed upon us at a time when
we are least able to resent the imposition. But such it is. We need not even go so far as the implication of the pragmatic statement permits us. For, if a thing is what it is known as, it must also be where it is known as. Indeed, the pragmatists make no distinction between cow and pasture. A cow without a pasture, they say, is the sister of the economic man. But let heredity and environment he what they may. Let Mr. James Oppenheim defend the proposition that sameness of exterior, whether it exists or not, argues a diversity in the unconscious. It cannot be done successfully.

The "unconscious" is another name for the infantile mind; and if we add to it the intra-uterine mind we are sure to have the whole business. It is in utra and in our infancy that we are most alike; and only as we grow up do we show such differences as we have. If it was not Mr. James Oppenheim's intention to say "America: that is I", then he has given himself all that trouble to an undesirable end.

But it was not my intention merely to discover the limits of Mr. James Oppenheim's capacity for self infatuation. When he tells us that we may not judge America by a given number of heroes, he tells us what we all know to be so. A merchant is pretty generally forced to buy his merchandise upon his judgment of the drummer's samples; and the farmer frequently has to purchase his supplies from the representations of pictures and text of a catalog. But in the end, what the merchant and farmer both pay for is the goods delivered. And here the analogy stops. For the merchant and the farmer are not defrauded when the goods delivered is above what they had been led to expect. It is not so with a literary production. A literary representation becomes a false representation the instant it ceases to be a true representation. Exaltation and degradation are alike fraudulent. But Mr. James Oppenheim asks us to "imagine Woodrow Wilson or Billy Sunday or T. R. as the hero of a novel! How quickly each would become wooden and unconvincing!" Well, let us oblige Mr. James Oppenheim. Let us imagine Woodrow Wilson or Billy Sunday or T. R. as heroes of novels. I have. I find that they do not grow wooden and unconvincing. They grow alive and most convincing. Let me carry this a bit further:
Let us imagine Abe Lincoln born and brought up in Massachusetts or New York. Let us imagine Abe Lincoln born and brought up in the Illinois of today. Let us imagine Abraham Lincoln as born and brought up where and when he was—but without Stephen Douglas. Now let us imagine the eloquent facts as we know them to have been at a given time and place. Let us imagine Abraham Lincoln as he actually was, thrown among the politicians and learned superiors at the very moment when he delivered the Gettysburg Address. And when we have done that we know that Mr. James Oppenheim is lacking in many things, among which is the knowledge of the simple enough facts that Abraham Lincoln was not a “sport” in the Illinois of his day.

And now let us imagine T. R. and Woodrow Wilson, together, as the heroes of a novel, as I have imagined them:

T. R.: Set out to be a leader. Did not care whether he led forward of back or up in the air. Fell down in an attempt at the latter. Enter Woodrow Wilson. Looks neither forward nor back, nor would he be helped by the sight of objective facts nor subjective possibilities, because of the rigidity of mind that follows upon a violent repudiation of certain infantile attractions. Follows pertinacious temperament doggedly. Kept within definable bounds by a meddling sentimental friend. Substantial gentlemen who must have fixed points of departure very much disturbed. Permit slow emergence of T. R. T. R. emerges behind smoke screen. Rises to the position of chief heckler of Woodrow Wilson and cheer leader for substantial gentlemen who want fixed point of departure. Knows the mean nature of his leadership; resents it and the company he is in; but is not strong enough to break away and go it alone—forward or back. Woodrow Wilson still without a policy; worried; but cannot break with his temperament. Forced to keep in front but always in sight of T. R. In desperation, goes abroad; hopes to be able to accomplish abroad what he is unable to do at home. T. R. dies. Woodrow Wilson left without an enemy to guide him. Breaks with his temperament. Finds he has broken himself.

That this novel may never be written argues nothing against it
in the limited sense in which I used it. It might be written, and that alone is quite sufficient to disprove Mr. James Oppenheim's assertion.—ISRAEL SOLON.

The Last Word

THE Little Review allows me to accept the work of the Baroness von Freytag-Loringhoven as art, but objects to analytical comment. "Making no compromise with the public taste" is now easily interpreted as the line inscribed over the door of the temple by the hand of the priest, for it is the priest who demands an audience that appreciates at the expense of the critical faculties.

It is strange that Mr. Israel Solon, himself objecting to what he seems to consider the presumption of a definite and individual viewpoint, should accuse me of guarding "our" literary tradition. I said that I saw in the author of "The Cast-Iron Lover" a strange and beautiful obliviousness to all but the dominating emotion, and, after some analysis of the psychology involved in producing this effect, included her ecstasy among the properties of art. This is the "heckling" criticism which is the excuse of the heckling Mr. Solon for trying to saddle me with a defense of "our" legend. Whose I wonder? And what of an interpreter of modern art to whom psychology is an esoteric science! I call the Baroness a naked oriental in the sex dance of her religion, but I indicate a conviction that as such she expresses a limited reality. In return Mr. Solon gives us a diatribe about cellars and combed air. Criticism after all is in a sense the process for those who desire to preserve through the welcome confusion of living the continuity necessary for an individualized outlook. If I took my poetic air "washed"—by Mr. Solon—as my mentor seems to think, I would not call forth his disapproval. As it happens I do my own washing and combing and thus invite his censoriousness.

As for his horrible jibe to the effect that I have a sophisticated mind, I should say to this un-sophisticated person that sophistication is another requisite for the critic as he desires for the time
being to distinguish himself from the creator, for analysis and classification take for granted previous experiences which will afford comparisons and a certain amount of detachment from personal prejudice which is only possible to the keenly self-aware.

Certainly I found The Cast-Iron Lover crude and vulgar, but I should like Mr. Solon to quote literally any utterance of mine which would indicate that I consider crudity and vulgarity elements to bar out a poetic spirit.

Again, when I hold an opinion I naturally assume it to be correct. How otherwise can one think at all? If when I make an assertion I at the same time admit its contradiction, I simply refuse to assume any responsibility whatever. But doubtless Mr. Solon is defending his own blithe method which seems to lie in a very irresponsible type of attack, for he does not hesitate to condemn one in advance for a point of view to which one has never committed oneself.

“. . . . 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,” says “jh.” For purposes of artistic creation, yes, and in all cases of course the selection of one's vocabulary gives a personal flavour to one's speech, but if “jh” believed what she says she would have attempted no rebuttal of my previous statements. However, this remark does not astonish me as the whole tenor of her counter comment is, in the traditional sense, surprisingly feminine.

“The Baroness von Freytag,” to quote “jh” further, “will think us feeble-minded.” If “jh” had not printed below some remarks from the lady I might be more awed by the threat, but I can not believe, after reading this semi-intelligible prose, that the mental processes of the Baroness ever achieve that completion of their cycle which results in thought. She—alas—appears to suffer from temperamental disabilities. She is far, far too inspired to think.

“I never thought,” to proceed with these excerpts from “jh,” “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 layman in ‘artists are born not made’?”
Has “jh” any particular objection to the introduction of a fresh viewpoint so that she requires all opinion to be delivered from the angle of her preconception? As to her last observation, I should say that until all artists are born the same no amount of recognition and summing up could be considered final.

“Consciousness,” she continues, “does not mean the sum of un governable dispersed faculties. Consciousness means complete being.” In one place “jh’ refers to consciousness as “complete being”, whereas in a previous paragraph she bars from a consideration of consciousness these psychological peculiarities which lie beyond the reach of the will. How can that be complete from which there is so much arbitrarily excluded? I wonder that “jh”, who only admits to that part of the mechanism of consciousness which is under the control of the will, has persuaded herself to print Mr. Joyce’s “Ulysses” which reveals so wonderfully the irresponsibility of subjective life.

“jh” tells us that madness is not disease. Disease is a deflection from the normal order of practical survival and in this category is undoubtedly madness. I am quite willing where possible, however, to accept revelations from a diseased mind, in spite of the presuppositions of Mr. Solon who imagines that to describe a quality in terms which convention considers condemnatory is to refuse its values. A person with a workable imagination may call a man a thief in a profoundly complimentary sense, so when I discover disease in the Baroness it is not, from the artistic standpoint, an assertion of unqualified disfavor. “There can be no legitimate standard for valuing the order of sanity higher than the order of madness, except a moral one,” “jh” declares, forgetting that even art has its necessities. There are, after all, practical values for the artist as for everyone else, and surely his primary need is for the condition, within and without, which will allow him to create. However luridly intense the vision of immanent madness, the culmination of insanity is the death of creation. That will which to “jh” includes everything in the reproductive act of the artist, disintegrates, and even if this were not true it is impossible to pass on to others the intimacies of disorder for which no medium exists.
"If one has the power to evoke he has more power than the evoked." "jh" gives us this dictum, but in what manner is this a contradiction of my statement that evocation implies in him who commands not an absolute but a limited ascendance?

"But if the artist wishes to show other men 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, colors, rhythm of his invention." He chooses, he says, not with his mind but with his consciousness. Is not this suggestion of faculties involved, which lie beyond the domain of orderable intelligence, a confession that "jh", too, believes that ungovernable elements give the quality to inspiration? The power of willed selection only inheres in mind. In beginning her discussion she eliminates all that lies outside of mind and in this latter paragraph the order of her argument is inverted.

"... the will is so powerful that it creates the being—the state of consciousness it desires." But, how, "jh"? Is she not delving again into the realm of the subconsciousness which she voted to ignore? Surely this profound desire which stirs the darkness brings forth shapes which reflect those psychological peculiarities of the artist that our critic refuses to consider.

"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 academic definition . . . I should feel that I had offered an affront and an insult to Else von Freytag-Loringhoven." I am not interested in guarding the hypersensitive feelings of the Baroness, but in appraising an artistic effect, and to do so honestly I consider it necessary to begin at the beginning, and the beginning of every work of art, or of every attempted work of art is in the soul or consciousness of him who created it.

"All that she says is true," "jh" concedes me, "but it does not make sense because it does not fit this discussion." "jh" is in a position of vantage as she can exercise the editorial perogative of the
last word. She can refuse to publish my retort, but once admitting me to her pages she can not, I should think, rule out my statements simply because they do not meet with her approval.—EVELYN SCOTT.

[I am glad to allow Miss Scott the last word. I withdraw quietly. I feel that I have been permitted a glimpse of the gentle mystic soul of an adding-machine.—jh.]

The Works of Thomas Vaughan, edited by A. E. Waite


In China Red Dragon is the antithetic image to the Tiger or unredeemed man. This beast, the archetype of the five senses at a loose end, is to be recognized here today as the Man Who Doesn't Believe in Art.

In the East, through succeeding ages of creation, like a good phoenix, Red Dragon has destroyed him, and when (no date is given to the turn of this event) the last man of four hundred million had been annihilated and resurrected in aesthetic grace, Red Dragon left and travelled west to see what could be done with Europe. Among us he found not a tiger, but his rampant relation, coloured green. Red Dragon recognized him, and then began that great sporting event called by the mediaevalists Hunting the Green Lion.

Red Dragon is a trinity. Of the Triune pack the Father of the Virtues, the Son of the Sciences hunt Green Lion yet. Red Dragon, Spirit of the Arts, is on a wider cast, a little behind, and off the open lead. His operation is a chase till the green beast is run down, when he bites off his head, which was the exact fate of the Tiger. In deference to man's immortality and what appear to be the facts of the case, Green Lion rises from that bite no longer a lion, but his own pursuer, a New Creature, another, but the identical celestial Red Dragon.
This is a mystery and would have been better recognized in the classical age than this.

Our trinity may catch its lion here, and after successful operation in Europe may fly the Atlantic when wisdom and the hour are agreed. Anyhow the result of their labours is the rebirth of John and Mary Smith from the stuffy womb of egocentric nonsense to the creative energies of saints, magicians and artists. On the subject of the review it may be said that none of the three dragon rebirths seems to have shot out straight in the person of Mr. Thomas Vaughan. He is not an initiated saint, complete magician (and by magician one means the immortal scientist, the hermetic philosopher), or the artist whose approach to reality is through pure form. The last is a pity for he could write well. He is suggestive, tiresome, devoted, curious, erudite, charming and involved. But there is no fusion, the word is never quite made flesh. Three dragons after him at once it is clear were too much for him.

Each had a bite. It is a pity not one of them snapped off his head.—MARY BUTTS.

Eva Gauthier

The interesting thing about hearing Eva Gauthier sing her modern songs is that she proves definitely how slowly the art of singing develops. Even in those special singers, to whom has come the need of singing the moderns, the idea of how to sing them lies dead. Eva Gauthier has all the things necessary to distinguish her from the singing proletariat (Ponselle, Sundelius, and the rest). Eva Gauthier's needs are interesting,—but she cannot prove it because she has never thought of inventing an instrument to suit her needs. She is truly one of the first of the great army of singers to realize what has happened and is happening to music. It is a genuine tragedy that she cannot tell of her experience in a manner worthy of such a special thing.

When composers like Stravinsky and Ravel make orchestrations
they find it necessary to invent many new sounds—or rather, the new sounds find them. "jh" says, "old fashioned painters aren't born any more!" I would add that old fashioned composers are not born any more either. Unfortunately, music does not stop at its creation. It must be performed—re-created—and when a Latin finds he has a "clear" voice—that is, free from obtrusive tonsils—he affects a "gallantré" and begins to sing. This was all very well for the recent sterile Italian composers who considered it an aesthetic achievement to be able to write a lot of scales and runs and cadenzas for "florid" voices, and "flowing melodies" for smooth velvety voices which could perform tricks like sustaining a note for a minute or more while the audience held its breath, waiting for the customary explosion of applause, etc., etc. Any intelligent person will agree that this period in music is dead—and always was dead; also that music in Italy never existed on the basis of conception—performance has always been the intention—Paganini and his tricks! Therefore it seems to me, with music progressing almost as rapidly as the other arts, that singing alone stays and is content to stay where it was a hundred years ago. Teachers talk of "bel canto as a foundation"—but still they admit that there aren't any voices now as there were in "the old days." Why does it never occur to them that sounds have their evolution as well as other things. But still they harp at "bel canto." How can a fresh emotion come to Life through a medium as threadbare as that? A new intention of singing must exist: new sounds exist in the orchestra, and two or three artists have found them on the piano. Anyone with the slightest feeling of evolution would agree with me.

Why doesn't some singer carry on what Mary Garden has started, and study the sounds she makes with her voice when she is Melisande, for instance? She has come nearer to making what I call "the new sounds" than anyone. Everywhere I go I find professional singers who have spent years training their voices, and critics who have a line on musical history, etc., saying, "Mary has no voice!" This ignorance is incomprehensible to me. Even a higher grade of human being, to whom has come the appreciation of her art, has little to say of her voice. This is still more discouraging. I do not intend writing
a Mary Garden essay, but I should like to tell why I think the human voice the most interesting of instruments, possessing the greatest possibility for variety of sounds. Miss Garden has proved this. I cannot think of more interesting sounds than the sounds of her voice. Naturally, the emotonal quality intensifies—and aside from that—it is the richest thing I know. That no one realizes that she isn't trying to sing like Muzio or Raisa is a pity, for they miss the beginning of the most interesting era in the art of singng. If a man who had never heard anything but a violincello, were to hear an oboe he would say, "it plays the music correctly, that is it gets by, but it hasn't any beauty of tone!" If he were not going in for new things he would not realize that the oboe possessed a subtlety the 'cello did not. Mary Garden knows the value of these various sounds. When she sits in the tower window as Melisande, and sings an ancient-sounding ballad, how much she sounds like an oboe! It is inevitable that, had Debussy written Melisande's song in the orchestra he would have made the oboe sing in that scene,—the oboe possessing that distant, lonely, ancient feeling. So Garden, instead of seeing how "clear" or "even" her voice can be, proceeds to paint a design you can never forget. "Beauty of tone" in the conventional sense means no more to Mary Garden than "complementary colors" in the conventional sense means to Boris Anisfeld or than sing-song rhythm means to poetry.

Therefore the method of study for singers must change. Modern singers cannot afford to waste their time learning to sing the old way to be able to sing the new. Modern composers don't study to write like Beethoven. . . . modern sculptors don't study as Michel Angelo did. Why is singing the lowest type of all artistic activity? The method of development of a modern singer is that of singing, thinking, listening, and to hell with "head resonance," "chest tones," passage of the voice," and all those wonderful things the horrible looking Italian bravo tenors possess—they who remind one of a wagonload of manure—who take so many years off our lives. There is no hope for them—but surely the modern type of singer who has even the faintest power of conception can advance singing so that it may still have a chance amongs the arts.
One is disappointed in Gauthier because one expects more from a singer who has a head that looks like hers. The really exciting thing about her recital was her choice of songs. But they need to be sung with a new technic, otherwise they are as worthless as Mischa Levitzki playing at Scriabine.—E. B.

Tolstoi and May Sinclair

THE opening paragraph of "jh’s" review of "The Power of Darkness" puts me in mind of the caged canary who said to its feathered neighbor in the perrquet:

"Don’t strut about like that, you silly bird. Even if you have more colors on your back than I, you should know that yellow is the most beautiful color in the world. And besides, you needn’t plume yourself so haughtily because you can ape the gibble-gabble of those poor humans. If you really knew what the words meant you wouldn’t be so ready to repeat them. I shouldn’t have to remind you that my life is fuller than yours. I can sing."

"But you don’t know what you’re singing about," replied the perrquet. "And what is more, you’re pigmy in size for a bird."

"Ah, that’s just it," said the canary, gleefully. "My universe is larger than yours, just because I am small. I have more room to fly about in."

Let me say at the outset that I am perhaps a trifle old-fashioned; that is, not entirely sensorial when it comes to talking about books, statues and pictures. I don’t say this because I exchange cards with "jh," in the continental sense, for the vindication of Tolstoi. As for Romain Rolland, another sensitive membrane with me, I believe the man who wrote "Jean Christophe" and some of the best music and art criticism of our time can well handle the foils on his own.

My naive unmodernity, if such indeed it is, can be best illustrated by the broad generalization that, like Bertrand Russel, I start by
admitting the palpable facts of present-day society, life with all its known gradations of sensitive feeling and thought. I include in my vision, moreover, the evolution of what is sometimes flatteringly called civilization. That is, I can see the operation of the teleological in life, the conscious motivation of action, as well as the subconscious. I do not over-stress the conscious, knowing full well that it is limited and that, in a great number of cases, it is merely a word.

This brings me to Edna Kenton's definition of May Sinclair's method in "Mary Olivier" as "the subconscious approach to the representation of life." The implication, psychologically speaking, is absurd. The subconscious undoubtedly functions in Mary Olivier, as in everybody else. But when Mary Olivier or May Sinclair, to be exact, puts down her sensations, emotions and thoughts, as we assume she does within the novelist's convention, the artistic upshot is but remotely controlled or conditioned by the aboriginal Mary Olivier's subconscious self. Both the conscious or conative, as well as the censor, which is a subtle fusion of conscious and unconscious impulses, stain or bias the nude material in the course of the process. There is always a certain amount of will in everything one does, will being merely a slower response to immediate stimuli and a keener dependence on the dynamic impulse alembiricated by memory, association and image-forming.

At this point, although I seem to have wandered for a pasture, I find myself in complete agreement with "jh" when she says in another place: "If a man's an artist everything he produces is a blood-relation to himself (he creates in his own image), his boobs do not remain boobs." Literally, if one has the clue, in his own image! And the boobs do not remain boobs unless the author himself happens to be a boob. In other words—if I may put it utility-wise—"jh," whether she knows it or not, is pending for conscious or intellectual control in creative effort, for organization, for harmony and counterpoint in art. How else are many good artists to escape boobery? What about the booby moments which even the genius may have? Is an artist always in high fettle? And if we concede that consciousness, so called, is just as much impulse in the broad sense as subconsciousness, then we must also admit that will-power is creative.
Subconsciousness, however, without the aid of will or direction, cannot be creative for the reason that it is composed of the most primitive impulses, impulses allied in character to those which make a baby cry or want to test things out by bringing them to its mouth. These impulses will never be able to write a book like "Mary Olivier." It's the whole mental and aesthetic organism of May Sinclair that produced the book. In brief, it is sophisticated expression, which art largely is. Take, for example, the chapters that deal with Mary at the age of nine and compare them with the thoughts and utterances of the heroine of "The Young Visitors." It is evident that the artist must use a convention, which implies direction or mental control.

Any half-skilled dialectitian, if he were so minded, could easily overthrow your theory of insanity in art growing out of the case of Else von Freytag. We have no quarrel with the artist if he is insane in the domestic circle, or in the sanitorium, but if his insanity implies lack of direction in art we may have a new phenomenon, absorbing and curious, but is it necessary to abuse still further a word which has been stretched to the point of absurdity? Remember I am speaking only of direction. There is no difference in the emotivity, for in this regard sane and insane are alike.

I have perhaps drifted a little beyond my depth. I wanted to say a word about Tolstoi. Tolstoi's mental control or direction, if we agree so to name it, was often misplaced. It was too vehemently reformist in tendency. But I wouldn't damn him outright for this reason. For, despite his essay on art, he was a great artist as you may see from innumerable passages in his books. Individual scenes in "The Power of Darkness" as, for example, the one between the hired man and the little girl on the stove, prove it. His vision was not the vision of the Little Review. But even if you do not approve of his viewpoint, his method was the method of a great artist. (At times, as in "Anna Karenina" and in "The Death of Ivan Illyitch" he broke his traces).

Truly, I am not disposed to splinter a lance with "jh" about "The Power of Darkness" because in the main I agree with her. The first
paragraph of her review, however, is too devastating to be anything but shortsighted and two-dimensional. In criticism there is no excuse for astigmatism or muddleheadness.—PIERRE LOVING.

[jh:—to the readers of the Little Review—Greetings:—Be it hereby known for the hundredth time that I make no attempt to write criticism. The offerings above my name may be called notes, articles, opinions, editorials, compliments, attacks, murder, but Mr. Loving should recognize criticism if he is going to define criticism.

I can but briefly take up one point in Mr. Loving's article. "Conscious or intellectual control, organization, etc.", are the obvious essentials in creative effort: technique, which simply should mean control of the matter as well as of the medium. Boobery is not an intermittent thing. If a man has the clue to his own image he has a clue to the universe.—jh.]

**Ulysses**  
by James Joyce  
*Episode XII* (continued)  

AND at the sound of the sacring bell the blessed company drew nigh of monks and friars the monks of Benedict of Spoletto, Carthusians and Camaldolesi, Cistercians and Olivetans, Oratorians and Vallombrosans, and the friars of Augustine, Brigittines, Premonstratesians, Servi, Trinitarians, and the children of Peter Nolasco; and therewith from Carmel mount the children of Elijah prophet led by Albert bishop and by Teresa of Avila, calced and other: and friars brown and grey, sons of poor Francis, capuchins, cordeliers, minimes and observants and the daughters of Clara: and the sons of Dominic and of Vincent; and Ignatius his children: and the confraternity of the christian brothers led by reverend brother Rice. And after came all saints and
martyrs, virgins and confessors: S. Isidore arator and S. James the Less and S. Phocas of Sinope and S. Julian Hospitator and S. Felix de Cantalice and S. Stephen Protomartyr and S. John Nepomuc and S. Thomas Aquinas and S. Ives of Brittany and S. Herman-Joseph and the saints Gevasius, Servasius and Bonifacius and S. Bride and the saints Rose of Lima and of Viterbo and S. Martha of Bethany and S. Mary of Egypt and S. Barbara and S. Scholastica and S. Ursula with eleven thousand virgins. And all came with nimbi and aureoles and gloriae, bearing palms and harps and swords and olive crowns in robes whereon were woven the blessed symbols of their efficacies, ink horns, arrows, loaves, cruses, fetters, axes, trees, bridges, babes in a bathtub, shells, wallets, shears, keys, dragons, lilies, buckshot, beards, hogs, lamps, bellows, beehives, soupladles, stars, snakes, anvils, boxes of vaseline, bells, crutches, forceps, stags' horns, water-tight boots, hawks, millstones, eyes on a dish, wax candles, aspersgills, unicorns. And as they wended their way by Nelson's Pillar, Henry Street, Mary Street, Capel Street, Little Britain Street, chanting the introit in *Epiphania Domini* which beginneth *Surge, illuminare* and thereafter most sweetly the gradual *Omnes* which saith *de Saba venient* they did divers wonders such as casting out devils, raising the dead to life, multiplying fishes, healing the halt and the blind, discovering various articles which had been mislaid, interpreting and fulfilling the scriptures, blessing and prophesying. And last, beneath a canopy of cloth of gold came the reverend Father O'Flynn attended by Malachi and Patrick. And when all had reached the appointed place the celebrant blessed the house and censed and sprinkled the lintels thereof with blessed water and prayed that God would bless that house as he had blessed the house of Abraham and Isaac and Jacob and make the angels of His light to inhabit therein. And entering he blessed the viands and the beverages and the company of all the blessed answered his prayers.

—*Adiutorium nostrum in nomine Domini.*
—*Qui fecit coelum et Terram.*
—*Dominus vobiscum.*
—*Et cum spiritu tuo.*
And he laid his hands upon that he blessed and gave thanks and he prayed and they all with him prayed:
—Deus, cuius verbo sanctificantur omnia, benedictionem tuam effunde super creaturas istas: et praesta ut quisquis eis secundum legem et voluntatem tuam cum gratiarum actione usus fuerit per invocationem sanctissimi nominis tui corporis sanitatem et animae tutelam, te auctore percipiat per Christum, dominum nostrum.
—And so say all of us, says Jack.
—Thousand a year, Lambert, says Crofton.
—Right, says Ned. And butter for fish.
I was just looking round to see who the happy thought would strike when, be damned but Bloom comes in again letting on to be in a hell of a hurry.
—I was just round at the court house, says he, looking for you. I hope I'm not . . . .
—No, says Martin, we're ready.
Courthouse my eye. And your pockets hanging down with gold and silver. Mean bloody scut. Stand us a drink itself. There's a jew for you! Hundred to five.
—Don't tell anyone, says the citizen.
—Beg your pardon, says Bloom.
—Come on boys, says Martin, seeing it was looking blue. Come along now.
—Don't tell anyone, says the citizen, letting a bawl out of him.
And the bloody dog woke up and let a growl.
—Bye bye all, says Martin.
And he got them out as quick as he could, Jack Power and Crofton or whatever you call him and old Bloom in the middle of them letting on to be all at sea and up with them on the bloody car.
—Off with you, says Martin to the jarvey.
The milkwhite dophine tossed his mane and rising in the golden poop, the helmsman spread the bellying sail upon the wind. A many comely nymphs drew nigh to starboard and to larboard and, clinging to the sides of the noble bark, they linked their shining forms as doth the cunning wheelwright when he fashions about the heart of his wheel the equidistant rays whereof each one is sister to another and
he binds them all with an outer ring and giveth speed to the feet of men when as they ride to a hosting or contend for the smile of ladies fair. Even so did they come and set them, those willing nymphs, the undying sisters. And they laughed, sporting in a circle of their foam: and the bark clave the waves.

But begob I was just lowering the last of the pint when I saw the citizen getting up to waddle to the door and he cursing bell book and candle in Irish and Joe and little Alf trying to hold him back.

—Let me alone, says he.

And begob he got as far as the door and they holding him and be bawls out of him:

—Three cheers for Israel!

Arrah, sit down on the parlimentary side of your arse and don't be making an exhibition of yourself. Jesus, there's always some bloody clown or other kicking up a bloody murder about bloody nothing. Gob, it'd turn the porter sour in your guts, so it would.

And all the ragamuffins and sluts of the place round the door and Martin telling the jarvey to drive ahead and the citizen bawling and Alf and Joe at him to whisht and Bloom on his high horse about the jews and the loafers calling for a speech and Jack Power trying to get him to sit down on the car and hold his bloody jaw and a young lad starts singing *The Boys of Wexford* and a slut shouts out of her:

—Eh, mister! Your fly is open, mister!

And says Bloom:

—Mendelssohn was a jew and Karl Marx and Mercadante and Spinoza. And your god was a jew and his father was a jew.

—He had no father, says Martin. That'll do now. Drive ahead.

—Whose god! says the citizen.

—Well, his uncle was a jew, says Bloom. Your god was a jew.

Christ was a jew like me.

Gob, the citizen made a plunge into the shop.

—By Jesus, says he, I'll brain that bloody jewman for using the holy name. By Jesus, I'll crucify him so I will. Give us that biscuit box here.

—Stop! stop! says Joe.

A large and appreciative gathering of friends and acquaintances
assembled to bid farewell to Mr. L. Virag on the occasion of his departure for a distant clime. The ceremony which went off with great éclat was characterized by the most affecting cordiality. An illuminated scroll, the work of Irish artists, was presented to the distinguished visitor on behalf of a large section of the community and was accompanied by the gift of a silver casket, tastefully executed in the style of ancient Celtic ornament, a work which reflects every credit on the makers Messrs. Jacob and Jacob. The departing guest was the recipient of a hearty ovation, many of those who were present being visibly moved when the select orchestra of Irish pipes struck up the well-known strains of Come Back to Erin. Amid cheers that rent the welkin the vessel slowly moved away saluted by a final floral tribute from the representatives of the fair sex who were present in large numbers. Gone but not forgotten.

He got hold of the bloody tin anyhow and out with him, and little Alf hanging on to his elbow and he shouting like a stuck pig.
—Where is he till I murder him?

And Ned and J. J. paralysed with the laughing.
—Gob, says I, I’ll be in for the last gospel.

But as luck would have it the jarvey got the nag’s head round the other way and off with him.

—Hold on, citizen, says Joe. Stop!

Begob he made a swipe and let fly. Mercy of God the sun was in his eyes. Gob, he near sent it into the country Longford. The bloody nag took fright and the old mongrel after the car and all the populace shouting and laughing and the old tinbox clattering along the street.

The catastrophe was terrific and instantaneous in its effect. The observatory of Dunsink registered in all eleven shocks and there is no record extant of a similar seismic disturbance in our island since the earthquake of 1534, the year of the rebellion of Silken Thomas. The epicentre appears to have been that part of the metropolis which constitutes the Inn’s Quay Ward and parish of Saint Michan. All the lordly residences in the vicinity of the palace of Justice were demolished and that noble edifice itself, in which at the time of the catastrophe, important legal debates were in progress, is literally a mass
of ruins beneath which it is to be feared all the occupants have been buried alive. From the reports of eyewitnesses it transpires that the seismic waves were accompanied by a violent atmospheric perturbation of cyclonic character. An article of headgear since ascertained to belong to the much respected clerk of the crown and peace Mr. George Fottrell and a silk umbrella with gold handle with the engraved initials, coat of arms and house number of the erudite and worshipful chairman of quarter sessions Sir Frederick Falkiner, recorder of Dublin, have been discovered by search parties in remote parts of the island respectively the former on the third basaltic ridge of the giant’s causeway, the latter embedded to the extent of one foot three inches in the sandy beach of Haleopen bay near the old head of Kinsale. Other eyewitnesses depose that they observed an incandescent object of enormous proportions hurling through the atmosphere at a terrifying velocity in a trajectory directed southwest by west. Messages of condolence and sympathy are being hourly received from all parts of the different continents and the sovereign pontiff has been graciously pleased to decree that a special missa pro dejunctis shall be celebrated simultaneously by the ordinaries of each and every parish church of all the episcopal dioceses subject to the spiritual authority of the holy see in suffrage of the souls of those faithful departed who have been so unexpectedly called away from our midst. The work of salvage, removal of debris, human remains, etc., has been entrusted to Messrs. Michael Meade and son, Great Brunswick Street, and Messrs. T. & C. Martin, North Wall, assisted by the men and officers of the Duke of Cornwall’s light infantry under the general supervision of H. R. H., near admiral, the right honourable Sir Hercules Hannibal Habeas Corpus Anderson K. G., K. P., K. T., P. C., K. C. B., M. P., J. P., M. B., D. S. O., S. O. D., M. F. H., M. R. I. A., B. L., Mus. Doc. P. L. G., F. R. C. P. I., and F. R. C. S. I.

You never saw the like of it in all your born puff. Gob, if he got that on the side of his poll he’d remember the gold cup, so he would, but begob the citizen would have been lagged for assault and battery and Joe for aiding and abetting. The jarvey saved his life
as sure as God made me. What? O, Jesus, he did. And he let a volley of oaths after him.
—Did I kill him, says he, or what?
And he shouting to the bloody dog:
—After him, Garry! After him, boy!
And the last we saw was the bloody car rounding the corner and old sheepsface on it gesticulating and the bloody mongrel after it with his lugs back for all he was bloody well worth. Hundred to five! Jesus, he took the value of it out of him, I promise you.
When, lo, there came about them all a great brightness and they beheld the chariot wherein he stood ascend to heaven. And they beheld him in the chariot, clothed upon in the glory of the brightness, having raiment as of the sun, fair as the moon and terrible that for awe they durst not look upon him. And there came a voice out of heaven, calling: Elijah! Elijah! And he answered with a main cry: Abba! Adonai! And they beheld him even him, ben Bloom Elijah, amid clouds of angels ascend to the glory of the brightness at an angle of fortyfive degrees over Donohoe's in Little Green Street like a short off a shovel.

(To be continued)

The Reader Critic
The Good Old Days

Subscriber, New York:

YOUR Little Review bewilders me. All the things I like best you disparage and all your enthusiasms I think, like your publisher friend, should be preserved as samples of the madness of the present age.

I'll enumerate the things that annoy, disgust, or satiate me with their extreme neuroticism or insanity. In the December number first Joyce and Zadkine, then Djuna Barnes' story and that weird nasty sex thing by Dobrée ("Surfeit")—then Dorothy Richardson's instalment (which gets more wild, involved and Joyceish as it goes on)—and then some of "jh's" bitter and biting critiques. She attacks "Mary Olivier" (which I enjoyed);
everything she criticises is scathingly and contemptuously dismissed as beneath her notice. However I thoroughly enjoyed her description of the poseurs who inhabit the Village; so true and so graphically expressed: even if that is contemptuous it is just and amusing. When she writes about concrete things I think she is very interesting, but when she analyzes abstract ones she is vague and often antagonizes me. For instance, such an expression of the "jh" ego as the note on "Sincerity"... "even if he (the artist) should choose to make it so... his representation of even the most simple object, after having passed through his powerfully specialized senses and mind, couldn't be very familiar (sincere) to the public"... Here she is not vague of course, but quite clear. However great artists of other times have conveyed beautiful ideas, simply, and reached even the most naive minds. Why not now? Only because modern artists are mad, writhing and grotesquely posturing, drugged with neurotic and oblique feeling. To read and see and feel such art leaves one with the same sick nausea and distaste as when one has become a party to some shameful orgy.

Sherwood Anderson I don't understand, but somehow I respect him and feel his bigness and fitness.

M. C. A.'s criticisms on music are to me as the word of God. These I can feel and appreciate even if I can't always follow them. There is no barbed-wire shaft in such writing, but only concentrated, intense conviction. Right or wrong she is not trying to be brilliant and original.

Of course I know that this is an outburst of what you would call the reactions of the obvious mind.

[I often think we should get out a pamphlet on Art that could be used as a dictionary by the layman. A sort of questions and Answers affair. On the left hand pages we could print all the stock platitudes: for instance, "Why don't modern artists convey beautiful ideas simply, to reach even the most naive minds?"; etc.; and on the right-hand pages the answers: for instance, the very obvious fact that the conditions surrounding the artist in any given age have been substantially those of any other age and probably always will be etc., etc. People could memorize all the answers—facts, history, etc.,—and conversation could progress.

I really don't know what to say to all these denunciations—these neurotic excesses that we are so generally accused of. The Dobrée story was a bit of cause and effect that should worry no one. If every one knew something about these matters we should all be protected from the subconscious assaults made upon us by ignorance, curiosity, indirection, etc. The Zadkine sculptures were aloof, quite beautiful things. Djuna Barnes' story was dramatic, simple (primitive), clean-cut—showed two human beings working at a situation more interestingly than you will ever find them doing it in life—(this alone is one of the chief properties of Art). Dorothy Richardson is so unlike Joyce that
I can't even begin to argue that with you—though I'm sure there are some five thousand people who will agree with you because Richardson and Joyce have the great soul bond of unconventional punctuation.

As to shame—people who feel shame about anything they do weren't led into their actions by any needs great enough to count. Shame is only a very patent mark of the incompletely-born. Can you imagine Shakespeare, Napoleon, Cleopatra covered with shame? Can you imagine James Joyce ashamed of what he writes? Why on earth this great antagonism toward the artist's expression? You are probably the kind of person who allows every one you know to express himself as he likes, no matter how he may bore you or how futile and ordinary you may know him to be. "Ah," you will say, "he can't help it, he's that way"—as he ruins your life with his stupidity. Why do you never say "the artist can't help it, he's that way"? Nothingness is excused on every hand. Unrestrained mediocrity is encouraged. Any manifestation of life that goes a bit beyond these states leaves every one who meets it uncomfortable, vaguely antagonized. Naturally,—since it is a challenge to his incompleteness. Art is a challenge to life.

Every one can save himself all this disturbance and nausea and suffering by avoiding the artist. He isn't so plentiful that you must talk with him on every corner or read him in every magazine you pick up. And condemnation or approval are as powerless to change him as would be any efforts to produce him.—M. C. A.]

Israel Solon, New York:

I meant to comment on "jii's" remarks about "The Power of Darkness" in the January number. There is no doubt at all in my mind that there is something congenitally incompatible in the Norsk and Russian characters. Ibsen hated Tolstoy. But into this I dare not venture, since it is one of my pet bugs. But there is no doubt that Tolstoy did not write the play he thought he did; nor did he write the play that I had thought he did, and that everybody seems still to think he did. I read the play when I was a boy, and was profoundly moved by it. It was badly conceived by the present company and badly cast and badly acted. But, all that aside, to my astonishment, I found that the power of darkness was mostly in Tolstoy's own head—so far as this particular play is concerned. Not another inch will I go with you. "The Power of Darkness," I have found, is nothing other than our old friend Don Juan, betraying his father repeatedly, then driven to commit suicide (vicariously, in the true Christian fashion), and finally compelled to confess the betrayal of his father to the betrayed, by that means aiming to, and succeeding in, tempering the power of his wrath. This final confession with which the play closes must have had a terrifying inner meaning to Tolstoy. But to us who are grown up about all such matters the confession looks pretty much like an excuse for crowding the stage at the fall of the final curtain.

When you say that James Joyce is defying all the boobs in Dublin it meant to me, if I were to judge you solely by that statement, or, as
the lawyers would say, by the four corners of the document, that a good novel, though it may begin anywhere, must end in heaven. Of course you did not mean that. Well, what did you mean? You are not permitted to hold anything back.

I also meant to say something about Evelyn Scott; but, by a stroke of good luck. I found that she wrote an interminable article about Gilbert Cannan, and I fell on my knees and thanked the god of my fathers. Had I done it, I should have felt as foolish as the blue jays that tried to fill a little hole with acorns only to find that they had been trying to fill an entire cabin—I believe the story is in Mark Twain's "Tramp Abroad."

[May one never play? I wasn't thinking much of the strict use of deity—certainly not of heaven. The word seemed to hold my meaning, which was something like this: if a sculptor (a true artist) takes a piece of marble in which he cuts his design, the marble ceases to be marble; it has become something of greater import. If a sculptor (not an artist) had tackled the same piece of marble it would have remained marble. Now don't come back at me with: the conception once arrived at exists whether it is ever cut in marble or not; so the sculptor really robbed the supply of marble by converting this piece, etc., etc., or any easy little problems like that. If you aren't answered we'll have to let it go until you can explain something to me. I can never do anything for all this talk about the Thing in Itself. I am always clamouring for the Itself in the Thing. There's a clue to what I mean about the artist and boobs.—jh.]
Some of the Causes for the Omission of the February Number:

The extreme leisure of on the part of the Obscene Department of the U. S. P. O. in deciding the fate of the January *Little Review*.

The house in which we have had our office for the past three years has been sold. We are forced to find new quarters.

The entire staff of the *Little Review* (both of us) is just recovering from the influenza.

And—we have lost our temperamental printer. The following letter may throw some light on printing conditions in New York City:

Dear Miss Anderson:

Tomorrow will be a week that I received copy with money in advance as agreed, and was not able to start and will not be able before next week. It is no use Miss Anderson to be so nervous. You want always first-class work and I cannot make. Do you not know that we had war? Workingman is now king. If you would pay me three thousand dollars I will not make good work. This is other times. I wrote you about this many times and will not repeat any more, but wish to say if you pay all in advance and two, three hundred per cent more as now, you must not expect good work or on time. I want no responsibility.

The vast improvement in our financial condition can be gauged from the above.
The OVID PRESS

1 Twenty Drawings from the note-books of H. GAUDIER-BRZESKA 15s.
2 Fifteen designs by P. WYNDHAM LEWIS £2:2:0
(England only.)

NEW POEMS
By
3 EZRA POUND
4 T. S. ELIOT
5 JOHN RODKER
Copies may be ordered through the Little Review

Three Books by Robert De Camp Leland
of interest to the literati
Roses and Rebellion Boards 75c
Purple Youth Boards $1
Syncopation Cloth $2

Poet and satirist, Leland, of modern writers, best carries forward the tradition of Heine. In these three volumes you will find satire that is authentic; art rather than vaudeville. Innocent buffoonery undoubtedly has its place; the unenlightened must be entertained. But in these books by Leland the discerning will not be compromised.

Published at Boston by
The Poetry-Drama Company

Mason & Hamlin
THE STRADIVARIUS OF PIANOS
Mason & Hamlin Co.
313 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK
The LITTLE REVIEW

A REVIEW OF MODERN ART AND LETTERS

PUBLISHES THE POEMS, STORIES, NOVELS, PLAYS, OPINIONS, AND CRITICISMS OF

SHERWOOD ANDERSON, DJUNA BARNES, JEAN DE BOSSCHERE, MAXWELL BODENHEIM, MARY BUTTS, WITTER BYNNER, EMANUEL CARNEVALI, MURIEL CIOLKOWSKA, S. FOSTER DAMON, JESSIE DISMORR, T. S. ELIOT, ELSE VON FREYTAG-LORINGHOVEN, LOUIS GILMORE, BEN HECHT, ALDOUS HUXLEY, FORD MADOX HUEFFER, JAMES JOYCE, EDNA KENTON, WYNDHAM LEWIS, EDWARD POWYS MATHER, HAROLD MONRO, MARIANNE MOORE, EZRA POUND, DOROTHY RICHARDSON, ISAAC ROSENBERG, CARL SANDBURG, WILLIAM SAPHIER, MAY SINCLAIR, ISRAEL SOLON, WALLACE STEVENS, MARK TURBYFILL, ARTHUR WALEY, WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS, WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS, ETC.

AND REPRODUCTIONS OF THE WORK OF:

JEAN DE BOSSCHERE, H. GAUDIER BRZESKA, CHARLES DEMUTH, WYNDHAM LEWIS, CHANA ORLOFF, STANISLAW SZUKALSKI, EDWARD WADSWORTH, OSIP ZADKINE, ETC.

SUBSCRIPTION

Yearly in U. S. A. . . . . $2.50
Canada . . . . . . . . . . 2.75
Foreign . . . . . . . . . . 3.00

24 WEST SIXTEENTH STREET, NEW YORK
LONDON OFFICE: 43 BELSIZE PARK GARDENS

Price: 25 Cents