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The Reader Critic
Jean de Bosschère, who is known as a modern French poet, is a Belgian living in England. In English he has published "Twelve Occupations" and "The Closed Door." The latter had a deep influence on the younger poets, though it was received with anger by the press. All of his poems are accompanied by drawings. He explains that his poetic vision requires the drawings and his drawings must be supplemented by his poems. Photograph by Hoppé.
Je sais que le nuit tu mets un doigt sur mon cœur.
THE LITTLE REVIEW

Poems

by Jean de Bosschère

Sur la bruère

Cette fois tu me parlas en secret,
Sur cette colline où des corps en du linge
Ruaient, lamentables, dans l'herbe grise
Et que des cuivres me disaient: suicide

Un soleil épouvantable, le canon tonne,
Un enfant nu, pleure,
Et le petit blond mène le cervolant,
Tirant à la bride comme sur un cheval hagard.

Des couples font six heures du sueur
Pour le salaire d'un spasme noir,
Et nul, non, pas un cri de détresse!
Une fille rit d'un bec aigu puis chante.

Tendrement, comme un homme bien malade, tu m'as dit:
"Histrion, buvant du thé tiède,
Et las promeneur sans ardeur,
Tu marches dans mon ombre et l'ignores"
Et j'ai ris aussi, sans chanter pourtant,
Car je sais bien que tu es là,
Et que tout cela n'est pas un son de tambour;
Je sais que la nuit tu mets un doigt sur mon cœur.

Mais cette fois tu me parlas en secret,
Et comme je me retirais devant ce viol,
Tu pris ma tête entre tes mains,
Puis serrant mes tempes et mes yeux, tu dis :

"Sois bon, aies enfin pitié du jour,
Pardonne-toi et tu leur pardonneras;
Ne sois pas dur et ne ris pas,
Ecoute, je te le dis, tout cela est."

Tout cela est, ô Sourire!
Et tu me le donnes?
Tu m'en charges les mains!
Et je tremble d'amour et de terreur.

Alors tu me répondis en secret,
Joignant mes mains tout près de la terre
"Je te le donnes,
Et prie," m'as-tu dit.

Mai, 1919
Pas plus grand que l'eventaire du colporteur.
Je n'ai rien offert

Bien des années,
L'éternité qui est dans les soixante ans de l'homme,
Tous ces jours qui sont une seconde!
Mais cela est long et infini.

Bien des années, tous les temps illimités,
J'ai traîné l'univers avec moi,
Trop vaste, tout immense, tout étroit ;
Pas plus grand que l'éventaire du colporteur,
Les petites choses dans un cercle,
A portée de la main,
Et plus loin, il n'y a rien.

Tout ce que je sais et connais,
Une Babel et une macédoine de riens,
Et d'horribles épines dans mes blessures,
Tout est là, à peine un creux de main plein,
 Ou quelques panniers remplis autour de moi.

Et tout est là, au-delà, il n'y a plus rien.
C'est l'univers que je traîne, —
La monstrueuse ignorance, —
Et le néant. —

Je n'ai pas demandé que vous preniez rien de mes mains,
Je n'ai pas offert une seule chose.
Pas même de demeure,
Je n'ai rien que cet univers étroit et borgne
Que je traîne comme un condamné,
Comme un prisonnier qui avancerait avec sa geôle!
Je n’ai rien offert et je n’habite nulle part,
De ce monde qui me contient comme une étroite tente,
Et je ne vois pas au-delà,
Et eux non plus ne me voient pas;
Leurs yeux sont derrière des vitres où brille le soleil.
Et moi, je suis dans l’obscurité du vide.

Rien autour de moi,
Retranché d’entre les hommes;
Et le passé est une armoire que je puis ouvrir;
Avec des parfums et des saveurs qui sont comme des traits de feu.
Rien autour de moi dans l’obscurité du vide.

Mais dans le passé
Fait de cristal, brisé
Un baiser sucré d’un maline de faubourg,
Et la fermeté sous le doigt de la chair entre la peau et l’os,
Et des larmes absolues.
Rondes et vraies comme l’eau!
Ensuite, amours plus murs,
Corps qui savent et prennent vac désespoir,
Et ne veulent point penser à Dieu . . .

Dans le passé qui est dans une armoire;
Dans le passé fait de cristal brisé.
Et l’on ne sait si c’est là où ailleurs.
Ce n’est nulle part dans l’universe désolé
Aujourd’hui fermé autour de moi!

Et il n’y a rien,
Sauf cette clôture autour de moi,
Dans l’obscurité du vide.

Avril, 1919
Et ne veulent point penser à Dieu....
BEFORE the house rose two stately pine trees, and all about small firs and hemlocks. The garden path struggled up to the porch between wild flowers and weeds, and looming against its ancient bulk the shadows of out-houses and barns.

It stood among the hills, and just below around a curve in the road lay the placid gray reservoir.

Sometimes parties would cross the fields, walking slowly toward the mountains. And sometimes children could be heard murmuring in the underbrush of things they scarcely knew.

Strange things had happened in this country town. Murder, theft, and little girls found weeping, and silent morose boys scowling along in the rag-weed, with half-shut sunburned eyelids.

The place was wild, deserted and impossible in winter. In summer it was over-run with artists and town folk with wives and babies. Every Saturday there were fairs on the green, where second-hand articles were sold for a song, and flirting was formidable and passing. There were picnics, mountain climblings, speeches in the town-hall, on the mark of the beast, on sin, and democracy, and once in a while a lecture on something that "everyone should know," attended by mothers, their offspring left with servants who knew what everyone shouldn’t.

Then there were movies, bare legs, deacons, misses in cascades of curls for the special pleasure of the love-sick matinee idol’s fingers, and on Sunday one could listen to Mr. Widdie, the clergymen who suffered from consumption, speak on love of one’s neighbor.

In this house and in this town had lived, for some fifteen years or so, Emma Gonsberg.

She was a little creature, lively, smiling, extremely good-natured. She had been married twice, divorced once, and was now a widow still in her thirties.
Of her two husbands she seldom said anything. Once she made
the remark: “Only fancy, they never did catch on to me at all.”

She tried to be fashionable, did her hair in the Venetian style,
wore gowns after the manner of Lady de Bath entering her carriage;
and tried to cultivate only those who could tell her “where she
stood.”

Her son Oscar was fourteen or thereabouts. He wore distinctly
over-decorative English clothes, and remembered two words of some
obscure Indian dialect that seemed to mean “fleas,” for whenever
he flung these words defiantly at visitors they would go off into peals
of laughter, headed by his mother. At such times he would lower his
eyes and show a row of too heavy teeth.

Emma Gonsberg loved flowers, but could not grow them. She
admired cats because there was “nothing servile about them,” but
they would not stay with her; and though she loved horses and
longed to be one of those daring women who could handle them
“without being crushed in the stalls,” they nevertheless ignored her
with calm indifference. Of her loves, passions and efforts, she
had managed to raise a few ill-smelling pheasants, and had to let it
go at that.

In the winter she led a lonely and discriminating life. In the
summer her house filled with mixed characters, as one might say.
A hot melancholy Jew, an officer who was always upon the point
or depreciating his medals in a conceited voice, and one other who
swore inoffensively.

Finally she had given this sort of thing up, partly because she had
managed, soon after, to get herself entangled with a man called
Ulric Straussmann. A tall rough fellow, who said he came from
the Tyrol; a fellow without sensibilities but with a certain bitter
sensuality. A good-natured creature as far as he went, with vivid
streaks of German lust, which had at once something sentimental
and something careless about it; the type who can turn the country,
with a single gesture, into a brothel, and makes of children strong
enemies. He showed no little audacity in putting things into people’s
minds that he would not do himself.
He smelled very strongly of horses, and was proud of it. He pretended a fondness for all that goes under hide or hair, but a collie bitch, known for her gentleness, snapped at him and bit him. He invariably carried a leather thong, braided at the base for a handle, and would stand for hours talking, with his legs apart, whirling this contrived whip, and looking out of the corner of his eyes would pull his moustache, waiting to see which of the ladies would draw their feet in.

He talked in a rather even, slightly nasal tone, wetting his lips with a long outthrust of tongue, like an animal. His teeth were splendid and his tongue unusually red, and he prided himself on these and on the calves of his legs. They were large, muscular and rather handsome.

He liked to boast that there was nothing that he could not do and be forgiven, because, as he expressed it, "I have always left people satisfied." If it were hate or if it were love, he seemed to have come off with unusual success. "Most people are puny," he would add, "while I am large, strong, healthy. Solid flesh through and through," whereat he would pound his chest and smile.

He was new to the town and sufficiently insolent to attract attention. There was also something childishly naive in him, as there is in all tall and robust men who talk about themselves. This probably saved him, because when he was drinking he often became gross and insulting, but he soon put the women of the party in a good humour by giving one of them a hearty and good-natured slap on the rear that she was not likely to forget.

Besides this man Emma had a few old friends of the less interesting, though better-read, type. Among them, however, was an exception, Oliver Kahn, a married man with several children one heard of and never saw. A strange quiet man who was always talking. He had splendid eyes and a poor mouth—very full lips. In the beginning one surmised that he had been quite an adventurer. He had an odour about him of the rather recent cult of the "terribly good." He seemed to have been unkind to his family in some way, and was spending the rest of his life in a passion of regret and
remorse. He had become one of those guests who are only missed when absent. He finally stayed for good, sleeping in an ante-room with his boots on,—his one royal habit.

In the beginning Emma had liked him tremendously. He was at once gentle and furious, but of late, just prior to the Straussmann affair, he had begun to irritate her. She thought to herself, “he is going mad, that’s all.” She was angry at herself for saying “that’s all,” as if she had expected something different, more momentous.

He had enormous appetites, he ate like a Porthos and drank like a Pantagruel, and talked hour after hour about the same thing, “Love of one’s neighbour,” and spent his spare time in standing with his hands behind him, in front of the pheasants’ cage. He had been a snipe hunter in his time, and once went on a big game hunt, but now he said he saw something more significant here.

He had, like all good sportsmen, even shot himself through the hand, but of late he pretended that he did not remember what the scar came from.

He seemed to suffer a good deal. Evil went deep and good went deep and he suffered the tortures of the damned. He wept and laughed and ate and drank and slept, and year by year his eyes grew sweeter, tenderer, and his mouth fuller, more gross.

The child Oscar did not like Kahn, yet sometimes he would become extraordinarily excited, talk very fast, almost bantering, a little malignly, and once when Kahn had taken his hand he drew it away angrily. “Don’t,” he said.

“Why not?”

“Because it is dirty,” he retorted maliciously.

“As if you really knew of what I was thinking,” Kahn said, and put his own hands behind him.

Emma liked Kahn, was attached to him. He mentioned her faults without regret or reproval, and this in itself was a divine sort of love.

He would remark, “We cannot be just because we are bewildered; we ought to be proud enough to welcome our enemies as judges, but we hate, and to hate is the act of the incurious. I love with
an everlasting but a changing love, because I know I am the wrong sort of man to be good—and because I revere the shadow on the threshold."

"What shadow, Kahn?"

"In one man we called it Christ—it is energy; for most of us it is dead, a phantom. If you have it you are Christ, and if you have only a little of it you are but the promise of the Messiah."

These seemed great words, and she looked at him with a little admiring smile.

"You make me uneasy for fear that I have not said 'I love you with an everlasting love,' often enough to make it an act of fanaticism."

As for Oscar, he did what he liked, which gave him character, but made him difficult to live with.

He was not one of those "weedy" youths, long of leg, and stringy like "jerked beef, thank God!" as his mother said to visitors. He was rather too fully grown, thick of calf and hip and rather heavy of feature. His hands and feet were not out of proportion as is usually the case with children of his age, but they were too old looking.

He did not smoke surreptitiously. On the contrary he had taken out a pipe one day in front of his mother, and filling it, smoked in silence, not even with a frightened air, and for that matter not even with a particularly bold air;—he did it quite simply, as something he had finally decided to do, and Emma Gonsberg had gone off to Kahn with it, in a rather helpless manner.

Most children swing in circles about a room, clumsily. Oscar on the contrary walked into the four corners placidly and officially, looked at the backs of the books here and a picture there, and even grunted approvingly at one or two in quite a mature manner.

He had a sweetheart, and about her and his treatment of her there were only a few of the usual signs;—he was shy, and passionately immersed in her, there was little of the casual smartness of first calf love about it, though he did in truth wave her off with a grin if he was questioned.
He took himself with seriousness amounting to a lack of humor—and though he himself knew that he was a youth, and had the earmarks of adolescence about him—and know it he certainly did,—once he said, "Well, what of it—is that any reason why I should not be serious about everything." This remark had so astonished his mother that she had immediately sent for Kahn to know if he thought the child was precocious—and Kahn had answered, "If he were, I should be better pleased."

"But what is one to expect?"

"Children," he answered, "are never what they are supposed to be, and they never have been. He may be old for his age, but what child hasn't been?"

In the meantime, she tried to bring Straussmann and Kahn together—"My house is all at odds," she thought, but these two never hit it off. Straussmann always appeared dreadfully superficial and cynical, and Kahn dull and good about nothing.

"They have both got abnormal appetites," she thought wearily. She listened to them trying to talk together of an evening on the piazza steps. Kahn was saying:

"You must, however, warn yourself, in fact I might say arm yourself, against any sensation of pleasure in doing good;—this is very difficult, I know, but it can be attained. You can give and forgive and tolerate gently and, as one might say, casually, until it's a second nature."

"There you have it, tolerate—who wants tolerance, or a second nature. Well, let us drop it. I feel like a child,—it's difficult not to feel like a child."

"Like Oscar—he has transports—even at his age," Emma added hesitatingly. "Perhaps that's not quite as it should be?"

"The memory of growing up is worse than the fear of death," Kahn remarked, and Emma sighed.

"I don't know;—the country was made for children, they say—I could tell you a story about that," Straussmann broke off, whistling to Oscar. "Shall I tell Oscar about the country—and what it is really like?" he asked Emma, turning his head.
"Let the boy alone."

"Why, over there in that small village," Straussmann went on, taking Oscar by the arm. "It is a pretty tale I could tell you—perhaps I will when you are older—but don't let your mother persuade you that the country is a nice, healthful, clean place, because, my child, it's corrupt."

"Will you let the boy alone!" Emma cried, turning very red.

"Ah, eh—I'll let him alone right enough—but it won't make much difference—you'll see," he went on. "There is a great deal told to children that they should not hear, I'll admit, but there wasn't a thing I didn't know when I was ten. It happened one day in a hotel in Southampton—a dark place, gloomy, smelling frightfully of mildew, the walls were damp and stained. A strange place, eh, to learn the delights of love, but then our parents seldom dwell on the delights,—they are too taken up with the sordid details, the mere sordid details. My father had a great beard, and I remember thinking that it would have been better if he hadn't said such things. I wasn't much good afterwards for five or six years, but my sister was different. She enjoyed it immensely and forgot all about it almost immediately, excepting when I reminded her."

"Go to bed, Oscar," Emma said abruptly.

He went, and on going up the steps he did not let his fingers trail along the spindles of the banisters with his usual "Eeny meeny miny mo," etc.

Emma was a little troubled and watched him going up silently, hardly moving his arms.

"Children should be treated very carefully, they should know as much as possible, but in a less superficial form than they must know later."

"I think a child is born corrupt and attains to decency," Straussmann said grinning.

"If you please," Emma cried gaily, "we will talk about things we understand."

Kahn smiled. "It's beautiful, really beautiful," he said, meaning
her gaiety. He always said complimentary things about her lightness of spirit, and always in an angry voice.

"Come, come, you are going mad. What's the good of that?" she said, abruptly, thinking "he is a man who has discovered himself once too often."

"You are wrong, Emma, I am not worthy of madness."

"Don't be on your guard, Kahn," she retorted.

Oscar appeared before her suddenly, bare foot. She stared at him. "What is it?" she at last managed to ask in a faint almost suffocated voice.

"I want to kiss you," he whispered.

She moved toward him slowly, when, half way, he hurried toward her, seized her hand, kissed it, and went back into the house.

"My God," she cried out. "He is beginning to think for himself," and ran in after him.

She remembered how she had talked to him the night before, only the night before. "You must love with an everlasting but a changing love," and he became restless. "With an everlasting but a changing love."

"What do you mean by changing?" His palms were moist, and his feet twitched.

"A love that takes in every detail, every element—that can understand without hating, without distinction, I think."

"Why do you say I think?"

"I mean, I know," she answered, confused.

"Get that Kahn out, he's a rascal," he said, abruptly, grinning. "What are you saying, Oscar?" she demanded, turning cold. "I'll never come to your bed again, take your hands and say "Our Father."

"It will be all right if you send that man packing," he said, stressing the word "packing."

She was very angry, and half started toward the door. Then she turned back. "Why do you say that, Oscar?"

"Because he makes you nervous—well, then—because he crouches;" he saw by his mother's face that she was annoyed, puzzled,
and he turned red to his ears. "I don't mean that, I mean he isn't good, he's just watching for something good to happen, to take place—", his voice trailed off, and he raised his eyes solemn and full of tears to her face. She leaned down and kissed him, tucking him like a "little boy."

"But I'm not a little boy," he called out to her.

And tonight she did not come down until she thought Kahn and Straussmann had gone.

Kahn had disappeared but Straussman had taken a turn or two about the place and was standing in the shadow of the stoop when she came out.

"Come," he said. "What is it that you want?"

"I think it's religion," she answered abruptly. "But it's probably love."

"Let us take a walk," he suggested.

They turned in toward the shadows of the great still mountains and the denser more arrogant shadows of the out houses and barns. She looked away into the silence, and the night, and a warm sensation as of pleasure or of something expected but intangible came over her, and she wanted to laugh, to cry, and thinking of it she knew that it was neither.

She was almost unconscious of him for a little, thinking of her son. She raised her long silk skirts about her ankles and tramped off into the dampness. A whippoorwill was whistling off to the right. It sounded as if he were on the fence, and Emma stopped and tried to make it out. She took Ulric's arm presently, and feeling his muscles swell began to think of the Bible. "Those who take by the sword shall die by the sword. And those who live by the flesh shall die by the flesh."

She wished that she had someone she could believe in. She saw a door before her mental eye, and herself opening it and saying, "Now tell me this, and what it means,—only today I was thinking 'those who live by the flesh'"—and as suddenly the door was slammed in her face. She started back.

"You are nervous," he said in a pleased whisper.
Heavy stagnant shadows sprawled in the path. "So many million leaves and twigs to make one dark shadow," she said, and was sorry because it sounded childishly romantic, quite different from what she had intended, what she had meant.

They turned the corner of the carriage-house. Something moved, a toad, gray and ugly, bounced across her feet and into the darkness of the hedges. Coming to the entrance of the barn they paused. They could distinguish sleeping hens, the white films moving on their eyes—and through a window at the back, steam rising from the dung heap.

"There don't seem to be any real farmers left," she said aloud, thinking of some book she had read about the troubles of the peasants and land holders.

"You're thinking of my country," he said smiling.

"No, I wasn't," she said. "I was wondering what it is about the country that makes it seem so terrible?"

"It's your being a Puritan—a tight-laced delightful little Puritan."

She winced at the words, and decided to remain silent.

It was true, Straussmann was in a fever of excitement—he was always this way with women, especially with Emma. He tried to conceal it for the time being, thinking, rightly, that a display of it would not please her just at the moment—"but it would be only a matter of minutes when she would welcome it" he promised himself, and waited.

He reflected that she would laugh at him. "But she would enjoy it just the same. The way with all women who have had anything to do with more than one man and are not yet forty," he reflected. "They like what they get, but they laugh at you, and know you are lying—"

"Oh, my God!" Emma said suddenly, drawing her arm away and wiping her face with her handkerchief.

"What's the matter?"

"Nothing, it's the heat."

"It is warm," he said dismally.
"I despise everything, I really despise everything, but you won't believe—. I mean everything when I say everything,—you'll think I mean some one thing—won't you?" she went on hurriedly. She felt that she was becoming hysterical.

"It doesn't matter," he rejoined, walking on beside her, his heart beating violently. "Down you dog," he said aloud.

"What is that," she raised her eyes and he looked into them, and they both smiled.

"That's better. I wish I were God."

"A desire for a vocation."

"Not true, and horrid, as usual," she answered, and she was hot and angry all at once.

He pulled at his moustache and sniffed. "I can smell the hedges—ah, the country is a gay deceiver—it smells pleasant enough, but it's treacherous. The country, my dear Emma, has done more to corrupt man, to drag him down, to turn him loose upon his lower instincts, than morphine, alcohol and women. That's why I like it, that's why it's the perfect place for women. They are devils and should be driven out, and as there's more room in the country and consequently less likelihood of driving them out in too much of a hurry, there is more time for amusement." He watched her out of the corner of his eye as he said these things to note if they were ill advised. They seemed to leave her cold, but tense.

A little later they passed the barns again.

"What was that?" Emma asked suddenly.

"I heard nothing."

But she had heard something, and her heart beat fearfully. She recognized Oscar's voice. She reached up signing Straussmann to be quiet. She did not want him to hear; she wished that the ground would yawn, would swallow him up.

"See that yellow flower down there," she said, pointing toward the end of the path they had just come. "I want it, I must have it, please." He did as he was bid, amiably enough.

She listened,—she heard the voice of Oscar's little sweetheart: "It seems as if we were one already" . . . It was high, resolute,
unflagging, without emotion, a childish parroting of some novel. Oscar's voice came back, half smothered:

"Do you really care—more than you like Berkeley?"
"Yes, I do," she answered in the same false treble, "lots more."
"Come here," he said softly,—the hay rustled.
"I don't want to,—the rye gets into my hair and spoils it."
"Dolly, do you like the country?"
"Yes, I do,"—without conviction.
"We will go to the city," he answered.
"Oh, Oscar, you're so strong," she giggled, and it sent a cold shudder through Emma's being.

Then presently, "What's the matter, Oscar—why, you're crying."
"I'm not—well, then yes, I am—what of it?—you'll understand, too, some day."

She was evidently frightened, because she said in a somewhat loosened key, "No one would ever believe that we were as much in love as we are, would they, Oscar?"

"No, why do you ask that?"
"It's a great pity," she said again with the false sound, and sighed.
"Do you care? Why do you care?"
Straussmann was coming back with the yellow flower between thumb and forefinger. Emma ran a little way to meet him.
"Come, let us go home the other way."
"Rather, let us not go home," he said, boldly, and took her wrist, hurting her.

"Ah," she said. "Vous m'avez blessée d'amour," ironically.
"Yes, speak French, it helps women like you at such moments," he said, brutally, and kissed her.

But kissing him back, she thought, "The fool, why does Oscar take her so seriously when they are both children, and she is torturing him."

"My love, my sweet, my little love," he was babbling.

She tried to quench this, trembling a little. "But tell me, my friend—no, not so hasty—what do you think of immortality?" He had pushed her so far back that there was no regaining her com-
posure. "My God, in other words, what of the will to retribution."
But she could not go on. "I've tried to," she thought.
Later, when the dawn was almost upon them, he said, "How sad to be drunk, only to die. For the end of all man is Fate, in other words, the end of all man is vulgar."
She felt the need of something that had not been.
"I'm not God, you see, after all."
"So I see, madam," he said. "But you're a damned clever little woman."
When she came in, she found Kahn lying flat on his back, his eyes wide open.
"Couldn't you sleep?"
"No, I could not sleep."
She was angry. "I'm sorry—you suffer."
"Yes, a little."
"Kahn," she cried in anguish, flinging herself on her knees beside him. "What should I have done, what shall I do?"
He put his hand on her cheek. "My dear, my dear," he said, and sighed. "I perhaps was wrong."
She listened.
"Very wrong, I see it all now, I am an evil man, an old and an evil being."
"No, no!"
"Yes, yes," he said gently, softly, contradicting her. "Yes, evil, and pitiful and weak;" he seemed to be trying to remember something. "What is it that I have overlooked?" He asked the question in such a confused voice that she was startled.
"Is it hate?" she asked.
"I guess so, yes, I guess that's it."
"Kahn, try to think—there must be something else."
"Madness."
She began to shiver.
"Are you cold?"
"No, it's not cold."
"No, it's not cold," he repeated after her. "You are not cold, Emma, you are a child."

Tears began to roll down her cheeks.

"Yes," he continued sadly. "You too will hear: remorse is the medium through which the evil spirit takes possession."

And again he cried out in anguish. "But I'm not superficial,—I may have been wanton, but I've not been superficial. I wanted to give up everything, to abandon myself to whatever IT demanded, to do whatever IT directed and willed. But the terrible thing is I don't know what abandon is. I don't know when it's abandon and when it's just a case of minor calculation.

"The real abandon is not to know whether one throws oneself off a cliff or not, and not to care. But I can't do it, because I must know, because I'm afraid if I did cast myself off, I should find that I had thrown myself off the lesser thing after all, and that," he said in a horrified voice, "I could never outlive, I could never have faith again. And so it is that I shall never know, Emma, only children and the naive know, and I am too sophisticated to accomplish the divine descent."

"But you must tell me," she said, hurriedly. "What am I to do, what am I to think. My whole future depends on that, on your answer—on knowing whether I do an injustice not to hate, not to strike, not to kill—well, you must tell me—I swear it is my life—my entire life."

"Don't ask me, I can't know, I can't tell. I who could not lead one small sheep, what could I do with a soul, and what still more could I do with you? No," he continued, "I'm so incapable. I am so mystified. Death would be a release, but it wouldn't settle anything. It never settles anything, it simply wipes the slate, it's merely a way of putting the sum out of mind, yet I wish I might die. How do I know now but that everything I have thought, and said, and done, has not been false, a little abyss from which I shall crawl laughing at the evil of my own limitation."

"But the child—what have I been telling Oscar—to love with an everlasting love"—
“That’s true,” he said.
“Kahn, listen. What have I done to him, what have I done to myself? What are we all doing here—are we all mad—or are we merely excited—overwrought, hysterical? I must know, I must know.” She took his hand and he felt her tears upon it.
“Kahn, is it an everlasting but a changing love—what kind of love is that?”
“Perhaps that’s it,” he cried, jumping up, and with a gesture tore his shirt open at the throat. “Look, I want you to see, I run upon the world with a bared breast—but never find the blade—ah, the civility of our own damnation—that’s the horror. A few years ago, surely this could not have happened. Do you know,” he said, turning his eyes all hot and burning upon her, “the most terrible thing in the world is to bare the breast and never to feel the blade enter!” He buried his face in his hands.
“But, Kahn, you must think, you must give me an answer. All this indecision is all very well for us, for all of us who are too old to change, for all of us who can reach God through some plaything we have used as a symbol, but there’s my son, what is he to think, to feel, he has no jester’s stick to shake, nor stool to stand on. Am I responsible for him? Why,” she cried frantically, “must I be responsible for him. I tell you I won’t be, I can’t. I won’t take it upon myself. But I have, I have. Is there something that can make me immune to my own blood? Tell me—I must wipe the slate—the figures are driving me mad—can’t he stand alone now? Oh, Kahn, Kahn,” she cried, kissing his hands. “See, I kiss your hands, I am doing so much. You must be the prophet—you can’t do less for the sign I give you—I must know, I must receive an answer, I will receive it.”
He shook her off suddenly, a look of fear came into his eyes.
“Are you trying to frighten me?” he whispered.
She went into the hall, into the dark, and did not know why, or understand anything. Her mind was on fire, and it was consuming things that were strange and merciful and precious.
Finally she went into her son’s room and stood before his bed.
He lay with one feverish cheek against a dirty hand, his knees drawn up, his mouth had a peculiar look of surprise about it.

She bent down, called to him, not knowing what she was doing. "Wrong, wrong," she whispered, and she shook him by the shoulders. "Listen, Oscar, get up. Listen to me!"

He awoke and cried out as one of her tears, forgotten, cold, struck against his cheek. An ague shook his limbs. She brought her face close to his.

"Son, hate too, that is inevitable—irrevocable—"

He put out his two hands and pushed them against her breast and in a subdued voice said, "go away, go away," and he looked as if he were about to cry, but he did not cry.

She turned and fled into the hall.

However, in the morning, at breakfast, there was nothing unusual about her, but a tired softness and yielding of spirit; and at dinner, which was always late, she felt only a weary indifference when she saw Strausmann coming up the walk. He had a red and white handkerchief about his throat, and she thought "how comic he looks."

"Good evening," he said.

"Good evening," she answered, and a touch of her old gaiety came into her voice. Kahn was already seated, and now she motioned Strausmann to follow. She began slicing the cold potted beef and asked them about sugar in their tea, adding "Oscar will be here soon." To Kahn she showed only a very little trace of coldness, of indecision.

"No," Strausmann said, still standing, legs apart: "If you'll excuse me, I'd like a word or two with Kahn." They stepped off the porch together.

"Kahn," he said, going directly to the point, "listen," he took hold of Kahn's coat by the lapel. "You have known Emma longer than I have, you've got to break it to her." He flourished a large key under Kahn's nose, as he spoke.

"I've got him locked up in the outhouse safe enough for the present, but we must do something immediately."
"What's the matter?" A strange, pleasant but cold sweat broke out upon Kahn's forehead.

"I found Oscar sitting beside the body of his sweetheart, what's-her-name, he had cut her throat with a kitchen knife, yes, with a kitchen knife—he seemed calm, but he would say nothing. What shall we do?"

"They'll say he was a degenerate from the start—"

"Those who live by the flesh—eh?"

"No," Kahn said, in a confused voice, "that's not it."

They stood and stared at each other so long that presently Emma grew nervous and came down the garden path to hear what it was all about.

Clinic

by Malcolm Cowley

I

A row of white faces parallels the benches, which in turn parallel the drug counter and are at right angles to the aisle which stops at a given point.

In another world there are tangents arcs chords ellipses forms more intricate. But the aisle which parallels the wall bisects the room and at a given point stops.
II

Mrs Magrady
grey dress, grey hat, and flesh
dirty grey, undulating
she is dumped on the seat
like an ashcan
and what
is the trouble with you today
Mrs. Magrady?

III

God is an old woman
with dropsy
or perhaps
you were not created
in his image?

IV

About the progress of a fly
up these funereal walls there is
a Something
one remembers
Caesar marching through a burned city
alone.

V

In a circle of perfume
two girls sit one with a rose
stuck in a ragged buttonhole and one
with a petalled sore flaunting
on her cheekbone
—It ain’t my fault
honest, Doctor.
VI

If on the windowsill
there were a potted geranium or even
a carnation prettily banal
if a drooping symbolic lily
bloomed in a test-tube
anything except
the bloodshot skin of a begonia.

VII

John Palamos
he comes grinning every day
every day at twelve to show his tumour
three months more no hope if only
he would writhe twist groan
but his grin
damnable
every line of it
every wrinkle
on a grey involute brain
acid etched.

VIII

Against a white skin the brazen
loveliness of a tumour
fistula cancer chancroie
It is not
because I have held them beautiful, but rather
that tormented by the chimeras
of youth, by the desire for the white
absolute, by the nostalgia of the immaculate conception
I therefore . . . .
YOU'RE just in time.” They had come back? He had come back for something? “There's a surprise waiting for you upstairs;” what surprise Mrs. Bailey; how can you be happy and mysterious; cajoling to rush on into nothing, sweeping on, talking; “a friend of yource; Dr. Winchester's room; she's longing to see you.”
“Good heavens.”

Miriam fled upstairs and tapped at the door of the room below her own. A smooth fluting thoughtful voice answered tranquilly from within the spaces of the room behind the closed door. There was no one with a voice like that to speak to intimately. It was a stranger, someone she had met somewhere and given the address to; a superior worldly person serenely answering the knock of a housemaid. She went in. Tall figure, tall skirt and blouse standing at the dressing-table. The grime-screened saffron light fell on white hands pinning a skein of bright gold hair round the back of a small head. How do you do, Miriam announced, coming forward with obedient reluctance. The figure turned; a bent flushed face laughed from tumbled hair.

"'Ere I am dear; turned up like a bad penny. I'll shake 'ands in a minute.” With compressed lips and bent frowning brow Miss Dear went on busily pinning. “Bother my silly hair," she went on with deepening flush, “I shall be able to talk to you in a minute.”

Miriam clutched at the amazed resentment that flamed from her up and down the sudden calm unconscious façade reared between her and the demolished house, spread across the very room that had held the key to its destruction. She fought for annihilating words, but her voice had spoken ahead of her.
"Eleanor!"

With the word a soft beauty ran flickering, an edge of light about the form searched by her gazing eyes. Their shared past flowed in the room... the skirt was a shabby thin blue serge, rubbed shiny, the skimpy cotton blouse had an guly greyish stripe and badly cut shoulders, one and eleven at an awful shop; but she was just going to speak.

"There that's better," she said lowering her hands to tweak at the blouse, her blue eyes set judiciously on the face of the important Duchesse mirror, her passing servant. "'Ow are you, dear?"

"I'm all right"; thrilled Miriam, "you're just in time for dinner."

"I am afraid I don't look very dinnery," frowned Miss Dear, fingerling the loose unshapely collar of her blouse. "I wonder if you could let me have a tie, just for to-day, dear."

'I've got a lace one, but it's crumply," hazarded Miriam.

"I can manage it I daresay if you'd let me avit."

The gong sounded. "I sha'n't be a second," Miriam promised and fled. The little stair-flight and her landing, the sunset—gilded spaces of her room flung her song out into the world. The tie was worse than she had tought, its middle length crushed and grubby. She hesitated over a card of small pearl-headed lace pins, newly bought and forgotten. For fourpence three farthings the twelve smooth filmy pearl heads, their bright sharpointed gilt shanks pinned in a perfect even row through the neat oblong of the sheeny glazed card, lit up her drawer, bringing back the lace-hung aisles of the west-end shop, its counters spread with the fascinating details of the worldly life. The pins were the forefront of her armoury, still too blissfully new to be used. . . . However Eleanor arranged the tie she could not use more than three.

"Thank you dear," she said indifferently, as if they were her own things obligingly brought in, and swiftly pinned one end of the unexamined tie to her blouse collar. With lifted chin she deftly bound the lace round and round close to her neck each swathe firmly pinned, making a column wider than the width of the lace. Above her blouse, transformed by the disappearance of its ugly
collar, her graceful neck went up, a column of filmy lace. Miriam watched, learning and amazed.

"That's better than nothing anyhow," said Miss Dear from her sideways movements of contemplation. Three or four small pearly heads gleamed mistily from the shapely column of lace. The glazed card lay on the dressing-table crumpled and rent and empty of all its pins.

4.

The dining-room was a buzz of conversation. The table was packed save for two chairs on Mrs. Bailey's right hand. Mrs. Bailey was wearing a black satin blouse cut in a V and a piece of black ribbon-velvet tied round her neck! She was in conversation, preening and arching as she ladled out the soup, with a little lady and a big old gentleman with a patriarch beard sitting on her right bowing and smiling, personally, towards Miriam and Miss Dear as they took their seats. Miriam bowed and gazed as the went on talking. The old gentleman had a large oblong head above a large expensive spread of smooth well cut black coat; a huge figure, sitting tall, with easily moving head reared high, massy grey hair, unspectacled smiling glistening eyes and oblong fresh cheeked face wreathed in smiles revealing gleaming squares of gold stopping in his front teeth. His voice was vast and silky, like the beard that moved as he spoke, shifting about on the serviette tucked by one corner into his neck. His little wife was like a kind bird, soft curtains of greying black hair crimping down from a beautifully twisted top-knot on either side of a clear gentle forehead. Softly gleaming eyes shone through rimless pince-nez delicately on her delicate nose, no ugly straight bar, a little half-hoop to join them together and at the side a delicate gold chain tucked over one ear. . . . she was about as old as mother had been . . . she was exactly like her . . . girlishly young, but untroubled; the little white ringed left hand with strange unfamiliarly expressive finger-tips and curiously mobile turned back thumb-tip was herself in miniature. It held a little piece of bread, peaked, expressively, as she ate her soup. She was utterly familiar, no stranger; always known. Miriam adored,
seeking her eyes till she looked, and meeting a gentle enveloping welcome, making no break in her continuous soft animation. The only strange thing was a curious circular sweep of her delicate jaw as she spoke; a sort of wide mouthing on some of her many quiet words, thrown in through and between and together with the louder easily audible silky tones of her husband. Mrs. Bailey sat unafraid, expanding in happiness. You will have a number of things to see she was saying. We are counting on this laddie to be our guide, said the old gentleman turning hugely to his further neighbour. Miriam’s eyes followed and the face of Dr. Hurd . . . grinning; his intensest brick-red grin. He had not gone! These were his parents. He needs a holiday to, the dear lad said the old gentleman laying a hand on his shoulder. Dr. Hurd grinned a rueful disclaimer with his eyes still on Miriam’s and said I shan’t be sorry, his face crinkling with his unexploded hysterically leaping laugh. Mrs. Hurd’s smiling little face flickered with quickly smothered sadness. They had come all the way from Canada to share his triumph and were here smoothing his defeat. . . . Canadian old people. A Canadian woman . . . that circular jaw movement was made by the Canadian vowels. They disturbed a woman’s small mouth more than a man’s. It must affect her thoughts, the held-open mouth; airing them; making them circular, sympathetically balanced, easier to go on from than the more narrowly mouthed English speech . . . Mr. Gunner, sitting beside your son is a violinist. . . Ah. We shall hope to hear him. Mr. Gunner, small and shyly smiling; an enormous woman next to him with a large school-girl face, fair straight and school-girl hair lifted in a flat wave from her broad forehead into an angry peak, angrily eating with quickly moving brawny arms coming out of elbow sleeves with cheap cream lace frilling, reluctantly forced to flop against the brawny arms. Sallow good-looking husband, olive, furious, cocksure, bilious type, clubby and knowing; flat ignorance on the top of his unconscious shiny round black skull; both snatching at scraps of Scott and Sissie and Gunner chaff, trying to smile their way in, to hide their fury with each other. Too poor to get further away from each other, accustomed to boarding house life, eating rapidly and
looking for more. She had several brothers; a short aristocratic upper lip and shapely scornful nostrils, brothers in the diplomatic service or the army. There was someone this side of the table they recognised as different and were watching; a tall man beyond Mrs. Barrow, a strange fine voice with wandering protesting inflections; speaking out into the world, with practiced polished wandering inflections, like a tired pebble worn by the sea, going on and on, presenting the same worn wandering curves whereever it was, always a stranger everywhere, always anew presenting the strange wandering inflections; indiscriminately. That end of the table was not aware of the Hurds. Its group was wandering outside the warm glow of Canadian society. . . . Eleanor Dear was feeling at its door, pathetic-looking with delicate appealing head and thoughtful baby brow downcast. Us'll wander out this evening shall us, murmured Miriam in a lover-like undertone. It was a grimace at the wide-open door of Canadian life; an ironic kick à la Harriett. Her heart beat recklessly round the certainty of writing and posting her letter. If he cared he would understand. Mrs. Hurd had come to show her Canadian society, brushing away the tangles and stains of accidental contacts; putting everything right. Of course we will, bridled Miss Dear rebuking her vulgarity. Nothing mattered now but filling up the time.

The table was breaking up; the Hurds retiring in a backward-turning group talking to Mrs. Bailey, towards the door. The others were standing about the room. The Hurds had gone. Oh no, that's all right, Mrs. Bailey; I'll be all right. It was the wandering voice. . . . It went on, up and down, the most curious different singing tones, the sentences beginning high and dropping low and ending on an even middle tone that sounded as if it were going on. It had a meaning without the meaning of the words. Mrs. Bailey went on with some explanation and again the voice sent out its singing shape; up and down and ending on a waiting tone. Miriam looked at the speaker; a tall greyclad man, a thin pale absent-minded face, standing towards Mrs. Bailey in a drooping lounge, giving her all his attention; several people were drifting out of the room, down-bent towards
her small form; Eleanor Dear was waiting, sitting docile, making no suggestion, just right, like a sister; but his eyes never met Mrs. Bailey's; they were fixed, burning, on something far away; his thoughts were far away, on something that never moved. There was a loud rat-tat on the front door, more than a telegram and less than a caller; a claim, familiar and peremptory. Mrs. Bailey looked sharply up. Sissie was ambling hurriedly out of the room. Oh dear, chirruped Eleanor softly, someone wants to come in. Well; I'll say goodnight, said the grey figure and turned easily with a curious waiting halting lounge, exactly like the voice, towards the door. It could stop easily, if anyone were coming in, and wander on again in an unbroken movement. The grey shoulders passing out through the door with the gaslight on them had no look of going out of the room; desolate, they looked desolate. The room was almost empty. Mrs. Bailey was listening undisguisedly towards the hall. Sissie came in looking watchfully about. It's Mr. Rodkin, mother dear she said sullenly. Rodkin? 'Im? gasped Mrs. Bailey, transfigured. Can I come in? asked a deep hollow insinuating voice at the door, how do you do Mrs. Bailey? Mrs. Bailey had flung the door wide and was laughing and shaking hands heartily up and down with a small swarthy black mustached little man with an armful of newspapers and a top hat pushed back on his head. Well, he said, uncovering a small bony sleek black head and sliding into a chair, his hat sticking out from the hand of the arm clasping the great bundle of newspapers. How grand you are. My word. What's the meaning of it? His teeth gleamed brilliantly. He had small high prominent cheekbones, yellow beaten-in temples and a yellow hollow face; yet something almost dimpling about his smile. Aren't we? chuckled Mrs. Bailey, taking his hat. Mr. Rodkin drew his hand over his face, yawning. Well, I've been everywhere since I left; Moscow, Petersburg, Batoom, Harr-bin, everywhere. Moy wort. Miss Sissie you are a grown-up grand foine young lady. What is it all about? No joke; tell me I say. Mrs. Bailey sat at ease smiling triumphantly. A grand foine dinner. . . . Well you wouldn't have me starve my boarduz. Boarders murmured Mr. Rodkin, my God. He jerked
his head back with a laugh and jerked it down again. Well it's good business anyhow. Bless my heart! They talked familiarly on, two tired worn people in a little blaze of mutual congratulation. Mr. Rodkin had come to stay at once without going away. He noticed no one but the Baileys and questioned on and on yawning and laughing with sudden jerks of his head.

Coming back from sitting flirting with Eleanor at Donizetti's Miriam wandered impatiently into the dark diningroom. Eleanor was not her guest. Why didn't she go up her room and leave her to the dim street-lit diningroom and the nightly journey up through the darkness to her garret in freedom. Bed-time she hinted irritably, lugging at the tether. Bed-time echoed Eleanor, her smooth humouring nurse's voice bringing in her world of watchful diplomatic manoeuvering, scattering the waiting population of the familiar dim room. I'm going to bed, stated Miriam, advancing towards the windows. On the table under the window that was the most brightly lit by the street-lamps was a paper, a pamphlet . . . . coloured; blue. She took it up. It hung limply in her hand, the paper felt pitted and poor, like very thin blotting paper. Young Ireland, she read printed in thick heavy black lettering across the top of the page. The words stirred her profoundly, calling to something far away within her, long ago. Underneath the thick words two short columns side by side began immediately. They went on for several pages and were followed by short paragraphs with headings; she pressed close to the lit window, peering; there were blotchy badly printed asterisks between small groups of lines. Heavy black headings further on, like the title, but smaller, and followed by thick exclamation signs. It was a sort of little newspaper, the angry print too heavy for the thin paper. Green. It was green all through . . . . Ireland; home-rule. I say, she exclaimed eagerly. That was the grey man. Irish. That's all going on still, she said solicitously to a large audience. What dear, asked Eleanor's figure close to her side. Ireland, breathed Miriam. We've got a home-ruler in the house. Look at this; green all through. It's some propaganda; in London, very angry. I ope the home-ruler isn't green all through, chuckled
Eleanor smoothly. It's the wearin' o' the green, scolded Miriam incisively. The Emerald Isle. We're so stupid. An Irish girl I knew told me she 'just couldn’t bear to face thinking' of the way we treat our children.

Leaving Eleanor abruptly in darkness in her bedroom she shut the door and stepped into freedom. The cistern gurgled from the upper dark freshness. Her world was uninvaded. Klah-rah Buck, in reverent unctuousness, waiting for responsive awe from those sitting round. He meant Clara Butt. Then she had been to Canada. He had expected . . . . Little Mrs. Hurd had sat bird-like at a Morning Musical hearing the sweep of the tremendous voice. I have never heard it, but I know how it rolls tremendously out and sweeps. I can hear it by its effect on them. They would not believe that. Rounding the sweep of the little staircase she was surprised by a light under the box-room door. Mrs. Bailey, at midnight, busy in the little box-room? How could she find room to have the door shut? Her garrett felt fresh and free. Summer rain pattering on the roof in the darkness. The Colonisation of Ulster. Her mind turned the pages of a school essay, page after page, no red-ink corrections, the last page galloping along one long sentence; "until England shall have recognised her cruel folly." 10; excellent, E. B. R. A fraud and yet not a fraud. Never having thought of Ireland before reading it up in Green, and then some strange indignation and certainty, coming suddenly while writing; there for always. I had forgotten about it. A man's throat was cleared in the box-room. The tone of the wandering voice . . . . Mrs. Bailey had screwed him into that tiny hole. I'll be all right . . . . What a shame. He must not know anyone knew he was there. He did not know he was the first to disturb the top landing . . . . He did not disturb it. There were no English thoughts in there, nothing of the downstairs house. Julia Doyle, Dublin Bay, Clontarf; fury underneath, despairing of understanding, showing how the English understood nothing, themselves nor anyone else. But the Irish were not people . . . . they did not care for anything. Meredith was partly Celtic. That was why his writing always felt to be pointing in some in-
visible direction. He wrote so much because he did not care about anything. Novelists were angry men lost in a fog. But how did they find out how to do it? Brain. Frontal development. But it was not certain that that was not just the extra piece wanted to control the bigger muscular system. Sacrificed to muscle. Going about with more muscles and a bit more brain, if size means more, doing all kinds of different set pieces of work in the world, each in a space full of problems none of them could agree about.

Chapter Ten

Eleanor’s cab rumbled away round the corner. Mrs. Bailey was still standing at the top of the steps. Miriam ran up the steps looking busily ahead. It’s going to be a lovely evening, she said as she passed Mrs. Bailey. The frontdoor was closed. Mrs. Bailey was in the hall just behind her. She turned abruptly into the dining-room. Mrs. Bailey’s presence was there before her in the empty room. Behind her, just inside the door, was Mrs. Bailey blocking the way to the untrammelled house. There’s quite a lot of August left she quoted from the thoughts that had poured down to meet her as she stood facing the stairs. The clock on the mantle piece was telling the time of Mrs. Bailey’s day. The room was waiting for the next event, a spread meal, voices sounding towards a centre, distracting attention from its increasing shabbiness. . . . There was never long for it to remain sounding its shabbiness, the sound of dust, into the empty space. Events going on and . . . giving no time to get in, behind the dusty shabbiness, to the sweet dreams and health and quiet breathing . . . . Why did not everyone know and stop stopping to talk about the things that were spread over the surface? They would talk about themselves in time if they were left alone. How can people bring themselves to mention things. . . .

“What a jolly big room this is isn’t it?” she demanded turning towards Mrs. Bailey’s shapely skimpy form.

(to be concluded.)
Discussion

“What about the Independent Exhibition now being held on the Waldorf-Astoria roof?”

WELL,—what about it?

Crossing Broadway at Forty-fourth street,—but, you know what one sees if one looks toward Columbus Circle. Since Assyria has there been such a bull? Electric lighted, ours has no wings. Many circles, many cubes, many letters, many fountains, many rockets find in our Broadway bull their apex; in its swinging electric light tail. At night, the fence is forgot. I wish that you could ride it, some night, after hours, (à la Europa or Miss Rice), into the rooms at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, which guard the efforts of our American sculptors. What a holiday that would be. How the laughing king and the beautiful young nobleman from Cyprus, in the adjoining room, would enjoy that circus.
Mr. Adolph Best-Maugard should study Mr. Durham's bull. He, Mr. Best-Maugard, apparently "turns to Broadway." Miss Eva Tanguay and Miss Bessie McCoy are Broadway girls. Maugard would get nearer his point with portraits of Miss Tanguay and Miss McCoy. Why has Eli never done them? Perhaps these two do not like the idea of their portraits finally resting on a clock; a clock decorating, in this imagined future, the most gilded-over mantel of the best fête banquet room of New York's then largest hotel. However,—Mr. Adolph Best-Maugard's "The Broadway Girl" is worthy, in passing, of an indulgent smile.

491, Queen of Movies (From Miss Roberts' Photograph) is related. Mr. George Edwin Lothrop is a fine craftsman. The wallpaper and the fake black marble of the mantel-piece, in his canvas, are the best rendered surfaces in the exhibition. If one wishes realism in textures,—voilà, Mr. Lathrop! I like the diamonds; they have glitter, perhaps wit. These diamonds are not of so fine an hue as formerly,—but, well these times! There is charm in (From Miss Roberts' Photograph); how often this fact, among painters, is left to the shilly-shally of conjecture. Ask Louis Bouché how he likes Mr. Lothrop's "Queen of Movies."

I saw Marcel Duchamp the opening night of the Exhibition; he was there. I saw Man Ray. Marsden Hartley was with Charles Demuth and Edward Fisk. We had a giggle. I saw Mme. Picabia, Miss Georgia O'Kief, Charles Sheeler, Joseph Stella, Louis Bouché, McFee, Charles Duncan, Arthur Dove, John Marin, MacDonald Wright, Ben Ben, John Covert, Joseph Dixon; they were all quite sober (although Marcel did say that he had had), they were all laughing,—perhaps they too had been looking at Mr. Durham's bull. I saw Mr. Van Vechten and Mr. Hopwood; both seemed to be waiting, but bored. Mrs. Albert Sterner was with Mr. and Mrs. Eddy, of Chicago.

Mr. Charles Ellis is showing two, as most of 'em. One suspects
he has a drag through Eugene O'Neill with the police, or one of his own with the committee, or one (borrowing from James) with whatever. An agile Empress indeed is number 220; less politic than Shaw's but in possession of much more culture and general imagination. Is it necessary, the being an Empress,—but,—an abstract painting is after all an abstract painting. Let those who will, dive. Mr. Ellis is, no doubt, searching, in which effort he is to be commended. Surely he is under thirty. These two canvas, especially, "Directions for Using the Empress," are all right.

I saw Else Baroness von Freytag. She was quite gas-greenly eminent. Her idea was admirable, but the form which she used expressing it was too Russian ballet. One thing we must hold up against Russia,—that ballet "movement." I wish,—and how wonderful,—that she could dress herself in Mr. Wriggley's Broadway sign or the Brooklyn Bridge, using, in either experiment, all the flags of all the countries of Europe and Asia (the old ones and those just being made) as a head-dress. A most difficult medium; the creating of a legend; Sapho, Elizabeth, Mme. Récamier, Mary B. Eddy. Let us wish Else Baroness von Freytag the best of luck.

Florence Cane (number 104) should see Miss O'Kief's canvas at the Bourgeois Gallery. Ladies! Ladies!

Miss Cholly Frietsch has a pleasing "Autumn View from Central Finland"; number 265.

There it is,—there it is in the first room. Called: "Nude Study." There it is, the best example of its kind; a specimen piece for the "zoo" of American appreciations. A wallop indeed! Again,—there it is, the symbol of that which ails them all; the mistaking of noise for construction, of surface for form, of the flexible wrist for creation!

Stuart Davis has one good landscape in the exhibition. It's
called "The Yellow Hill." Henry McBride wrote about Stuart's landscapes in the *Sun*—he called them Cuban,—meaning pleasant, I suppose. McBride has such a good time sometimes. Anyway,—he rather opens the door cheerfully to, with a gentlemanly "Good-Morning," the knockings of the "younger generation." May the nine (or if he prefers, the ten), and Miss Gertrude Stein dance at his wedding or wake or whatever.

Both the canvases of Matisse are poor meagre things. Is there a good Matisse in our country, I wonder. There was a fair one at M. de Zayas'. The American Matisse specialists seem to be up a tree. I hear there is a good one at Knoedler and Company.

If it is not too late look at the canvases by Emile Brancard, Glen O. Coleman, Raoul Dufy, Louis M. Eilshemius, Robert Laurent, Mildred McMillen, Paul Rohland, Georges Rouault, Harry Schultz, Florine Stettheimer. Miss Stettheimer, I'm sure, would like the work of Van Dougen,—why has he never been imported? His mind is quite as naughty as Pascin's, and, he's a much better craftsman,—in oil point, surely.

Brancusi's sculptured arch through which you pass on your way to see the Independent Exhibition, may be a hint that after all,—but you see what I mean. The arch has dignity and, certainly, "quality." Hint or no hint, let us be thankful that we did not have to pass through the one so recently erected, and so recently torn down, at Fifth avenue and Madison Square, on our way to see the Independent. Yes, one passes through Brancusi's arch as an entrance and passes past, if not quite through, a Japanese "Hell" as an exit. But one gets too a view of New York from the Waldorf-Astoria's roof, in the exiting. No, you don't see Mr. Durham's bull because it's a down-town view. There is no up-town view of New York included in the Fourth Independent Exhibition,—otherwise we would have oh! such a view of Mr. Durham's bull. Perhaps it is all for the best. Yours,—CHARLES HENRY.
Thomas Vaughan

WILL you receive a protest against the notice of Thomas Vaughan in your March issue?

First, how dare the reviewer reduce a stern moralist of the seventeenth century to an Aesthete? To be sure, Vaughan, like all exquisite thinkers, included the sensuous and the emotional in his scheme of salvation; but such things were only incidental.

Secondly, what causes her to think that he was not an "initiated saint"? How can she explain the not too ambiguous letters "R. C." which he was accustomed to put after his name? How does she account for the mysterious end of the "Aula Lucis": "This is all I think fit to communicate at this time, neither had this fallen from me but that it was a command imposed by my superiors, etc." The postscript contains further references to the commands of these authorities.

Thirdly, why does she not consider him one of "the immortal scientists, the hermetic philosophers"? He died in an experiment on mercury; and I think it sufficiently adumbrated in his writings that he had accomplished the Inward Work.

Fourthly, and how could she expect his "word to be made flesh"? What alchemist of the seventeenth century dared print his heresies as clearly as he might? Not until the Jesuits were suppressed in the following century did toleration (i.e. indifference) become the fashion. Even now the occultists prefer to hint, rather than state, though there is no longer any immediate danger of persecution.

-S. FOSTER DAMON.

Economic Democracy *

THE science of political economy as distinct from the theology of the subject may be said to begin with Adam Smith's dictum that "men of the same trade never meet together without a conspiracy against the public." With Messrs. Coates in one part of the foreground, and trade unions, associations for plunder, in

another and with "the great financiers" ever present (save in the "Black List"), the above axiom needs little defence. For two decades the intelligentsia has made its own brand of poison, the Fabians and persons of Webbian temperament have put forward the ideal: man as a social unit. German philology with sacrifice of individual intelligence to the Moloch of "Scholarship"; Shaw, being notably of his period, with his assertion of man's inferiority to an idea, are all part of one masochistic curse. And in a "world" resulting from these things one may advisedly welcome a Don Quixote desiring to "Make democracy safe for the individual."

But few Englishmen in each generation can understand the statement that "Le style c'est l'homme"; the manner in which Wilson's uncolloquial early paragraphs bamboozled the British public, not merely the outer public but the inner public, is a fairly fresh example of the folly of trusting wholly to what Sir Henry Newbolt designates as the "political rather than literary" genius of this nation; but, with that example before one, it is almost hopeless to attempt to prove the validity of Major C. H. Douglas' mental processes by giving examples of his rugged and unpolished but clean hitting prose. Universitaire economics hold the field as non-experimental science and catholicism held the fields in Bacon's day and in Voltaire's, and I have no doubt that the opposition to Major Douglas' statements will take the tack of making him out a mere Luther. Humanism came to the surface in the renaissance and the succeeding centuries have laboured, not always in vain, to crush it down.

Le style c'est l'homme; and a chinaman has written "A man's character is known from his brush-strokes." The clarity of some of Major Douglas' statements should show the more intelligent reader, and show him almost instantly, that he has here to deal with a genius as valid in its own specialty as any we can point to in the arts. What we all have to face, what Douglas is combatting is:

"a claim for the complete subjugation of the individual to an objective which is externally imposed on him; which it is not necessary or even desirable that he should understand in full."
It is impossible to condense Douglas' arguments into the scope of a review, one can at most indicate his main tendencies and the temper and tonality of his mind. He is humanist, which is a blessed relief after humanitarians; he is emphatically and repeatedly against the "demand to subordinate the individuality to the need of some external organization, the exaltation of the State into an authority from which there is no appeal."

"Centralisation is the way to do it, but is neither the correct method of deciding what to do nor of selecting the individual who is to do it."

He is realist in his perception that the concentration of credit-capital into a few hands means the concentration of directive power into those same few hands, and that "current methods of finance far from offering maximum distribution are decreasingly capable of meeting any requirements of society fully." Sentences and definitions apart from context may sound like sentences from any other book on economics; it is in the underflow of protest against the wastage of human beings that we find the author's true motive power. His new declaration of independence is perhaps compressed into a few paragraphs, sic:

"The administration of real capital, i. e. the power to draw on the collective potential capacity to do work, is clearly subject to the control of its owners through the agency of credit."

"Real credit is a measure of the reserve of energy belonging to a community and in consequence drafts on this reserve should be accounted for by a financial system which reflects that fact."

"It must be perfectly obvious to anyone who seriously considers the matter that the State should lend, not borrow . . . . in this respect as in others the Capitalist usurps the function of the State."

The argument for remedying present conditions is closely woven, conviction or doubt must be based on the author's text itself and not on summary indications.

There is exposure of industrial sabotage, suggestion for a new and
just mode of estimating real costs, attack upon the “creation and approximation of credits at the expense of the community.” All of which is, for the reader, an old story or a new story or a fatras of technical jargon, according as the reader has read many books or no books on economics, or is capable or incapable of close thought; but whatever else, whatever mental stimulus or detailed economic conviction the book conveys, any reader of intelligence must be aware, at the end of it, of a new and definite force in economic thought, and, moreover, of a force well employed and well directed, that is to say directed toward a more humane standard of life; directed to the prevention of new wars, wars blown up out of economic villainies at the whim and instigation of small bodies of irresponsible individuals. In this Major Douglas must command the unqualified respect of all save those few cliques of the irresponsible and the economically guilty.

So much for the book’s character; as for the intellectual details, one can only add one’s personal approbation for what it may or may not be worth; one has at least honest thinking, no festoons of ecclesiastical verbiage, no weak arguments covered with sentimentalism; no appeals to the “trend of events,” no pretense that mankind is not what it is but what it ought to be. All of which is a comfort.

The political issue in these matters is perfectly clear, not only in England but in every “civilised” country; it consists in dividing society at a level just below the great banks and controllers of loan-credit, i.e., along the line of real interest. In England at this moment the whole of political jugglery is expended upon an effort to divide society just above the Trade Unions, the poor old-fashioned trade unions which are plunder associations too naive to survive keen analysis.

Douglas’ book offers an alternative to bloody and violent revolutions, and might on that account be more welcomed than it will be, but perspicacity is not given to all men, and many have in abuleia gone to their doom.

The work is radical in the true sense, trenchant but without a trace of fanaticism.—EZRA POUND.
The summer evening had begun to fold the world in its mysterious embrace. Far away in the west the sun was setting and the last glow of all too fleeting day lingered lovingly on sea and strand, on the proud promontory of dear old Howth guarding as ever the waters of the bay, on the weedgrown rocks along Sandymount shore and, last but not least, on the quiet church whence there streamed forth at times upon the stillness the voice of prayer to her who is in her pure radiance a beacon ever to the storm-tossed heart of man, Mary, star of the sea.

The three girl friends were seated on the rocks, enjoying the evening scene and the air which was fresh but not too chilly. Many a time and oft were they wont to come there to that favourite nook to have a cosy chat and discuss matters feminine, Cissy Caffrey and Edy Boardman with the baby in the pushcar and Tommy and Jacky Caffrey, two little curly headed boys, dressed in sailor suits with caps to match and the name H. M. S. Belle Isle printed on both. For Tommy and Jacky Caffrey were twins, scarce four years old and very noisy and spoiled twins sometimes but for all that darling little fellows with bright merry faces and endearing ways about them. They were dabbling in the sand with their spades and buckets, building castles as children do, or playing with their big coloured ball, happy as the day was long. And Edy Boardman was rocking the chubby baby to and fro in the pushcar while that young gentleman fairly chuckled with delight. He was but eleven months and nine days old and, though still a tiny toddler, was just beginning to lisp his first babish words. Cissy Caffrey bent over him to tease his fat little plucks and the dainty dimple in his chin.
— Now, baby, Cissy Caffrey said. Say out big, big. I want a drink of water.

And baby prattled after her:
—A jink a jing a jawbo.

Cissy Caffrey cuddled the wee chap for she was awfully fond of children, so patient with little sufferers and Tommy Caffrey could never be got to take his castor oil unless it was Cissy Caffrey that held his nose. But to be sure baby was as good as gold, a perfect little dote in his new fancy bib. None of your spoilt beauties was Cissy Caffrey. A truer-hearted girl never drew the breath of life, always with a laugh in her gipsylike eyes and a frolicsome word on her cherryripe red lips, a girl lovable in the extreme. And Edy Boardman laughed too at the quaint language of little brother.

But just then there was a slight alteration between Master Tommy and Master Jacky. Boys will be boys and our two twins were no exception to this rule. The apple of discord was a certain castle of sand which Master Jacky had built and Master Tommy would have it right or wrong that it was to be architecturally improved by a frontdoor like the Martello tower had. But if Master Tommy was headstrong Master Jacky was selfwilled too and, true to the maxim that every little Irishman's house is his castle, he fell upon his hated rival and to such purpose that the would-be assailant came to grief and (alas to relate!) the coveted castle too. Needless to say the cries of discomfited Master Tommy drew the attention of the girl friends.

—Come here, Tommy, his sister called imperatively, at once! And you, Jacky, for shame to throw poor Tommy in the dirty sand. Wait till I catch you for that.

His eyes misty with unshed tears Master Tommy came at her call for their big sister's word was law with the twins. And in a sad plight he was after his misadventure. His little man-o'-war top and unmentionables were full of sand but Cissy was a past mistress in the art of smoothing over life's tiny troubles and very quickly not one speck of sand was to be seen on his smart little suit. Still the blue eyes were glistening with hot tears that would well up so she
shook her hand at Master Jacky the culprit, her eyes dancing in admonition.
—Nasty bold Jacky! she cried.
She put an arm around the little mariner and coaxed winningly:
—What's your name? Butter and cream?
—Tell us who is your sweetheart, spoke Edy Boardman. Is Cissy your sweetheart?
—Nao, tearful Tommy said.
—Is Edy Boardman your sweetheart? Cissy queried.
—Nao, Tommy said.
—I know, Edy Boardman said none too amiably with an arch glance from her shortsighted eyes. I know who is Tommy's sweetheart. Gerty is Tommy's sweetheart.
—Nao, Tommy said on the verge of tears.
Cissy's quick motherwit guessed what was amiss and she whispered to Edy Boardman to take him there behind the pushcar where the gentlemen couldn't see and to mind he didn't wet his new tan shoes.
But who was Gerty?
Gerty MacDowell who was seated near her companions, lost in thought, gazing far away in to the distance was in very truth as fair a specimen of winsome Irish girlhood as one could wish to see. She was pronounced beautiful by all who knew her though, as folks folks often said, she was more a Giltrap than a MacDowell. Her figure was slight and graceful inclining even to fragility but those iron jelloids she had been taking of late had done her a world of good and she was much better of those discharges she used to get. The waxen pallor of her face was almost spiritual in its ivorylike purity. Her hands were of finely veined alabaster with tapering fingers and as white as lemonjuice and queen of ointments could make them though it was not true that she used to wear kid gloves in bed. Bertha Supple told that once to Edy Boardman when she was black out with Gerty (the girl chums had of course their little tiffs from time to time like the rest of mortals) and she told her not to let on whatever she did that it was her that told her or she'd never speak to her again. No. Honour where honour is due. There was
an innate refinement, a languid queenly hauteur about Gerty which was unmistakeably evidenced in her delicate hands and higharched instep. Had kind fate but willed her to be born a gentlewoman of high degree in her own right and had she only received the benefit of a good education Gerty MacDowell might easily have held her own beside any lady in the land and have seen herself exquisitely gowned with jewels on her brow and patrician suitors at her feet vying with one another to pay their devoirs to her. Mayhap it was this, the love that might have been, that lent to her softly featured face at times a look, tense with suppressed meaning, that impatted a strange yearning tendency to the beautiful eyes, a charm few could resist. Why have woman such eyes of witchery? Gerty's were of the bluest Irish blue, set off by lustrous lashes and dark expressive brows. Time was when those brows were not so silkily seductive. It was Madame Vera Verity, directress of the Woman Beautiful page of the Princess novelette, who had first advised her to try eyebrowleine which gave that haunting expression to the eyes, so becoming in leaders of fashion, and she had never regretted it. But Gerty's crowning glory was her wealth of hair. It was dark brown with a natural wave in it. She had cut it that very morning on account of the new moon and it nestled about her pretty head in a profusion of luxuriant clusters. And just now at Edy's words as a telltale flush, delicate as the faintest rosebloom, crept into her cheeks she looked so lovely in her sweet girlish shyness that of surety God's fair land of Ireland did not hold her equal.

For an instant she was silent with rather sad downcast eyes. She was about to retort but something checked the words on her tongue. Inclination prompted her to speak out: dignity told her to be silent. The pretty lips pouted a while but then she glanced up and broke out into a joyous little laugh which had in it all the freshness of a young May morning. She knew right well, no one better, what made squinty Edy say that. As per usual somebody's nose was out of joint about the boy that had the bicycle always riding up and down in front of her window. Only now his father kept him in the evenings studying hard to get an exhibition in the intermediate that was on
and he was going to Trinity college to study for a doctor when he left the high school like his brother W. E. Wylie who was racing in the bicycle races in Trinity college university. Little recked he perhaps for what she felt, that dull ache in her heart sometimes, piercing to the core. Yet he was young and perchance he might learn to love her in time. They were protestants in his family and, of course, Gerty knew Who came first and after Him the blessed virgin and then saint Joseph. But he was undeniably handsome and he was what he looked, every inch a gentleman the shape of his head too at the back without his cap on something off the common and the way he turned the bicycle at the lamp with his hands off the bars and also the nice perfume of those good cigarettes and besides they were both of a size and that was why Edy Boardman thought she was so frightfully clever because he didn't go and ride up and down in front of her bit of a garden.

Gerty was dressed simply but with instinctive taste for she felt that there was just a might that he might be out. A neat blouse of electric blue, selftinted by dolly dyes, with a smart vee opening and kerchief pocket (in which she always kept a piece of cottonwool scented with her favourite perfume because the handkerchief spoiled the sit) and a navy threequarter skirt cut to the stride showed of her slim graceful figure to perfection. She wore a coquettish wide-leaved hat of nigger straw with an underbrim of eggblue chenille and at the side a butterfly bow to tone. All Tuesday week afternoon she was hunting to match that chenille but at last she found what she wanted at Clery's summer sales, the very it slightly shopsoiled but you would never notice seven fingers two and a penny. She did it up all by herself and tried it on then smiling back at her lovely reflection in the mirror and when she put it on the waterjug to keep the shape she knew that that would take the shine out of some people she knew. Her shoes were the newest thing in footwear (Edy Boardman prided herself that she was very petite but she never had a foot like Gerty McDowell a five and never would ash oak or elm) with patent toecaps and just one smart buckle. Her wellturned ankle displayed its proportions beneath her skirt and
just the proper amount and no more of her shapely leg encased in finespun hose with highspliced heels and wide garter tops. As for undies they were Gerty's chief care and who that knows the fluttering hopes and fears of sweet seventeen (though Gerty would never see seventeen again) can find it in his heart to blame her? She had four dinky sets, three articles and nighties extra, and each set slotted with different coloured ribbons, rosepink, pale blue, mauve and peagreen and she aired them herself and blued them when they came home from the wash and ironed them and she had a brickbat to keep the iron on because she wouldn't trust those washerwoman as far as she'd see them scorching the things. She was wearing the blue for luck, her own colour and the lucky colour too for a bride to have a bit of blue somewhere on her because the green she wore that day week brought grief because his father brought him in to study for the intermediate exhibition and because she thought perhaps she might be out because when she was dressing that morning she nearly slipped up the old pair on her inside out and that was for luck and lovers' meetings if you put those things on inside out so long as it wasn't of a Friday.

And yet—and yet! A gnawing sorrow is there all the time. Her very soul is in her eyes and she would give worlds to be in her own familiar chamber where she could have a good cry and relieve her pentup feelings. The paly light of evening falls upon a face infinitely sad and wistful. Gerty MacDowell yearns in vain. Yes, she had known from the first that it was not to be. He was too young to understand. He would not believe in love. The night of the party long ago in Stoers' (he was still in short trousers) when they were alone and he stole an arm round her waist she went white to the very lips. He called her little one and half kissed her (the first!) but it was only the end of her nose and then he hastened from the room with a remark about refreshments. Impetuous fellow! Strength of character had never been Reggy Wylie's strong point and he who would woo and win Gerty MacDowell must be a man among men. But waiting, always waiting to be asked and it was leap year too and would soon be over. No prince charming is
her beau ideal to lay a rare and wondrous love at her feet but rather a manly man with a strong quiet face, perhaps his hair slightly flecked with grey, and who would understand, take her in his sheltering arms, strain her to him in all the strength of his deep passionate nature and comfort her with a long long kiss. For such a one she yearns this balmy summer eve. With all the heart of her she longs to be his only, his affianced bride for riches for poor in sickness in health till death us two part from this to this day forward.

And while Edy Boardman was with little Tommy behind the pushcar she was just thinking would the day ever come when she could call herself his little wife to be. Then they could talk about her, Bertha Supple too, and Edy, the spitfire, because she would be twentytwo in November. She would care for him with creature comforts too for Gerty was womanly wise and knew that a mere man liked that feeling of homeliness. Her griddlecakes and queen Ann’s pudding had won golden opinions from all because she had a lucky hand also for lighting a fire, dredge in the fine flour and always stir in the same direction then cream the milk and sugar and whisk well the white of eggs and they would have a nice drawing-room with pictures and chintz covers for the chairs and that silver toastrack in Clery’s summer sales like they have in rich houses. He would be tall (she had always admired tall men for a husband) with glistening white teeth under his carefully trimmed sweeping moustache and every morning they would both have brekky for their own two selves and before he went out to business he would give her a good hearty hug and gaze for a moment deep down into her eyes.

Edy Boardman asked Tommy Caffrey was he done and he said yes and so then she buttoned up his little knickerbockers for him and told him to run off and play with Jacky and to be good and not to fight. But Tommy said he wanted the ball and Edy told him no that baby was playing with the ball and if he took it there’d be wigs on the green but Tommy said it was his ball and he wanted his ball his ball and he pranced on the ground, if you please. The temper of him! O, he was a man already was little Tommy Caffrey. Edy
told him no, no and to be off now with him and she told Ciss
caffrey not to give in to him.
—You’re not my sister, naughty Tommy said. It’s my ball.
But Cissy Caffrey told baby Boardman to look up, look up high
at her finger and she snatched the ball quickly and threw it along
the sand and Tommy after it in full career, having won the day.
—Anything for a quite life, laughed Ciss.
And she tickled baby’s two cheeks to make him forget and played
here’s the lord mayor, here’s his two horses, here’s his gigger bread
carriage and here he walks in, chinchopper, chinchopper, chinchopper
chin. But Edy got as cross as two sticks about his getting his own
way like that from everyone always petting him.
—I’d like to give him something, she said, so I would, where I
won’t say.
—On the beeoteetom, laughed Cissy merrily.
Gerty McDowell bent down her head at the idea of Cissy saying
a thing like that out she’d be ashamed of her life to say flushing a
deep rosy red and Edy Boardman said she was sure the gentleman
opposite heard what she said. But not a pin cared Ciss.
—Let him! she said with a pert toss of her head and a piquant tilt
of her nose. Give it to him too on the same place as quick as I’d
look at him.
Madcap Ciss. You had to laugh at her sometimes. For instance
when she asked you would you have some more Chinese tea and
jaspberry ram and when she drew the jugs too and the men’s faces
make you plit your sides or when she said she wanted to run and
pay a visit to the miss white. That was just like Cissycums. O, and
will you ever forget the evening she dressed up in her father’s suit
and hat and walked down Tritonville road, smoking a cigarette. But
she was sincerity itself, one of the bravest and truest hearts heaven
ever made, not one of your two faced things, too sweet to be whole-
some.
(to be continued)
Tales of a Hurried Man
by Emanuel Carnevali

Tale III

Home, sweet home!

Those flowers that are on the window-sill, I got them from the Park, this afternoon. The air in the park was a lukewarm punch sipped with half-opened lips at a party of perfect delicacy, where a word said a little louder is an obscene thing.

Almost everyone has flowers on the window-sill. They haven't bought them, so they are there “against the law.” These flowers are the result of a broken law. A perambulating battleship of fat has put an empty tomato can besides the lilacs on the window-sill. It yawns against the face of the lilacs, which is bent away a little.

My flowers too are on the window-sill, in a milk bottle. I have looked at them again and again like a man who knows that something terrible will happen if he does not talk. They are the colours of the childhood of the world. Lilacs, azaleas, violets and buttercups. The azaleas were closed, yet, furled up and lean, with long wrinkles, crude little hands. The violets I picked in the tall grass: in the shadow I found darker ones, seeming dark with deep thought, in the oblivion of the tangle of the deep grass. The lilacs—it was the only cluster left on the tree. Gently, though I forced it down, came the branch over me; fluttering with great impudence its skirts of leaves in my face. And the buttercups—the gleaming buttercups—cups held high by a tiny arm. Offering a miniature of Father Sun from Mother Earth. On the dusty and black window-sill, in the grey frame of the window. They are the dance of my hands along the perfect curves, the caress of my eyes along their perfect nuances. These hands of a young man, which I hold in my pockets, want to start out—want to, stop, and ask, and doubt, and begin and falter,
then twist in sorrow, twitch in sorrow back again into their forced stride of everyday! These are the hands of a destroyer and these are the hands which hold anathemas as Jupiter’s hands held lightnings. Flowers, flowers are there because of the thousand nuances I have gathered into my eyes. The thousand nuances I have gleaned while looking from over the heads of everybody, and from under everybody’s heels, from the fog and across the swing of the rain. I want a home that will not insult flowers. I want a home that will not be insulted by the homes under and above it. I want a house that will not be insulted by a city, I want a city that the other cities may not insult. What matters to me, rich or poor: one is there because the other is there. I don’t want to be rich because I don’t want to be poor. No one goes away from the world, for WE are the world. I want another home, but not one like any of yours. Someday, when I know more, and when I shall have gained a little return—then, I shall cast in a book the frame of a house—with the help of the artists of America and of the world. I shall let the frame of a house break through the heavy tangle of my bones, arise from the heap of my flesh—and it will loom over the city, against your houses—frightfully—for it will be a ghost—the ghost of the song forgotten—the ghost of the MAN WHO WAS LET TO DIE—the ghost of the song forever forgotten and forever coming again and again to shake the four walls of the sky.

8.

Work? What kind of work? What kind of work? What useful work is there to do?

The heat oozes into every crevice and pollutes the soul of the world. Above, the roof, with the tar soft and melting. Outside, the river, colourless, and the old boats, lice on the river’s body, and boats from the ocean, tired, shapeless, working jack-asses of the sea. Flabby smoke pennants. The railroad, reddish and greyish iron and wood junk, and human junk, men in overalls, all alike. The kids are stubbornly making their same noise, out in the street bespattered with paper, with blotches of half-dried liquid hemmed with thin dust.
Thugs are coyotes standing watch of the last weariness of the city. Under my apartment, fifty men and fifty women are silent. She and I, silent. God help the first one to talk. He shall be responsible for the rumpus to follow. All have lost their beauty—a hundred silent persons. Staying together—for the sake of the home. The grave, this—the epitaph is the immobile dust in the air, up, up to the nose of god! Art died last spring in the Bronx Park. How loud can you scream? Can you yell loud enough to break the bone of each house? If you can’t, shut up. Above, that sky, under, the other apartments. Italy is far, and there are many reasons why I am an exile. Hope that gramophone will give it up. Hope I’ll be able to sleep. Dirty arms of the bed, how many of these embraces have you given me? And what did you steal from me to pay yourself back? Too many houses, too many homes, and I can’t yell. And, poor girl, you, what could you do? “Come, kitty, sit on my knees. Do you think we can manage to go to Portland Maine, next Fall? I bet it’s a wonderful place. . . . . What do you say? Give me a kiss?” Auf! It’s hot. . . . . She gets up. Nothing doing. We’re all in tonight. Do they belong to her, these things? Do they give her happiness? What do they tell her? Ach, I know: rest, acceptance, submission, sleep, food. Broken rest, demure cowering or unwilling acceptance, sleep of dreams, ugly food, poor food, insufficient food, same food too often. And how much is that to you all? Not much. You go and steal a little bite, for your many hungers, in a hundred different places. And does it all satisfy her? Not sufficiently. She wants, she wants . . . . she wants the love of this big man, here! Christ, my love is a bomb to smash the houses and you with them, that’s what it is!

Not sufficiently, not enough to make of your touching things a ritual, of the daily ritual a religion. Who gave us these things? These are bastard children of hurried, dolorous, rebelling human hands. Remembrances or regrets, or abortions, all, brushes, curtains, walls, everything. You say, the home is the god that sits by us and watches us live. Hell, some night that god howls like a hyena, when the window gulps the air from the swollen body of a world that
can't sleep. The homes are sitting together in the night, and their horrible Congress is called City. And the laws that the Congress contrives are our Laws. You know it, too, my pretty woman, little pretty fool of a fleshy smiley liar! You know it, too. And that is why you walk so sternly, that is why you obey in silence, and go around like a person that knows where she is going and that there is no choosing.

Memories weep or mourn, all memories do. I have left the home and her. I could have painted the walls half blue and half pink, and could have drawn a heavy-headed, sad-headed sunflower in the middle. I could have drawn my nightmares on the walls of my bedroom, and laughed at them, having exalted them by art. I could have wrung wreaths of oak leaves and maple leaves—from the Palisades—all around and I could have strewn the floor with sand and pebbles and my bedroom with ashes. I could have bought silk handkerchiefs and hung them from the windows—different ones every day. I could have planted beans, parsley and morning-glories in a box full of dirt out on the fire escape where it's forbidden to "place any encumbrance." And I could have written a tremendously happy treatise to show why the wops break one and every law of the United States. But they don't—and it wouldn't have sufficed—and reform is reform and I chose revolution—I quit.

I quit. I am a vagabond again. I am a roomer. In a furnished-room house. One of the homes of the homeless, of the orphans, the whores, the pimps, the poor spinsters, the poor bachelors, the homosexuals, the young stenogs who won't make good, waiters and doormen, the homes of the useless and the strangers. The typical American Home, the Furnished-room. The New World is tired of the Family. The New World damns the european shackles of the Family and has a new institution—a transitory institution in the transitory New World, the furnished room welcomes with miserable arms the hopeless rebels of the earth. I am the typical American,—see? Unacknowledged. Nobody knows me and, for a compensation, every-
body knows me—so I talk crudely and democratically to everyone alike, for I love no one in especial. In the furnished-room one drops regularly the filth of the body and of the brain—never the wind comes in to take them away—the room is the composite of my spiritual and material offals—it knows all that's wrong with me as the horrible corpse of a man who died of disease knows exactly all that was wrong with the man. It knows nothing of what is good in me. So it can't acknowledge me, and I can't be a hero here. I must be the abject fool its eyes make of me.

Old houses, where the old families may live, are colour of the earth, arisen from the earth like trees—in the Spring they have their blossoms, in the Summer their fruits. The true American home is the furnished-room. The rich, the middle-class! Don't let them fool you about that—their houses are imitations—unreal and ugly—and there are hotels. Hotels and furnished-rooms. And concubines, pimps, middlemen and purveyors to these, THE LUNCH-ROOM and the RESTAURANT. If you can eat in a restaurant all your life then you can sleep in a furnished-room or a hotel all your life. A few maybe—or maybe many—for what do I know? isn't my misery blinding me?—oh, Christ, I am crying—if I don't see well it's because there are tears before my eyes! I tell you—I have known too many who know nothing about the old negro songs and nothing about New England and the pies that were or are made there, which are the tradition of the country—and many do not know how tremendously, and maybe successfully, sacreligious skyscrapers are. These are the homeless, and I am one of them. They don't eat like men, they don't sleep like men, they don't see any colours. Why have you taken the colours away from your cities? They will soon become blind. Aren't colours the sustenance of our eyesight, do they not determine, define our eyesight—you—the chemists, the doctors, the engineers of America, you have made this country grey. Why do you handle grey things only, why does everything turn grey in your hands? Do you want us all to lose our eyesight? A scientist says there is romance in machines—who the hell wants romance! We're talking of colours, colours, and taste and smell. Why do you take
the joy out of oranges and peaches—kill fruits? And you want to choke us—with that smoke—is it you, the scientists? Or who is it? It can’t be the scientists, only. Is it a passage? Is it for the children? I am not a fool! You’d want me to make a better, more specific complaint, wouldn’t you? But this is my own, and a million Greeks—oh, have you seen the beautiful greeks that work in kitchens and restaurants—and have you heard them? They are still singing the songs of the mountains—and a million Italians—have you seen them go home from work, loaded over with two jackets and a sweater and with immense mittens to fight the cold, with the skin of their necks like bark—well, they say “L’America, donne senza colore e frutta senza sapore”—America, women without colour and fruits without taste. And maybe they are right. Don’t you see the millions of girls, almost all the poor little working girls, rouged and powdered, looking like thanksgiving masks or funny deadfaces. I will say it better, sometime—I think there is some use for such a complaint—but now I have no time, I’m going, I’m going along, I am going along, I am going along. Furnished-rooms—they got me again. They took me back. There is always a brothel for a prostitute and always a sick lust in some one for her, no matter how old and sick she is—so the furnished-room took me back. I make great signs to the sky, in front of my windows, at night. I say: say, it’s better not to go on this way, you’d better stop—send a message to the young men “that the fight is for nothing and the only good mood is that which requires suicide at its end.” I make a petition for them that are in my same plight—the roomers, the hotel customers, the movies’ patrons. I don’t think of revolution. When men would go out to kill, I shut myself in my room and sit down and sometimes I want to die and sometimes I weep. Memories come to visit me—only memories, no friends. Friends are like apples gathered from the appletree of one’s own orchard—no orchard, no appletree, no friend. Someone suffers too, who knows me, and he says “I am your friend.” But no one knows that I do not only suffer, that I am also going along, going along, going along. I cry tears that are diamonds and drops of silver and sapphires when the moonshine smites them: so there is beauty beyond
my sorrow and I am going there. I am a vagabond, and I shriek amongst my wrecks of memories and my failures like a crazy child among old toys that are always new to him. I don't fake you, I never told you that I am talking to God. And I am not talking to you, either, so leave me alone. I never understand who or what God is—sometimes he is a sentimental symbol. I am a vagabond. God, for all that, means home, it means family, father, mother, wife, sisters and brothers. No such things here. I have come in to the country where there are only vagabonds and liars and ghosts. The liars laugh and say they have a family and mother and sisters and they swagger around talking of "our country." I know that they're liars because they talk of their "old glory," and "the good old days"—and this is a New World. The ghosts flutter around taunting us with japanese and chinese silks and with european shrouds. I know a few: one is a fat woman who smokes cigars, one is a man who has whiskers like D'Artagnan, one is a toothless sleepy-eyed stinker who gets sore with everybody and then bows to them saying "I am so sad!", one is a lady's man, one is a business man who is tired of his face.

I have left, in a real old country, an old house. There was too much tragedy in it. And no outlet, because everybody was too wise. The house was tired of standing on its walls and hearing the howls of the dying old people inside. If ever the great wind that I, a vagabond, am acquainted with, will come over that house, it will slash it into strips and shrivel it and scatter it. I came where there are no houses. I haven't seen any. Maybe, down South, out West . . . or up North—but not where I have been. I have been around and have looked around and I have eyes, and I am no statistician and then . . . . I talk to no one in particular. And, I got married and had a home. That was a mistake.

Now, I am again a vagabond, spilling words from a hole in my pocket, knowing only other vagabonds like me and urging them to wander around. To wander and go, hurriedly, like myself. When we are tired, we meet and sing old, very old songs that no one understands except us, and we call one another "brother" and "artist"—
and we often weep together—it is when we realize that there cannot be brothers without there being a family, or artists without there being a home . . . . when we realize that we are liars too.

A New Testament
by Sherwood Anderson

I

HAVE no words with which to tell you where I have been since I saw you last.
Now I am back at the yellow place by the sand reach.
A hand reached up out of the ground before me and lifted the lids of my eyes.
I have become an old man with small brittle bones.
The chill of many dawns is in the hair of my head.
The sandy place where I have taken a fancy to write words with a dull stick is cut and crossed with yellow streaks.
There has been a flood.
The waters have been my friend—they have run over the sand, wiping my words away.
The words have escaped into the grass.
I shall never find the lost words.
There was a word whose legs became black. He danced drearily back and forth on the sand and screamed like a woman in travail. I should have forgotten the screaming of women but for the dancing word.

It was night and I went into the mountains. Then I remembered that the valley of the Mississippi River is a flat place between the breasts of my mother. That realization gave me unspeakable joy. My mother’s head lies far to the north in a grey silence.
I have climbed upon the nipple of one of my mother’s breasts.
Since I was here, in the days you have forgotten, I have come into the wonder of sight.

It is morning and a hush had come over the valley. I am weary but that is of no importance. Do not shake the branches of the grass as I speak to you of my adventure.

The millions of men and women who live in the valley of the Mississippi River had run out into the plains. That was at the beginning of evening. They had come—running swiftly—into a close place—into the center of a bowl. All men and all women and children were there—they had come out of the towns—out of cities—out of alleyways in the cities—out of houses in towns.

Farmers had quit milking cows to come into the plains. They had given over the planting and the raking of fields. Men had come running out at the door-ways of factories. Women with hanging heads and stooped shoulders had come.

Children had come laughing but had stopped laughing to stand quietly in the crowd, understanding more than their elders.

Everyone stood quite still.

It was the time for my word to be heard.

I sat on the nipple of my mother’s breast and looked out over the plains.

I tried to say the word but my tongue became dry and hard like a stone. “Now,” I thought, “the word that has never come to me will find lodgment on my lips. There will come a word out of the cellar of my being. My word will rise slowly—creeping toward my tongue and my lips. My word will rattle and reverberate along the rafters of my being.”

Nothing happened at all. On the vast plains there was only a tense silence. I came down from my high place—down from the nipple of my mother’s breast.

I went within myself as a tired man at evening might go in at
the door of his house. Inside myself all was silence. Dust sifted down through the room of my house. My dead tongue was a stone rolled against the doorway of myself. I took the stone in my hand and threw it away—out through a window.

On the vast plains of the Mississippi Valley an army is standing. It has said no word.
No word has been said to it.
The army is silent.
It is a host without numbers.
It is a host without banners.
It is a naked host that has staring eyes.
It is a host that stands still.

No winds blow on the plains. I have just come from there and it is evening and quiet. Silently stands the host, staring with calm eyes into the North. I will take you there if to go falls within the province of your desires. You also shall sit upon the nipple of my mother's breast and look out over the host. You shall sit beside me while night and the shadows of death play over the host.
You shall look into my mother's eyes.
Far into the North you shall look.
The eyes of my mother 'are open.
They are like a sea filled with salt.
Shadows flit over the balls of her eyes.
The little shadows of men chase each other over the quiet eyes of my mother that are hidden away in the silence—far to the North.
Do not shake the branches of the grass as I speak to you of my adventure.
Your eyes are very grey and large and round.
I have come down from the nipple of my mother's breast.
I write with a blunt stick in the sand at the edge of the flowing waters.
I shall run on many nights through the towns.
I shall run on many nights through the cities.
I shall run on many nights through the alleyways of the cities.

(to be continued)
The Reader Critic

"Obscenity"

F. E. R.:

And what caused the suppression of the January issue? The Joyce, I suppose. I have been through the whole number very carefully and the "Ulysses" is the only offender I can find. But why cavil about Joyce at this late day?—it would seem to me that after all these months he could be accepted, obscenity and all, for surely the post-office authorities should recognize that only a few read him, and those few not just the kind to have their whole moral natures overthrown by frankness about natural functions.

The March Number

Maxwell Bodenheim, New York:

Your March number is involved and secretive. Immediately after "Four Chinese Home Songs" and "Temple Inscriptions"—work that has a tactful lustre—you place "The Wise Man" by William Saphier, a story filled with separate attempts at color and a narrative style that is neither simply subtle nor subtly simple. One does not portray colors by mentioning their names and shades and calling it a day. Besides, loose colloquialisms and colored images resent each other's presence when placed side by side and bewilder the story's concept with their contradictory courtships. Also, the "premonition of earthly tribulations" idea is an overworked old-timer. I never hoped to see his bones again. Else von Freytag Loringhoven's "Klink-Hratzvenga" has the virtues of many languages and the deficiencies of none, since she can create sounds for shades of meaning that have no dictionary equivalents. Her poem is a masterpiece of bitter simplicity, from its choked beginning to its satiated "Vrmn." Now, all together, boys: come on with your "impossible to understand it." "there's nothing to understand," "charlatan," "she's insane," and other rotten tomatoes. At your best you prefer the complex, intellectual sterilities of a Dorothy Richardson. Any new simplicity confounds you. I have been amused at the serious discussions concerning Else Loringhoven's "insanity." She is a rare, normal being who shocks people by taking off her chemise in public. She has the balanced precision of a conscious savage. She does not violate rules: she enters a realm into which they cannot pursue her. Even her shouts rise to discriminating climaxes. Her work, in its deliberate cohesion, shows an absolute and rare normality.
Are there 1000 people in America

It is not realized that the "Little Review" alone in America is performing a function performed by at least a dozen reviews in France and by eight or ten in England.

In a city of millionaires, nearly all of whom make some strong pretense of being interested in the Arts, we have been publishing for three years the only magazine that has a legitimate and sympathetic connection with the artist.

Any professional or business man, any statesman of intelligence, will admit that in the last analysis it is the Arts, and the Arts alone, that give lustre to a nation. And yet in this country, most glaringly lacking in lustre, the Arts go begging and penniless.

Oppressed at every turn by a new financial difficulty, we have been able in spite of this to establish some intellectual communication between England, France and America by presenting the best of the creative work produced in those countries today.

The amount of money we need, our other assets being so strong, is $5,000. If we can obtain this sum for one year we can push through an advertising campaign that will carry us along, making it possible to meet the criminally increased cost of publication and to pay our contributors somewhat.
who will give $5 apiece to our fund

Never before in America has there been such an up-push of the creative impulse, and never has the materialistic vision so eclipsed the desire for Art and even the appreciation of it.

EVERY artist realizes that as long as we exist there is one magazine in America in which he may present himself to his audience directly, uncensored, and unhindered by a "policy." The Little Review is the one Freie Bühne in the country.

It is also the one Art project that has shown by its vicissitudes, its incorruptibility and its endurance, the essential need for such a magazine.

But the situation today is almost insurmountable. The present format of the magazine costs us just four times as much as formerly. We must meet this deficit, and we must pay our contributors.

Make checks payable to the Little Review Fund, 27 West Eighth Street. If you can not send $5 send anything you can. The smallest donation will be appreciated.

Help us to attain the $5,000 mark in a month of two. The results will interest you.
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