ERIK DORN
by
BEN HECHT

AN IRONICAL BOW TO THE BOOBS

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MONROE WHEELER, Publishers, Evanston, Ill.
THE LITTLE REVIEW

QUARTERLY JOURNAL
OF ART AND LETTERS

SUBSCRIPTION
YEARLY: $7.00
SINGLE NUMBER
$2.00

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address: 27 west eighth street, new york
english office: egoist publishing co., 23 adelphi
terrace house, robert street, london w. c. 2.

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As PROTEST against the suppression of the Little Review containing various instalments of the "ULYSSES" of JAMES JOYCE, the following artists and writers of international reputation are collaborating in the autumn number of Little Review:

BRANCUSI, JEAN COCTEAU, JEAN HUGO, GUY CHARLES CROS, PAUL MORAND, FRANCIS PICABIA, EZRA POUND.

Further numbers will give special attention to PICABIA, WYNDHAM LEWIS, PICASSO, and will contain contributions from the best American and European authors. Third number an anthology of modern french poets since 1920.

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BRANCUSI

"I CARVE a thesis in logic of the eternal beauty," writes Remy de Gourmont in his "Sonnets à l'Amazone." A man hurls himself toward the infinite and the works of art are his vestiges, his trace in the manifest.

It is perhaps no more impossible to give a vague idea of Brancusi's sculpture in words than to give it in photographs, but it is equally impossible to give an exact sculptural idea in either words or photography. T. J. Everets has made the best summary of our contemporary aesthetics that I know, in his sentence "A work of art has in it no idea which is separable from the form." I believe this conviction can be found in earlier vorticist explanations, and in a world where so few people have yet dissociated form from representation, one may, or at least I may as well approach Brancusi via the formulations by Gaudier-Brzeska, or by myself in my study of Gaudier:

"Sculptural feeling is the appreciation or masses in relation."

"Sculptural ability is the defining of these masses by planes."

"Every concept, every emotion presents itself to the vivid consciousness in some primary form. It belongs to the art of that form."

I don't mean to imply that vorticist formulæ will "satisfy" Brancusi, or that any formula need ever satisfy any artist, simply the formulæ give me certain axes (plural of axis, not of ax) for discrimination.

I have found, to date, nothing in vorticist formulæ which contradicts the work of Brancusi, the formulæ left every man fairly free. Gaudier had long since revolted from the Rodin-Maillol mixture; no one who understood Gaudier was fooled by the cheap Viennese Michaelangelism and rhetoric of Mestrovic. One understood that "Works of art attract by a resembling un-
likeness”; that “The beauty of form in the still stone can not be the same beauty of form as that in the living animal.” One even understood that, as in Gaudier’s brown stone dancer, the pure or unadulterated motifs of the circle and triangle have a right to build up their own fugue or sonata in form; as a theme in music has its right to express itself.

No critic has a right to pretend that he fully understands any artist; least of all do I pretend, in this note, to understand Brancusi (after a few weeks acquaintance) even as well as I understood Gaudier (after several years’ friendship); anything I say here effaces anything I may have said before on the subject, and anything I say the week after next effaces what I say here—a pale reflection of Brancusi’s general wish that people would wait until he has finished (i.e., in the cemetery) before they talk aesthetics with or about him.

At best one could but clear away a few grosser misconceptions. Gaudier had discriminated against beefy statues, he had given us a very definite appreciation of stone as stone; he had taught us to feel that the beauty of sculpture is inseparable from its material and that it inheres in the material. Brancusi was giving up the facile success of representative sculpture about the time Gaudier was giving up his baby-bottle; in many ways his difference from Gaudier is a difference merely of degree, he has had time to make statues where Gaudier had time only to make sketches; Gaudier had purged himself of every kind of rhetoric he had noticed; Brancusi has detected more kinds of rhetoric and continued the process of purgation.

When verbally intelligible he is quite definite in the statement that whatever else art is it is not “crise des nerfs”; that beauty is not grimaces and fortuitous gestures; that starting with an ideal of form one arrives at a mathematical exactitude of proportion, but not by mathematics.

Above all he is a man in love with perfection. Dante believed in the “melody which most in-centres the soul”; in the preface to my Guido I have tried to express the idea of an absolute rhythm, or the possibility of it. Perhaps every artist at one time or another believes in a sort of elixir or philosopher’s stone produced by the sheer perfection of his art; by the alchemical
sublimation of the medium; the elimination of accidentals and imperfections.

Where Gaudier had developed a sort of form-fugue or form-sonata by a combination of forms, Brancusi has set out on the maddeningly more difficult exploration toward getting all the forms into one form; this is as long as any Buddhist's contemplation of the universe or as any mediæval saint's contemplation of the divine love,—as long and even as paradoxical as the final remarks in the Divina Commedia. It is a search easily begun, and wholly unending, and the vestiges are let us say Brancusi's "Bird," and there is perhaps six months' work and twenty years' knowledge between one model of the erect bird and another, though they appear identical in photography. Therein consisting the difference between sculpture and sketches. Plate No. 5 shows what looks like an egg; I give more photos of the bust than of this egg because in the photos the egg comes to nothing; in Plate No. 12 there is at the base of the chimaera an egg with a plane and a groove cut into it, an egg having infantile rotundities and repose.

I don't know by what metaphorical periphrase I am to convey the relation of these ovoids to Brancusi's other sculpture. As an interim label, one might consider them as master-keys to the world of form—not "his" world of form, but as much as he has found of "the" world of form. They contain or imply, or should, the triangle and the circle.

Or putting it another way, every one of the thousand angles of approach to a statue ought to be interesting, it ought to have a life (Brancusi might perhaps permit me to say a "divine" life) of its own. "Any prentice" can supposedly make a statue that will catch the eye and be interesting from some angle. This last statement is not strictly true, the present condition of sculptural sense leaving us with a vastly lower level both of prentises and "great sculptors"; but even the strictest worshipper of bad art will admit that it is infinitely easier to make a statue which can please from one side than to make one which gives satisfaction from no matter what angle of vision.

It is also conceivably more difficult to give this formal-satisfaction by a single mass, or let us say to sustain the formal-
interest by a single mass, than to excite transient visual interests
by more monumental and melodramatic combinations.

Brancusi's revolt against the rhetorical and the kolossal has
carried him into revolt against the monumental, or at least what
appears to be, for the instant, a revolt against one sort of solidity.
The research for the aerial has produced his bird which stands
unsupported upon its diminished base (the best of jade carvers
and netsuke makers produce tiny objects which also maintain
themselves on extremely minute foundations. If I say that
Brancusi's ideal form should be equally interesting from all
angles, this does not quite imply that one should stand the ideal
temple on its head, but it probably implies a discontent with any
combination of proportions which can't be conceived as beauti­
ful even if, in the case of a temple, some earth-quake should
stand it up intact and end-ways or turned-turtle. Here I think
the concept differs from Gaudier’s, as indubitably the meta­
physic of Brancusi is outside and unrelated to vorticist manners
of thinking.

The great black-stone egyptian patera in the British museum
is perhaps more formally interesting than the statues of
Memnon.

In the case of the ovoid, I take it Brancusi is meditating upon
pure form free from all terrestrial gravitation; form as free in
its own life as the form of the analytic geometers; and the meas­
ure of his success in this experiment (unfinished and probably
unfinishable) is that from some angles at least the ovoid does
come to life and appear ready to levitate. (Or this is perhaps
merely a fortuitous anecdote, like any other expression.)

Crystal-gazing?? No. Admitting the possibility of self-
hypnosis by means of highly polished brass surfaces, the polish,
from the sculptural point of view, results merely from a desire
for greater precision of the form, it is also a transient glory.
But the contemplation of form or of formal-beauty leading into
the infinite must be dissociated from the dazzle of crystal; there
is a sort of relation, but there is the more important divergence;
with the crystal it is a hypnosis, or a contemplative fixation of
thought, or an excitement of the “sub-conscious” or unconscious
(whatever the devil they may be), and with the ideal form in
marble it is an approach to the infinite by form, by precisely the highest possible degree of consciousness of formal perfection; as free of accident as any of the philosophical demands of a "Paradiso" can make it.

This is not a suggestion that all sculpture should end in the making of abstract ovoids; indeed no one but a genius wholly centred in his art, and more or less "oriental" could endure the strain of such effort.

But if we are ever to have a bearable sculpture or architecture it might be well for young sculptors to start with some such effort at perfection, rather than with the idea of a new Laocooon, or a "Triumph of Labour over Commerce." (This suggestion is mine, and I hope it will never fall under the eye of Brancusi. —But then Brancusi can spend most of his time in his own studio, surrounded by the calm of his own creations, whereas the author of this imperfect exposure is compelled to move about in a world full of junk-shops, a world full of more than idiotic ornamentations, a world where pictures are made for museums, where no man has a front-door that he can bear to look at, let alone one he can contemplate with reasonable pleasure, where the average house is each year made more hideous, and where the sense of form which ought to be as general as the sense of refreshment after a bath, or the pleasure of liquid in time of drouth or any other clear animal pleasure, is the rare possession of an "intellectual" (heaven help us) "aristocracy.”

EZRA POUND.
EIN GESANG

"ISABEL du schwarzer Pyjama
Draussen die Welt klingt von den Kronen Gottes
Auf den Zwillingen spielen verlassene Mandolinen

Ausser dir
Und ausser mir
Wäre die Welt nicht mehr möglich
Aber doch kann ein Baum der Felsschlucht mit der grünen Seele sich nach uns tasten
Eine Trambahn drüben am trostlosen Endpunkt aller Haltestellen
Wartet zwischen Schuppen und Kartoffeln auf ihre Schwester
Und stirbt zehnmal an Schwindseucht und Sehnsucht
Glocken erwecken uns immer aus dem Schlaftag
Ach Isabel du schwarzer Pyjama es gibt noch tausend andere Glücke
Jedes Streichholz kann dir Bengalien wert sein
Ausser dir und ausser mir das All!"

Aber im Nebenzimmer Nummer 19 sang der Seifenfabrikant
Ganz dasselbe wie ich seiner blonden Emmi
Und der Pikkolo sang das Gleiches der schwangeren Köchin
Und am nächsten Morgen streichen wir alle Semmeln und goldenen Honig; das heisst Liebe!
Sehnsucht der unaufhörlichen Welle
Meere fahren vorbei mit Karawanen und Oasen
Ganze Völker des Wassers
Jede einzelne Wellenschwester kennt mich
Isabel, mein Blut ist dieses Meer
Ich hörte den Regenfall dieser sternarmen Nacht
Jeder Tropfen beklopfte mein Herz
Wie viel Tropfen starben in Narzissenkelchen und Gosseneimern
Wie viel Leben wie viel Sehnsucht der ganzen Welt

Man könnte auch Revolutionär werden
Misanthrop aus Menschenliebe
Das Wort Barrikade ist ultramarinblau und gefällt mir sehr
Ich sah einen Bettler auf den Fortifikationen
Ein gelber gestohlener Fisch hing wie ein Bart von seinem sauren Munde
Und doch war ein Heiligenschein um seinen Schlapphut
An jenem Tage wurde ich Sozialist
Gewiss das Bier am ersten Mai schmeckt frischer als im Hofbräu
Und die Arbeiterkinder haben Tuberkulose

Zunächst verfasst man ein Pamphlet:
Der grüne Soldat schweigt steif in seinen Monumenten
Sardinenbüchsen Helme und Troddeln der Kultur bammeln im Wind
Ich glaube aber dass es immer Schlächter geben wird
“Ehre” ist das Misstrauen gegen sich selbst
Früher war Ehre ein Scheck auf die Bank Roland & Siegfried
Genossen! Die Kartoffel und der Gulasch! Hurra!
Und dann blutet man leise
Aus der Stirn
Der Eiffelturm speit brennende Opfersprüche nach Nauen
Am Niagara schöpft man die Pferdekräfte
Zur Verurteilung der Verbrecher: Sing-Sing

Man könnte also auch Revolutionär werden!

Später erörtert man folgendes:
Ich bin ein guter Mensch ich bin kein guter Mensch
Ich bin ein guter Mensch ich bin kein guter Mensch
Ich bin ein guter Mensch ich bin kein
Dies tägliche Gebet zu Gott! Aber Vera-Shoe bleibt immer der beste!

Schließlich muss man den Wechsel des Spediteurs eintreiben

Dann wird man geborener Revolutionär
Ich werfe zehn Centimes unter die Menge der Päpste schickt mir ein Radiogramm
Die Illustrierten Blätter lassen mich in effigie lächeln
Und alle Friseure zeigen mich den Kunden
O Herr der Menschen, ich bin unfähig
Vera-Shoes an feine Damen zu verkaufen
Unfähig Isabel immer Semmeln mit Honig zu streichen
Unfähig zum Revolutionär der Bauern und Tiere
Ich bin unbegabt für Europa
Auf irgendwelcher Hemisphäre schluchzt eine Witwe: "Ich liebe ihn er liebt mich nicht!"
Mein spöttisches Profil liegt in ihrem Herzen auf rotem Samt

Eventuell könnte die Stadt Ottawa mich zum Bürgermeister wählen
Aber ich kann keine Antrittsrede halten
Und Felix ist ein schlechter Name für diese Zeit

Doch fühle ich Lerchen gurgeln in meiner Kehle
Der Baum klagt in meinem Gerippe der jetzt mit dem Sturm kämpft
Ueberall scheint der Mond und Schopenhauer ist in jeder Buchhandlung käuflich
Das Wohnzimmer meiner Mutter ist gelb und violett mit Blümchen tapeziert
Dies alles und meine Zigarette der Stern der Motten Ich bin wie Gott

Frag nicht mehr ob gut ob nichtgut
Buddha ging im Frühling nicht aus um kein Leben zu töten
Und atmete doch dass tausend Miasmen immer dran starben
Frag nicht mehr ob gut ob nichtgut
Der Baum frisst die Luft Käfer den Baum Vogel den Käfer
Schlange den Vogel Erde die Schlange Luft die Erde
Warum soll ich sein? Warum
Nicht sein? Was ist das Beste?
"Vera-Shoe ist der bestel!"
Mensch ich verbiete dir das Warum

Wir müssen uns sehr in uns zusammenfalten
Was schiert es den Bambus was schiert es die Ratte
Die Zahlen unseres Hirns sind zu schwach Sekunden zu tragen
Weise ist der schweigende Stein
Gut ist der Klee der die Blättchen auf- und zumacht
Der Klee ist einsam
Und einfach
Seien wir einsam
Und einfach

IWAN GOLL
FUMIGATIONS

Je voudrais visiter l'intérieur des plantes et aussi l'intérieur des gens, comme on visite l'intérieur des églises, arriver à diminuer mon individu de telle façon que je puisse me glisser, m'asseoir, me reposer dans le coeur d'un ami, m'introduire dans sa vessie et, à l'aide d'une petite pirogue, boucher le canal de l'urètre afin de faciliter les inondations mortelles; faire des ascensions dans le foie m'encordant avec d'autres excursionnistes qui auraient, eux aussi, plaisir à vivre parmi les bacilles du tube digestif et à villégiaturer sur les plages du rein! Mais nous devons nous contenter de la périphérie terrestre et faire des courses à chameau dans le désert; je dois réhabiliter ici le chameau, cet animal n'a jamais donné le mal de mer à personne, c'est une pure invention des officiers de marine. Mais quelle était donc l'idée première de mon article? C'est là l'important et j'ai beau chercher je ne retrouve plus cette idée, d'ailleurs j'avais le pressentement que cela m'arriverait, lorsque j'ai commencé à écrire, continuons donc par n'importe quoi.

Un de mes amis m'a dit l'autre jour que j'étais un mauvais européen! Sans doute lui, se juge-t-il comme un bon européen parceque, tel un filtre Pasteur, il filtre tout; il filtre les clowns, il filtre les nègres; n'est-ce-pas, filtrer, c'est tout ce que peut faire l'Europe après s'être épuisée en efforts pour la conquête de l'Alsace-Lorraine! Filtrer l'Alsace-Lorraine serait assez curieux; nous aurions bien vite le plaisir d'entendre une jolie romance berlinoise! Je suis un mauvais européen comme je suis un mauvais Américain, comme je suis un mauvais peintre, un mauvais littérateur, un mauvais mari, mais... je conduis très bien les voitures automobiles! Je voudrais tellement faire de la peinture comme je conduis une automobile, 130 à l'heure sans écraser personne—dans Paris, naturellement! Enfin mon ami le bon européen est bon littérateur, bon dessinateur, bon poète mais, il ne sait pas conduire une automobile! Peut-être, moi non plus d'ailleurs! Ce serait bien amusant de conduire une voiture à deux directions, une à l'avant, l'autre à l'arrière, surtout si cette voiture était peinte en rose et noir! allons, tout
cela est déjà bien vieux. . .

Je voudrais trouver un ingénieur qui sait à même de réaliser ma dernière invention; cette invention consiste à monter des cercles autour de la terre, cercles qui seraient rendus immobiles par une attraction centripète; sur ces cercles seraient bâtis des palaces qui tourneraient sur eux-mêmes. En cette façon, sans quitter notre chambre, nous ferions le tour du monde, ou plutôt nous le verrions faire son tour en 24ro! Voici le Caire avec la vision des Pèlerins de la Mecque, la Haute-Egypte, puis New York, Broklin et Riverside drive, voici Paris, la Seine, etc., etc., et pendant ce défilé inouï, des jeunes filles joueraient au piano des mélodies de Reynaldo Hahn! Il n'y aurait plus de voyages, plus de trains manqués, plus de nuits, donc beaucoup moins de danger d'attraper des refroidissements, enfin, la mise en pratique de ma découverte offre des avantages sérieux. Si jamais un ingénieur américain a une idée en lisant ces lignes, je lui serais très obligé de m'écire afin que nous puissions causer ensemble d'une mise au point possible. Bien entendu, les habitants des cercles bénéficieraient de “l'anationalité.”

Il y a des gens qui sont amoureux de la nature, ils regardent les animaux avec adoration, les plantes avec exaltation, ils éprouvent des sensations voluptueuses en voyant le coucher ou le lever le soleil; ces gens sont en général très aimés par les êtres simples, moi, je n'aurais vraiment qu'un désir celui d'attirer les fous, c'est un peu ce qu'a fait Napoléon!

Ah, ah, ah, ah, figurez vous un être suivi par tous les fous du monde, par toutes celles qui se croient la Sté Vierge, ou Jeanne d'Arc, par ceux qui se croient Néron, Charlemagne, Guillaume II, Edouard VII . . . ou moi! Par ceux qui se croient des chevaux, des lions ou des tigres, des monstres ou des oiseaux-mouches! Ne croyez vous pas que ces êtres, eux aussi, sont près de la nature? Ils ne participent pas aux joies de la famille et manquent souvent de cette curiosité qui est impitoyable!

Il y a des êtres qui ne lisent rien, qui ne pensent à rien, qui ne font absolument rien, mais qui soignent méticuleusement leur rhum de cerveau quand ils en ont! Ils vont parfois au cimetière porter quelques fleurs à des êtres qu'ils ont connus et qui pour-
issent consciencieusement; leurs fleurs pourriront, eux-mêmes pourriront, vous voyez bien qu’il n’y a pas lieu de se préoccuper; la Nature se charge de tout; il n’y a qu’à la laisser faire, elle fait bien ce qu’elle fait. Les idées pourrissent comme les fleurs et les gens et il y a des gens qui veulent momifier les idées comme les Égyptiens momifiaient les cadavres.

Je suis pour l’incinération qui conserve sous le format le moins encombrant, idées et individus.

Cher amis de tous les pays du monde, renouvelez et bousculez, brulez et noyez, assassinez, volez, tout et tous . . . excepté moi.

FRANCIS PICABIA

PSYCHO-DEMOCRACY

a movement to focus human reason

on

THE CONSCIOUS DIRECTION

OF EVOLUTION

to replace the cataclysmic factor in social evolution WAR. An absolute, constructive and liberating ideal put to the will of mankind for acceptance or rejection.

Psycho democracy is

Democracy of The Spirit, government by creative imagination, participation in essential wisdom—Fraternity of Intuition, the Intellect and Mother wit. (The Creator, the scholar, the natural man).

A psychological gauge applied to all social problems, for the interpretation of political, religious and financial systems.

Democratic interchange and valuation of ideas.

The Psycho-Democratic Policy is Habeas Animum.

"To illuminate the earth with her peoples eyes."

The organization of Psycho-Democracy is based on the laws of psychic evolution, our principles spring from Intuition, and are presented to man's intellect for maturation.

We make the experiment of a "collectivity" moved by the same intellectual logic as are the tactics of the successful individual reckoning with "actual" values and following the rules of the game of life, influencing our era by right of the merits of our (collective) personality.

Most movements have a fixed concept towards which they advance, we move away from all fixed concepts in order to advance.

The Psycho-democrat is

Man, Woman or Child of good sense and with imagination, having a normal love of Life and a sympathetic indifference to their neighbours obligations.

The living successor of that travesty of man; the Dummy Public originated by the Press, financed by the Capitalist:

For whom the politician legislates,
The army fights,
The church collects.

THE IDEA-FABRIC OF HUMAN SOCIETY. Modern social existence is a form of psychic activity based on Ideas promoted by the self-conscious minority of Power.

Every phase in evolution has been marked by the different kinds of ideas for which men tortured one another.

Society today is composed of distinctly different human strata; heirs of the different ideas for which men tortured one another.
The Tediousness of Human Evolution is owing:
To the tendency of ideas to outlast their origin, i. e. the
tendency of human institutions to outlast the psychological con­
ditions from which they arose.
Psycho-Democracy considers social institutions as structural
forms in collective consciousness which are subject to the same
evolutional transformation as is collective consciousness itself,
and that our social institutions of today will cause future genera­
tions to roar with laughter.

Criminal Lunacy
In the very near future the fact that it is considered either
normal or necessary for millions of men and women to wear out
their organisms with no reward but the maintainance of those
organisms, imperfectly functioning, and that this social con­
dition should be safeguarded and preserved by the blowing up
of other millions of human organisms will appear as the night­
mare of a criminal lunatic.

Cosmic Neurosis
The destructive element in collective consciousness induced
by inhibitive social and religious precepts that ordain that man
must suffer and cause to suffer and deny the validity of Man's
fundamental desires, has resulted in Cosmic Neurosis, whose
major symptom is Fear.
This fear takes the form of international suspicion and the
resulting national protective-phobias.
Our enlightened psychological principles will put an end to
Cosmic Neurosis.

Psychic Evolution
This thing called Life which seems to be the impact of
luminous bodies, knocking sparks off one another in chaos, will
be transformed through Psycho-Democratic evolution from a
war between good and evil, i. e. (between beneficent and painful
chance) to a competition between different kinds of good:
(beneficent spontaneities),
The Paradox of the Dominator and the Dominated.

"Class" is a psychological condition. The one class distinction is between the dominator and the dominated.

Every social upheaval has been the evolutinal phenomenon of the recruiting of new material to the dominating class. A class victory is never the promotion of one class to the status of another class, but the shifting of certain elements in the victorious class to the psychological condition of the dominating class.

The dominating class is a psychological nucleus progressively absorbing all similar elements into itself. It is therefore our important task to eludicate the psychology of the Dominator, for the dominated, as the Basis of intrinsic democracy.

Power is a secret society of the minority, whose hold on the majority lies in the esoteric or actual value of social ideas.

This esoteric value is unrevealed to the majority, being:

1) The transmutability of the strategical ideas of the minority into social ideals for the majority.
2) The value of social ideals as a means of conserving the majority as a plastic psychic material with which Power moulds the contours of its own supremacy.
3) The value of the exoteric or public representation of social ideals as limiting the unit for the advantage of a collectivity, while in reality insuring the advantage of the minority with the consent of the majority.

The ensuing confusion in the public mind between its innate logic and the social ideals dictated by the Dominator, provides the Paradox of the Dominator and the Dominated; for it is at once the vantage ground for the Dominator's tactics and the blind force which at recurrent intervals confounds the self-conscious minority of Power.

Psycho-Democratic Aesthetic

The æthetic contour of a race is formed by its habits. Man's evolution through his circumstances has resulted in his point of view.
His point of view forms his habits.
The Dominator’s standard has been the most highly evolved human habit. Therefore class evolution must democratize the Dominator’s standard, which hitherto evolved by circumstances, will in future spring directly into “habit” out of a “point of view.”

**The Aim of Society is the Perfection of Self**

Man’s desire is for Self.
His desire is commensurate with possibility.
The earth offers super-abundance for All.
Human imagination is illimitable.
Psycho-Democracy advocates the fulfilment of all Desire.
“Self” is the covered entrance to Infinity.

**Militarism**

Militarism forms the nucleus of national Influential symbolism; the flag, the uniform; inspires the Rhythm of national popular enthusiasm: the march, the band, parade. Sustains the belligerent masculine social ideal. Like all concentrated human forces it is psychically magnetic.

It has created certain formulæ figuring largely in our social pleasures, which no other social institution affords; the inevitable “snobbery” thus involved insures its protracted success.

**Pacifism**

The sole opposition to this imposing and efficiently organized social foundation is the pacifist **Dont**.

Pacifism has not yet offered a creative substitute for the military ideal, but a negative conception which leaves a void in social psychological construction, without providing any adequate suggestions as to how this void should be filled.

**The Appeal of psycho-Democracy** for the conscious direction of evolution, is an appeal to the thinker, the scientist, the philosopher, the writer, the artist, the mechanic, the worker, to join intelligent forces in a concerted effort to evolve and establish a new social symbolism, a new social rhythm, a new social snobism with a human psychological significance of equal value to that of militarism.
To consider that the belligerent tendency in human nature which is at present abnormally fostered by social institutions and education, can be superseded by another of the different tendencies in human nature, if developed through transformed social institutions and revised education.

To vindicate Humanity's claim to a Divine Destiny. Not to endeavor to eliminate the indestructable forces in human nature but to establish a new social system for their utilization. To present intellectual heroism as a popular ideal in place of physical heroism encouraging the expression of individual psychology in place of mob-psychology. To believe that man has the conceptual power to create a substitute for war, having the same stimulus to action as the hazard of death, the same spur to renassence as devastation, and that his mentality will evolve new forms of expressive action to inspire him to such ebullitions of enthusiasm as does the call to arms.

In Psycho-Democracy shall arise men and women whose strength and originality of conception will concrete a vital ideal as the basis of International politics. This ideal which is in a nebulous state, once defined will be easier to impose on humanity than the hypnotic war lust.

For it is but logical to suppose that if the slight amount of magnetism in the make up of the world's leaders of today, is sufficient to rush great peoples on to death and agony, it will be a simple task to persuade great peoples to the effort of self realization in a life amplifying ideal; and to apply the force of reason to the solution of their life problems, which have been so acutely aggravated by the force of explosives.

And to dissuade Man from any longer considering his destiny as being extraneous to his logic.

MINA LOY.

Buenos Aires, 1918.
FOUR POEMS
FRANCISQUE FAIT LA CULBUTE

Il compare le temps passé au temps présent.

L'auteur assiste au dernier quadrille du bal Tabarin.

Il rentre chez lui en évoquant sa jeunesse.

Il rentre chez lui chez lui en évoquant sa

bruit mouillé des jarretelles;
le pantalon de dentelle, écumé de la chute.
Sous son décolleté, six ventouses scarifiées,
rhume passionné.
Les réflecteurs et les boissons sont glacés,
les couples ne sont unis que par les serpentin.
Au lavabo, un Anglais qui a voulu penser,
vomit.
On entend mourir de phtisie des musiques nègres de haute époque.

Blasphèmes en descendant la rue Pigalle.
Adieu les temps heureux où l'on s'offrait des larmes
dans des maisons à deux issues;
doux oiseaux pris dans les lits-cages.
Par quelles faveurs tenaient ensemble nos solitudes?
Qui saura le total de nos échanges?

La lune, objet d'art ancien.
Mon ombre sort de mes bottines
et s'étend près de moi, épuisée, pauvre chien.
Les vierges ne peuvent plus attendre,
il y en a deux millions au moins.
On se possède tout de suite par les yeux avec animosité
et par les mains avec immunité tendre.
Ce ne sont certes pas les équivoques qui nous étouffent; à la fois criminels et acquittés, nous n'avons plus le temps d'achever rien, ni personne.

Ah! ne poussez donc pas comme ça!

**SPECTACLE EFFRAYANT**

Au-dessus de Grenelle, la lune poursuit ses opérations à terme. Des fumées de noir animal dorment repliées comme des nuages chinois. Les chômeurs marchent en balançant leurs mains; les oiseaux montent droit, ou des pierres lancées. Les États tirent des chèques sans provision, mais les Etats ne connaissent pas la prison. Chez Harry Pilcer, sous le carbone et ses dagues, un rossignol à eau chante parmi les algues du saxophone et l'on comprend alors que les richesses mobilières sont éminemment fongibles. Dans le Palmarium ou sur le chaussée il y a dans les yeux de tous: **ARGENT DE SUITE.**

A Moscou, l'homme aux pommettes a supprimé le commerce et l'industrie et gouverne avec un chat sur les genoux.
Les affaires ont été de mal en pis en cet automne lourd où les soies ont fléchi depuis Canton jusqu'à la rue de Paradis. Les transports en commun et les sucres sont calmes jusqu'à l'épuisement. Nous n'avions cessé de donner l'alarme et de dire qu'il n'y a qu'une richesse au monde monnayable et c'est l'heure-travail. Les bois de Ville d'Avray, splendide centre d'excursions, sont pleins de violettes et de banquiers maladroits, au nez droit, qui, par les narines, rendent leur pauvre cervelle gonflée de bénéfices. Les camions passent avec des chaînes détendues roulant leurs pneus enduits de kilomètres. Le pardessus est lourd aux épaules comme une voiture à bras. Autour des fondés de pouvoir pendus aux branches par leur commanderie, tickets sur la pelouse déserte après le Grand Prix, des actions non-cotées sont répandues, mêlées aux feuilles mortes, autre filigrane, et aux serpentins déteints des cross-country de l'hiver fini.

PAUL MORAND
À Irène Lagut

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<tr>
<th>CARTE POSTALE EXPRESS</th>
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<tr>
<td>je vais excessivement bien</td>
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<td>je suis à l'agonie</td>
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<td>c'est joli ici</td>
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<td>grand confort</td>
<td>souriez moi</td>
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<td>ce n'est pas habitable</td>
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<td>trouve de l'application</td>
<td>venez d'urgence</td>
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<td>je n'ai plus de chemise</td>
<td>inutile de vous déranger</td>
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(Mettre une croix devant les phrases requises; pour la date voyez timbre de la poste)
“Y
OU have it all,” Wright had said. “To begin with, you are a neurasthenic, or at least, you have just recovered from neurasthenia. You are a Jew. You have the memory of sex, although at present you are continent; also, you are in love. And the twenties is naturally a restless period anyhow.” Was Wright being decent for once? Did he mean that just as he had said it? The bastard!

Cynthia must be watching how his hands trembled. That was the neurasthenia. Or she should think so. And damn it, it was so, anyhow. If Mendelssohn ran up the scale to si, and then was called to dinner, and got up in the middle of his soup to strike do, it wasn’t that he absolutely had to. He wanted to, simply, and did it. Yet it wasn’t an affectation, because he sincerely and without forethought wanted to. In the case of the hands, then, if the neurasthenia was there, why clamp it in a vise? Let them tremble, and perhaps even encourage them a little.

Hell with such considerations!

Why not cut clean of all that and plunge right straight on? Just rip and tear, like kicking through a newspaper on the sidewalk.

“I love you, Cynthia. Yes, I love you, even though you are a Yiddish vampire.” Cythia smiled meekly, and continued existing there, two feet in front of him. “I love you,”—and she existed; “I hate you,”—and Cynthia still existed. At times when he left her, he knew all the time that over in Brooklyn, Cynthia was existing inexorably, saying something to one of her sisters, perhaps, or buying bananas, or sitting * * * “You have the memory of sex.” At times he had tried to bludgeon her with that, too, and was answered as usual with the quiet fact of her existence.

“The war. I’ll get you yet. Gaping on a battle-field in France. Can’t you see me there, my face all twisted like a piece of an old tree-trunk, a gun tossed somewhere, and my guts oozing out; can’t

* Deleted.
you see me?” Cynthia, with nothing else to say, admitted that yes, she could see him. Monstrous!

With a snarl; “You, my dear, ought to live in some Arcadian province where women are disposed of more summarily. Biceps,—that’s the way to court you. Like this.” He stepped against her, threw his arms around, and pressed her backwards with his chin.

* * * and began heaving her to the couch. His knuckles scraped against a chair. The divan reached, he dropped her on it. “Stop it, David!” She laughed, and pushed away one compromising hand of his. Wassermann panted, felt ridiculous. “Straight business, with annoying difficulties and injuries,” he thought in the style of Wright as he paid attention to the smarting knuckles. She rearranged herself, with no thought of a recovering hen; the things that slipped by her!

“She smells like a horse.” He added aloud, “Perhaps I should have brought Wright with me?” . . . “She stinks like a horse. How is it possible to love such a woman. For I can’t lie out of it, she stinks. But I want her to stink. It is my way of having my guts ooze out. That ought to cure me of her, but it doesn’t. But this for consolation: my urge is at least proved to be straight lust.” Cynthia had answered something about Wright; he would not ask her what it was.

“I suppose I shouldn’t resent these failures,” he began argumentatively. “We are still walking in our origins. It continues to be a matter of Apollo and Daphne, where if women can’t turn into laurel trees any longer, they turn into logs. But then, you must not forget you are always open to the charge of being undersexed, which is scandalous.” Both laughed. “Still as I say, you are only acting within the nature of things if you resist. Be as fair yourself, then, and admit that I, too, am acting within the nature of things when I persist.” But what an ass to justify her. He should deplore her without end. Never to weaken on the thing. To know that she must give in. And never begin defending himself; it should go without saying that his position was fitting.

He pointed upstairs. “Listen: it’s sisters, and mothers, and fathers. Great God, what chance do I have! Even if you were insane to give yourself, those noises would keep you pure. How
could a man ever seduce such a woman; with so many thunderous
generalties to combat? As I just said, you are protected phylo-
genetically; with those noises upstairs you are protected socially;
and worst of all, you are protected by these damned cerebrizings of
mine. Oh tender Gibraltar!... Cynthia was listening intently.
"But that's all the wrong tack, Cynthia. Let's faire table rase.
Why not begin all over again? I am glad to know you; weather
and so forth; yes, I know Harry; Ibsen is a bit demoded; do you
really think so? Come on, Cynthia, let's sing a duet; if we can't
agree on love, at least we both believe that Shaw is right about the
war, Shaw with his rare common-sense."
"On the whole we think reasonably alike, David."
"Yes, we think very much alike. Our minds are in perfect copula-
tion. But corporeally. Damn it, I have more important things in
this world to do than niggle around with sex. But so long as you
hold me up on this one score, I am worthless. I am kept in an
endless state of dispersion. I'm just a waldschrat, one always-swol-
len . . ." The people upstairs! He saw it in Cynthia's
eyes, and subsided, the harsh word unfinished.
Five hours of this! He left her, kissing her at the door. With-
in ten minutes Cynthia was undressed, and had walked to the bath-
room in her nightgown. Wassermann caught the subway to Times
Square as Cynthia was brushing her teeth.

* * * *

Wright to Wassermann: "The fact is that you simply must
stick to this much-ado. If you drop it, you have nothing left.
The . . ."
"I refuse to swallow any more of that, do you understand?
First Cynthia, and then you; it's too much for an evening, just a
l-i-t-t-l-e too much. You and your composure, bosh! You
say I am histrionic. But it never occurred to you that your im-
moveable front is another symptom of the same disease. If I am a
stagey neurasthenic, then you are a stagey Stoic."
"Wait a minute. I am not fighting with you, I am diagnosing
you. Cynthia hears that sort of thing as long as you are with
her; can't you listen to one sentence of it?"
“It isn’t the diagnosis I object to, it’s the flatness of it. You say I have nothing but my agitation, my noise in other words. What am I to answer? You simply kill all chance of discussion with a sentence like that. What are its merits? Is it astonishing? Is it clever? Is it subtle? It just stands out there like a big face fat with a bad liver. If you want to penetrate me, I am willing to listen. I am anxious to listen, in fact. But if you’re going to fling hunks of statement at me like mudpies, I want to make it clear that I am not interested.”

“Go on.”

“I have said what I had to say.”

“No!”

Wassermann snorted. “You’re getting weak, Wright, if that’s the best come-back you have. Or I’ve gone the length of you, and am leaving you behind. You must have been frantic for a last word if you could grab at such a shabby little straw as that.” Wright said nothing. “Quite in character, you say nothing. That is expected to wither me, to dry me up and blow me away. But this time, it doesn’t.” Wright smiled encouragingly, said nothing. “I’ll give you credit, that works. It gets on a man’s nerves, especially a man like me. It would be highly admirable, if it weren’t so easy to apply. Another trouble with it is that it is inclined to become too pat. It fits roughly in too many cases to be nicely adapted to any of them. And in time it blunts a man, since it gets him into making a broad division of his sensations: this thing I recognize, this thing I am silent about. With the final result that you become inarticulate. You forget how to carve neat slices off a big steaming idea. You become no better than an amoeba, approaching what is pleasant, and retreating from what is unpleasant, without intelligent observation.”

“There is a lot to what you say, Wassermann. But I must be going now, if you’ll let me leave without calling it a last bit of blunt technique. The fact is that I do have to go. We’ll see each other tomorrow night.”

A dirty way to defeat a man. Wright’s going left him bound. The bile must drip back into his stomach, and stay there poisoning him until tomorrow night. They were monsters, both of them, with Cynthia a little worse because she was a woman, and loved. They
were two suns for him to race around; they stood still, and let him break his neck. But the devil; what a superb martyrdom anyhow. If he saw things, and simply had to say them, it was worth seeing and saying them at any cost. Not so bad to be a victim of too much clarity. He was a fly-eye.

"Waiter . . . waiter." The waiter came on the run. "I ordered black coffee."

II

"Everything in the world's one more little devil's tongue for me to bleed on. If it's a chair, I'll stave my shins on it in the dark; if it's a razor, the relation between us is an immediate possibility of my hurling it out the window; if it's a person, it'll say 'How are you,' and I'll nearly pass out apoplectic with pounding sentences. Don't you ever get that? An egocentric attitude of life, with nothing but you and God, and God making the world to plague you? No, of course not. Roman therms, resignation, either no God or a laissez-faire policy on the part of God; ah, how Walter Pater, how Parean marble, how off in the mountains to meditate. But I know there is a God, with a swagger, and an ugly leer, and a quid of tobacco in his cheek. However, my friend, damn you. You are driving me into this. I was unusually conciliatory this evening. Even a bit reminiscent, in fact.'" Wassermann stopped; Wright stretched and yawned with a miniature embarrassment.

"And then to this: D'ordinaire, insinuante et impérieuse, elle violait doucement, intéressée par les capitulations successives, jouissant des retraits et des sursauts de la pudeur des mâles qui n'est vaincue qu'au moment où elle devient inflexible. Son jeu était serré, sûr et astucieux; délicieux insecte d'aventure, serrant autour de sa proie les spirales de son vole, elle chantait comme une abeille; puis, soudain l'abeille se taisait, buvait, les ailes calmes, la vie de la fleur humaine. Mais aujourd'hui, peureuse, elle se laissait dévêtir avec la patience d'une orpheline; sans autre désir que d'être agréable aux mains de son ami.' What a velvet touch! He caressed those sentences as he would have caressed Mauve herself. For God's sake, man, give over that truck and read literature. Have you ever seen 'Le Miracle des roses'? No, you haven't. Then why talk about French literature to me?"
“By that time we were all pretty well soused.”

“And then to this: ‘Où pouvaient, songea-t-il, se recruter de telles vocations? Quelle corne, sonnant dans la nuit, sonnait assez haut, pour assembler un troupeau d’aussi lamentables femmes? Donner toute sa vie à la mort, n’avoir d’autre souci que la toilette des cadavres, la veillée solitaire près des corps rigides et des faces froides où l’ombre du nez marque une heure immuable sur la putréfaction de la joue!’ All the bigger Frenchmen have places now and then that run like rivers.”

“You know that little hotel, too? The west rooms give you all you want of the Hudson in the morning. And no questions asked.”

“Oh, no, I take it back, Wright. You get up in front of me like a big stupid face to be punched, and I am always just a little too off my balance to punch it. Someday I’m going to look at you, and promptly break into little pieces. You and . . .” . . . “And now it’s Up-Swallow, Fifty Cents Gone. You couldn’t get rid of money faster throwing it down the . . .” . . . “Cynthia are two marvelous forces to have drawn up in either direction of a man. It’s as though I were in a big gloomy hallway, with an Italian carved grandfather’s-clock on one side of me, and a family portrait on the other. Dull gold face and dull gold frame,—it’s worse than if my two shoulders were sinister, had worms in them, and I could see them out of the corner of my eyes. You’re like two big boats, dull black in a dull gray harbor. You’re problems, like all static things.

“I had more promise during adolescence, right hand and all. Then these damned problems of human relations hadn’t pulped me. I was a shrieking, battling I. At night I used to wander through the cemetery, and if I didn’t get scared, I’d scare myself. I’d throw my arms around a tombstone, and listen, and then start to blab and blub as though I was mad, until finally I would be half-mad. And then I’d walk slowly away, with my back to all that darkness and pale white, and when I got out of there I would be sick. Once I vomited on the sexton. Then I was . . .”—“. . .I wanted to kiss Minney and light my cigarette, and instead I put the cigarette in her mouth and nearly kissed the match. Did you hear that? I wanted . . .”

“But that’s all different now. A man is worth something when there are women in general, not specific women. While there’s a world of women, there’s possibility; but what can I do? Flap and
flutter and squawk myself over the hedge. Go on stirring the brew to keep it from sticking. Rattle at my brain with words until I've numbed it. Thank God, there's always some satisfaction in a precise diagnosis. So long as I can chart my defections, I at least have the intellectuality of the chart to encourage me. And when I die, I'll know exactly how I'm dead. Hamletism is a remedy worth talking of. Especially Hamletism on the proscenium. For the hamletically inclined, there is always pause enough between the wound and decease to drop a cosmogony and a couple of attitudes on life. And how conciliatory it may be to pass away with a properly modernized adsum.

"Oh hell, oh hell. Out of this kitchen-pot of fairies, and kikes, and lounge lizards, and Spearmint stenographers, and fat old breeding machines on the East Side, out of these five million pancreas and livers, why do I have to moon over Cynthia! Why can't I get back into the swirl of things, and embrace the city in general? If I could plunge forward into some dawn or other. Or if the city could occur to me like a sudden revelation, with me shrieking, 'Fish! Fish! Jesus, Christ, God, Son, Saviour!'

"If religion is the sublimation of sex, where's my breviary? I'm nearly bursting with sex, and yet I just have enough religion to be mildly blasphemous. Why don't people shout at me when I walk along the street; why don't they lock their doors, and pile furniture against them, and watch me from their second-story windows; for I'm one unceasing swollen possibility of rape. I'm satyriasis stalking nymphomania. And yet if an auto were to run against me accidentally, I could call a policeman and have the driver arrested.

"But I have been too honest with myself. A man's a suicide if he insists on clarity. Beyond knowing what's right and what's left, and what's up and down, clarity becomes a grave nuisance. Intelligence is a parasitic growth, and saps the body like a cancer. It endangers the silver medium. The brain was once a mere implement of the body, functioning solely to add to the body's welfare, like the kidneys. But now it is threatening to usurp an entity of its own. It demands certain foods and amusements which can be indulged in only at great inconvenience and often with danger. Comme on pisse les chiens, one must walk one's brain. And it is still so young, that one's attentions to it are frequently of a disgusting nature. And so, I have
stuffed my brain with rich, oozy clarity, with the consequence that I can see every pore in every pore in every nose, and catch the smell of every armpit. And when you see that way, you have two choices: you can be either a dervish or a pig. If you're a dervish, you shrink from it all, and drown yourself in denials and negations, and spend sinister years trying to rub the filth out of your carcass. But if on the other hand you see it all, and refuse to deny, and are determined even to glorify and wallow in, then, friend, you are a pig. That is what clarity does for you. A sweet little virgin who grows up in neatness, goes to school, is courted tenderly, and finally married; there is modesty, refinement, loveliness for you—and intellectual muddiness, and passional stupidity enough to drive you wild. These women are perfectly functioning units, developing logically and infallibly towards the grand culmination, marriage. Thus we see how orderly and social things are without clarity. But with clarity, you must be either a recluse starving on God, or a cur with his nose under a tail.”

Wright's eyes edged toward the centre of the room. Gutzkow, like a monster shadow, was holding a jug. Beside him was a university student with a small mustache, a watch in his hand. “Get ready—get set—Go!” The but of the jug was raised a little higher, while Gutzkow's lips wrapped themselves surely over the mouth. The liquid began seeking its level. Gutzkow took it amply. It was all like a fire-hose spurting into a sewer.

“Fifteen—twenty-twenty-two seconds. You take the money.” Gutzkow had won.

III

“Great God, man, I am escaping from sex. I suppose if you picked pins off the floor fast enough you could get out of an idée fixe. I'm trying to forget my captivity with battling around the cage. Cynthia! Christ, what a Muse! Between—its a nasty bell to have ringing in your head. Booze, dope, sweating, socialism—they're the only four escapes, and I've tried them all. Dope is the poorest; I can't go that way. I can thump and pound until I burst, but I can't fade away. And booze is only an accompaniment. It's just a steady bass to an agitated treble. Sweating is at best Tolstoyan. It's a grand theory that dies with a whine, like a pig-balloon. And at
worst Jean-Jacques Rousseau. Weary brawn at sunset—a tender department store master. Toiler with his pipe; open fireplace; wife and cradle; work basket on lap; sunset visible through window. And as for socialism, it’s either bums or double-lens spectacles.

“I joined the ‘Red Flag.’ Recommended as trustworthy by a dear and intimate friend. The great night finally approached. We assembled in a ratskeller. ‘Would you kindly leave the room, while the matter of new members is being discussed?’ ‘Certainly, certainly.’ I went up to the bar and had a beer. Another beer, and I was summoned before the committee. ‘Mr. Wassermann, before you pledge your word, you must understand that this is a grave matter. We are part of an organization forming over the entire country to resist the forces of reaction. We are an underground organization. The cause is greater than our life. The pledge binds you to be subject at any time to perform anything which is found necessary.’ ‘Mr. Chairman, I am not prepared to go blindly to such an extent. I am anxious to ally myself with the principles your organization stands for. But I cannot forswear the freedom of disposing of myself as I may see fit at any time. And to me my life is more important than the life of a community however great and oppressed.’ ‘Mr. Wassermann, you are a serious-minded man. You are no doubt earnest in your radical sympathies. But I fear you are not ripe for the cause we represent.’ I am rejected, but my dear and intimate friend, who is one of the chosen, enjoys to this day the privileges of this dark organization. Once a month they give a dance, he tells me, and with the yearly dues of five dollars they are able to keep up a pleasant little clubroom, with translations of Russian novels, and three volumes of Schnitzler in the original. Also, I believe, there is a book by Karl Marx... I was too mild.

“And again I am thrown back on Cynthia.... Scotch? Beer here. A Scotch and a beer, professor.... Why can’t a man have a real opportunity? Or an arrangement whereby we can be of some use—consumptives, decrepits, and poor devils like me. I want to found a headquarters where all people can come who are going to die. Take a suicide, for instance. He comes into the office, with reliable credentials that he is a paranoiac; he has decided to kill himself. I look through the card index system; and find that so-and-so has been responsible for another half-cent rise in the price of sugar. My suicide
receives a full description of this gentleman, his habits, where he lives. Then goes out and murders him, explains publicly that it was owing to the half-cent increase in sugar, and kills himself. Or a consumptive could have done it, and spit his lungs out the following week in prison.

"But it's coming, men." Wassermann ignored Wright, and addressed the people at the next table. "The greatest hope of revolution in America came with the passing of prohibition. The American still has the instinct of the Boston Tea Party in him; he must have something trivial to revolutionize about. You can starve him, rob him, drive him among the cogs of a machine, or explode him, and he'll merely grumble. But step on his corn, or call him a bastard, or kick his dog, and by God, he'll murder you. . . . But I am afraid the ruling classes know this as well as I do. They won't force the issue too strongly, and as a result of this yielding, social unrest will disappear behind the aegis of mean prosperity, the ability to earn a good enough living, to marry and provide your wife with an effective douche. The Bismarcks and Von Moltkes of America will be more successful than their prototypes, because they possess enough English blood and English diplomacy to add hypocrisy to the rest of their dirty equipment. And the idealism of America is always low enough to enable the purchase of their chosen leaders. So we can expect every Sam Gompers of the future to appear in the best of society; we shall hear talk of great prosperity; of America's colossal commerce overtopping that of Great Britain; of America's stupendous merchant marine; of American banks in every third-rate city in the world. Everything will be 100 per cent American, made in America, Amerika über alles. Competent experts will be dispatched at the government's expense to study foreign markets, and the ways of eliminating foreign competition. Do you see what I am doing? I am prophesying the rise of another Prussia." With the word rise, Wassermann rose himself, and swung his right arm at the crowd that had gathered around his table. "I am depicting our development for the next thirty or forty years, when all of a sudden we shall awake to the fact that the armed forces of three-fourths of the globe are steaming toward our ports, to conquer another and a greater Prussia in another ghastly 'last war.' Perhaps I am ill-disposed tonight, ladies and gentlemen, but that is what I see tonight for this great stronghold of free speech,
constitutional rights, and making the prisons safe and so forth.” Someone began to cheer, and the others took it up at once. “Shut up, you swine,” Wassermann bit at them, and they shut up, causing a dead quiet. Outside, an elevated train rumbled past. Wassermann recommenced in a low voice. His peroration.

“Debs, we don’t want you. Our constitutional liberties came too easily to us for us to defend them. Regardless of a country’s constitution, it gets the sort of government it deserves; and we evidently deserve a government of hypocrisy, low-mindedness, under the species of eternity, the dollar. We don’t want our constitution, Debs, we want salved nonsense, and sleek respectables, and greasy ward-bosses. And if you try to restore to us something we don’t want, into prison you go, judged by twelve of our own good and true. To the dungeon with you, Debs, and if you attempt to do anything for us again, we’ll lynch you, in accordance with another of our highly democratic customs. Do you hear? Like the friends of good government and humanity we are, we’ll squeeze your neck till your eyes bulge and your tongue hangs out, and then we’ll let you dangle there as food for the crows and approving editorials in the ‘Times.’” He picked up his glass of beer, put it quickly to his lips, and took it at a gulp. Then with a sudden snarl, he flung the empty tumbler against the ceiling, where it smashed into bits, and fell on the heads of the listeners. He turned about viciously, and burst through the swinging doors, Out Into The Night.

* * *

“Why, Cynthia, must you insist on walking on these noisy streets? I want to break down tonight, and cry, and have my tears kissed, and all that. Cynthia, I am terribly miserable.”

“What did you say, David? The cars, you know. It is hard to understand you when you speak so low.”

“My God, my God. Everything is monsters! That damned fool speech in the saloon was a monster. My life since leaving you has been one monster after another. This situation tonight is a monster. Monsters, MONSTERS,—did you hear that?”

“Yes, David.”

“I quarreled with my father today. He wanted me to learn that
dirty Jew business of his. Why must all Jews be either pawnbrokers or in the clothing business! I left the house.... That was another monster. And I went into a public

The wretch who did that had a direct mind; Rops was never madder; Cynthia, I love you!

They were already on the Manhattan Bridge. Cynthia said nothing. "J'eusse aimé vivre auprès d'une jeune géante. Thank God, Baudelaire understood. I wonder if they know what they are doing, these mild college professors who put that sonnet in their anthologies." Cynthia said nothing. The lights along the shore revealed dim shapes. The thick girders of the bridge itself were dim and far above their heads. "I could take you now, and hurl you away down there into that black water. Couldn't I?" He cackled. "Eh, couldn't I?" Cynthia shuddered as she felt his arms on her hips. "Oh Christ, oh Christ!" he moaned. "I give it up. Cynthia, will you marry me!" Cynthia's heart gave a bound, but she still thought it advisable to say nothing. They stopped, and looked down vaguely into the water. Wassermann brooded wearily on the realization that he had proposed marriage, and was no doubt accepted.

IV

The candle was nearly out. (Cynthia had insisted on candles). She seemed to take it all so comfortably, this little snatch of platitudinous romance. The candle gone, leaving the room heavy with irregular darkneses; the fire in the grate a mere sullen glow; the cold drawing its circle closer and closer about them, and forcing them nearer to each other; his head resting on her knees. Wright wondered if she accepted all this without question; and he suspected that she was perfectly at home.

"Our last night together, Cynthia."

"And our first!" There was the hint of a sigh. Wright winced. My God, how women loved this sort of thing! Men have to hate other men, considering what must be said to women. Would she mention Wassermann? But he must quit gauging her; he must dip into this thing with heart. What nasty complications arose... his virginity, and her own. Did she know he was watching her? Do
women suspect the calculating eye of the male? The spider and the fly . . . trite again. Why didn't he rebel? Why couldn't he send her home, even at this late hour, and load his lungs with the cold fresh air of a good book? No, he had but one of two choices: he could pass this by and be as incomplete as ever, or he could keep her here and put up with the tarnish. It was tyrannical, yes, but inevitable, that no matter how far one has gone with reading, life must begin at the beginning. But wasn't this, too, a cheaply romantic judgment. to confuse life with sex? Like that little Jew back in Ohio who used to go down to the whore-district to "see life." But damn all this ergotizing; no wonder so many eager little girls can go so long untouched, if men must spend their time in straying from the highway. . . . But women demand some sort of ceremony; just as their sex is distributed all over their body, so the sex urge is less localized, less immediate. With men, philandering is cowardice; with women it is a completely accepted component in the formula of love. . . . Still, he yearned for a direct statement, and trusted in its efficacy, if he could ever find a fitting one. . . . He took off one of her shoes, and hoped to God that he had done enough. As he must have, since she kissed him a moment later, and went into the alcove, where he could hear her undressing. She had only dropped in for a few minutes; really she couldn't stay; and now here she was undressing in his alcove; he felt weighted down with experience, for he knew that all women would be this way.

"Good night, Lambert!"

"Good night, Cynthia. And don't worry about me. The little cot out here will be perfectly comfortable." All part of the ceremony, as they both knew; ten minutes later he was crawling awkwardly into bed with her, after rincing his mouth with Chartreuse.

She cuddled over against him, and a little song of happiness began singing within him. This thing on his shoulder,—it was lovely, it was sweet. Her cold nose was against his ear.

"Listen, little Cynthia; here is a speech on what people remember: People remember different things. Some people remember the names of everybody they went to school with, and some remember when they had chicken pox, and some remember their Latin, and some remember the first time they saw Eiffel tower, but I—I remember the tumult of her breathing in my ear." Thank God, he had delivered
it! He had walked up, and laid down his brick, and walked away. But Cynthia was sleepy... He lay there helplessly, and let her slip away from him; tender, brutal, weary, rebellious—one by one his moods changed color, and all the while Cynthia drifted more impregnably into sleep. He loved the little twitchings of her legs. And last of all, he decided to forgive her, for surely girls do not realize they are so cruel. Cynthia was asleep.

Surely, he must be thin, he must be woefully one-stringed, to suffer this with such resignation. And poor little Cynthia would unconsciously take advantage of this. Yes, she was safe. Ferociously, then sentimentally, and then wearily he admitted it, she was safe. She would go to Wassermann with all the technical requirements fulfilled.

* * *

"You dog, you can sit there and smirk me on my way into matrimony. I confess, I have failed. It was marriage or nothing, and my nature abhors a vacuum. I'm done for. Wright, this is my epilogue, these words I am saying to you now. Or is my epilogue the ones I say five years from now, when I'm a Jew with a nose and a fat belly?" He approached a sneer. "Do you know, do you realize, man, that I have patched things up with my father, that I am to be his junior partner, and that we are going to enlarge the firm? The Wassermann Clothing Company becomes the Greater New York Clothing Company, a growing organization, you see. Wish me luck, and hope never to see me again."
BRUXELLES-BERLIN VIA ROTTERDAM

E bruxelles qui-a-bu-boira-chicorée-pacha NE-PAS-CRACHER au nom du roi fouler le territoire de la reine à rotterdam COMMERCE DE DELICATESSES aux VARIÉTÉS SCIENCE ET ART le chef d'orchestre patine religieusement la reine grasse de Saba en-joue au piston la belle vache accouche fromage colportent l'amour les Wilhelmines en serviette d'agent de change les moulins à eau brassent du vent les mains du coiffeur suent le sauret fumé tout est en demi-salé et sent les conserves aux petits-maîtres stérilisés les rotter-amsterdammeriennes au vent devant vont et viennent par La Haye au lunch-hotel sans décolleté s'engagent à la toilette car tout seulement sous les draps de lit la nuit volets fermés comme savon lait-battu en boites et panta-lons sans brayette et la lune dévoilée dans son trou au jour s'éclipse à l'équerre l'eau lave les prairies en géométrie nature-mortre rembrandt-clair-obscur en accroupi-Berlage les maisons sans étages coiffées du bonnet des vieilles flottent cul et cale au vol-au-vent les résineux solitaires s'ensablent patiemment rigides et orthodoxes se communiquent à la toorop leur bonsoir mystique en méditation prolifique aussi le sable car chiures en couches cosmopolites que la mer a délaissées derrière les dunes GARE FRONTIERE déclarer de Harlem l'huile pour rêves lunatiques et autres constipations les valises valent les voyageurs curiosité de linge sale quelle farce fabuleusement absurde que cette vie humaine VOITURE RESTAURANT SOUPE MITROPA universelle est l'hygiène DÉFENSE DE CRA-CHER se congestionnent à la morale hollandais contre Améri-cain la dame polit en or ses dents minutieusement s'annonce berlin républice à la réclame électrique INSTITUT POUR ENTERREMENTS.

CLEMENT Pansaers
HISTORICAL SURVEY

"The mantle of Mathew Arnold has descended."—S. T.

About the year 1921 the young gentlemen of Devonshire St. (P.B.S.) invented the new solemnity. (Vide the Chapbook). It was said that this was an approvable antidote for Middleton Murray and people of that sort (J. C. Squire, etc.) who should however be dealt with by chemists.

A plague of potato bugs does not call for a counteracting movement in literary criticism, neither is there any use in trying to combat one form of idiotic and pompous solemnity by assuming the mannerisms of the Times Lit. Sup.

Mr. Aldington's article on Joyce in the English Review is the funniest thing that has appeared in England for some time; if he does not succeed in succeeding Edmond Gosse, he at any rate ousts Mr. Owen Seaman, and for this clever bit of sewer cleaning he certainly should receive a pension from the ever just British Govt.

The Dean of English criticism, Mr. T. S. Eliot, pronounces that "the greatest poets have been concerned with moral values"; this red-herring is justifiable on the grounds of extreme mental or physical exhaustion. The "greatest of poets" (Herr Jel what a phrase) have also eaten food, walked—and, mehercule, walked upon legs. The statements are of about equal value, my own having perhaps a greater per centum of truth in them, a, let us say, 99 ½% and should therefore be the more welcome to cautious and scholarly minds.

Aeschylus was concerned in proving that the gods were a bad lot, Oedipus got a rotten deal, etc. Villon is "concerned," I should worry. Shakespeare dramatized some of Montaigne's superficialities, and did perhaps, in Hamlet, indulge in a little Vale Owenism, but the question of survival of personality is metaphysical rather than ethical.

And in any case, in any case, in any case, it is buncomb to drag these matters into a question of poetry.
A work of art, one almost ought to call it an “act of art,” is enjoyable in proportion as the maker has made it to please himself.

This is not a superficial test superficially applicable. The conviction came to me in looking at four paintings by Clement Pansaers (about whose writing I have, for the moment, no opinion whatever).

These paintings are not especially novel, they are, let us say, related to the sort of thing Matisse was doing in 1911-12, and, in less degree, to Kandinsky.

I could see in them no defects, and very possibly no nameable merit save the chief merit, i.e., that there remained with me no doubt whatever that Pansaers had made them because he wanted to make them, that they had, historically, no other reason for existence.

(Such, upon enquiry, appeared to be case, historically: Pansaers had turned from his writing-desk, seized his wife’s already prepared palette, and put paint onto canvas).

By this test you can sort out the real from the academic; and I’m hanged if it isn’t the only test that leads one through the labyrinth; that enables one to reject, on grounds, the floods of rubbish poured over one, the floods of rubbish which conform to every defined excellence of the definers; of the academics.

It is the one test that dodges the adjectives set up by compliers for the purpose of protecting the second rate.

(And now, gentlemen, now that the broken eggs and brick bats lie thickly upon the platform, I may perhaps be permitted to continue.)

Even in the “greatest” (for god’s sake let us say “longest” if it refers to literature, and “largest” if it refers to painting, and “bulkiest” if to sculpture) . . . works the live part is the part which the artist has put there to please himself, and the dead part is the part which he has put there for some other reason . . .; which he has put there, let us say, because he thinks he ought to—i.e., “ought to,” either to get or to keep an audience; or to conform to some standard of culture, or to avoid a “vulgarity,” or to please a cult (ethical, religious orarty).
When the idea of duty comes in, pleasure ceases. This simple statement is as true of art as of amours.

Precisely, a work of art made to please the artist may be comic (unintentionally comic), it may be agrestie, barbaric, even stupid (as Montaigne and Dürer and Monticelli are, often, stupid) but it will not be dead. It will not have the distinguishingly moribund character of a review in the Times, or of the poems in my volume "Canzoni."

The curse of the older generation in America was that they were always trying to impress "their duty" on writers. It is a writer's business to be dutiful if he likes being dutiful; and to be undutiful if it pleases him to be undutiful,—in which latter case he is more likely to be sympathetic.

The new generation in America, consisting of Mr. T. Jewell Cravens, W. C. Blum, and a few old gentlemen like Van Wyck Brooks have somewhat broken away. That bad boy Mr. Mencken is on another tack

Mr. Blum is a wicked man, well disposed toward me, personally, but still wicked. He makes and repeats in slightly altered form, in the Dial, the statement that I have pretended that parsing the classics will save American literature, and "make" authors.

"Parse all the classics, ancient and modern," is the only phrase of his I can verify at the moment. This he calls "Pound's remedy for us," (i. e., American writers).

Mr. Blum is a man of many virtues but that statement is bumbling. The one use of a man's knowing the classics is to prevent him from imitating the false classics.

You read Catullus, to prevent yourself from being poisoned by the lies of pundits; you read Propertius to purge yourself of the greasy sediments of lecture courses on "American Literature," on "English Literature from Dryden to Addison"; you (in extreme cases) read Arnaut Daniel so as not to be overawed by a local editor who faces you with a condemnation in the phrase "paucity of rhyme."

The classics, "ancient and modern," are precisely the acids to gnaw through the thongs and bulls-hides with which we are tied by our schoolmasters.
They are the antiseptics. They are almost the only antiseptics against the contagious imbecility of mankind.

I can conceive an intelligence strong enough to exist without them, but I can not recall having met an incarnation of such intelligence. Some does better and some does worse.

The strength of Picasso is largely in his having chewed through and chewed up a great mass of classicism; which, for example, the lesser cubists, and the flabby cubists have not.

The use of the classics is to give man courage, not merely a fomentary courage, but the permanent courage, to please himself, and not to give the minutest fraction of a half-baked underdone damn for any alleged consequence whatsoever, social, moral or political. (Under social read economic.)

The work of art is not a means.
The work of art is an end.

It is the result of an act or actions committed to please the artist and for no other reason. Plenty of bad writers are doubtless writing in the way they like . . . to get an audience, to keep an audience, to pay the rent, to attract the attention of someone whom they admire, the result is a botch. A botch because they ought to attempt their various aims with a pick-axe or with a checque-book or by growing a blond and beautiful beard.

The work of art is an end. When he has done it, the artist is as artist through with it. If he remembers it, if it is good enough to give him pleasure when he next sees it, when he sees it after a lapse of ten years, he then approaches it as the admiring spectator; or if he has a pride in it, if it serves to lift him out of a grutch, he approaches it merely as the proud parent, or in some such sentimental, human relation.

EZRA POUND.

NOTE: The joke of it is that, the then, Mr. Henry Newbolt, author of Drake's Drum, now Sir Henry Newbolt, author of what's-its-name, said something very like the main idea of this essay in Fuller's Tea Shop, in 1913 or '15 after an utterly un-informed and imbecile lecture by himself to the British Royal Soc. of Lit.
COMPANION, a territorial, aged 43, is a soldier of grave and melancholy appearance. He was tried yesterday before the 2nd Court Martial of Paris, before Colonel Chartier, upon a charge of desertion. The President asks the Accused: “What did you desert for?”

ACCUSED: I asked for a furlough and they wouldn’t give it to me. I had to go to my home at Stains, near Saint-Denis. I had my potatoes to dig; they couldn’t wait. I set to work at once and worked hard. When I’d got all my potatoes out, I went straight back. I did not know I had deserted.

PRESIDENT: You seem to forget it’s war-time. We can’t have you leaving your regiment to dig potatoes. You are not giving a serious reason.

ACCUSED: I had to get my potatoes out somehow.

---

Dedication
The poem is dedicated to Roland Garros
prisoner at Güstrin
Germany

Morane
lunch at Villacoublay
we see in a stereoscope
all your photographs

Garros I you
Garros here
we

Malmaison
the lawn the bees
Josephine’s harp a
large broken wing

You Garros
Nothing but this black silence
you lived in her room
dear creole

Cüstrin so far away in
Joanne and Larousse
Cüstrin hard to find on the
map

Garros our flights
I thought we were falling
and it was your famous
bank on the wing

now they teach it to all the
pilots
at Plessis-Belleville

a thread of sky divides
a lump of heart
infinitely

and we sink upward
but
I knew your grasp

pilot
familiar of graphite
and over our silences as if
inside a diver's helmet

the dead town
inverted

Grip tight Garros
hold on to my shoulder

Dante and Vergil
crouched over abysses

I will take you up now in
my turn
familiar ink.

and here are my loopings
my records of high altitude

There is no use asking
more questions
deaf
in my wind my motor and
my mask
I choose you
on purpose
prisoner of men

unable to defend yourself
from my fraternal gift

we move with the whole
factory
the mechanisms have started their racket
enormous rag-times
short-circuits
moon-twitchings

a rod rhymes with a rod
a piston with a piston
a bolt with a thousand bolts

but none of one sort with
those of any other

coitition
at a distance

the same oil runs in the
joints

and at the funeral dentists'
the American convict

Invaded with amperes
Goes down like a ship
mast-under

here is the song of obe-
dience
our exiguous slave's
rôle

and you
leaden angel Garros
your great sad epic

poor friend we are so heavy

Preamble
where the poets attempts
to outline a poetic

Not a minute to be lost

the cocks
uproar of limbos
barkings of ghosts in flight

hamlet
delivers the dawn

The clock
Come stand up
I drive my heavy team
a swallow
sucks in
eagerly its sharp cry
and
capsizes
on the storm-shaken grass
swallows
the sour shreiks
then
the artesian
blood
obstructs an
plant infallible
An early airplane awakes
me
in the deep ocean
the sponge listens
to a transatlantic propeller

the rye-kernel
without grass' chatting
and far from emphatic trees

I
plant
it
it will sprout

forsake the country feasts

for the explosive word falls
harmlessly
eternal through
the dense generations
and if not you
nothing
will detonate
its fragrant melinite

Hoio
I discard eloquence
The hollow sail
and the swollen sail
that cause the ship to lose
course

in its sluggish brain
in its hive of bitter salt
in its lungs of yellow tow
my ink indents
and there
and there
and there

The looking-glass wardrobe drifting ice-floes
the little eskimo girl
dreaming
in a heap
of moist negroes
her nose was flattened there
against the pane of dreary
christmases

A white bear
adorned with chromatic
moire
dries himself
in the midnight
sun

Liners
the huge luxury immersed
slowly founders

with all its lights
thus
the ball founders
into the thousand mirrors
of the palace hotel

and now
It is I
thin Columbus of phenomena
alone
in front of a looking-glass wardrobe
full of linen
and locked

The stubborn miner
of emptiness
digs
in his plenteous mine
the rough possible
there glitters
amid the white rock

O
cataleptic princess of Perrault
listen to my horn and to my pack
I release you from the forest where we overcame the spell
here by the pen with one another we are married on the page

islands Sobs of Ariadne

Ariadnes crawling Ariadnes the seals for I betray you my fair verses to run and awaken elsewhere

forecasting no architecture simply deaf like you

blind like you old innumerable Homer born everywhere

I elaborate in the meadows of inward silence
and the work of the mission and the poem of the work and the verse of the poem and the group of the verse and the words of the group and the letters of the word and the least loop of the letters thus your foot of satin accurate I place them in position Blondin pink rope dancer

Sucked down by the abyss
to the left to the right
the god shakes the tight rope
and I walk towards the other bank
with infinite caution

New York buildings
this triangular and American
angel perch
little acropolis
not made in Germany where they are always making bad blue prints of eternity against nature

the unknown curdles diluting aquarium blossoms

diluting

elohims hands
octopuses of darkness

on the fly's retina
ten thousand times the lump of sugar

we expected God almighty inside it

Acrobat
perfect dancer
I admire you

walking on our feet
our arms
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>free for any kind of motion but you on your hands slowly the useful leg stops exactly where it must precise sheaf</th>
<th>a statue of sugar seated Advance crush dove - slaughtering Hercules</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>The shoulder alone having felt the yoke breathes free and none better than you the fugue Igor none better than you Pablo anatomy</td>
<td>Tropmann</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>none better than I alexandrine arithmetic</td>
<td>So that be accomplished the child conceived in androgynous solitude</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Advance</td>
<td>I am the empty battery humble heavy at the mercy of a discharge</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>turn not back your past blazes you would become a sugar column</td>
<td>within me the ripe storm this domestic catastrophe electrolysis of fleece entwines an alp around the aneroid barometer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>an ox lightening-coated bellows</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
stained continental
to the mauve thunder

the cannonade
through the foliage
they let go

for fright tufts
of herbs

God coos on the tops of
am-a-zed trees

whither goes
this cool dark cloud

shaken
with pale twitchings

I feel a shock coming
platforms are decked within me

a procession starts
elsewhere

will I be worthy
foaming Cumean
shaken Sybil

o medium
o god-trap

after the crisis crackle
remnants of phosphorus
an

echo of Olympus' laugh
against me

they thought they were our
light

and my music

in truth for

they seek on their own scale

but you

let this puddle
carry you away to the At-
lantic Ocean

this cane
to the redwood
monstrous cedar

Ancestor
Far west
hollowed out
tunnel
darkness
bark

into it

I saw this on an ad-
vertisement

of the Transatlantic
Steamship Company

51
the scarlet mail coach
hurls itself
staminated
with golden trumpets

Bend this rail incline

A varnished toboggan
draw up
the alphabet

already
brand new rolled up
the poem in good order
moves
advance
leftward-bound traveller
as far as this April cross¬ways
where
awakening
with dawn’s contagious
crowings

one road alone
remains
which is to the left
to the right
and in the middle

As the Father the son and
the Holy Ghost

Attempt to Escape
where the poet tries to
escape from the earth

You earth-adorer
plant clear save marry
copulate
and heavy
and your foot heavy
treads upon your inherited
lot

your leaden sole
antipode
drive in your spade
turn up your field
geological convict
the planet-dwellers’ de-
pressing labour

prisoner of your own pres-
ence
the stratified soil breathes
you
son of earth
retained by the navel-string

lying flat against her
you carry the infinite
astride your back

heavy heavy
tyrant turf

with one kiss the mother
  crushes
the prodigal son

Among the ants
the lean ant
stirs
and bequeathes her lot

white butterfly
a gale of zephyr

makes it swerve
  after mass
  through the hills
  as far as it goes

its course strands on umbels

the tree-haunting bird chir-
rups

the pagan enthusiastic tree
cheering the season
draws its sap
from catacombs

I I listen
  to the dull picks
  the dull shocks
  of the unknown dull shocks
dull shocks of picks

the upright miner
keeping in his breath
digging the reverse gallery
  he tries to join
the others
Sons of punished airmen
there is slaughtered
he who ventures himself

the pearl fattens for the
diver

the Unknown
cuts the tube

the diver will not have the
pearl

they all died on the shore
of forbidden
explorations

I Vasco of sad effort
the captain

Standing in the dark
ductile to nothing else but
the inhuman
I awaited the truce-am-
bassadors
of void

never seen
chromatism
calcinate
tuberculosis

A propeller
(visible elsewhere)
its ghost rumbles here
proving the disk

and mows off the unbeliev-
ing hand

therefore
this angel heedless else-
where
may
to us
appear
the ineffable slackening
giant
condenses himself
suddenly there
first the shoulder

then springing

Jacob rolls over him
sternum knee bone grass struggle
hits narrow
he felt the wing
at the shoulder blade
the lukewarm hunchback
irregular breath

of an oppressed nostril
steam
against the neck

he tries to bite
grips hard
rage muscles
sweat sweet about hair roots

a sheaf of flesh
in the dark boxing-ring
warm night

the fabulous young monster splashes
the finished bath of a huge swan

Jacob finds
an advantage
of weight
weighs
pants
elastic
compresses
swan's spasm
lying on top
weighs

Swan's spasm

on him
fierce male Leda
the big starred American negro of the match
totters
drunk with pink blows
just a little more courage
are these hands they slip
cocks spread out the dawn

at last
I see my quarry
to face
pants cocks
weighs cocks
grass cocks
dark boxing-ring cocks

Jacob struggled against the
angel

full night

at morn
alone

lawn anvil angelus
cocks

dawn wets
that stiff winner falls asleep
wakes

without even

a trampling of feathers
without even
something of Armida

I really thought I held the
angel

one night
I hoped
in an opera of slumber
he was following
a farmwall of my
childhood

rue Labruyère
at dusk

he approached

a familiar face somewhat
different
and mad
withdraws
into the poppies of darkness

my shoulder
swerving
the dream
an endless fall
digs an abyss of linen
I start

and if he enters will I un-
derstand him
a Bethlehem peasant
towards help scampers off
full speed
for
the new messenger angel
dashes from the hayloft
like a starting fire

Nothing wearies
my enterprise

antedeluvian atrophied
organ

I cultivate its dead
trace

knock against the metals of
planets

I vibrate in answer to the
planets

monstrous with solitude
and sensitive
brotherhood

Along the eo
liam
bowl oe ié
my wet finger
awakens
a star

eo ié eu ea

a a ea eo ea
ue ue eo ea
ââoa eâoa
â u e â eo eu
â a e o u e u
e u e â a ue ue eo ua
o a o
â a o a
o a â a e a o â
eaeâââ oâ eauâ eauâ
o â o â eauâ
e â e â â â
in self strengthless
song of earths
coincides

I am sick of being a man
understand that

if you knew from where I
dive up
I have ripened like a cata-
strophe
everything laughed wrong
and suddenly thunders

certainty

I carry certainty in me
and the right to certainty
against over under and in-
side

I carry within me
the superposed
nines
of the proof
the gold coin and the mar-
ble
that the gold coin rings on
there is no more this and
that
mine or yours

I have crossed the zone
of wreaths

where
hammocks and gondolas
get entangled

I accuse
I lash
I whip traffic

I will find the combination
of the safe

I do not commit suicide
I do not bend Sicamber
I do not dig my grave

I pursue desperately
where all
submit
they build themselves houses introductions to graves

now those who had chosen were pauper'd of all the rest

Side for and heavy on the soil and alone and dig the earth an earth-adorer's place

or die of yourself

if not the exit is where I am seeking it

An atavism of eternity my finest child's voyage

One ought to turn back quick anyhow anywhere

overtake angel and domain

Am I the dead man in this arm-chair the slow escort a final farewell motion is swallowed up empty screen a white tremor or Captain Scott and his friends return to die long ago every evening in a Veronica eskimo cinematograph shroud

they reached our eyes like an already dead star

and not that vain heroism of tourists
but a rape
that supernatural film gives
a hope
of discoveries
worthy of us
and no maps
no compass
no pemmican
no tallow
no gold balloon
seal charmer
Elsewhere Fluids Openings
It is not in human sand
that the angel has left
his footprints
where sits to die
possessing all things
Alexander

One morning Columbus weighs anchor
on on mad crew
we will discover America
a shell of icy laughter explodes
in the varnished deckhouse
scatters the jostled lambs of the wave
an unknown desire flags the frigates
the sea rocks a newborn sky
the wide hearted pilot breathes
in spite of all
a native certainty
my note my frigate
my cry
where the wax region of silence absorbs a cry
where the treble breaks

I sing

Malibran dies in the throat of the son of that locksmith
slow science counting its legs
gallops having lost the poet's track
between A and B
swarm the signs

infra do ultra si
where the eagle peels off blind
where the walrus' blood

nipped curdles a shrub of black crystal I fly

and swim
listen to me behind silence
listen to me over silence
my bone knocks
the outside of alpha
and the outside of omega

I glide along countless intervals
oiled on sonorous slopes
tinkles meadow over intervals

I my sides injured against the octave
and weight
and the twenty-six children of Cadmus
and purple
and red
I watch in ambush

angel hunter

on this threshold
even the most victorious stops

poor of conquests

I tease eternity

---

Georgics of Death

where the poet returns to men

I sign my name at the start

plain without pedal

pleiad jack rabbit

thyme seller's cry

Remy Belleau

Seine-et-Oise

quite morning

quite tricolour

the rich manure incenses

the month of August

on the edge

of a gardener's roof

warbled

a glycina

red bricks the farm yard

boils the white dung

and the blissful greengages there

the well anchored cock
crows

his golden egg

Some day perhaps looking back

they will sing the great war

I John

I have eaten the book on a milestone

Rheims Joan Patmos

I John I have seen Rheims destroyed

and from afar it smoked like a torch

A Rheims house thunders

wavers

and open it shows

a frame

a bed

a console table
they will tell of Cosmos
he yawns
after sleeping centuries
and moves
and compels man to wound
him
with hot gashes

to feed upon him
and to feed him

they chose the lustiest
the tenderest
having some human mo-
tives
medals covenants revenge
to believe themselves free
despite of
the despotic order

they will tell of the plague

the fire roaring
from east to west

and Pallas the lean maiden
who loves only fatherlands

Some day they will tell of
Ugolin
the matron cannibal
licks eats chews digests
the young flesh
they will tell of her mouth-
fuls

high high the seraphim
split melinite
september sky
the aircraft register the fir-
ing

the cathedral
a golgotha of guipure
smoking islet I look at
its vitriolated face

a scampering priest passes

my hip hurts me very much
since I was hit by that rafter
look out lie down
the silky flourish of shells
this horse limps in its en-
trails
"they are aiming at the
gazometer doctor"

63
they will sing the Georgics of death

and seed time
having come
the general of Georgics
the blue bellied patriarch
a fresh clod
and a map
in his hand
sitting
gold starred
he directs the game

he eyes the country girl
red bonneted
the big manly girl
sowing the seed

they will tell of the nameless seed
the new contact
that nestling of eyes and beards
at ground level
that farming September
humus rootlets clay
the fringe of faces of the two countries

one heard voices singing
O Tannenbaum
one heard clear
on the other bank of a river
one heard chatting the voices
of the German army

O Tannenbaum
O Tannenbaum
wie grün sind deine blätter

and on our side school laughter
good brogue laughter
on our side

medley wedding cake
deep alchemy
the ploughman himself has
dug the acre
with merry steel
In it he has sown his body
you will eat his body
and you will drink his body
and already watch
under monotonous dusks of gangrene
a Gulf-Stream of sweetish phenol
against this big stiff horse laughing to the angels
grows the ear
the youth
a plant reappeared hoists himself
in the morning sun
Surge of the Globe
the ploughed fields
the metempsycosis harvest
the miners after fire damp
in the elbow a childhood's sleep under the lamp

the swamp of uniforms
number black honey of flies
Hill 137
they will tell of the awful day
when the minotaurus being no longer hungry
they overfed him
they will tell of the clearing stations
those who are carried back tepid night
a dissarray of awful love of revel
where? stretchers safety lamp
Crib
this group of women
the sponge
and the pail in the dark
Luggage window n° 3
the staring eye
uninterrupted is internally stupefied by each of their tragedies
they will sing
the hour of forbidden in-
telligence
the hour of the heart not
of the brain
when one had to love the
country too much
to be too patriotic

and the leather blinkers
against a thousand shades
like a bigot
tight in her weeds
loves God
with his white beard his
doove on his right
his son on his left
a golden throne
lilies music of harps

they will sing the great vic-
tory of the Marne
the Meuse the Year
the great famous misery
which was not a miracle
which was not a chance
but quite possible
quite logical
quite in accordance
with French history

Perrault
and the Bible
Thus
a huge farce
turns victory over
and tucks her up
along an immortal Sep-
tember

a whirlwind of ruddy flesh
an avalanche of country
laughter
and the villages blossom
anew
like a 14th of July
an avalanche
an avalanche of sheep chasing
the eagles

the red dogs
close followed
by at last the touching pack
of deer

a victory
over the best of Germany
and over the least good of
France
the great anarchist victory
its young wings
against the wind

the great riot
the great thaw forward
a blue and red cataract
purges
the gray countryside
rubs off
from the compact
rose
a slug's slabber

a victory over war
and over covenants
and over yesterday's strategists
and over the tired chiefs
and over the powerful prevaricators
and over the Chamber of sweat and garlic
and over the republican autocrats
they look on amazed
through a vent hole
having barricaded the door from fear

the gay anarchism that protects them
and saves them from the black eagles
and the woodlice
they will sing the sans culotte epic
the deadly corn
and everybody is alike
all men are equal
having mouths noses ears
and a rifle
and everyone is sleepy
and everyone sleeps
on the ground
he who was accustomed to sleep
outside
as well as
the man of property

a college single file
a crowd
mutinied
suddenly
against the unfair fate
and these little heaps of lime
more commemorative than busts of marble
and the dumb opinion
of the trees of the shrubs
witnesses of the crime
they did not
look back
like Lot’s wife
towards
unworthy sloth
to be turned into a statue

they marched on
from vineyard to vineyard
from house to house
from field to field

well at ease in their indiscipline
steady in their independence
sprightly
in their odd uniforms

Ah!
there were Alexanders
Jasons Caesars Bonapartes
by the bushel
leading the dance
and we do not know even
their names

and masses in the boroughs
with
trumpets drums
at the elevation

bronze crosses
if you have the luck to keep
alive
and if you die
on some dot in the map
a few ashes
a little mud

beech cross
in the belly

and
instead of the hebrew
INRI those Kings
The Passion

a blue cap

Potatoes’ earth
clover’s earth
op poppies of beets
of graves

greedy Jehovah
Jehovah who eats
doves clouds houses
and all things that within them are Jehovah the man-eater
chews you with his big teeth so that Goliath may die and so that
Saul may die and so that I David

harrassed by deep struggle may slingless return and recover his lute

depth hammers that metallurgic angelus
built in the narrow yard with the plain-chant of love songs
a catafalque

a pigeon filled with gold tips over roof angle

The Paviour's Song
where the poet returns to earth

Jacob climbs up to the sunny shutters between a concert of angels and a sound of steps in the back yard

workmen nailing nailing

the surf of chesnut trees jumps and thunders against the curb's break-water
tame heat opens its good jaw the Alexander gold blazes and out of the arch of cool night
the royal blue Chocolat Menier Charenton new asphalt between the uneven palaces a large canal of sunshine night the deep liquorice reflects the blue darkness
as a negro so pale at
Columbo mirrors
the wide tobacco leaves he
gathers

a radiotelegram has run
over the sea
the lambs hustled on the
sea's icy slopes
and that back wind from
the offing brings
a tom-tom

the
pine apple carapace
of sour
sun
out of which sprouts
a savage chignon of
greenery
the savages here come the
savages
around the charming Eiffel
neck
the bow-net
the plesiosaurus
squall of unknown
carrier pigeons
lets the eloquent azure drop
down
to the water's edge

four elephantine paws
the water flows under the
never quenched bridges

park
of green balloons
young trees swelled
with oxygen
spring laughs
hiding a thousand
explosives

I start
Eiffel Tower
harlequin
cage of the blue birds

posters

the clouds the barges
the iron chignon'd pine
apple
**Trocadero**

- a green water peacock floods the whales
- the whole poultry yard scatters

**KUB BYRRH BYRRH PETIT JOURNAL**

| Punch and Judy shake out tree laughter  
| eleven o'clock  
| young bare armed workman  
| paves drives in  
| the big mosaic  
| planes the cube  
| drives it in  
| between other cubes carefully joined  
| in drab flooring  

**PIANOS A.BORD**

| grave labour of frivolous arms  
| young anonymous arms so much health so many embraces  
| lost there  

| noble arms  
| sober  
| leonine  
| massive  
| formal  
| nubile  
| chaste  
| the bitter elbow of bread calibered  
| camouflaged  
| packed  
| resigned  

| glossy  
| simple  
| georgic  
| in the young etruscan jar  
| an old blood freshens from father to father nuptial  
| thick  
| ripened  
| silent  
| fluctuous  
| animal  
| pomonian  
| gregorian  
| gymnast  
| supple full marine saline diving  

71
copulous
populous
fluvial
agricultural
the maizefed pigeon of the biceps bridles up

honest
grave
kneaded
melodious
blind
heavy
heaped
basketed
infatuated
dense
frugal
comrade

warm bread magnolia pillars
the way to tie rigging
apricot rubber
potteries
fresh sod of evening ploughing
trombone
voices of the alto and trombone

seals
processions held back
roots of the morning sun
suddenly
biplane
the unequal
organ
of chimneys
swells a continuous fugue opening
with fierce up and down strokes
gradually
(we see the tricolour targets)
havocs a sky of Sunday buildings
bores a hot tunnel
raving artichoke
the wooden star shwalls and rwabs
and grooves an open track for its cow's its archangel's tricks
is it going to feed in my hand
dives to the right and climbs to the left

another
hear the rumble
joins in the game
full blown cycling-track
DUNLOP
platoon of pacemakers
there
look quick
below ing
a third aluminium
archangel
haymaker of the waste heat
wool-cards a cloud
carries back to its ornithodrome
a clash of bitter abdomen

The young navvy
blinks to the sun
and bends down again
to his work
having slightly raised
his head

The Organ
where the poet listening to
airplanes thinks of
a spiritual
machine and pilot

In the cool lofts of the
church
already
far from the torrential sun
disguised motley
of the roses
I had founded you out
machine

one day
Palm Sunday mass
mad weaver
pilot
prepares in a dim loft

the big factory Sainte Geneviève
high
this fa
murmurs

the great watchful organs
deep voice of Orion
and high
so high
4000
no more
the ear yields to the eye
alone
a Himalaya snow
two etherivorous
hawks
the sailing off with his crew bunch of profiles
one of them pushes in the enamel keys
another testing the machine pulls the break handles another switches on the machinery at brink of the catholic abyss

Elevation little cluster

the ogival echo coughs and grinds

all clear

the solemn pyramid of silence falls on Samson sitting in the element he draws out of the void to keep up his flight

pitches and rolls carrying off the aft-castle triumphantly will he tear it off at last from earth David to Jerusalem street-bands dances around the ark and stiffly Saint George rears and Siegfried props himself and Perseus neighing albatross on the threshold of caves a prey of carnivorous organs the monster's breath with jaws open

organs ogres wardens of the original fugue-coffer

the bush-fingered hero obstinately tries to unstick the melody
these standing lions
the whipless tamer
God slips and speaks aim-
ably
here
from depths
polyphonic hurricane
through a pewter forest
naked clay groups Michael
Angelo

these tame archangels
mesmerizes
aviary menagerie
with all his body
through the birdlet
from depths
stretches itself
through a pewter forest

roar chirrup
the unmasted organ
rolls
in its own cyclone
Suddenly the Melisande
note
boring through the vault
silence
goes up to God
a pure fountain jet
Pan sluice levels
revel and beatitude

and
mouthpiece on the poop
captain in charge
cries out
orders
in this hurricane

hangs on desperate
to the ropes
until at last
the unmasted organ

April dries up floods
a honeyed bush
blossoms
into roaring wild-roses
The Sheds
where the poet remembers
the sheds of Billancourt
where airplanes
are built

Far West Texas Prairie
ranches
wooden cities
film youth
under Billancourt sky

ALDA ALDA the
veranda
the balloons graze gas
in the aerostatic fields
goatkilted boys dance
felt hats gauntlets
the scarf around Rio Jim's
neck
is certainly red

hip waltz half-turn
fire!
they strung up the horse
thief on a eucalyptus-
tree
in the Andes

Are you there? Post Office?
the ugly Antinous at his
zinc counter
retails his gin trumps
coats off
a rough house with the
gold diggers

MY DEAR DURKE
the Indian chief refuses to
give up his inheritance
at any cost
I issue orders to continue
work. We cannot inter-
rupt
a railway for the sake of
stupid opposition. I will
come to
the farm on Sunday
your uncle
WILSON

program out of date
very smooth Underwood
typewriter
detective
in the saddle
and (a good shot with the
pistol)
the telephone girl of Los Angeles
revives
the old gallop

the Indians on their poneys

engine 1203

Maud marries the cowboy
the giantess blushes with fine black blood
an artless fence of eyelashes
charcoals the cheek’s superb whitewash
more and more ghostlike couple
until that shield of thunderbolts

AMERICAN VITAGRAPH

programme sellers
glowrooms
in the night

from our box way out at sea

a sprightly horse at Budapest
the solist sings
To the Grand Canal of music stands
ignoring Alpine tourism
where naturally slow ox cart
goes by
at the double

posthumous airman’s greeting
Woodcutting in Norway

and once more the cataleptic American idyll
in full moonlight sunlight

the chalk profiled horse

up there
old electricity
knits at her skylight

77
Billancourt

Billancourt sky

in the first shed
bones quills tubing
thundering
wheelwork
of cherubim
the entrails hot forge
an appearance of
human hands
white hive of the motor
plunged sizzles
congealed in one
virgin block
in the second shed
wings varnish they stick
the mauve canvas together
sets jointer saw paint
yawls canoes
stencilled numbers
just follow your right
in the third shed
they adjust the parts
for the pageant standing
on the motor chariots
where jolt folded
the fairy butterflies

lean trees of the Suburbs

FIAT

frrrrrrr away birds

and there was an evening
and there was a morning
and it was the fifth day of
the world

the last shed

4 it

opens straight

above the light waters

Roland Garros

where the poet sings
Garros
who tore himself so well
from the earth

The youth already brazen
facing the sea

The 15
Chistopher Columbus
sailor at fourteen

Fréjus ten minutes stop
olives
a poster’s azure

he was born on Vidal La-
blanche
the Carolines
Cherbourg
cold watermelon in pink
snow
the negro loved the family
so well
he used to recite a compli-
ment on Chistmas eve

fishing on wave tops
big fish sleep there

going after little birds with
a lime covered bamboo

Jules Verne
the septicolor tree chirrups

we brought back bunches
of it

luggage cabin de luxe

creole women
rolling cigars on their
moist thighs

On the first day the sailors
bought
cockatoos blue masked
monkeys
shaddocks

at dinner they talk of the
Pole

La Paloma
The pirate comrade
Roland’s horn
Tristram’s horn
hunts
the Walkyries

the alternative shot of bul-
lets baffles

79
the star of wood and air
sprinkles a Dervish ghost

My dear Jean
I have killed a Taube. What a nightmare!
I will never forget their fall.
They took fire
a thousand metres up. I have seen their bodies
bleeding, awful. A bullet has
gone through
the spar of one of my wings . . .

ture
hero
pities
his victim

how good a stroll
after the storm

our scheme (you remem-
ber)

to fly over
deep jungles
grazing their tops

a metropolitan murmur

cockatoos strike up the
hubbub of colours

the musk of raptured boas
rises

All Virginia awakes

---

Invitation to Death
where the poet tells of
his first flight with Garros
the call of earth

An icy pigeon fight in the
face
offered to slaps of flags
gloving frost

oceanic aquarium
oil sprinkled I smother
in the sea bath
a cold opulence
of sea water
rushes into my nostrils
falling peril
the nausea
gap
on the left
tempts the emerging
shoulder
hauled
sucked
my internal body cuddles
around my heart

endless slope

valleys surge we recede

a king of alders
between his palms
he kneads he strokes the
card

the silent mermaids
in the pilot's bosom
swell their shrill song

the increasing flight
notified
only by viscera
the machine hoisted
itself
to nothing
by pools of height
like fish
dumb glass-globe crowd
swarm around a bread
fighting with their muzzles
around a medium table
the elementals aghast
silent riot jostle
the clouds charmed
by the propeller
towards us
their flock strolled
surging

the pilot's voice
struck me quick
pulled off
with the hurricane of void

the inverse course of a bird
gives you suddenly
the brief statement of speed
then
in this cyclone
if you wish to touch the
pilot's shoulder
a gust
and your dead motion
loiters
diver digging
in the deep
little roads
little forests
little farms
little what? lake
is it a lake it
glitters
it is a
lake

the wheel
a lifeless folded paw
blue rubber
huge slowly
alone in relief on the plains

climbs
where nothing of the soil reaches
sun glitters on the face of
darkness
as on the face of the sea
and the lungs are filled
with the clean chill
of eternity

fall

an outline of agony

steady
at once
the reverse fall
softly mows
the stomach

the ebonite muzzled drag-
don fly
scattering chips of sky
havocs the cubic track

turns the world upside
down

82
and it lies down under you

Niagara peninsula

of height

prisoner on parole of the earth

at four thousand up

and in depth infinite

a kite of your childhood

suddenly stringless you free yourself

sitting upon it

With your bear's hand Garros then

you showed me something

and I leaned over the abyss and saw Paris on the earth

my town humbler

at her size empty of men weak lonely her jade Seine

and the more I watched her decrease the more I felt my sad love increase

for he who parts from what he loves to destroy his sad love

the likeness of what he loves isolates strips itself hides the rest and torments him the more

and he who climbs if he lean over and see the poor accommodations of the earth bows his head and wants to return to his prison

a fresh universe capsizes

rolls spasms of green night smothers the drowning drinker
drunk with limpid death

I ship
a sea of cold sky

a pale geography

alcohol of atmospheres
where a house
becomes huge
with ease
and returns likewise
to dumb Gulliver

destroyed fauna
herbal of empty landscapes
saved by what miracle
solitude
O mount Ararat

must we
goa down again
to the remnants of fabulous
plague of Genesis

Sodoms Gomorrhas
at the bottom
visible to swimmers
in the dead sea

underneath
the river itselfpetrified
clean cuts the moon in two

When we landed
I thought we were still flying at two thousand
o surprise

I was mistaking for a deep forest

the heater on the meadow

Parable of the prodigal Son
where the poet tells of Garros’ famous flight
and his return to earth

Sport
donaw
a dim awakening of
Amphitrite
a hanging morning
chilly waves
one after the other
bathe on the sea side
playing bones

without a Crossjack
the little stiffwinged boat
on the down
like a seal

ebb and flow
dsystole diastole

The naval officers
and the young woman with
the fur cloak
anguish sinks
into the bosoms

the stitch of cold foam
the froth between the pebbles

seaweed

those eggs those hearts
those little loaves those skeletons
petrified alive by water

the new yawl by the rail
in her christening robes
her hull ready for other waves

furs tow eskimo

the pilot
pulls down leather over his ears
puts on his gloves calm steady

the newly fitted Morane machine
he examines a head

pine trees

that sailboat without a Mizzen
without a Topsail
without a Spanker
without a Jib without a Flying Jib

the red propeller
that can split astern the palmed tail of the wheels
the bolts the tank without a word foresee the least accident
cigarette the morning fleet manoeuvres westward Fréjus
I shall have to go
a belt around the loins the opossum hump
the map and the route in ink on the yellow islands compass
The two young sailors quite moved although they have been through many squalls where they could not weigh anchor a smile to these captives of soil

and farewell to the lady before the mask a dumbness aquarium cinematograph hypnosis chloroform sixth sense
the prodigal son felt his span down to the tips of his wings like a blind man down to the tips of his wide-stretched arms
the beech the pier the creek good bye turn the propeller already far away jolts detonates and bellows in a semi-circle tearing off sods motor explosions battle with the earth to destroy a rail of planetary
obedience

at last
witnessed only by officials
and by a pack of cows one
of which
throws itself into the water
as if it had a hornet in its ear

the young man
pulls off the artificial bird
from the dune

and the sun after it
south
he flies away

immense heat
the day

a convict free from prison

peninsula of the Esterel

the gradually indistinct belowing restores
already
a marble silence of statue
attesting the incipient exploit

how would this astonish you
old Mediterranean
fundamental mirror of myth

giddiness and its censers
reverberation
lark
the sea
glitters
bob-sleigh lift
swing scenic railway
pink Esterel
on the right
cheers of all things to light
dazzled polish of a wing
one plane more and more distinct
rejoicings after Deluge
hashich of emptiness
enchanted canoe

87
The adventures of the Grand Vizier and of a Manchurian magician. The Prince looks at his compass and at various implements of magic under his turban of leather, of fur, of glass, of cork, of aluminium and of rubber. A lottery of sky where blazes a click the propeller one blade then another then the blades he sees the blades. The motor is silent the airplane dives steep down into emptiness helpless a mythic dive at four thousand from earth the fishfed gull falls beak-heavy on its deep prey this world's end tar and pastorals of foam Ganymede victorious over the eagle Jupiter returns to his bleating flock.
the shadow of the wings
covers the sea

but the propeller
in its fall
starts turning
and revives the motor
watchful of the sublime
fate

just a little short of it

floating airplane wreckage

water sepulchre

the pilot feels at his neck a
silver
medal
gift of the bravest
beloved

free

a
keen Iliad air

leather cuirassed Pallas

over fleets
over riots

the pilot escapes anew

the prison of weight
on the fleeing captive’s
track
lets loose its soldiers and its
pack

higher

higher

a secret wheelwork broken
is the motor
going to stop

slopes of the void
its warm rivers
its gulfs where he turns
its pumps of icy moraire
its Guadalquivirs
its Gulf Streams
its Lake Tchads
its Zuydersees

the right road he loses
where are those islands
one ought to see in front

nothing here gives bearings
nothing shows
the landward road
neither map
nor compass

febrile blue insect
at the heart of the Rose

rearing he aims at
the falls of the sun
which
following the same road
faster
gives the time

a sirocco cyclone
brass blazes
leather boils
sea sunstroke
blind he soars hothouse
his nostrils bleed
his legs are numb

in the furs and wools

cramped hand

the varnish on the wings shrivels

exhausted is it going at once
to take fire in full flight
like a bat soaked in petrol
a moth at a gas lamp

and Sieur Roland
the other one
blowing his horn
bursts an artery
at Roncevaux Pass

and the new one

son
of the ever loving ever
pregnant earth
forges
with the fire of the sky
without an anvil
like Durandal and Joyeuse
a marvelous revenge on Dedalus and on the child daubed with the honey from the hives of Minos

GULF OF NAPOULE

SANGUINAIRE ISLES

Marseilles to Malta 37 hours
the monkey murders the ship-boy on board the felucca “L’Amour” in a bowl of smooth bark goyabas mangoes earrings a comb a coral pin

Tunis to Leghorn 2 days ½

SARDINIA
we will never go to San Domingo and the dangerous hallucinations continue

Marseilles to Messina 5 days
Pulman car runs off the rails the tattooings on the enemy chief’s body a negro churns kuss-kuss

CORRICA

Tunis to Malta

SARDINIA
we will never go to San Domingo and the dangerous hallucinations continue

on a Sunday here are heavy platoons of angels barekneed

rugby at Parc des Princes
they fly off in all directions

and this livid fugitive pursued carries away towards the goal like a Pompei treasure the oval ball

a football assumption

then would this monster arrive Gabriel

he swoops down just in the midst of the bush of motions

sweat locks grass blood mud

the raptured grimaces of thirty neophyte brutes

horrid uproar from the stand

with his blazing propeller he mows off the superb heads

rumour of crickets at dusk sea shells boiling water a paludean angelus in the ears

thus raves in Madagascar the settler in his cabin he dreams he is flying on his bed mottled with cold sweat in a sabbath of quinine and mosquitos

the pilot clings to the actuality of his exploit for the earth tries on its wiles sends up to him all the stupefactives of dream
drops the head
the sandman

is it after dinner in the
country

the lines of the newspaper
like telegraph wires
in the train’s orchestra

arpeggios of type
leave the page
for the incongruous abyss
with a great skid
a second
of black slumber

the dense teeth
soft somersault
dives up
and haggard finds himself
there again
in the very furnace blue
hell

sunfry glitters

he hastily sets right a Great
Bear position
and sees
flooding
backwards

the Mediterranean
vanishing the vertical ob-
stacle of the world
bent on thee deadly shock
of the bird diverted
from its course

here
no top  no
bottom  no
right  no
left

a spot alike in all directions
narrow solitude

mad oxygen of silence
deep slumber takes hold of pilots in the Greenlands where God begins

September 23d 1913

Tunis aerodrome a grave crowd Arab and French warned by wireless swarms Islam heat negro boys in the trees the honey-fritter seller a severe police service reporters photographers six thousand people their faces turned westward await ready for enthusiasm around empty lists the splendid annunciation the youth who has crossed the sea

three torpedo boats squashed in their slabber

NOON

the sun falls straight down

the bird meeting its shadow softly alighted on it at Bizerte

and a husbandman ran up

and the leaden angel said

like a recaptured convict a negro thrown down by a revolver shot at Guadeloupe a general compelled to surrender an old tramp on the road between two policemen

one besieged without supplies
an aristocrat under the Reign of Terror recognized at a relay stage

a soldier spy discovered suddenly in the enemy lines after doubts he said to the man of the earth: come
he said: I am thirsty the full gourd the heavy gourd
he said: I am ready to follow you he spoke the noble words of a king when the mob proceeds to arrest him with a look of shy threatening

he said: I am thirsty the full gourd the heavy gourd
he said: I am ready to follow you he spoke the noble words of a king when the mob proceeds to arrest him with a look of shy threatening

the heavy arms
the heavy legs

the other son who remained envies the fatted calf on the blazing fire

the heavy uneasiness of returns

his heavy numb heavy hands

the natal thing firm naked round at last rejoined kisses the dustless foamless feet of the dear traveller returned and keeps his heavy footprints
the heavy curved heavy
wings
of the little heavy ark

Hail full of grace
the palm trees
the vineyards
the bougainvilles
the eucalyptuses
the aloes
O holy mother

and unmasking
far from the public of
Tunis

his human face burnt
by the thunderbolts of the
sun
in the torture of the lenses
of the sea

he said: I am ready to fol­
low you

and he wept in his heavy
hands

then
they followed the road
that leads to towns

JEAN COCTEAU
Translated by JEAN HUGO
WHICH is it—which is it?"

"It's a girl, Mrs. Ashe, now don't excite yourself."

"A beautiful little maid. Her head be covered with red, and she do kick and squeal."

"I didn't want it to be a girl—let me go to sleep."

The red baby slept in the Italian cradle.—The cycle of existence ran round again. Flat on the ebony hood the young Apollo, the young Artemis raced their ivory bodies round the Delian palm.

Anthony Ashe came into the nursery whistling.

Vera Butler counted napkins, soft linen squares in dozens reflected on the table.

"You are not sorry, Anthony, that it is a girl?"

"I had a son and I lost him. That will do?"

"—Ten dozen. I'm glad you feel like that. I'm afraid my sister expected you to want a boy."

"Melitta will get to know me better in time."

"You will be patient, Anthony?"

"There is a kind of patience less bearable than indignation."

"Oh well, a sharp tongue like yours needs watching. But now this little darling has come—"

"Was it a difficult birth?"

"Perhaps worse than we expected—her resistance."

"Her courage you mean."

"Don't say that. She is now sleeping quietly."

"I hope we shall see you often at Rings."

"You may be sure."

"I set great store by her education."

"I'm very glad to hear you say that."

"You must help us."
"I will."
"Lunch is on the table. Shall we go down."

The waxed Madonna nurse from London stood at the cradle's foot. At the head the tanned peasant whose was the hereditary honour.
"Well, my little lady."
"I tell you, he's glad it's a girl."
"He lost his first son, did he not?"
"That's an old long story. But I'll tell you one thing—nobody ain't going to give her much change."
"Mrs. Ashe?"
"Clavel, he's from the north, he do call her the wreckling of Rings."
"What is a wreckling?"
"Out of a litter of pigs the one that do die."
"She was terribly frightened. It's queer way these ladies are brought up.—Didn't know whether the child was coming out top or bottom."
"I was sorry for her. She seemed to have nothing to fall back on."
"What should she have? Greedy she was to be mistress of Rings. Let it make her sick I say."
"Is Mr. Ashe kind to her?"
"He could melt a peach stone, maybe he's no teeth to chew an acorn."
"Well—I expect there's her side to it if we only knew."
The two women left the nursery.
The red baby moved and then lay dark eyes open, gathering life in pure form without constituent of pleasure or pain. Before the beginning, past the end. A fist stirred and a foot imperceptibly it took possession.

* * * *

"Anthony, I've been staring at it all the afternoon? What is the green hump on the lawn?"
"There was a tower there once. You can see stone sticking out of the turf."

98
“Is that a bush growing on it. It seems a pity that it should break the green sweep to the sea.”

“My dear, once one starts disturbing old things one raises more dust than one casts away. I know what you mean. You would like one opposite to match two grey nipples on a green breast?”

“Why not finish it off with a rustic seat?”

“No.”

“You’d better tell me about it.”

“Why do you want suddenly to know all about the place?”

“Isn’t it better to know than to go on imagining?”

“Look it up in the Book of Ashe.”

“I’m no good at books.—Please Anthony, I can’t be left to find out. I’m afraid not to know. I have tried to be a good wife. Tell me. Tell me. I’m afraid not to know.”

“Stop distressing yourself.”

“Why is there a bush on the mound.”

“Well observed. Eat another.” Sticky, milky teeth shewed in a smile. He drew the curtains embroidered with the birds and apples of paradise, and lit the seven branched candlestick at the foot of the bed.

“The bush is the stump of a thorn. When there was a tower, the parent tree grew beside it under the wall. There was one of us who was hated. They came and found him there. They took him and made him wear a crown of thorns.”

“Yes.”

“There they crucified him—or rather they nailed him onto the wall. He died looking on the sea. He was a long time dying. It is because of that and not because of Charles II that the remark is a family joke.”

“How can you joke about it?”

“Because we are like that.”

“When did it happen?”

“Once upon a time.”

“I don’t believe it.”

“It is in the Book of Rings.”

“Do you want me to learn Latin and Black Letter.”
“Melitta, that book is worth it.”
“I was never much good at lessons. We were so badly taught. Won’t you translate the interesting bits.”
“I will teach you both sorts of Latin, and courthand. Then you can do it for yourself.”
“There are late bits, your own and your grandfather’s.”
“Since the decline of our latinity. You can manage them.”
“Anthony, what is it all about?”
“Go on.”
“What is this place about? What has the house to do with the Rings and—”
“In what relation do I stand to both? We are a priestley house, like the Eumolpidae.”
“You know I know nothing about your classics.”
“I’m sorry, but what I’ve said is the answer. If you really want to know more you will find out for yourself.”
“Anthony, you pretend that there are ways of looking at things which have nothing to do with Christianity.”
“Little Melitta, Christianity is a way, a set of symbols in part to explain, and to make men endure the unutterable pain that is the world. There are other sets, like chessmen. But only one game.”
“Do you believe in the heathen Gods?”
“Yes.”
“And not that Christ died for us.”
“Yes.”
The curtains bellied, the tongues of the fire darted out.
Metilla sat up and drew a strip of ermine across her breasts.
“Is the window shut?”
“Yes.”
“Tell me more about the man they killed at the tower. Is his portrait downstairs?”
“He was too early.”
“Right back in the middle-ages?”
“Yes. In the book there is a miniature of him. There he is a saint, and the tower is a tree.”
“A stiff thing all angles and thick gold.”
“Do you demand realism?”
"No, but please make him a person?"

"He was Florian Ashe. He lived in Henry VI reign. He made a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. We remember him young, brave, pitiful and a great wit. His wife disliked him. One day her people from Poxwell came and nailed him to the tower."

"How irreverent. Did they—did they—make it quite like the crucifixion?"

"Yes," he said. You have nailed me up here like a kite for an example to all birds of my kind. And they said—we want to make an end of you and your kind with your jests and compassions. And he said—You have forced on me the likeness of our Saviour—I am going to forgive you all. Then he fixed his eyes on the sea and refused to speak."

"Did he say anything else?"

"Just before he died he strained about and said I cannot see the Rings. A shepherd threw a flint at him and killed him."

"You make me as though I saw it in a glass."

"But not darkly? That's good. We are a united family. He is our young brother. We have never got over his dying like that."

"I'm sure he went to heaven."

"Souls like his should create heaven. But he left a question behind him no one has answered. It is asked again in some Russian books you should read... But at the foot of that tower I tell you, every Ashe will weep."

"There is a new Ashe now Anthony, even though it's a girl."

"Silly one, must I explain again that I am glad of it."

"What are we to christen her?"

"She should be Melitta, but you do not really like that name. A red brat. Let's call her Elizabeth. It is one of our names also."

"Yes. I like Elizabeth."

"Add anything you like."

"My mother's name was Cicely."

"It doesn't go with the rest."

"All right. What is yours?"

"Vanna. After Monna Vanna an Italian lady I admire—Vanna Elizabeth Ashe."
Chapter V

"That is how we christen them at Rings."

"But Anthony?"

"You can have it done again, in a church—in Ursula's chapel—by a parson if you like. That's your affair. But ours, I tell you, is the one that lasts."

* * * *

They were in the walled garden, a square produced from the library wall, emerald grass pegged with yews, and transfixed by a stone well. There he had caught Melitta playing Narcissus to the star-filled water. In her black reflection was no pleasure. In one corner stood Rings Root filling an angle. A path of slimed pebbles ran round the walls.—In the outer wall a door opened on the terrace and there flowed the great space to the sea.

"Toreador
Toreador
For thee love waits!"

She looked after him. He opened the terrace door. Through its square there rushed into her dim heat a breeze and a blaze of light. The grey suit fluttered. Round the well grew bushes of lad's love. She arranged the train of her dress. What a setting! A flock of fantails hummed over the rich sky and clung crooning to the tower. In profile, in the light square, his white Imperial was black. So long as there were no more babies.

The red child slept against its nurse. In the library on a slab of blue marble stood a winnow-corb of wicker, black with age. Tied on it by wool-threads were dried ears of corn, figs and fircones, dolls cups and cylinders of baked clay.

Anthony Ashe shook down into the basket a bed of tiny coloured feathers.

"Melitta, Queen Bee," he whispered.

The servants of Ashe stood round, acquiescent, friendly. The nurse unwound the child and laid her naked in the basket.

"Now." Anthony lit a tall candle and placed it at the baby's
head. Melitta on the right laid an alabaster vase of fresh earth, and a bowl of water on the left.

"Earth and water and fire," he said.

"They are all round her."

"Breathe on her then with your maternal breath." Her eyes brimmed. She kissed her baby. Father and mother stood back. It opened its eyes, and an uncertain hand grabbed the feathers.

"Vanna Elizabeth, daughter of Melitta, bird of Rings! The elements composed you, the elements surround you, so may their harmonious properties sustain you."

Melitta, bold with feeling, cried after him—"In the Name of the Father, of the Son and of the Holy Ghost."

"In the Name of Florian and Ursula. Pity and Wisdom—Amen."

An hour too soon she dressed for dinner. Betty was not to be played with. The lit candles at her evening milk she made her comedy. It was not a string of topaz her mother would wear that night, but a string of diamonds.

It was all right. Everything was all right—She had not got over having the baby. Nothing in the bargain could be worse than that. It was her baby. She did it. There is a God—That christening might be blasphemy. There was her duty to Anthony. She was learning to manage Anthony.

God had been good. He always is if we are only patient. There was Rings. To-night at the table head. A young madonna—Friday night. Fried fish and raspberries—Cream for a treat. Ought she to have fed Betty? She was thriving. Had anything been said? Horrid, but people did it now. That christening couldn't count. It ought to be done again—Such a pretty idea. But what did it mean? Sir Frederick Leighton. *Wedded.* Oh his horrid clear contemptuous mind. He's given mine up. Thank goodness.

Bite on that greasy old basket? Queer things put away in the gallery that ran out of the tower to the locked rooms. It meant something. Find it out for yourself. Tell you and let you forget. She wasn't going to be bullied—Men do not want women
to understand. Look at old Ver’ pretending to be a blue-stock-
ing. What good would it do the baby?

The house was different. One would have to understand
periods. She had always had taste. Old stories at dinner. Al-
ways a success. Uneasy lies the head—I don’t care I’d sooner
wear it than a cap. I shall be a young woman when he dies.

Mrs. and Miss Butler, ma’am.”

“I can’t see them. Tell them it’s impossible. I’ll come down.
Where are my rings?”

She made along the corridor to the head of the stairs, head
forward, bottom to balance, train over arm, a charging cockerel.

From the door of his dressing room Anthony saw her pass.
He had brought her to this house.—Well, she was not so in-
sensible as at first. He was surprised at the remodelled body,
uneasy at the sharpened wits. She had bred quickly, but the red
baby ignored her with Clavel the new butler, and the nurse, and
the horse Aldebaran, and the rhythms of the house. The pearls
he had bought her in Paris were china beads on the milky skin.
Only her gowns obeyed her.

He had called it eugenic impatience. It had but masked his
slackness. In his last woman he should have sought a living
peace, and he had established beside in him this cretinous greed.
A greed not cretinous for its own ends. Its proper ends... He
had heard her cry for her rings. God! it was complicated.

“My last duchess?” He followed her to the stairs, saw her
prance down and cross the hall at a run.

“In the library, ma’am.” Clavel forestalling. Here were
servants equal to anything, whom it was impossible to impress.
Anthony treated everyone alike. She did not want Clavel to
see her people. They were plain ladies. Her dress a sufficient
indication? Not to Elizabeth.

“My darling—how is your Betty? Your note of yesterday
said she had a cold. One cannot be too careful, even in summer.”

“Betty? she is very well.” The man’s intonation. Vera recog-
nized it.
"As we were going for a drive this afternoon I thought we would call here and ask. Vera cannot endure—"

"I am glad I can reassure you. Would you like to see her before you go—We have several people dining to-night."

"May mother have a cup of tea?"

"Won't you help yourselves?" The Bristol set. Was Clavel received?

A footman with more sandwiches.

"If you don't mind, I will run up and see her?"

"Shall I tell the Coachman to put up 'ma'am?"

Vera had gone. "I am afraid the stables will be very full to-night. It is rather late, Mother."

Anthony came in.

"I thought Vera was here."

"She has gone up to see Betty."

"Will you join her with me? I must show her off before she sleeps. I have told your coachman to put up."

"Oh, my dear Anthony, we must go."

"Why? Stay and dine. We have people coming. Can't you see Melitta's war paint? She can lend you things?"

"We must go home."

"This day week then—I will send over early for Vera." He turned to the door.

"Please, Mother, do come. So long as you let me know before. Now let Anthony go to the nursery with them if he liked."

* * * *

His face hung in the mirror from over the back of her chair. An earring fell like a star.

"Since when have you thought it unlikely that I should welcome your mother and your sister to Rings?"

"It wasn't that. It is so inconvenient of them to turn up when we are busy. They felt out of it themselves. They would not have liked to have stayed."

"I did not know that you were occupied with cooking dinner."

"No. I've had enough of that on the cook's evening out." He laughed. He laughed.
"You wicked intolerable child. If you were anything but a school-girl, an inquisition could not punish you. However. No diamonds to-night. Off with them! Not an ornament. No one shall say that Mrs. Ashe has become so proud as her station.—Quick! If you cry, you shan’t appear at all."

"Ver’—Ver.’ Vera has been telling you—nonsense. I minded, I minded because she is jealous of me."

"That may or may not be true. But you’d like her to be. More powder on your shoulders. Now come down . . . You’re smiling. That’s better. There’s a brave girl . . . Why are you smiling like that?"

"You have remembered that when I am dead you will be a young woman able to have a young man like my dead son. Have you just remembered? No protests. You should never have forgotten it. Let us wait in the library . . . There is only one thing, girl—when your beauty has waxed from rose to peony, there will be Vanna coming up immaculate to take your place."

So they lived for five years.

MARY BUTTS.

MR. VORAX

He blinked heavily, pink American in the presence of thought, he blinked heavily, and Mr. Vorax continued: "There is no evidence of monotheism. Morality has become largely economic. We are poisoned by a basis of taboos in which no one any longer believes. The American is essentially frivolous, solemnity is the worst of its forms. Property can stay where it is, credit is its active emanation, credit belongs to all; financiers govern and should be responsible for the way in which. You are too lazy to read, and you expect me to turn into an ambulating Chataqua."
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THEE I CALL "HAMLET OF WEDDING RING"

Criticism of William Carlos Williams's "Kora in Hell" and why...

In two parts

Part II

PUT woman into book because cannot put her with good conscience—grace—right touch—any more into bed.

W. C.—if you think that helped conscience—grace—improved touch—simply: are Hottentot—Chimpanzee—Orang-outang—Idolatries—concerning art!

If are as unskilled—disgusting—clumsy—tactless—sentimental—harsh lover as are author—

Who can do one thing—not can do other! not meaning—that—who can do one thing—can do other.

But—tradition!

Right touch of respect—distance worship—idolatry—in passionate intimacy.

That—artist must have

That—lover must have—

no muddle.

Do not hope—expect: because can not do one thing—can do other!

Contrary.

Woman—art—no home for debility—nurse for impotence—trench for coward.

Art: woman—

Woman noble—highest—forever!

Husband or artist—W. C.

Art can inaugurate for emotion-starved—passion-crippled—intellectualism—soul Rules—females—males—

Timeworn mistake of unmated spinsters—since conversion's folly—own anemia hinders physiological development—ultimate bliss—upon that founds balance of soul—now becoming mistake of mismated man in America—!

Indeed!

Because: passions not fed in seduced—nor other locks—because do not dare give—taken—clean—aboveboard—sincerely—passionately—because do not know which way turn—heritage of coward:

Inspiration—indecision—fidgety conclusion of lack—bone—woolly jelly—

We—who know—must sacrifice—love—perform—are called upon to do this crumbling freak's ravings—disappointments—forced drunkenness—of forced joys—lies—arrogant—

More! because cannot reach—touch—lacking intensity—endeavor—art disdainful avoiding vulgarian—

proclaims not to respect art!!!

We know that!

"Kora in Hell"—one sacrilege!

What then is he doing in arena?

Why tights—spangles—ball?

Agh! simple: proclamation—lie—crooked! life of a coward must be so—by necessity—hence all acts—words.

Does not he flirt with art—juggle balls—try to become intimate—pinch perchance—pounce upon—rape?

Ah! art is princess!

Stay home—ape of art—sex—kitchenmaids.

Jews—unskilled since age—never founded—rooted again (were they ever?) parasites upon soil—

foreign—civilizations—nations—believing to save own tradition within family—ghetto—impossibility that only can breed stagnation backward movement—did.

Anti-pode: utter abandon to void—impurity—absence of ideals! simultaneous strangled handicapped by atavism in blood—that not can be vanguished unless with new weapon.

Jew has none—no hopes—convictions—new ideals.

Modern unorthodox Jew—whatever mixture—is bred to void—emptiness—barren nothingness. By necessity consequence soul coddles into disgust—sophistication—disrespect; absent self respect—through lost foothold—flippantly replaced by shallow shameless ignoble conceit—haunted by ghosts—dead ghosts!

Sarcasm: fatigue dry bread of poor—

no strength—resilience—forever pariah of races—by will of power—that in last intent to us is veiled—behind life—where we are not.

American—Jew of future:

offspring of races uprooted—tradition—foothold lost—trying to root—thrive upon what is no mother—by force stepmother—that not conceived—bore—not loves—changeling—ever.

With audacity of perfect emptiness of purpose—impurity—only lost soul in void—Jew—American possesses—

with mere selfish desires—unearned by merit—intensity—worship—to drag self into that state of lostness—where pitiful little rag of shame drops—that everybody wears keeping him from becoming noisy in public—unless idiot—drunkard—bully—by conceit—flaunting ragflag of vulgar shamelessness—supposed to be brilliant flag of courageous freedom—American mistake—misplaced happily to peculiar distinct Jewish tactlessness—lost balance—result of lost ideals—individual: graceless—ejected from grace—blatant filibred scrawls upon rag—flag—these: in literature so unique—phrases: "I write what I damn please—how I damn please—when I damn please."

Equipped—clanking clumsy noisy—with rag-tin-scrap armor of past—present—plume of refreshing frankness of unconcern about anything but business (not hollered lowly): yanking in lever of business
auto from crusader—helmet cocked at angle of daredevil romance towards land of adventure after business-hours——
yoked by neurasthenia—poisoned by "loved ones"—
pestered by sex
W. C. attacks art—
when has time.

W. C. does not care about words—his words never mean anything to him—acknowledged.

Is it surprising—device mere flippancy?

Defiance—tarnping wit of boisterous dockhand—is it not?

Spoke I already about flippancy—but—alas—! how void of grace this flippancy!

W. C. does not write what damn pleases—cannot! W. C. does not write how damn pleases—
does not know how! W. C. does not write when damn pleases—unless inspiration lives in alarmclocks—thrive upon cold storage.

Has to heal people—keep consultation hours—in general—particular—concentrate brainpores chiefly around other people's affairs—including family—expense—income.

Why does W. C. pursue words—not lover of words? obviously pursues—does he not?

Agh! Never means what says! so charming—when one is all mixed up—has nothing to say—all to hide.

Enigma simple—does not mean that either : belongs to that breed of impudent bashful shame-faced amateurs that cuddle agreeable supporting comforting warmbottle—cherished against chill of mediocrity in boom folds secrecy—about gift so tremendous—take time—rule—paper—pen—soft pillow—off into lolling ecstasy of conceit sunfishing—cold storage emotion—trained to alarm clock of common sense—trii-riririri—art oozes—gushes out of cautionlifted tao—champagne!

Not! Champagne—champagne—from seed of grape—before that seed never doing anything but turning champagne.

W. C.'s beverage sour-apple-cider plus artificial bubble—chemical spunk!

Cheating chemist—trying to get paid high for punk—from simple untrained public—windbags bloated with hysterical education.

That how W. C. simulates—When words mean nothing to him how does he expect them to mean any thing—anything—to anybody?

Not expecting that—his attitude (lie—bravefaced—into face black of printersink)—why does he sit him down into their bashful company prodigious fashion?

Still if that please any part of his personal anatomy—

"Pleasure his!"—not ours.

Do we wish anybody to flip flippant—ignorant—indiscret—illmannered—unrestrained—ignoble—vile words on us?

We—who trip—dance—sit—loll—play upon—do not wish illmannered incensed onlooker lout to soil our banquet hall's ornament.

This man hates himself for mediocrity—inability to intense endeavor—dimly feels pariahdom—from feast outcast—runs amuck.


Did not he lynch Art?

Pityful! Pityful things unclean.

Between life and death.

This man ill with himself: cowardice—life barren—buys imitation ornament with price of poverty—not price—: faulty organism—crooked legs—wheels such not fit in public!

Degradation—menace : causing sick intestines.

Seek outlet away from art—arena—world!

Stick to family—run amuck in business—hein?—life is that—dangerous—you waif thought art safe.

No concern of ours!

...
Knowledge—character—develop together—depend on each other—each in other.

Organism in profundity constructed sound carries seeds of quality.

Heaviest weight—giant balances graceful easy—pigmy twists crumbles into splinters.

Travel of mind how to arrive at own architecture.

To pilfer—borrow—transplant: inner void barrenness.

Perpetual fear—defiance—lie—by necessity warps structure flimsy—cheaply bedizzened—shabby—before collapse into lath dust.

Perpetual shame no creature endures without hate—splendor points contrast.

Touch of life’s body corpses most frenzied dread! not life fears touch corpse: Life fears nothing omnipotent.

Life can give life to corpse—dancing partners equal.

That hell! Hell is in life:

Perpetual shame no creature endures without hate—splendor points contrast.

Callousness from shame keeps out grief—honesty of surrender—healing emotion wave of utter despair followed instantly by face earthward—before chasm—in abandon of passionate humbleness—ador—let God take—oblivious to distortion—ugliness—in ecstasy of mother self—of giving—stabbed by God’s beauty.

Moments creative:

Distortion ugliness vanished not believed in.

Are in mind—drug shapes—nightmares of somnolence of callousness.

Dreams of corpses—unreal—

not in life—hate : life love.

But: and how “information cultured”—maybe your topdrawer—dome cerebration? do you already live justifiable in sensittiveness—art-soaked sponge?

Art no mechanical toy! is life as life purposeful machine! palpitating brain.

Hypocrisy stored up through ages!

Rembrandt hypocrite—Shakespeare—Goethe!

O give me hypocrite who live—act—with sense behind passionate blood—who believe—do! deluge of wrath upon those jabbering uncreative joyless nobodies that write, potter, live, are uninteresting for force of honesty! Sure! can’t help it!

Jackassy—nincompoop—cocky—bastard soul—can hypocrisy inform—ever? is hypocrisy quality—negates—creates?

Hypocrisy—void—hypocrisy not virile—cannot live.

Nothing ever is—has been supreme about hypocrisy!

Pyramids hypocrisy?

Agh—pah! Carlos Williams—you wobbly-legged business satutel—carrying little louse!
You do make me laugh healthy belly laugh:
Tortured child—that is obliged in soul's estimate for that expensive education's sake to exhibit
"intellect"! wrestle with dolls—lifesized of most complex mechanism!
Cannot! they crush you! square chest—spit blood—cause consumption!
Give it up—not your calling—mind muscles flabby—unprepared of simple parentage.
With rag dolls toy gradually improving to moderately priced pets leave mechanisms intricate for
selected children of nobility in toyland.
Art to you hypocrisy—for is your hypocrisy!
Entirely out of balance you!
Does art affect thus?
Art: intoxication—saneness.
Result: balance.
Not must leave bad memory—carry such!
Feeling of something exquisite—extraordinary—great—joyful!—to be cherished—to be proud of—
carry into age—no matter what happened—no matter what subject—will linger—must! or individual
wants to indulge!
Art—strength—joy conveys joy— to strong.
Gentleman in Europe carries intoxication as gentleman!—never loses balance—in deepest abandon
of gaiety—numbed senses—subconsciously breeding tells how far to go—when to retire.
Abstinence: lack of confidence in breeding—training :—debility.
In Europe to see man drunk quickest way to decide caste: plebeian—bourgeois—gentleman.
We—ah! do not need prohibition—possessing! tradition—selection—pride.
Thus carries artist intoxication of feeling—expresses in sound color shape (words) as artist.
Never losing balance—in deepest abandon—highest excitement—breeding of artist in blood—
subconsciously tells how far to go—we becoming sober to criticize in cold blood.
Retires when becomes inexpressive—inarticulate—
silence—
dead.

ELSE VON FREYTAG-LORINGHOVEN

THE POEMS OF ABEL SANDERS

To Bill Williams and Else von Johann Wolfgang Loringhoven y Fulano

Ongway bugwash
Bill's way backwash
FreytagElse ¾arf an'arf
Billy Sunday one harf Kaiser Bill one harf
Elseharf Suntag, Billsharf Freitag
Brot wit thranen, con plaisir ou con patate pomodoro

Bill dago resisting U.SAgo, Else ditto on the verb
basis yunker, plus Kaiser Bill reading to goddam stupid wife anbrats works
of simple
domestic piety in Bleibtreu coner of Hockhoff'sbesitzendecke
before the bottom fell out. Plus a little boiled Neitzsch
on the sabath. Potsdam, potsdorf potz gek und keine ende.
Bad case, bad as fake southern gentlemen tells you
everymorn that he is gentleman, and that he is not black.
Chinesemandarinorlaundryman takes forgranted you will see he is
not Booker T Washington.

Poem No. 2.

Able Abel
Mounts dernier bateau :
\(@\frac{1}{3}\% @\frac{1}{4}\% @\frac{1}{5}\% @\frac{1}{3}\) (&?;\%@&%&%&
\(\frac{1}{3}\%\frac{1}{4}\%\frac{1}{4}\%\frac{1}{3}\%34\%3\)

dada
dead
what is deader
than dada
I

F it is not imposing too much upon the patience of your readers, could you find room for a brief answer to Miss Burt, in re Thomas Vaughan?

I agree with her most heartily in condemning the common tendency to turn Mysticism into Mystery. But of what use is our condemnation, when the best as well as the worst employ it? Ezekiel, John, the Alchemists, Blake, and many others, have all been excessively secret. Even such things as Shelley’s “Prometheus Unbound,” Kingsley’s “Water Babies,” and George Mac Donald’s “Phantastes,” “At the Back of the North Wind,” and “Lilith,” are beautiful symbols concealing peculiar doctrines. Whether this tendency comes from some inexplicable twist of the mystical brain, whether it is the desire to seem important, whether it is the inability to express the ineffable otherwise, or whether it is the desire to conceal spiritual pearls from human swine, I cannot say; but the testimony seems to confirm the latter. Blake’s letters to Trusler are interesting reading on this point.

But Thomas Vaughan falls under another category. When Friar Bacon discovered gunpowder, he wisely concealed the formula in an anagram; and I doubt that the world has profited much by deciphering it. Thomas Vaughan was also an experimenter in dangerous secrets, though of another sort; secrets whose danger is recognized by modern science; secrets which eventually caused his death. These secrets were, rightly or wrongly, confused in his mind with the mysteries of Initiation; which were also prudent to conceal in those days of religious warfare. Martyrdom is a crown, but valuable only as propaganda when the whole truth it known.

Being human, Thomas Vaughan preferred to continue his experiments in peace. He desired to leave records for those wise enough to avoid the dangers involved. What value these records have cannot be judged until his results are verified. The work must be done over; but at least, he indicates where the secrets lie.

F. FOSTER DAMON
Newton, Mass.

ART CIRCUS

S jh so admiringly says, isn’t it wonderfull to have an organ like the Dial for refreshing the memory?

In November 1918 “The Starry Sky” by Wyndham Lewis was reproduced in the Little Review; reappeared in the August Dial. Zadkin’s “Holy Family” in December 1918 Little Review now in current issue of Dial. What is it—a merry-go-round?

“ULYSESSES”

BEFORE we could revive from our trial for Joyce’s “Ulysses” it was announced for publication in book form. We limp from the field.

—jh.
Carol Robinson
Composer-Pianist
418 Fine Arts Building
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