GARGOYLES
by Ben Hecht (now in its 3rd large printing) is being so widely discussed, so furiously defended and attacked, that the mere mention of this new novel by the author of Erik Dorn is sufficient. $2.00

BABEL
by John Cournos, writes John Gould Fletches from London, is unlike any other book in the world. It might have been written by Cervantes had he lived in our times. $2.50

TRAMPING ON LIFE
by Harry Kemp
"A truly distinctive story that should rank with the great biographies of the earth, because it shares with them the qualities that give them enduring life—honesty, simplicity and candor."—Harry Hansen, Chicago Daily News. $3.00

At all bookstores, or direct from
BONI & LIVERIGHT, INC.
105 West 40th Street, New York City.

POETRY: A Magazine of Verse

We Are Backing the Poets—Are You Backing Us?

"For a verse-writer to be printed in POETRY is about the most honorable of recognitions." Ford Madox Hueffer in the New York Evening Post Literary Review.

"POETRY has more than anything else in America brought poetry from its despised position to one of the first importance in the literary life of the community." CHICAGO TRIBUNE.

"The varied interest and beauty presented are typical of POETRY's quality. Thanks to a rare coincidence of poise and generous imagination, of sense and sensitiveness, it ranks as easily the best vehicle of poetry in the English language." From an editorial in the New York Sunday Tribune.

POETRY, A Magazine of Verse
232 East Erie Street, Chicago

Enclosed find $3.00 (Canada $3.15, foreign $3.25) for one year's subscription to POETRY.

Beginning........................................ Name....................................................

Address...........................................
THE LITTLE REVIEW
QUARTERLY JOURNAL
OF ART AND LETTERS

SUBSCRIPTION
YEARLY: $4.00
SINGLE NUMBER
$1.00

FOREIGN
£1

ADMINISTRATION
Margaret ANDERSON  jh  Ezra POUND
Francis PICABIA

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

Entered as second class matter october 28, 1921, at the post office at new
york, n. y., under the act of march 3, 1879.

CONTENTS
Photograph (Stella and Duchamp)     Man Ray
Poems with Drawings                 Jean de Bosschère
The Death of Tragedy                Kenneth Burke
Garden                             Mitchell Dawson
H. B., or the Birthplace of Bonnes  Gertrude Stein
Conte pour la comtesse de Noailles  Pierre de Massot
Fern                               Jean Toomer
Funeral                             Isidor Schneider
Ocean Aquarium
16 Reproductions of the work of Joseph Stella
Landscape
"Gardening with Brains"             jh
"Ulysses"                           jh
Having a Gland Time
Notes, etc.                         "Narcisse"
R Rose Selâvie                      jh
Ma main tremble                     Man Ray
Aesthetic Meditations, II           Francis Picabia
(with illustrations)                Guillaume Apollinaire
The Reader Critic
Good Painting                       Francis Picabia

ON SALE ALL FIRST CLASS BOOK STORES
F. B. NEUMAYER: 70 CHARING CROSS ROAD LONDON
SHAKESPEARE AND COMPANY: PARIS VIe
VOL. IX  NO. 3
The Société Anonyme announces a partial program for the season 1922-23. It has opened its galleries at 19 East 47th Street and early in January will hold a big one man exhibition by Joseph Stella of his New York impressions. The average New Yorker who conceives his city as composed of noise, dirt and policemen will learn a great deal from this exhibition. The president of the Société, Miss Katharine Dreier, has been in China and Japan for over a year. On her way home she has stopped in France and Germany to collect photographs and pictures for the subsequent exhibitions. The friends and supporters of the Modern Art Movement, as well as the merely confused and awe-struck onlookers, have surely an eyeful to look forward to.
VOICI LA FIN

OUVREZ la Divine Comédie,
Et amusez les enfants.
Nous, pour vivre encore,
Nous n'avons même plus,
Nous n'avons plus l'alcool en flammes.

Les enfants rient;
Et un bien vieux, un homme de chanvre,
Met ses os de main sur mon épaule:
Je vois que certains vers ont mangé ses yeux,
Mais il a son âme de nourrisson,
Cet homme blanc.
Et il n’est pas plus malin que Jésus.

Mais il tire le rideau
Et me montre son église
Ce soir-là, et comment rire?

Le vieux pue la peau froide et le ver de terre,
Et j’ai vu son église en y entrant.

* * * *

Non! nous avons achevé,
Voici la fin!
Nous sommes les petits enfants noirs
A qui nul ne parle!
Pas un dieu dans la rosée,
Se penchant parmi les pâquerettes,
Et qui dit:

“Tout va bien, et dors; je suis là,
“Comme la servante dans la cuisine.”
Nous avons fait un trou dans la toile,
Et ce n'était qu'un jeu forain de miroirs;
Nous sommes les nouveaux pèlerins,
Nous allons partir et prêcher l'explosion,
Nous mettrons le crime à la place des miels morbides.

La charité sera de mourir;
C'est cela...
Tu le sais, mais tu es lâche,
Et peut-être faut-il encore faire silence.

* * * *

Nous n'écrirons plus Faust,
Tout est découvert,
L'horrible trahison!
Ceux qui chantaient la vie
Et pleuraient la mort!
Plus de mur;
Un espoir!
Mort, more espéré!

Il faut haïr le jour
Où je mâche les choses d'école.
Et même l'homme blanc n'a pas fini
De tourner les pages jaunies des livres.
Et, dans le jour,
L'horrible odeur de laine compissée,
Dans la classe du monde,
Et le poêle est le soleil.

Au milieu, il y a le maître
Sans symétrie,
Et le sexe pend, oblique
Gêné dans la pipe de drap,
C'est le maître, vous et moi,
Colique et stupre...
Face grave, hô, le singe!
"C'est le maître---"
"Il demeure à mettre le cirage---"
Il dit où est Dieu,
Et que la terre est ronde
Jusques à présent:
Et il y a une égratiguure rouge sur le nez . . .

C'est le maître,
Humide parfum de laine;
Il sue
Et comprend.

* * * *

Quand les sirops des écoles gluent encore ses doigts,
Et que le maître n'a pas fini de croire
Aux arts
Libéraux, aux pasteurs aigres et aux généraux
Et aux Dieux,—

Il demeure la plante à racines.
El, le cordon maternel le pend à la terre
Dont on fait le tour,—
Il est esclave et travaille pour l'Empereur;
Pas une branche de glue qui prend les plumes,
Pas un poulpe que tire les viandes avec des bras,
Pas une chandelle qui absorbe en brillant,
Pas ça, et rien d'autre non plus qui vit,—

Il demeure plus petit que la petite terre;
Attaché aux mères et aux races
Comme une brique entre ses deux chemises de plâtre,—

Il grouille avec les œufs et la boue,
Avec les mensonges des Césars et des Moïses.—
Palmipède rachitique aux pattes de caoutchouc,
Viaduc, tube à endosmose, ruisseau noir
Par quoi passe la vie,—
Il demeure à mettre le cirage au sabot du chef,
Et s’asseoit dans la balançoire, du vers grec,
Avalé encore, ce qui est digéré,
Choisit l’iniquité,
Obéit...

Il croit à la mauvaise peinture des lois,
Et sert une monstrueuse géographie!
Il s’ampute des oreilles et du nez,
Et coupe la queue de son chien;
Meutrier au service du roi,
Père aux noms des Dieux,
Quand, tout cassé et très vieux,
Les sirops des écoles
Gluent encore ses doigts...

JEAN DE BOSSCHÈRE

DIPYQUE

Il me maudissent tous deux:
Peut-être parce que j’ai brûlé Sophie?
— O ennui de sa chair rose!
Et de l’accord où elle est avec moi!
Toute cette vie glissante, humide;
Pas d’ivoire, ni de cristal;
Et le parfum c’est le poil de corne....

Peut-être parce que j’ai brûlé Sophie,
L’innocente qui rit aux lapins....
Plutot sauter dans la citerne
Qui pense et m’attend.
Ils me maudissent tous deux,
Mais qui peut frayer avec eux?
Poisseux diptyque!

* * * * *

Leur Seigneur m'a dit:
"Ah! tu ris, gluant pou;
"Cependant, Mage, Mage très savant,
"J'ai encore ceci
"Dont tu n'as point goûté"

Je suçais ce morceau d'ambre,
Comparant sa froide chaleur
À celle de la résine,
Et son goût sur la langue
Au goût sans fin des fleurs tassées
Dans le sucre de neige blanche.

Il connaît le vice, le dit Seigneur:
Il dicerne le vice dans la volupté du nourrisson.
Et il m'adresse un mal sélectionné;
Ca filtre parmi le membranes,
Bouillant dans les boyaux,
Puis soulève en craquant les côtes,
Et je laisse au capitaine des colonies
De peindre les maux du verre pilé:
Moi, je me tords en suant du sang..." 

"Ah! tu ris encore, sale homme!"
Et je me tords en suant du sang.
"Qui rit, vieux Père sans merci?"
Mais il est populaire,
Jouit d'une forte majorité,
Et l'on sait:
Il interdit que l'on rie
Ou sourie à la jeune fille qui n'est pas,
Ou à l'image achevée hier,
Ou à la foi dans le jour qui vient.

J'ignore si vous connaissez le remède,
Mais lui, le Mage, ou le finalement homme,
S'adresse à celui qui connaît bien Dieu,
À son antique victime, toute noire,
Et toute proscrite....

Le Mage en appelle au Démon,
Il se baigne
Dans l'eau rose,
Puis dans l'eau verte,
Poli ses dents et peint ses ongles,
Et fait de lui un beau sultan.
C'est son droit,
Hâ!

Beau comme une pâquerette,
Il s'envole avec le Démon
Vers où l'on rit sans offense.

Alors j'ai connu, après Dieu, le Diable,
Et je reviens dans la neige noire;
Nul ne peut frayer avec eux!
Poisseux diptyque!
Ha!

JEAN DE BOSSCHÈRE
"L'innocente qui rit aux lapins---"
THE DEATH OF TRAGEDY

PART ONE

Argument: From our eagle's nest above the century, we observe details scattered beneath, finally pouncing upon Clarence Turner as a likely bit of carrion.

In following the road to Lynn, where Paul Revere summoned our forefathers—spiritual at least—to guerilla warfare, note the excellent facilities of the Standard Oil Company for surveying gasoline at exorbitant prices... and on the return, fill your pipe with the aid of the tobacco trust, for you can smoke on the after-deck of the railway combine's ferries until the pilot turns and goes the other way, thus making the pipe illegitimate since it is being smoked on the fore-deck. Believe us, it is all built on a healthy basis of Garfield niggers stoning Frogtown dagoes, and Saturday afternoon amateur baseball games in the suburbs, and especially back in them grand days when papa got over his bun just in time for Sunday dinner. (Recalling the game which wound up the season, Brushton against Homewood, and our boys got licked twenty to one oh Jeezuz. In the last half of the ninth, when Humpty Haas came up to the plate, they hit his bat with a lemon. That same evening, however, the pitcher of the other team got drunk and strayed into town somewhat boastfully. And our boys showed that what they couldn't do with baseball they could do with their fists).

My aunt once told me, if I wanted to be healthy, to read "Science and Health" and eat an apple at bedtime... but now the country is going to the dogs, and it is all candy laxatives. Great God, if a volcano came upon us suddenly, and preserved our subway signs for future excavations, surely the archeologists would conclude that the rites of visceral purgation had some-
thing to do with our religion. In fact, as enlightenment spreads more and more among us, are we not coming to realize with continually increasing clarity that a man can not put in a good day at the office without his once before breakfast and once before going to bed?

Herein lies wisdom: If we have had so many years of the Democrats, let us go Republican; and when we have had so many years of the Republicans, let us spit upon them, turn our backs upon them, and go Democrat; and when we have tired of being either Democrats or Republicans, let us repeat the process under different appellations. In this way we can always be assured of an abundance of sinecures for our Irish-American population, while we shall seldom make the mistake of electing a mayor without a wad in his cheek...like that perfect product from Pittsburgh who, being introduced among Pittsburgh high society, on preparing to make his speech and noticing that Mrs. Eitelbaum was talking, shouted good-naturedly, “Hay there, you shut up ’r I’ll throw y’out.” As is evident, he won the election because he knewed how to mix with the boys. A similar situation will be observed in Denver, or Charleston, and other cities.

Our rich and powerful country also possesses certain songs, and we rise when those songs are played, because certain of our countrymen are getting control of the entire meat-packing industry of the Argentine. Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute; my country, right or wrong, my country; we shall have peace, if we have to fight for it; remember the Maine; by God, we are bound to be great, for we can find the right sentence. (In contra-distinction to the much more accurate Germans who always find the wrong one; as to wit, the scrap of paper.)

There has been kite season, and commy season, and roller-skate season, and baseball season, and swimming season, and
roller-skate season, again, and football season...and then in the evenings a fire is lighted in an empty lot. There are earnest, unhappy souls who observe these fires from a bedroom window or an automobile, and suddenly feel like going out for a walk in the cold fall air. Forms, half red, half black, disappear and return; there is a gush of sparks. I have at such times heard a horn low out of the darkness, and one voice from the fire answers "Allright," thereupon the circle about the fire being diminished. By ten-thirty no one remains but one orphan, one boy whose father works at night, and one other. The fire is allowed to languish; eventually it burns a sullen, characterless red, left alone in the black field.

Also, there are the nice houses. What has been said for the clean, dead houses on a terrace, with father returning a little after five in the summer, slapping his paper against his knee, and being met on the front steps. There are mists from the river which come after dark to lie over this part of the city. In a slight wind, the arc-lights sway on the deserted corners, making the shadows of telegraph wires climb up and down the walls. Occasionally the Polish maid entertains on the back porch.

The great lump of the country rolls on, with Howard swiping apples out of the cellar, and a highschool sophomore pimpled with pubescent love, and elderly men dressing up to apply for jobs, and unexecuted rapes...and thieveries dead in the planning...half-ambitions.........fractional insights.............while as for Clarence Turner, his book—thank God!—had already reached its eighth edition, and there was the reasonable possibility of his play appearing on Broadway. The success, in fact, had been immediate. Not that Turner was low enough in the scale of jackals to have actually pandered to the public tastes. On the contrary, he had written in all sincerity, and it was simply a lucky accident that those subjects which were nearest to his heart happened to scratch the itch of the muck and glut of America's reading public.

If, climbing upon the ruins of America, we have reached Clarence Turner...
PART TWO

Argument: Or rather, having cast about for a theme, we came upon that of Clarence Turner. It is, perhaps, worth further development.

On the third floor he stopped at a room which was done in purples; Florence was lying down, appropriately. "Ah, then you can come to see me, Clara!" she said to him with a certain commendable richness. He went over to her, and kissed her, and kissed her, and all the memories of her. Glancing at the mantelpiece, he noticed that the lion's head had been restored to its place. (Once, he had gone over to touch it, calling forth from Florence a startled cry, pretty but honest. Another time, when he was looking at it steadily, she walked between them. But Clarence got the thing laid out quite clearly after a while, as is evident from this: While they were taking tea together, he had blurted out quite inconsequently, "It strikes me that the lion's head has a most fatherly look." The next time he came, the head had disappeared; and within a week he had attained her!)

"Yes, I can come, and I dare come, in spite of your loveliness," he answered in tune.

"See what I was reading? Your book...again and again, one chapter! You can not tell me that that chapter was not written to me...oh, you know the one!" Not being quite sure of the one, Clarence bowed his head in mute acknowledgement that he knew it, oh, too well. Then a trembling came over him, and he ate her hand with kisses. (But above and beyond the fact that she had set Rimbaud to music, and had even published songs of her own in which Turner figured indubitably, above and beyond the yield of her kimonos and the genius she had for draping shadows about a room, there was the fact that she slid as gracefully into other arms as into his own...which explains after a fashion why he suddenly broke off the affair, marrying some one of a less accomplished quality in her voice. Soon after this, as a divine vengeance, came the success of his novel).
Suddenly she arose, and then, significantly; "But we shall have tea." He looked at her deadly, and let his head sag into his hands. She sang three or four weak little bars of a song of hers, and wrapped her kimono more tightly about her. These little touches had been almost brutally definite; each understood just what had been given and taken. It was, roughly, this: ("But we shall have tea") = ("What, Clarence, you think I can be put down and picked up again at will! I shall break the whole trend of our emotions with the irrelevant tinkling of the tea things.") . . . (His sagging head) = ("I accept it, Florence, perhaps after a fashion even welcome it; but I am not too proud to have you see me desolate over the loss. Look, I am frankly miserable; our friendship has meant so much.") . . . (Her timid little flurrry of song) = ("Still, you dear, dear boy, it must be that way, if our memories are to be retained in all their purity. Oh God, to see it of a sudden, just what we had, and what we have lost!") . . . And (the wrapping of the kimono) = ("But all that is settled now; snap, it is finished. There is a wall between us"). Silence for a few moments, while they listened to the far echoes of a relationship which was irrevocably gone. (It was all quite sympathetic to his mentality, this thick aura-of-soul which in the course of centuries has come to interpose itself between the agent and the feminal).

The silence continued all during the preparation of the tea. Over against the general formlessness of their emotions came the definite clinking of the China. Clarence's eyes worked earnestly about the designs in the carpet. Then she nodded, and he pulled up his chair. Their feet met beneath the table; she did not withdraw, but looked at him steadily. How far their relationship had retrograded!

She laughed after a time in anticipation of a sentence which she was going to say. "Ha, it almost seems," it had been only the littlest laugh, "it almost seems, Clara, as though you will not really be here until you have left." Then she became agitated. "A history of tea! A history of tea! Is there anything but walls and beds which has seen humanity more intimately? Indeed, I vote for tea, Clarence, for here the great organ-notes of our passions are turned into the neatest, tiniest little cameos.
Think of a murder across the tea-table. What a lovely hokku the whole idea would make!...It should be done, of course, with some sort of poisonous needle, held out along with a very properly turned compliment, and barely scratching the skin....An the final death; would the victim fall across the table? Would the tea-things come rattling to the floor, the destruction of a miniature empire? Really, it is all very lovely, don't you think?” (Both being very conscious that Mrs. Turner could not do this sort of thing at all).

And then: “But let me put away the tea-things. I must put them away now. For I shall not be able to bear it, seeing the room all cluttered up by you. And I must rearrange the chairs.” Without ostentation, Clarence took the ends of the cigarettes which he had lined along his saucer—there should be no fetishes!—and carried them to the grate, threw them out of his life, and hers.

It was all so plain that this day was his last hold upon their intimacy. Now he could still go to her and take her in his arms; but after leaving this room this day...when he met her on the street, he would touch his hat, ask a few words about her brother, tell her some recent anecdote, and then hurry away.

He resented any distraction as a sin against this woman in front of him. Yet his wife would surely be expecting him from now on. He felt subconsciously that he should offer Florence a pure immersion in the present, in the emphatic this-ness and here-ness of their parting. Their parting, since that was certain. Everything that had happened this afternoon seemed to leave some little broken end. He arose abruptly, went to his hat and coat and threw them across his arm. Walking to the door, he opened it, and paused with one hand on the knob. Florence dripped into her chair, looking at him without meaning.

On her little writing table the phone began ringing. Once, twice, then with a nagging impatience. Tacitly, however, they agreed to rule it out of the scene. Still, it did increase the tempo of their leave-taking; for he began to close the door with a jerk of sudden decision. She leapt from her chair, bolted toward him. He received her with a groan, crushing his hat between
them. Then he turned and went stumbling blindly down the stairs, while the phone peeled forth one wild, unbroken plaint.

Reaching home, Turner hurried straight to his room, where for some hours he wrote feverishly.

**PART THREE**

*Argument:* Becoming impatient, the author finally wanders elsewhere, and seems in the direction of a positive beauty, when the old subject returns like a gastric juice in the throat.

He fell asleep in the early morning, and when he awoke again at eight he found that the life had faded out of him. He went down for a walk, bought an orange at an Italian fruit-store on Sullivan Street, and ate it standing on the corner. A drayhorse had fallen in the slush; Turner watched the agony of its feet as it struggled to rise, while its team-mate looked about with indifference. Finally he surrendered himself. He accepted it more or less consciously that he had given time enough to the burial of his love—taking the term, that is, as a technical expression, by which is meant that love, like potato farming or marine insurance, is developing a specific nomenclature as the manifestations thereof are becoming more standardized with the help of education. Now, if our more prominent novelists, of the type of Turner, could have taken two years of the classics and then two years intensive study in amoristic engineering, this fact could have been put upon its right basis long before now. A graph of the human heart, for instance, by a senior A. E., could have traced the curve from Seeing Her Pass, through Poignant Night and With Her Alone, ending perhaps with Burial of His Love. To look upon this as a scientific terminology, that is, so that the phrase “Burial of his love” should not be dismissed as banal, but rather accepted as the accurate dictionary equivalent for the thing itself, and sanctioned by the consensus of the leading minds of the nation.

The steady rumble of every-day had gradually reclaimed him, so that he turned from the drayhorses—Christ! after Florence could not his wife even be called a drayhorse! Stand up the sorry thing and look at her. He could do that; that was his
trade. The brute, walking along these streets; exciting no in-
terest, and yet tearing the last strip of dignity from the woman
he had married. Consider all the little pulsing hearts, too good
for other pulsing hearts, but not good enough—oh God! how
short-coming—for one pulsing heart, our hundred millions are
composed of. What sewer-cleaner's daughter would marry the
son of a honey-dipper? Yet Clarence Turner...after Florence
...his wife! Added to a sleepless night, it is not hard to un-
derstand his bitterness.

When he reached the apartment she had already left, which
was a show of delicacy that he had not expected of things. The
furniture sat about, peculiarly irresponsible to his emotions.
Going to his room, he threw himself upon the bed, and sobbed.
Lying there sobbing, and the stars do go around the earth. He
has read any number of volumes on the play of the mucous
membranes. Let us erect a dirty little monument to these
intellectuals. There is even the possibility that we shall be
driven into the Church by the scurviness of our free-thinkers.
Building upon the sound foundation of this low-visionedness,
there are those who, coming from Ohio, own the loss of an “r”,
while others, friend, can pronounce certain words with the ac-
cent on a different syllable than is customary; such observations
are really of value, since they may contribute to the happiness
of still others.

On the other hand, oh God, on the other hand, we shall sail
easily across an enthusiasm of contours. To the south, the
broad back of a hill curved down slowly into the plateau. And
still farther south, an opposing curve swelled up and stretched
away in the haze. While the lake fitted itself silently into the
basin which the glaciers had scooped out for it some thousands
of years ago. Or, off against the sky, consider the little meadow
lying beyond a V of two hills. Or trees banked up the mountain
side like clouds, and at irregular intervals the black-green firs
jutting out like a city of church spires.

While there are, for those who love such things, rains which
come ripping along the valleys, attacking whole forests, bending
around gaps between the mountains, driving things before them.
Further, there are patchy rains; they piddle for a while, then
JOSEPH STELLA  MARCEL DUCHAMP

Photograph by Man Ray
BROOKLYN BRIDGE       BY STELLA
pour, then even cease entirely, so that the sun gets at the landscape here and there in shafts. And there are still other rains which you go on the porch and exclaim, "Why, it is raining!" they have sneaked into being so imperceptibly. While after any sort of rain the woods are even smellier than usual.

Oh, vomit of loveliness! Let us rise in the night and give thanks for the pure horizons that remain to us. Exult, for the heavy hills are patient to be climbed upon; willingly they suffer us to paw at their necks and sit across the peaks of their ears. And looking down from them, we see the valley, as it dips and waves, and how the shadows of the clouds...the shadows of the clouds, there being any number of clouds that day, though there was also the night when I went to the door and found the whole world snuggled away under snow/that spread off and over the hills/blue in the full moon/sifting softly against the fences of the meadows/and drooping from the fir trees.

Addenda

Turner’s convalescence was hastened considerably by the intelligence that his play was really to appear on Broadway; he also became wrapped up in the consequences of a note which had said among other things, "Je te désire."

KENNETH BURKE
GARDEN

BIRD black
bird this
is the garden
with granite gates

Tree wise
tree she
lurks behind you
soft pollen skin

Man lean
man thin
is her breathing
under blue leaf

Man bird
tree this
is the garden
cool unseen shadows
no sorrow stirs

MITCHELL DAWSON
B. B.

or

THE BIRTHPLACE OF BONNES

Can anybody tell by looking which was the towel used for cooking.

B. B. or the birthplace of bonnes.

Jennie Poole had a story to tell. She told the story very well. She said that she had loaned her handkerchief to a man like a woman. Give me your handkerchief Poole he said. She gave it to him and she never saw it again.

Double pink.

Germaine came from Vannes. And where did Jenny come from. Sinny came from Chatillon, and where then did the saint say that she was going away. She was going away to Tourtegay.

How many homes have we to visit the birthplace of Jeanne Sinny Poole.

Margot Veraker Fairacre.

Germaine.

Saint Grille.

And the center not the center.

I do not know fairies.

I do not like water.

I do not remember quarries.

I do not care for grass.

I have not seen the sea.

The seas is water colour. I can make that joke again. Jeanne Poole knows the difference between warm water and coloured water. She had told us about her brother. He fell off the gun. Gun is the name of cannon. He fell off of a cannon and was seriously wounded. He is now a cabinet maker. In recounting the glories of France she never forgets the father of her child. Her child is a girl I can not give a description of her character. I have been puzzled she said, I have been puzzled as to her
character. I know now. She is a sovereign. This is not what
was said. She had a brother killed not in the war.

She said to me Come to Brittany. I said I did not like Brit­
tany. She said have you ever been there. I said I have met
many people who have been there. And what do they say. They say it is a very pretty country, you can see it only in one
day.

We then went together.

Godiva. Godiva is fair. She has two places instead of hair.
And she moves, nicely.

I am describing Brittany to-day.

To-day there are a great many Bretons who take part in fishing
hunting in harvesting, in manufacturing, and in auditing. A
great many of them are in hospital. And a great many of them
love women children ducks and ribbon. They nourish restric­
tion.

We said to Sinny, Can you clean bronze. She said. I live
beside quarries. But there is a lake too. Yes there is a lake and
supper. We have coffee for supper. My mother makes the fire.
And what does your father do. My father grows camellias. Not
in Brittany. Why certainly in Brittany it is very warm in
Brittany. Warm enough to learn knitting. If you have religion.
If you have a wound and religion. If you have lost your hand
and there are women, if you are a woman and have been teaching,
you teach knitting you teach knitting to the children.

In words of pleasure resulting from a union of activity with
anticipation and discernment concerning losses a great many
people can be rougher.

Say policeman your ears are frozen said the driver. You go to
hell was an answer.

Reading and butter there is more than one saying. Anybody
can buy sugar. Any money can buy sugar.

In this country there are a great many disclosures. Let us
take a calf. To breed a calf takes the feed for a cow. To wean
a calf takes a stall. To learn that calf is killed is too disagreeable.
Let us give it honey. Veal is all, all sunny.

Now to continue the narrative.

We have three causes for vindication. The first is France.
The second is liberty and third is observation. You do observe that there is a reason.

B. B. is indicated.

When next we see the south we will not expect anybody to deny that birds fly north. Birds fly south sometime, and north all together.

When this you see remember your sisters in Brittany. A great many of them have no sisters with them. Sisters can frequently come from the West. We have guessed that others are equally caressed.

Sinny said of her brothers. I have three brothers. One is in the railroad, the other is a restaurant keeper and the third is a cabinet maker. And as to the father of my child he is a butcher. He was apprenticed to a butcher and he married the butcher’s daughter.

In the meantime it is not difficult to realise that a woman who has borne eleven children can easily have a hernia. And her grandchild. He inherits it. From his mother.

Would you be equally satisfied with the queen. Yes indeed she would. Yes very much indeed she would.

Vacaville is a place for cows. Vacaville rhymes with whip poor will.

Vacaville is a land of cows. Whip poor will is a bird. I recognise a third a third a third place to see.

When we went visiting we forgot about halos. The saint, if you take a photograph of a saint under a tree she has a halo. She said one must reinforce one’s self. One must try to be prepared. One must really speak. One should speak to oneself. But in the presence of others. One is not in their presence when one speaks to oneself. Yes but if one does recognize the other. Then one must be content to take wages.

In this way she was not satisfied.

The weather was very warm, there was very little wind and no rain.

I do not neglect my dishes.

And in Paris.

I found them.

Now for a conversation.
Margot said to Sinny I do not cause terror. And as for me what can I do with my brother. He is too young.

Germaine why does Germaine toil.

Conversation to-day. Can we see meat. We prefer coffee. And how many sisters do you refuse to see. We do not refuse to see any sisters but there is one that we prefer not to visit and there is another one that we find disagreeable. And for the rest. For the rest there are a great many. Egyptians Scandinavians and Portugese, the Bretons are more regular than these. They can spread their anger about most successfully. But they are not angry. To be sure they are not.

How can you copy a letter. Read tenderly about how the saint leaving suddenly did not receive her photograph.

I often think that the Queen meant what she said when she said that they had not been so disrespectful no not for two hundred years.

How can you steal a pin. Why very easily with a hammer. I do not know how stupidity is exercised. Please me to see Please me to see Please me to see Indy.

Please me by not seeing a neglected case. How can you neglect a case. Suppose a mother suddenly sings. Supposing a wife sleeps. Supposing a brother has means. And let us suppose that a husband is cured. Do you mean by that completely cured.

I think I mean by that that a husband is completely cured. Of what. Of that to-night.

I can treat any one like that.

But now to remember what Margot and Germaine and Sinny and the same one and the saint said about plays. They each one said they knew about handkerchiefs. They also believed in comforting them. I comfort them.

Let us have that conversation together. Let us mean to be tall and strong. And indeed can we carry a tree. Indeed a tree is planted and so are irons. Irons and hills and can you drink water. Explain to me why you drink. Indeed it is so satisfactory that nearly everybody hopes to pray. I pray too.

Can you see still.

Can you still see.

It did work. And what astonishes me is that it will work again.
Suppose we think a minute.
If it wants to come again will you be indignant. No but disquieted. You need not be disquieted. A great many people shine pleasantly.
In a ribbon.
In a ribbon there is red.
Red white and blue.
Can you know why green is so is so yellow.
In a ribbon for a ribbon there is a necklace.
Do not say you do like beads.
I likeshells As bells.
Not as door bells.
If they had all been born they would have said in rubbing dirt we are certain to bring out some colour but the value may be lost. The value can never be lost to me.
I am a great believer in even coloured silks.
I am almost certain that Esther was born somewhere. And Germaine. Germaine was not foolish.
Do you consider Margot foolish.
I consider that she is foolish when she can not notice the distinction between cloudy and clean water.
Water rhymes with daughter.
And so I end.

GERTRUDE STEIN
CONTE POUR LA COMTESSE DE NOALLIES

CE matin là, comme il devinait du soleil sur les platanes, M. Eugène Sue ne mit point ses bottines pour arrêter le railway.

Il habitait, dans Broadway, un appartement où les paquebots faisaient escale qui revenaient des mers du Sud, dans un remous de linons et de bas de soie comme ses nuits blanches.

Il ne nommait personne par son nom mais collait des étiquettes sur le radiateur des automobiles.

Sur sa porte, il avait inscrit “96” pour tenter des sergents de ville.

Il était l’amant d’une sale putain qui n’aimait pas faire l’amour.

Ce matin, donc, il n’enfila pas ses souliers. Il marchait avec précaution car il craignait les mirages et les oiseaux qui cachent la Tour Eiffel sur leurs ailes mais, par contre, il aimait les gabus et la félicité de ses propres doigts,

Au fond, un beau bourgeois . . .

Il n’entendit pas, ce matin, ce cher M. Eugène Sue, une musique retentissante, pleine de cuivres en érection et de peaux crispées, qui descendait l’avenue et, doucement, ainsi qu’une phosphorescence, lui passait sur le cœur.

PIERRE DE MASSOT
THE SWANS

BY STELLA
SERENADE

BY STELLA
LA PRIERE D'UN ENFANT

BY STELLA
THE SONG OF THE NIGHTINGALE

BY STELLA
FACE flowed into her eyes. Flowed in soft cream foam and plaintive ripples, in such a way that wherever your glance may momentarily have rested it immediately thereafter wavered in the direction of her eyes. The soft suggestion of down slightly darkened, like the shadow of a bird's wing, the creamy brown color of her upper lip. Why, after noticing it, you sought her eyes, I cannot tell you. Her nose was aquiline Semitic. If you have heard a Jewish cantor sing, if he has touched you and made your own sorrow seem trivial when compared with his, you will know my feeling when I followed the curves of her profile, like mobile rivers, to their common delta. They were strange eyes. In this, that they sought nothing, that is nothing that was obvious and tangible and that one could see; and they gave the impression that nothing was to be denied. When a woman seeks, you will have observed, her eyes deny. Fern's eyes desired nothing that you could give her; there was no reason why they should withhold. Men saw her eyes and fooled themselves. Fern's eyes said to them that she was easy. When she was young a few men took her, but got no joy from it. And then, once done, they felt bound to her (quite unlike their hit and run with other girls), felt as though it would take them a lifetime to fulfill an obligation which they could find no name for. They became attached to her and hungered after finding the barest trace of what she might desire. As she grew up new men who came to town felt as almost everyone did whoever saw her, that they would not be denied. Men were everlastingly bringing her their bodies. Something inside of her got tired of them I guess, for I am certain that for the life of her she could not tell why or how she began to turn them off. A man in fever is no trifling thing to send away. They began to leave her, baffled and ashamed, yet vowing to themselves that someday they would do some fine thing for her: send her candy every week and not let her know who it came from, watch out for her wedding-day and give her a magnificent something with no name.
on it, buy a house and deed it to her, rescue her from some unworthy fellow who had tricked her into marrying him. As you know men are apt to idolize or fear what they cannot understand, especially if it be a woman. She did not deny them yet the fact was that they were denied. A sort of superstition above them. Being above them meant that she was not to be approached by anyone. She became a virgin. Now a virgin in a small southern town is by no means the usual thing, if you will believe me. That the sexes were made to mate is the practice of the South. Particularly, black folks were made to mate. And it is black folks whom I have been talking about thus far. What white men thought of Fern I can only arrive at by analogy. They let her alone.

Anyone, of course, could see her, could see her eyes. If you walked up the Dixie Pike most anytime of day you’d be most like to see her, listless, resting on the railing of her porch, back propped against a post, head tilted a little forward because there was a nail in the porch-post just where her head came which for some reason or other she never took the trouble to pull out. Her eyes, if it were sunset, rested idly where the sun, molten and glorious, was pouring down between the fringe of pines. Or maybe they gazed at the grey cabin on the knoll from which an evening folk-song was coming. Perhaps they followed a cow that had been turned loose to roam and feed on cotton stalks and corn leaves. Like as not they’d settle on some vague spot above the horizon, though hardly a trace of wistfulness would come to them. If it were dusk, then they’d wait for the search-light of the evening train which you could see miles up the track before it flared across the Dixie Pike, close to her home. Wherever they looked, you’d follow them and then waver back. Like her face, the whole country-side seemed to flow into her eyes. Flowed into them with the soft listless cadences of Georgia’s south. A young Negro, once, was looking at her, spell-bound, from the road. A white man passing in a buggy had to flick him with his whip if he was to get by without running him over. I first saw her on her porch. I was passing with a fellow whose crusty numbness (I was from the north and suspected of being preju-
diced and stuck-up) was melting as he found me warm. I asked
him who she was. "That's Fern," was all that I could get from
him. Some folks already thought that I was given to nosing
around; I let it go at that, so far as questions were concerned.
But at first sight of her I felt as if I heard a Jewish cantor sing.
As if his singing rose above the unheard chorus of a folk-song.
And I felt bound to her. I too had my dream: something I
would do for her. I have knocked about from town to town too
much not to know the futility of mere change of place. Be­
sides, picture if you can this cream-colored solitary girl sitting
at a tenement window looking down on the indifferent throngs
of Harlem. Better that she listen to folk-songs at dusk in
Georgia, you would say, and so would I. Or, suppose she came
up north and married. Even a doctor or a lawyer, say, one who
would be sure to get along, that is, make money. You and I
know, who have had experience in such things, that love is not
a thing like prejudice which can be bettered by changes of town.
Could men in Washington, Chicago, or New York, more than
the men of Georgia, bring her something left vacant by the
bestowal of their bodies? You and I who know men in these
cities will have to say they could not. See her out and out a
prostitute along State Street in Chicago. See her move into a
southern town where white men are more aggressive. See her
become a white man's concubine. . .Something I must do for
her ...There was myself. What could I do for her? Talk, of
course. Push back the fringe of pines upon new horizons. To
seem to lose their selfishness. I lost mine before I touched her.
I ask you, friend, (it makes no difference if you sit in the Pull­
man or the Jim-Crow as the train crosses her road) what thoughts
would come to you, that is after you'd finished with the thoughts
that leap into men's minds on the sight of a pretty woman who
will not deny them,—what thoughts would have come to you
had you seen her in a quick flash, keen and intuitively, as she sat
there on her porch when your train thundered by? Would you
have got off at the next station and come back for her to take
her where? Would you have completely forgotten her as soon
as you reached Macon, Atlanta, Augusta, Pasadena, Madison,
Chicago, Boston, or New York? Would you tell your wife or
your sweetheart about a girl you saw? Your thoughts can help me, and I would like to know. Something I would do for her...

One evening I walked up the pike on purpose, and stopped to say hello. Some of her family were around, but they moved away to make room for me. Damn if I knew how to begin. Would you? Mr. and Miss so-and-so, people, the weather, the crops, the new preacher, the frolic, the church benefit, rabbit and possum hunting, the new soft drink they had at old Pap's store, the schedule of the trains, what kind of a town Macon was, Negro's migration north, boll-weevils, syrup, the Bible,—to all these things she gave a yassur or nassur, without further comment. I began to wonder if perhaps my own emotional sensibility had played one of its trick on me. "Let's take a walk," I at last ventured. The suggestion, coming after so long an isolation, was novel enough, I guess, to surprise. But it wasn't that. Something told me that men before me had said just that as a prelude to the offering of their bodies. I tried to tell her with my eyes. I think she understood. The thing from her that made my throat catch, vanished. Its passing left her visible in a way I'd thought, but never seen. We walked down the pike with people on all the porches gaping at us. "Doesn't it make you mad?" She meant the row of petty gossiping people. She meant the world. Through a canefield that was ripe for cutting, the branch was reached. Under a sweet-gum tree, and where redish leaves had dammed the creek a little, we sat down. Dusk, suggesting the almost imperceptible procession of giant trees, settled with a purple haze about the cane. I felt strange, as I always do in Georgia, particularly at dusk. I felt that things unseen to men were tangibly immediate. It would not have surprised me had I had a vision. People have them in Georgia more often than you would suppose. A black woman once saw the Mother of Christ and drew her in charcoal on the courthouse wall...

When one is on the soil of one's ancestors, most anything can come to one... From force of habit I suppose I held Fern in my arms, that is, without at first noticing it. Then my mind came back to her. Her eyes, unusually weird and open, held me. Held God. He flowed in as I've seen the countryside flow in. Seen men. I must have done something, what I don't know, in the
confusion of my emotion. She sprang up. Rushed some distance from me. Fell to her knees, and began swaying, swaying. Her body was tortured with something it could not let out. Like boiling sap it flooded arms and fingers till she shook them as if they burnt her. It found her throat, and spattered inarticulately in plaintive, convulsive sounds, mingled with calls to Christ Jesus. And then she sang, brokenly. A Jewish cantor singing with a broken voice, a child’s voice, uncertain, or an old man’s. Dusk hid her; I could only hear her song. It seemed to me as though she were pounding her head in anguish upon the ground. I rushed to her. She fainted in my arms.

There was talk about her fainting with me in the cane field. And I got one or two ugly looks from town men who’d set themselves up to protect her. In fact there was talk of making me leave town. But they never did. They kept a watch-out for me though. Shortly after I came back north. From the train window I saw her as I crossed her road. Saw her on her porch, head tilted a little forward where the nail was, eyes vaguely focused on the sunset. Saw her face flow into them, the countryside and something that I call God, flowing into them... Nothing ever really happened. Nothing ever came to Fern, not even I. Something I would do for her. Some fine unnamed thing... And, friend, you? She is still living, I have reason to know. Her name, against the chance that you might happen down that way, is Fernie May Rosen.

JEAN TOOMER
FUNERAL

Death helps us to see
for it as suddenly renders life a background;
we will know thee, we will know thee.

Behold the quelled eyes
and all the visions bowing over them.

Nostrils no longer monotonously
debate with breath;
a crudity of logic has closed them;

—and the lips under them
shut on a single sarcasm;

the frayed hands worn out
clutching at immobilities...

Look into the gored breast; there was a heart
that hummed no ballads; an anvil heart.

Low, the empty censer,
the phallus,
overturned.

The rifled feet have come too early;
we will wend their wanderings.

Disdained
like abandoned booty
humbler existences will take you up.

Seeds tinkle on the bell like fruits;
you die with a peal of lives.
Death is another growth
with social function of chemistry.

That you may be certain
of your desired,
rankling memory
we sing thus;
we will know thee.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER

OCEAN AQUARIUM

I do not love nature but I give great attention and respect to the elements. I am not pleasant about things that are on-the-make or reproductive. The elements belong to eternity and are a communication. When it rains I pause in my life and say to myself "it rains and all the unforgotten rains are raining."

Tonight the wind from the Atlantic blows until outside there is only wind. I follow it back to its beginning at the middle of the ocean . . . The fish and sea-flowers and sponges have withdrawn to a position behind the wind and there I can watch the fish swimming up and down making a glistening wall of light, rolling their eyes and flashing their fins at the empty water left to the winds. And I know if the sea were uninhabited man would have died of his terror of an empty sea.
WATER-OATS that marked and hid the river are dead now . . . all night wild ducks and water birds make their wooden noises. At evening the sea-meadows and the river show corrupt and silent colours. Today the sun through an ocean gale and ocean clouds poured steady parallels of light into the heavy sunken bay: a holy picture where some one stronger than Jesus might walk.

This is the bay.

There are a lot of houses in the town. She must have lived in one of them. But that does not matter . . .

She told me that she used to come here . . . cross this bay to the ocean beyond every day in her white boat. I did not know her then, I do not know her now. She has even long ago left her description . . . but this is the bay.

I have seen in northern places, just before a storm, old sunken docks, boats and rocks on the bottom of great waters, raise dark terrifying reflections of themselves to the too quiet surface.

I watch the bay in all weathers. There is upon it in the nights a pale white reflection: a nerve-chart of tiny routes made by a white boat.
EVA GAUTIER  BY STELLA
THE BOOKMAN

BY STELLA
STUDY FOR SKYSCRAPER

BY STELLA
“GARDENING WITH BRAINS”

by jh

SCENE: “The Little Review” in summer quarters:
tiny house with large garden by the sea.

CHARACTERS: M. C. A. and jh. jh. working in
garden. M. C. A. comes down the lawn dressed in black silk
Annette Kellerman, Limited; large white coral beads about
neck, bracelets, short hair elaborately trained about elaborately
indifferent head.

jh. Why don’t you ever come down and have a look at the
garden?
M. C. A. I don’t know anything about such things—(ap­
proaches as if entering a ball room).—What are these?
jh. Tomatoes.
M. C. A. And these?
jh. Potatoes.
M. C. A. I don’t see any.
jh. They grow under the ground.
M. C. A. How exasperating!

(neurotic silence)

I don’t see how you can keep your interest if everything grows
under the ground.

jh. Everything doesn’t. Tomatoes grow on top, potatoes under.
M. C. A. Aren’t you smart to know such things?

jh. I have to—What would I do if I ever got the seeds mixed
and dug into a t-o-m-a-t-o!!!

M. C. A. (turning to go, with a sweeping gesture)—Is there
anything so charming as a garden by the sea!

jh. (imitating M. C. A.’s manner)—Ah! but the sea-weeds!!

33
WE are Ulysses mad. It is impossible to go anywhere or read anything without getting into some jibberish about Ulysses. Ulysses ran serially in the Little Review for three years . . . scarcely a peep from the now swooning critics except to mock it. Issues were held up by the post office and destroyed, we were tried and fined for sections of the book, but no art-sharks attended. Burton Rascoe, who runs the Bookman’s Day Book in the New York Tribune, perhaps speaks for them all: when challenged for a past valuation of the book he explained that he didn’t know it was a masterpiece when it was running in the Little Review because some of the words were misspelled, etc. We admit that they were, but we took the copy to the printer year after year, as it were, without a mark of our own upon it. Joyce, I have heard, rewrote, made corrections and revisions in the proofs of the book itself until the cost of perfection far outstripped all possible returns. Ulysses as it appeared in the Little Review is now in demand as a first printing.

We have been asked how we ever got a printer in New York to set it for us: We found a Serbian printer, a man of education, temperament, and fantastic business methods. He and his two daughters were the shop. His mother had been the poet-laureate of Serbia and he “knew the beautiful words.” He did not ask to be freed from liability in case of trouble with the post office. Ulysses was discussed in the shop with easy understanding and acute pride. Sometimes we were asked in troubled English about certain words. “Ah yes, I know, in Serbia those words are good for the people but in America it is not good, the people are not brave about words, they are not healthy about words; in America you go in prison.”

But to get back to the reviews, Richard Aldington’s was internationally bad and unrelated to Ulysses. Then there was John Eglington’s piercing blindness. But the praise is as unthought and as hysterical as the rejections. There aren’t any critics in this place. None of these make-believe critics knows anything
about the creation of a work of art. They rave with the same abandon about Cabell, a cream puff sculptor, and Santayana.

If there had been some of this camp-meeting ecstasy about Ulysses when it was appearing in the *Little Review* the book might have been saved for American publication, the audience that was reading it in the *Little Review* might have been able to own the book, Joyce might have had enough in royalties to ensure him treatments for threatened blindness—and the disgusting profiteering on the part of dealers might have been less fat. (A single copy has already brought more than $500.)—jh.

**HAVING A GLAND TIME**

*Dear Readers:*

*SADORA, de milles et une nuits, has been romping again for us. She gave one of her "joint"-recitals as of yore, which seemed to get by all right, in spite of the activities of the "Society for the prevention of cruelty to glands."

You will recall her, I know, for she founded the "Gentle Request" school of breeding. She wants to start another school in America, and she should. She is the Civic-Virtue-ess of dancing, nay, she is "Libertine encumbering the world."

You would be surprised to know of the people who are achieving that state of Nervana where one feels one's Art and one's glands simultaneously and satisfactorily. There is the one who dashes off plays, in the negro-Maeterlinckian vein, between the last drop of OOLONG and the first call to Cotuits. So active! Then there is the Amateur-Bohemian-Society-woman-Interior-Desecrator, who desecrates her club today, a theatre tomorrow, and between times, while resting on her laurels, gives an audience to an Artist, defining his position to him. And she is so recklessly simple!

*a tantôt, votre,*

*NARCISSE.*
NOTES

I had planned to make a few notes on the “fall” books for the *Little Review*, but I came upon Edith Wharton’s “Glimpses of the Moon” right at the start and I was slain. So this is Mrs. Wharton—every day in every way she has hunted too long on the same ground. She has become as trivial and fluffy-brained as the society in which she plays. If she just wouldn’t try to write about it with understanding. How can any one understand anything that one has been part of for years and years. The book is in Atherton-Glynn style, about two people who have a tragedy every time they commit some trivial dishonesty or make a social deflection, but who are given a glimpse of the moon whenever they exchange their behavior for a fundamental crime or stupidity.

Something should be said about Ben Hecht’s latest efforts, “Gargoyles” and “Fantazius Mallare,” if he hasn’t said it all in his titles. “Fantazius” has brought the obscene government down upon him, but we have heard no word of a trial. There is nothing in the book for adult education.

It is so easy to rail at censorship that we forget to applaud the intelligence of a now and then judge who backs up the artist. Judge Oberwager of New York recently tried to rescue three books from Mr. Sumner’s Klu Klux. “Satyricon” was one of them.

Boni and Liveright seem to have an ambition to publish books of permanent literary value. They would do well to take more pride in the making of the books themselves. Knopf is doing both. Seltzer and Doran do well by the first-rate second-raters. But as I said at the beginning of this note, I am off novels this season; and I am off most music and the theatre.

The performance of “Six Characters in Search of an Author” shows you all you need to know about actors. I suppose a revolution could be started against the theatre: we could march in Fifth Avenue with banners, wear some brand of shirt, mess
up the theatrical offices, raise a fund to hire the actors not to act, and rid ourselves of this Broadway product. But those who think they have broken through into art are devastating: the Barrymores, Margaret Wycherley, et al. A clenched fist pressed on the air or high on the breast, to the accompaniment of a sub-uterine voice, is Margaret Wycherley's technique to proclaim high art. I am unable to say what "Six Characters" might be if it could be disentangled from all the wrong things. It is wordy and inchoate as given by standard actors.

There is hope that something will break from such attempts as the Greenwich Village Follies and the vaudeville.—jh.

WORDS

As is obvious, there is no communication in words.

I quote myself in the last issue of the Little Review:

Criticism in New York is one of the allied fashion-designing trades. The art talk of the lay-intellectual is a radio of the fashion-art journals. Every smart journal has its Well-Dressed Man and its well-dressed artist feature. The Dial has Paul Rosenfeld.

At once we received a telegram from Paul Rosenfeld:

"You do me a wrong. I have not been well-dressed since 1913."

—and in the New Republic of October 11 Sherwood Anderson in his article "Four American Impressions" quotes the above into "our well-dressed writer of prose" and thinks "Paul Rosenfeld would not too much resent the connotations of that."

It doesn't seem possible that any nature, however sweet, could strain my connotations into a compliment. I can see nothing essential in Paul Rosenfeld's writing. The words are not essential to the subject, the subject is not essential to Mr. Rosenfeld. He writes about pleasant things pleasantly.

I didn't find Sherwood's "impression" of Rosenfeld interesting.
I find more friendship than conviction in the article. But—he calls his article "impressions," not valuations or criticism. . .

If I were an easy writer I should like some time to write my impression of Sherwood. The evidence about every one is always wrong—I mean the evidence that we give about ourselves in words and acts and appearance to him who runs. The artist can prove no alibi once he has produced. The critics protest that Sherwood "writes of the soul of the American people." Since that soul as advertised is made up of Desire for Greatness, Money-Getting, Conformity, and Sanity I fail to see Sherwood as its laureate. Sherwood is more inevitable than conscious. He is apropos his material. He is pre-natal and he writes about a pre-natal America. He writes about people who are for the first time struggling with other problems and impulses than those of "gettin' on."

On the other hand those who froth at his "inarticulate prosiness" or his "bad English" miss him entirely. We printed a story of his in the Little Review with this as a first sentence: "There was a woman come to Chicago once." We got so much jeering that we were almost tempted to explain that we liked it. The Little Review is a record of the creative energy of this period: absolute achievement, experiments and existences. There is the evidence in Sherwood Anderson's writing of an existence that is important and great.

Great grammar or great existence?—what is a great writer?

—jh.
SECESSION

Dear jh:

I RATHER enjoy these little "fusses," and almost all arguments when removed from the time-honoured realms of morality. The trouble with you is that you have had to fight against the mere taboo element so long (and nobly!) that you are apt to become merely personal in your answers to other arraignments. You do this brilliantly, but, when it comes to the real question in hand you are apt to miss fire. And I think you did so in your jeer for Secession in the last L. R.,—husky booter that you are!

Number 2 Secession had some good stuff in it, and you may have noticed a mention to the effect that it was not saturated with that passion for reconciliation that animated the N. Y. Evening Post.

HART CRANE.

YOU take me too seriously. I may have spoken about this "taboo element," and a lot of other things, but I have never fought anything.

I make quite an effort to miss the "real question."

When I was little I could never see a strange cat without shy- ing a stone at it with hoots of challenge. I like cats, I never tried to hit one; I have rescued and even wept over cats, but I like to see them run. There is something in their nature that calls for the stone. Many people call for the stone. The mournfully militant Munson wrote us a letter, in answer to my note about Secession, that was a perfection of reaction... and now in the latest Secession he says I'm always wrong—? Yes, you may call us personal. We try to address our remarks to the person we have in mind rather than, as is the convention, to the (or a) literary state.—jh.
MA MAIN TREMBLE

LES clochers chantent à tue-tête
Nous poursuivons notre route perdus dans la foule;
comme les oiseaux sur la plaine,
les arbres, les fleurs, les animaux, sont des personnes
plus sensibles que les hommes.
Mais moi, j'ai un bandeau sur les yeux
pour ne pas voir les coucher de soleil;
les coucher de soleil ne sont pas assez beaux
et me feraient pleurer;
la lune n'est pas assez belle,
les femmes ne sont pas assez belles;
il n'y a que les boutiques d'armurier qui me plaisent,
elles me plaisent parce que je n'aime pas la chasse,
je n'aime pas la guerre,
et j'ai peur de mourir.

Un jour mon grand père dit à mon père:
c'est aussi dur de se séparer de la mort que de la vie;
je trouvai cette pensée si belle
qu'elle me fit hausser les épaules,
et je détournai la conversation par discrétion.
là vie est insensée;
le printemps est en automne
l'automne au printemps,
l'été en hiver et l'hiver en été;

j'aime mieux mes larmes
et mon chapeau neuf.
Je foule aux pieds
les papillons aux couleurs si jolies et guillochés
car toute beauté est un vice de la nature
Mais les clochers chantent à tue-tête
comme les oiseaux sur la plaine.

FRANCIS PICABIA
CHINATOWN  

BY STELLA
L'ARBE DE MA VIE

BY STELLA
TROPICAL SONATA

BY STELLA
IF we knew all the gods would awaken. Born of the profound knowledge which humanity has kept of itself, the adored pantheisms which resemble it have grown drowsy. But, despite the eternal sleep there are eyes where humanities similar to the phantoms, joyous and divine, are reflected. These eyes are as attentive as the flowers whose desire it is always to behold the Sun. O fertile joy! There are men who see with these eyes.

At that time Picasso had looked upon the human images which float in the azure of our memories and partake of divinity to damn the metaphysicians. How pious are his skies, all alive with flight, his lights low and dull like the light in grottoes!

There are children who have gone astray without learning the catechism. They stop, and the rain ceases. "Look, there are people in these buildings and their garments are poor." These children who one does not fondle understand so much! "Mama, love me, love me well!" They know how to frolic and the turns they make are mental evolutions.

Today these women whom one no longer loves recall themselves. They have too often repeated their brittle ideas. They do not pray; they are devotees of souvenirs. They cower in the
twilight like an ancient church. These women renounce and their fingers would move to plait crowns of straw. With the day they disappear, they console themselves in the silence. They cross many thresholds: mothers guard the cradles that the newborn may receive no evil heritage: when they bend over the cradles the little children smile because they know they are so good.

They have often given thanks and the gestures of their forearms tremble like their eyeballs.

Enveloped in frozen mist old men wait unthinkingly, for it is children only who meditate. These old men, animated by memories of distant countries, by the quarrels of beasts, and visions of roughened hair, can beg without humility.

Other beggars have been used up by life. These are the infirm, the cripples and ragamuffins. They are amazed to have reached the end that has remained blue, but is no longer the horizon. Growing old, they have become foolish like Kings who have too many troops of elephants carrying little citadels. There are travelers who confound the flowers and the stars.

Grown old they die like oxen, at twenty-five. The young have led the sucklings to the moon.

On a clear day some women are silent, their bodies are angelic and their glances tremble.

As for danger—their smiles are interior. They wait until frightened to confess innocent sins.

For the space of a year Picasso lived through this damp painting, blue as the humid depths of an abyss, and full of pity.

Pity made Picasso harsher. There appeared in the squares one who had been hanged, stretched against the houses above the oblique passerby. Those who have been tortured awaited a redeemer. Miraculously the gallows overlapped the roofs, the panes flame with the flowers of windows.

In the rooms poor painters drew fleecy nudities by lamp light. A woman's shoes abandoned by the bed signifies a tender haste.

Calm came after this frenzy.

The harlequins live beneath the faded rags when paint gathers
warmth or whitens its colours to tell of the strength and duration of their passions, when the lines limited by the tights bend, cut themselves off, or shoot forth.

In a square room paternity transfigures Harlequin while his wife bathes herself in cold water and admires herself, as frail and slim as her husband the puppet. Nearby fire warms the gypsy wagon, pretty songs mingle in the air and somewhere passing soldiers curse the day.

Love is good when one adorns it, and the habit of loving at home doubles the paternal sentiment. The child brings the woman whom Picasso desired, glorious and immaculate, closer to the father.

The primiparous mothers no longer await the child, perhaps because of certain raven-like chatterers of ill omen.

Christmas! They brought forth future acrobats amid familiar monkeys, white horses and dogs like bears.

The adolescent sisters treading in Equilibrium the great balls of mountebanks ordain to these spheres the radiant movement of worlds. These impubereal adolescents have the sollicitudes of innocence, the animals teach them the mystery of religion. Harlequins accompany the glory of women whom they resemble, being neither male nor female. The colour has the flatness of frescoes, the lines are firm. But at the extremes of life the animals are human and the sexes undecided.

Hybrid beasts have the conscience of the demi-gods of Egypt: taciturn harlequins have foreheads and cheeks withered by morbid sensuality.

These mountebanks must not be confounded with actors. Their observer must be pious for they celebrate mute rites with difficult agility. It is this which distinguished this painter from the Greek potters whose designs he sometimes simulated. On the painted pottery bearded and loquacious priests offered in sacrifice animals who are resigned and without destiny. Here the virility is beardless but manifests itself in the nerves of their arms; of the flat parts of the face; and the animals are mysterious.

Picasso's taste for the line which flees, changes and penetrates, has produced examples almost unique of linear dry points where he has not altered the general aspect of the world.
This Malaguegne bruised us like a brief cold. His meditations bare themselves in silence. He came from afar, from the richness of composition and of brutal decoration of the Spaniards of the 17th Century. And those who knew him recall the rapid truculences which were already past the point of experiments.

His insistence upon the pursuit of beauty has since changed everything in art.

Then, severely he questioned the universe. He accustomed himself to the immense light of depths. And sometimes he has not disdained to confide actual objects to the light, a tu’penny song, a real postage stamp, a bit of oil cloth on which is printed the caning of a chair. The art of the painter would not add a single picturesque element to the verity of these objects.

Surprise laughs savagely in the purity of the light, and it is legitimate that numbers, moulded letters should appear as picturesque elements, new in art, but long since impregnated with humanity.

It is not possible to divine the possibilities, nor all the tendencies, of an art so profound and minute.

The real object or an illusion is no doubt called upon to play a more and more important role. It is the inner frame of the picture and marks the limits of its profundity, in the same way that the frame marks its exterior limits.

Imitating the planes to represent volumes, Picasso gives to the divers elements which compose the objects an enumeration so complete, so sharp that they do not take the shape of the object, thanks to the work of the spectators who are forced to see them simultaneously by the mere reason of their arrangement.

This art—is it more profound than elevated? It does not dispense with the observation of nature and acts upon us as familiarly as nature herself.

There are poets to whom the muse dictates their verse, there are artists whose hand is guided by an unknown being who makes use of them as of an instrument. For them there is no
fatigue for they do not work and can produce much every hour, every day, in every country, and at any season: these are not men but poetic and artistic machines. Their reason is powerless against themselves, they do not struggle, and their works show no signs of effort. They are not divine and can do without themselves. They are like prolongations of nature, and their work does not pass through the intelligence. They can arouse emotion without humanizing the harmonies which they excite. There are, on the contrary, other poets and other artists who exert themselves, they turn to nature, but have with her no immediate contact, they must draw everything from within themselves, and no demon, no muse inspires them. They dwell in solitude and nothing is expressed but what they have themselves stuttered, stuttered so often that they many times make effort after effort, trial after trial to formulate that which they desire to express. Men created in the image of God will one day rest to admire their own work. But what fatigue, what imperfection, what grossness!

Picasso was an artist like the first. There has never been so fantastic a spectacle as the metamorphosis which he underwent in becoming an artist like the second.

For Picasso the design to die formed itself while he was looking at the circumflex eyebrows of his best friend, which were restlessly jumping up and down. Another of his friends brought him one day to the confines of a mystical country where the inhabitants were at once so simple and so grotesque that one could easily remake them.

And then, really, anatomy for example no longer existed in art, he had to reinvent it, and to execute his own assassination with the science and skill of a great surgeon.

The great revolution of the arts which he accomplished almost alone is that the world is his new representation. Enormous conflagration.
A new man, the world is his new representation. He enumerates the elements, details them with a brutality which also knows how to be gracious. It is a newborn infant who puts order in the universe for his own personal use, and to the end also of facilitating his relations with his fellow men. This enumeration has the grandeur of an epic poem, and with order the drama will burst into flower. One may contest a system, an idea, a date, a resemblance, but I do not see how one can contest the simple act of enumerating. From the plastic point of view it might be that he would have been able to get on without so much of the truth, but this truth once seen it became necessary. And then,—there are countries. A grotto in a forest where one cut capers, a trip on a donkey to the edge of a precipice, and the entry into a village where everything smells of warm oil and rancid wine. Or again the expedition to a cemetery, the purchase of a beaded wreath, a wreath of immortels, and the mention of ‘Mille Regrets’ which is inimitable. I have also heard of candelabra in glazed clay which were so applied upon canvas that they seemed to spring from it. Pendants of crystal, and that famous ‘Return from Havre.’

As for me, I am not afraid of Art nor have I a single prejudice as to the painters’ material.

The Mosaicists paint with marble or woods of different colours. An Italian artist has been mentioned who paints with fecal matter; during the French Revolution some one painted with blood. One may paint with anything he wishes, with pipes, with postage stamps, with post cards, or playing cards, with candelabra, with bits of oil cloth, with collars, coloured paper, or newspapers. For me it is enough to see the work, the work must be seen for it is by the quantity of work furnished by the artist that the value of a work of art is measured.

Delicate contrasts, parallel lines, the trade of a workingman, sometimes even the object itself, sometimes an indication of it, sometimes an enumeration which individualizes itself, less of sweetness than of coarseness. One does not choose in the modern, as one accepts fashion, without discussing it.

Painting... an astonishing art whose light is illimitable.
GEORGES BRAQUE

PEACEFUL appearances in plastic generalization, this is what, in a temperate region, the art of Georges Braque has joined together.

Georges Braque is the first of the new painters to renew, after his aesthetic metamorphosis, his contact with the public. This important event took place at the Salon des Indépendants in 1908.

Today the historic role played by the Salon des Indépendants begins to be clearly defined. The art of the 19th Century—the art by which the integrity of French genius has, once again, shown itself,—is one long revolt against academic routine to which the rebels opposed the authentic traditions which escape the masters of that degenerate art which defends the citadel of the rue Bonaparte.

The Salon des Indépendants has played since its foundation a preponderating role in the evolution of modern art. It has revealed to us in turn the tendencies and personalities which have for twenty-five years composed the history of French painting. Today it is the only school which counts, and which pursues in the presence of the universe the logic of great traditions and shows a great intensity of life.

It is but proper to add that the grotesque does not appear in the Salon des Indépendants in any larger proportion than it does under the guise of so-called legitimate art in the official salons. For the rest the artistic culture of our days no longer rises from social discipline. And it was not the least of the merits of the art manifested in 1908 in a work of Georges Braque that it was in accord with the society in which his evolution has taken place.

This feature, which had not appeared since the good period of Dutch painting, constitutes in sum the social element of the Revolution for which Georges Braque was the spokesman.

It would have appeared two or three years earlier, if Picasso
had exhibited, but silence was necessary for him, and who knows whether the mockeries of which Georges Braque was the butt would not have caused a Picasso to turn aside from the difficult path wherein, at first, he had walked all alone.

But, in 1909, the revolution which renewed the plastic arts was an accomplished fact. The pleasantry of the public and of the critics could no longer hinder it.

More astonishing perhaps than the novelties which appeared in the pictures of Georges Braque was the fact that one of the young painters, without abandoning himself to the affectations of the illustrators had restored to honour the order and craftsmanship without which there is no art.

Here then is Georges Braque. His role was heroic. His art peaceful and admirable. His exerts himself seriously. He expresses a beauty, a beauty full of tenderness, and the pearl-like quality of his pictures irradiates our understanding. He is an angelic painter.

He has taught men and other painters the aesthetic use of forms so unknown that only a few poets had suspected them. These luminous signs glow around us, but only a few painters have disentangled their plastic significance. Workmanship, above all in its grossest realisations, contains a multitude of aesthetic elements whose novelty is always in accord with the sentiment of the sublime, which permits man to order chaos: that which appears new must not be despised, nor that which is dirty, nor that which we use, the imitation wood or marble of house painters. Even if these appearances seem trivial a man must, when the action requires it, begin with these trifles.

I detest artists who are not of their epoch, and, just as the language of the people was, for Malherbe, the proper language of his period, the workmanship of the artisan, of the house painters should be for the artist the most vigorous material expression of painting.

Georges Braque should be called the verifier. He has verified all the novelties of modern art and he will verify yet more.
JEAN METZINGER

No one of the young contemporary painters has known as much injustice, nor has shown more resolution than this clever artist, Jean Metzinger—one of the most genuine artists that lives today. He has never refused to accept the lesson of events. In the painful journey which he has made in search of discipline, Jean Metzinger has paused in all the well-policed towns he came to on the way.

We first met him in that elegant and modern city of Neo-Impressionism of which Georges Seurat was the founder and architect.

This great painter is not yet appreciated at his true value. His works have, in design, in composition, in the very discretion of the contrasted lights a style which sets them apart, and perhaps even above the most of the works of the painters who are his contemporaries.

No painter makes me think of Molière as does Seurat, of the Molière of the 'Bourgeois Gentilhomme,' which is a ballet full of grace, lyricism and good sense. And canvasses like the 'Cirque' or the 'Chahut' are also ballets full of grace, lyricism and common sense.

The Neo-Impressionist painters are those who, to cite Paul Signac, "have since 1886 inaugurated and developed the so-called technique of division in employing as a means of expression an optical mixture of tones and shades." This technique might recall the art of the Byzantine mosaicists, and I remember that one day, in a letter addressed to M. Charles Morice, Signac also referred to the Libreria of Sienna.

This technique, so luminous in itself, and which set in order the impressionistic novelties, was divined and also applied by Delacroix, to whom it had been revealed by a study of the pictures of Constable.

It was Seurat, who in 1886 exhibited the first "divided" picture—"Un Dimanche à la grande-Tatte." It was he who carried furthest the contrast of complementary colours in the compo-
sition of pictures. The influence of Seurat is felt today even at the Beaux Arts, and will still further vitalise painting.

Jean Metzinger played a role among the clever and laborious divisionists. However the coloured minutiae of the Neo-Impressionists were only used to indicate what elements formed the style of an epoch which, to contemporary eyes, appeared in nearly all its aspects, both industrial and artistic, to be devoid of it. Seurat, with a precision which might be called genius, has drawn certain pictures of his epoch in which the firmness of the style is equalled by the almost scientific clearness of the conception ("Le Chahut," "Le Cirque," which almost belong to "scientific cubism.") He assembled everything in the art of his time to fix the gestures which characterize this fin de siecle, this end of the 19th Century where all was angular, enervated, puerilely insolent and sentimentally comic.

So beautiful an intellectual spectacle could never be prolonged, and once the picturesque style which disengages itself from the art of the 19th Century had been indicated, Neo-Impressionism ceased to play an interesting role. It brought no novelties, other than the contrast of complementary colours, and indicated the esthetic value of the novelties which the preceding schools had discovered since the end of the 18th Century. Too many new elements solicited the young painters. They could not immobilise themselves in an art which, being the last and strictest expression of an artistic period, had, with the first stroke, given its full artistic measure.

This discipline became a tiresome rule. The loud coloured shrieks of the Fauves were bursting out in the distance. They attracted Jean Metzinger, and, without doubt, opened up for him the symbolic significance of the colours and the forms which they represent. And when the Barbarians had left that barbarous but unsavage city given over to luxury and violent orgies, and the Fauves had ceased to bellow, there remained nothing but peaceful bureaucrats who resembled feature for feature the functionaries of the rue Bonaparte at Paris. Then the kingdom of the Fauves whose civilization had appeared so new, so
powerful, so startling, took on suddenly the aspect of a deserted village.

It was then that Jean Metzinger, joining Picasso and Braque, founded the Cubist City. The discipline there is strict, but does not yet run the risk of becoming a system, and freedom is greater there than anywhere else.

From his association with the Neo-Impressionists, Jean Metzinger has kept a taste for minutiae—a taste by no means mediocre.

There is nothing incomplete about his works. Nothing which is not the fruit of a rigorous logic; and if he has ever been mistaken (which is something I do not know, nor care to know) it has not been by chance.

When one wishes to explain the art of our epoch, his work will be one of the surest documents. It is thanks to the pictures of Metzinger that a point of departure can be made between that which has an aesthetic value in our art and that which has not. A painting of Metzingers always contains its own explanation. That is perhaps a noble weakness, but it is certainly the result of a lofty conscience, and is, I believe, a case unique in the history of art.

From the moment that one approaches a picture of Metzinger's one feels that the artist has had a firm resolve to take seriously only that which is serious; one feels that, in accordance with a method which seems to me excellent, events furnish him with the plastic elements of his art. But, even if he accepts them all, he does not use them haphazardly.

His work is sane, more so no doubt than that of most of his contemporaries. He will charm those who love to know the reason of things, and these reasons have the qualities necessary to satisfy the mind.

The works of Jean Metzinger have purity; his meditations take beautiful forms whose harmony tends to approach the sub-
lime. The new ensembles which he composes are entirely stripped of all that was known before him.

His art always more and more abstract, but always agreeable, approaches and seeks to resolve the most difficult and unexpected problems of aesthetics. Each one of his pictures contains a judgment of the universe and his entire work resembles a nocturnal firmament when it is clear, free from all clouds and trembling with adorable lights.

There is nothing incomplete in his works, poetry ennobles the smallest details.

ALBERT GLEIZES

The works of Albert Gleizes are powerful harmonies, which must not be confounded with the theoretical cubism devised by the scientific painters. I recall his essays. In them his desire to bring back his art to his simplest elements could already be felt. At his début Albert Gleizes found himself face to face with flourishing schools:—the last impressionists, the symbolists, some of whom had become intimists, the neo-impressionists, divisionists, Fauves—he was almost in the situation in which the custom-house-officer Rosseau found himself—face to face with the academic and intellectual qualities of the official salons.

It was then that he understood the works of Cézanne, who had influenced the first Cubists.

Then those harmonies developed which are among the most serious results which the plastic arts which have produced for the last ten years, and the most worthy of attention.

The portraits of Albert Gleizes show sufficiently that in his art, as in the art of most of the new painters, the individualisation of the objects is not solely the work of the spectators.

The pictures of Albert Gleizes and those of many of the young artists are often regarded as timid generalisations. And yet in most of the new pictures the individual characters are marked with a decision, a minuteness even, which could not escape those who have seen the new painters at work or who have studied their paintings with a little attention.

Soft generalization is rather a trait of the intellectual painter
of the decadence. What individual characters are there in the paintings of a Henry de Groux, who generalizes the decadent sentiment of the imitators of Baudelaire, or in the pictures of a Zuloaga, who generalizes the conventional Spain of the last romantics. True generalization goes with a more profound individualisation, which lives in the light as in the pictures of the Impressionists—in the style of Claude Monet, or of Seurat, or of Picasso himself; these artists generalize their sincerity and have renounced the defining of superficial characteristics. There is not a tree, a house, or a personnage whose individual characteristics the impressionists have kept.

It was an impressionist painter who, before starting a portrait, announced that he would not make a mere likeness. But there is a generalisation at once vaster and more precise. It is thus that portrait painting is one of the important branches of the art of the new painters. They can always guarantee the likeness and I have never seen one of their portraits which was not a resemblance.

What regard for the reality of the individual characters could painters like Bouguereau have had, or Henner?

With many of the new painters, each plastic conception is again individualised in the generalisation with a patience which must be recognized.

Because they do not concern themselves with chronology, or history, or geography, because they bring together that which had never been brought together before, because a Gleizes attempts, in disengaging the elements of artistic emotion, to dramatise the objects which he depicts, one might say that the goal of their art has a sublime precision.

All the figures in the pictures of Albert Gleizes are not the same figures, all the trees, a tree, all the rivers, a river; but the spectator, if he can rise to general ideas, might very well generalize this figure, this tree, this river, because the work of the painter has raised these objects to so superior a degree of plasticity,—a degree of plasticity such that all the elements which constitute the individual characters are represented with the same dramatic majesty.

Majesty: this is what, above all, characterizes the art of Albert
Gleizes. He thus brings a startling innovation to contemporary art. Something that before him was found in but few of the modern painters.

This majesty arouses and provokes the imagination; considered from the plastic point of view, it is the immensity of things.

This art is vigorous. The pictures of Albert Gleizes are realised by a force of the same sort as that which realised the Pyramids and the Cathedrals, the constructions in metal, the bridges and the tunnels.

These works have sometimes a slightly awkward aspect like the great works which humanity rates highest because truly, the aim of him who produces them is always to do the best possible work. And the highest aim an artist can have in his work is to do his best. And he is base indeed who contents himself by succeeding in his work without effort, without work, without having done the very best that he could.

**MLLE. MARIE LAURENCIN**

Our epoch has permitted feminine talents to flourish in art and literature.

Women bring to art a new vision full of the joy of the universe.

There have been women painters in every age and this marvelous art offers to the mind and the imagination such delicate charms that one would not have been astonished had there been an even greater number of women painters.

16th Century Italy produced Sophonisba, Angussola, celebrated by Lanzi and Vassari. Paul IV and the King of Spain disputed for her works. They are to be found in Madrid, Florence, Genoa and London. The Louvre has none. Born at Cremona, about 1530, she quickly excelled her master Bernardino and carried far the art of portrait painting. The moderns have occasionally attributed some of her portraits to Titian himself. After having achieved the greatest success at the Court of Philip II she ended by retiring to Genoa, where she became blind. Lanzi says that she passed for the best thinker on art of her Century, and Van Dyck, who came to hear
her affirmed that he had learned more from this blind old woman than from the keenest-sighted painter.

Sophonisba Angussola is, up to the present time, the most notable example of feminine glory achieved in the plastic arts.

Mlle. Marie Laurencin has known how to express, in the major art of painting, an entirely feminine aesthetic.

It could be divined from her first paintings, drawings and etchings although these attempts were signalized only by a certain natural simplicity that the artist who was soon to reveal herself would one day express the grace and charm of the world. Then she painted pictures in which the arabesque turned into delicate figures.

Ever since, through all her studies, this feminine arabesque, the knowledge of which she has managed to keep intact, can always be found.

While a Picasso preoccupies himself with exalting the hitherto unknown picturesqueness of an object to make it render all that it can give of an aesthetic emotion, Mlle. Laurencin, whose art is derived from that of Henri Matisse and Picasso, devotes herself, first of all to expressing the picturesque novelty of objects and figures. Her art is consequently less severe than that of Picasso, with whose art, nevertheless, hers is not without analogy. This analogy lies in the enumeration of the elements which compose the picture. Thus she adheres to nature, studying it intently, but carefully avoiding all that is neither young nor graceful, and she accepts the unknown elements of things only when they have a youthful aspect.

I think that it is with deliberate design that she has turned her art, whether grave or gay, to the young and new. Feminine aesthetics, which, up to the present, have never shown themselves except in the applied arts, such as lace and embroidery, had to express, above all in painting, the very freshness of this femininity. Later other women will come who will explore still other feminine aspects of the universe.

As an artist Mlle. Laurencin may be placed between Picasso
and Le Douanier Rosseau. This is not a hierarchical indication but a simple statement of relationship. Her art dances, like Salomé, between that of Picasso, who like a new John the Baptist bathes all the arts in a baptism of light, and that of Rosseau, a sentimental Herod, a sumptuous and puerile old man whom love led to the outskirts of intellectualism, where the angels came on heavy wings to distract his grief and prevent him from penetrating into the frightful kingdom of which he had become Le Douanier; and finally they admitted the old man to their midst.

Le jeunesse artistique have already borne witness to the honour in which they hold the works of what that poor old angel, Henri Rosseau, Le Douanier, who died toward the end of the summer of 1910. He might also be called the Master of Plaisance, as much on account of the quarter in which he lived as for the reasons which make his pictures so agreeable to contemplate.

Few artists have been more mocked at during their life than Le Douanier, and few men opposed a calmer front to the rail-leries and insults with which he was drenched. This courteous old man always maintained the same tranquil humor, and, by a happy turn in his character, he managed to find even in the mockeries and insults an evidence of the interest which even the most malevolent were obliged to take in his work. This serenity, be it well understood, was only pride. Le Douanier was conscious of his power. He happened once or twice to say that he was the ablest painter of his time, and it is possible that to a certain extent he was not so very much mistaken. It is true, and this can be felt, that he lacked in his youth an artistic education, but later, when he desired to paint, he contemplated the masters with passion and it seems that he has been almost alone among the moderns to divine their secrets.

His defects consisted, and then only at times, of an excess of sentiment, of a popular good humour above which he could not rise, and which contrasted somewhat sharply with his artistic enterprises and the attitude he had been able to take in contemporary art.

But against these defects what qualities he had! And it is indeed significant that le jeunesse artistique understood these
qualities. He can be congratulated especially if his intention was not only to honour but to garner them.

Le Douanier went to the very end with his pictures,—something very rare today. One finds in them no mannerisms, no mode of procedure, no system. Therein lies the variety of his work. He did not mistrust his imagination any more than he did his hand. Therein lies the grace and the richness of his decorative compositions. As he had taken part in the Mexican campaign, he kept a very precise plastic and poetic recollection of tropical vegetation and fauna.

The result has been that this Breton, old inhabitant of the outskirts of Paris, is without doubt the strangest, the most audacious and the most charming painter of the exotic. His ‘Snake Charmer’ shows this well enough. But Rousseau was not only a decorator, nor an image maker either; he was a painter. And it is this that for some people makes a comprehension of his work so difficult. He had order, as is shown not only in his pictures but in his drawings which are as methodical as Persian miniatures. His art had clearness, as is shown in his feminine figures, in the composition of his trees, and in the harmonious song of the different shades of the same color, a style which belongs only to the French painters, and which distinguishes the French pictures wherever they are found. I speak, of course, of the pictures of masters.

The will of this painter was of the strongest. How can this be doubted in the face of his minuteness which was not feebleness, how can it be doubted before the song of the blues, the melody of the whites in that ‘Noce,’ where the figure of an old peasant makes one think of certain Dutch pictures.

As a painter of portraits, Rousseau is incomparable. A half length portrait of a woman in blacks and delicate greys is carried even further than a portrait by Cézanne. Twice I had the honour of being painted by Rousseau in his little, light studio, rue Perrel. I have often seen him work and I know the care he bestowed on all the details, the faculty he had of keeping the original and definite conception of his picture until he had completed it, and, also how he left nothing, above all nothing essential, to chance.
Among the beautiful sketches by Rousseau, there is none so astonishing as the little canvas entitled 'La Carmagnole.' It is the sketch for the centenaire de l'Independance under which Rousseau wrote:

(Auprès de ma blonde Qu'il fait bon, fait, fait bon.)

The variety, the charm, the delicacy of the tones make this little sketch an excellent bit of nervous design. His flower pictures show the resources of charm and emphasis which were in the soul and hand of the old Douanier.

It may be remarked in passing that the three painters between whom I establish no hierarchy, but simply seek to discern the degree of relationship, are all portrait painters of the highest order.

In the genial work of Picasso, portraits occupy an important place and some of them (the portrait of M. Vollard, and the portrait of M. Kahnweiler) will rank among the masterpieces. The portraits of Douanier Rousseau seem to be prodigious works whose full beauty it is as yet impossible for us to measure. Portraits form also an important part of the work of Mlle. Laurencin.

The prophetic element in the work of a Picasso and the intellectual element which enters, in spite of everything into the work of Rousseau,—the work of an old man,—finds itself transfigured in Mlle. Laurencin into an entirely new picturesque element. It is analogous to the dance and is a rhythmic enumeration, infinitely gracious in painting.

Here we find everything which has so far made for the originality and delicacy of the feminine arts in lace, embroidery and the tapestry of Bayeux transfigured and glorified. Feminine art has become a major art and will no longer be confused with masculine art. Feminine art is brave, courteous and gay. It dances in the light and languishes in memory. It has never known imitation, it has never descended to the servility of perspective. It is a happy art.

Apropos of 'La Toilette' one of Mlle. Laurencin’s tenderest canvases, M. Mario Meunier, then secretary to M. Rodin, and
excellent translator of Sapho, Sophocles and Plato told an amusing anecdote. He showed the sculptor some photographs of pictures of the School of the Fauves. By chance there was also among them a reproduction of a picture by Mlle. Laurencin: "At any rate," said the illustrious old man, "here is one who is only a 'fauvette',—she knows what grace is. She is serpentine."

That is just it: feminine painting is serpentine. And it is perhaps that great artist in colour and movement, Loie Fuller, who was the forerunner of the feminine art of today, when she invented the successive lights in which were mingled painting, the dance and that grace which was called quite rightly the serpentine dance.

And it was à propos of another woman’s work that the perspicacious wit of Rodin again used that word.

:\:

Feminine Art, the art of Mlle. Laurencin, tends to become a pure arabesque humanized by an attentive observation of nature, which, being expressive, forsakes simple decoration while remaining just as agreeable.

(to be concluded)

GUILLAUME APOLLINAIRE

---

THE READER CRITIC

William Carlos Williams, Rutherford, N. J.:

THE Picabia number of the Little Review is a distinct success: it gives me the sense of being arrived, as of any efficient engine in motion, the sense of being on the tracks or resting on its wings firmly in the air if you prefer.
Surely everything else in America, everything new being published seems, beside
the present L.R. to be the model of an engine made of wood to represent the
power it does not possess. I am rewon to you, to my own advantage. I mean no
compliment to myself.

I speak of the Little Review, you see, as if it were an object, as if it were
a piece of sculpture. That is very well. It’s a real sense of the thing and
shows how deceptive it might be sometimes to hunt up detail and convincing
passages. It would be asinine to seek the total effect in some accidental synthesis
in one of the articles or poems or pictures. The Little Review is power apart
from the quality of the steel or copper or Babbit’s metal of which it is made.
It is this that I want to say and it is this that most impresses me. I hope I may
be permitted to say that the Little Review is American, that it, yes, alone, is
worth while because it maintains contact with common sense in America. It is
the only important reaction to the American environment, the only reaction that
is not a coat of paint on the stanchion.

After all I don’t see why I need defend my failure to point out detail. I
enjoyed thoroughly, absorbedly, Apollinaire’s article. I enjoyed jh, who in this
issue was at her best. Of course I couldn’t get everything. How could I? I
merely thank you for presenting the stuff so well. As always most of the stuff
printed is bad I suppose—but the Little Review is good.

A. S., Pittsburg:

WHEN I first received a copy of the Little Review I was enthusiastic.
When the second number of “Ashe of Rings” appeared I was unable to
renew my subscription on account of poverty and I feel as though I had
lost something big out of my life because I didn’t get to read the last numbers.

I have been working very hard since last September to support my husband
and myself and simply could not afford to subscribe for your magazine and it
makes me feel as though I ought to have revenge on something. My husband
has been working for three weeks and now is laid off again but I think it will
be hard for him to get another job and then I hope the powers that be will lay
off me enough to send money for the Little Review for a year.

I was dead and didn’t know it until I read “Aesthetic Meditations.” Thanks
and thanks! And damn money and damn all those who think only of the length,
breadth and thickness of things! “God” hear my prayer!

Harriet Monroe, Chicago:

I note jh’s remarks (page 46, Spring Number) and I hope she didn’t
think I meant to bring the Little Review itself to a stop! That would be an
affliction—we as well as many others who have admired your heroic persistence
would miss you sadly. Please believe that I meant details, not the whole thing—
details of policy and energy. Indeed, the possible obliterative meaning never
occurred to me until I read that page.

So permit me to wish a long life, out of the woods, to the Little Review, and
unceasing delight to its editors.

Rayograph

EOSAROSE
SEL À VIE
GOOD PAINTING

At the present moment under the pretext of modern painting many of the young painters are setting out to imitate the primitives! Not being able to originate anything themselves and thinking that what we are doing is a hoax, they in their turn are trying to put over the hoax of the primitives! They hope that this painting of long ago is sufficiently forgotten to become again the fashion; but in that case it would be the true primitives that would be noticed and not those who imitate them conscientiously "with a great naïveté": a naïveté which unfortunately has nothing to do with that of the good custom-house officer, Rousseau! On the other hand according to Signac, the winners of the Prix de Rome pattern themselves after Van Dongen (poor winners!) and the revolutionists after Paolo Uccello! Truly the cubists can rejoice, there are fine days ahead for them. All things considered I prefer the strained attempts at originality of Picasso to the sugary postal cards of Signac, and Braque has certainly more freshness than Luc-Albert Moreau, who uses colour as a glazier uses cement to fix window panes.

"Good painting" doesn't imitate something already done, "good painting" isn't a matter of squeezing out tubes of paint on a canvas! Segonzac, who exhibited some cows standing in a meadow, was much surprised to find them at the end of the exhibition lying on the edge of the frame! The colour had quietly run and made quite a pretty bas-relief.

"Good painting" does not sell, does not exist even at the risk of displeasing the picture merchants: that which does exist is the man who has something to say and who uses the medium of painting—the artistic medium, as it is called—to express his personality. Henri Matisse, for example, does the contrary. Henri Matisse is a painter, he loves painting, he uses all the old tricks, which to him mean painting; he doesn't make the mistake of thinking that like the sun, which is neither electricity nor candle nor gas jet nor oil lamp but only light, art is only a mirror in which life is reflected and which it is impossible to put into bottles with labels. Henri Matisse, after having astonished and charmed us by a slight sympathetic audacity is now content to be merely a good artist painter, like Vuillard, Bonnard or Roybet; from morning till night he paints little canvases and startles the shopkeepers by the size of his collection: and seems always to say, "This will prove good luck to the collector, it's very pretty, very expensive," but he promises that it will sell for more than it cost. In short, it is the kind of painting for M. Sacha Guitry or the young American girl too ill to play tennis.

Henri Matisse is only a good workman, he thinks that making a picture is the same as manufacturing a table or a clock! Certainly the image reflected by the mirror Art, of which we spoke a moment ago, must be a marvellous sensibility and change continually; and since it is life which it represents, it is impossible for certain people to seize it; the spirit of an epoch is like the pollen of a flower: if you do not know how to create it and if you touch it there will remain upon your fingers a little yellow or rose, but the flower will have lost its beauty; only celluloid flowers are capable of resisting the touch of certain hands.
The pictures of Matisse are flowers without pollen; he has not yet urinated the ocean of old conventions and it is indeed a pity that he believes himself too much of a success to lose all audacity, not to dare to empty his bladder swelled up by his box of colours!

Paul Signac is delighted that the cubist black is fading, only because he hopes to see the return of the petits points—it is true that the return of the fashion of shearing poodles like lions is predicted this winter! He seeks the light, it appears, it exists, it is certain, but it has nothing to do with the white of silver; a picture may be luminous painted with the black of ivory, as an entirely white picture may remain as obscure as the brain of certain bungling masons. The personality which springs from a system can no more interest us than that of a manic who could only write with orange ink; everyone would recognize from whom his letters came but I doubt if their sheer monotony could interest anyone.

The pictures of Signac remind us of the colour merchants in the Galerie Bernheim. His position as president of a salon, so called independent, would only offer a guarantee of his merchandise if he were manufacturer of puttees.

Ah! certainly I prefer the cubism of Picasso and of Braque in 1913, which represented the spirit of that period which showed up the senselessness of the "spots" whose only exponent with any interest was Seurat: the pity is that many people do not yet see how much creative spirit there was in these two men, they confound them with the group of idiots who followed in their wake in the hope of profiting by the stir made by these two names. It was the same with Impressionism: Sisley, Pissaro, Renoir at his best; but followed by Loiseau, Maufrat, Moret or Despagnat, who were without value, satisfied with contenting undiscriminating amateurs.

Delacroix, Ingres, Corot, Cezanne, Sisley, Pissaro, Seurat, Gustave Moreau, Picasso, Marcel Duchamp, these are men who have laid bare life, their life: their pictures have real pollen and are great in spite of those who think that the only epoch that is great is the one that lasts a long time and has many followers. Such is the idea of the members of the small school of the beaux-arts-cubistes founded by l'Esprit Nouveau; they know the why of everything, they have their laws, they know good and evil, they imitate God driving Adam and Eve out of paradise, God not being able to endure sin! Sin, the serpent, that is Dadaism! What horror and what quackery! What danger for Art!

L'Esprit Nouveau will only be new when it is dead, at least it will then have evolved!

Le Salon de la bonne peinture, le Salon d'Automne will open in a few days. In finishing, may I offer a word of advice to the members of the jury: to refuse pitilessly all that they like and accept only that which horrifies them; in this way we should perhaps have an exhibition less stupid and less monotonous and some innovators would run the risk of having the great luck to exhibit in a gallery consecrated to the glory of French art and considered a public utility.

FRANCIS PICABIA
The STEINERT Piano

M. STEINERT & SONS
Steinert Hall, 162 Boylston St.
Boston
PLAY WRITING

A professional course in play writing is offered under the personal supervision of Theodore Ballou Hinckley, Editor of THE DRAMA, assisted by famous playwrights, critics, actors and producers.

This is an unusual opportunity to take a personalized course in play writing, which is supervised by recognized authorities in drama.

Personalized Criticism of Your Plays

The course covers a year of carefully individualized instruction in dramatic technique. You will be taken step by step through study courses, books and practice plays, from the simplest rudiments up to the actual completion of plays. Your work will receive the individual attention of Mr. Hinckley. His criticisms will be directed at your specific needs. He will dissect your plot, your characters, and your dialogue, and give you definite, constructive criticism and help.

Producers Will Read Your Plays

Throughout the entire course, the aim is toward completion of plays for professional production and not toward mere amateurish effort. Your plays will be analyzed by Mr. Hinckley with the idea of production in mind, and plays of real merit will be brought to the attention of producers. If your manuscript has the endorsement of THE DRAMA, it will receive a reading by managers.

Good Plays Earn Big Royalties

There is a great scarcity of good plays. The big royalties for successes prove that there is a very real demand for plays of worth. Lightin’, The Bat, The Lion and the Mouse and many others have earned thousands of dollars. If you have ideas and imagination, you will find the practical dramatic technique and honest, competent criticism of this course of inestimable value to you.

Limited Enrollment

Only a limited number of people can enroll, since the work is so carefully personalized. As a result only the people who show unusual ability are admitted to the course. Fill out the coupon and mail it for complete information at once.

Department of Instruction,
THE DRAMA,
561 Athenaeum Building,
Chicago.

Please send information regarding your personalized course in play writing.

Name .................................................................
Street .................................................................
City ...................................................... State ..........

WHAT THE LITTLE REVIEW HAS DONE!

it has printed
all of James Joyce’s “Ulysses” that the U. S. postal authorities would permit.

it has printed
Ford Madox Hueffer’s “Men and Women.”

it has printed
nearly all the critical papers included in Ezra Pound’s “Instigations.”

it has printed
the bulk of Sherwood Anderson’s short stories.

it has printed
“The Ideal Giant,” “Cantleman’s Spring Mate,” etc. Also reproductions of the work of Wyndham Lewis.

it has printed
30% of T. S. Eliot’s poems; poems, stories, plays by W. B. Yeats; Ben Hecht, Emanuel Carnevali, W. C. Williams, Djuna Barnes, Dorothy Richardson, Aldous Huxley, Arthur Waley, John Rodker, Lady Gregory, Mary Butts, Jean Cocteau, Louis Aragon, P. Soupault, Francis Picabia.

it has published
the only single group of 24 reproductions of Brancusi’s sculpture.

WHAT OTHER AMERICAN PUBLICATION OLD OR NEW HAS DONE AS MUCH IN EQUAL OR DOUBLE OR QUINTUPLE THE NUMBER OF PAGES?

IS THE LITTLE REVIEW CONTRIBUTING to the mental upkeep of Columbia, Jem of the Ocean?

SUBSCRIPTION

Yearly: $4.00 £1 Foreign
SINGLE NUMBER $1.00

WHAT THE LITTLE REVIEW WILL DO!!!